**Paige**

**Paige Ch. 04: Peach Fuzz**

Paige Turner woke up confused. Last night her Father took her to bed with him and they made love for hours. Of course he allowed her to have five beers before bed to relax her. Exhausted and drunk she never even realized that he had carried her back to her own bedroom and tucked her in with her stuffed teddy bear named Fuzzy. Warm beneath her down comforter she stretches to regain mobility. Kicking off her covers she looks at her alarm clock. It was almost 11:00 in the morning. He let her sleep in.  
  
Hearing the sounds of a lawn mower outside her bedroom window she presumed her Dad was mowing the yard. Squinting against the bright sunlight through her parted curtain she guessed right. Opting to take a shower she gave him time to finish his chores. Twenty minutes later she stepped from her room in a towel. Her stunning fire red hair blown dry and silky.   
  
Going to the kitchen she pours a glass of orange juice and decides if she wanted breakfast or lunch. A light hangover made it indecisive.   
  
Entering through the garage door into the laundry room Lonnie Turner kicks his shoes off and trudges tiredly into the living room. Plopping down on the sofa he expels a deafening sigh.  
  
"Everything alright Daddy?" She shuffles to the side of the couch sipping her juice.  
  
"Yeah! Just thinking."  
  
"About what?"  
  
"About last night. How stupid was I to let my buddies fuck you? I'm a piss poor Dad. Who does that shit?"  
  
"You're...not a piss poor Daddy. You're an awesome Father."  
  
"Even after they left what did I do? I made love to my daughter."  
  
"You're really good at that Daddy."  
  
"Stop already. I must be insane buying all that crap to use on you."  
  
She pouts and moves beside him sitting down leg to leg, holding her juice glass between her thighs as her hands rest in her lap.  
  
"You don't want to do this anymore?" She gets teary eyed.  
  
"I-I don't know Paige. Lust just consumed me. Seeing you tortured here in the living room from outside got me all worked up. My buddies are like family to you. They're probably feeling like crap just like I am right now."  
  
"I hope not. I love all of you."  
  
"How can you? I let them freaking rape you last night."  
  
"Daddy?" She clamps a hand over his mouth to stop him talking. "I don't call it rape. I brought it on by teasing so heavily. You wanted me to tease them and maybe if anything I teased too hard. Once I noticed how interested they got in seeing me partially nude it made me want to tease harder. You wanting me to do that is getting me over my shyness. The fact I knew them made it easier. Even at the Mall when I tried on the furs and that old guy drooled over me I felt really wanted. If you're sick then so am I."  
  
"Alright." He removes her palm from his mouth, "Long talk. Let's figure this out. I know I never want to lose your respect Paige."  
  
"Never ever. No matter what." She points with sincerity.  
  
"Your diary. Let's clarify something...Donnie. Was Donnie modelled after me or not?"  
  
"Yes and no. I fantasized about you a lot Daddy. I never imagined my fantasies might come true. Donnie is you but he's also what I hoped to meet someday if I ever got over my shyness."  
  
"So you want a boyfriend."  
  
"I've never even been on a date Daddy. Nobody asked me to Prom. Guys look at me like I'm a frumpy introvert with big glasses. I mean I wear contacts at home sometimes but I prefer my glasses. The fact I'm really smart doesn't attract guys much either. Straight A's is good and all but guys don't care about that. I envy all the girls in school. Heck I barely have any friends."  
  
"Why is that?"  
  
"Because you're my best friend Daddy. I like spending time with you. Taking care of you. Other girls want to chase boys. I'm too shy to do that."  
  
"After yesterday I don't believe that for a second."  
  
"I told you I know my Uncles. Having been raised around your friends I know how to communicate with them."  
  
"You don't want to chase boys your age?"  
  
"I don't know. I know I want to be with you. But, I also know you won't let this happen forever. I guess I just need to figure out how to chase boys. My only experience is with older men."  
  
"You were certainly into kissing ole Greg." He puffs his cheeks dramatically.  
  
"Uncle Greg is a good kisser. I winged it but I guess I did it perfectly. Maybe it's because I practiced kissing a peach once. Greg seemed to like my kisses."  
  
"All of them did."  
  
"Daddy? Do you think they fantasized about me before last night?"  
  
"I wouldn't go that far. I think what got them worked up was just you coming out of your shell."  
  
"The fact I was seventeen the night before? I've heard guys like barely legal girls."  
  
"That is probably true. The point is you weren't seventeen. You were eighteen."  
  
"Was that why you wanted me? Because I'm barely legal?"  
  
"Partially. Sweetheart you might not see it in yourself but you are drop dead gorgeous. Just awkward until you know better."  
  
"So you liked me before I was eighteen?"  
  
"Not even going to discuss your younger days Paige. I'm no pedophile." He snaps pointing a stern finger toward her.  
  
"I know. I'm just curious is all. Was it wrong of me to fantasize about you over the last few years?"  
  
"I-I-I don't even know how to answer that. Kids have crushes I suppose. Yours just seems to be hanging in there."  
  
"I do have a crush on you Daddy. I want to be with you more."  
  
"We'll see. Let's take things a step at a time okay?"  
  
"Does that mean we can't still be naked at home like you wanted to?"  
  
"I guess that's okay but let's try not to get too comfortable having sex with one another. Maybe you should try and learn to chase boys."  
  
"Will you show me how?"  
  
"I can give you tips."  
  
"I like your tip." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"Don't start." He points threateningly then chuckles.  
  
"Daddy? What if my Uncles want to be with me again?"  
  
"I think I'll put a stop to that." He notes her fidgeting, "Are you hoping they do?"  
  
Nibbling her lip she shyly looks him in the eye, "They were a lot of fun."  
  
"You liked fucking them? Even Greg's freaking donkey dick?"  
  
Her eyes flare as she tries not to smile too vibrantly, "They were my first sex partners. Even if Mike and Andy didn't do much. They let me do it all."  
  
"Perfect fucking gentlemen." Lonnie rolls his eyes.  
  
"You were the one who wanted me to be with them."  
  
"Only to tease at first, but yeah guilty as charged. I wanted to see you in action."  
  
"Did you really like watching me Daddy?"  
  
"Crazy as it sounds I think I get off seeing the reaction of others to you."  
  
"Like the guy at the fur store?"  
  
"Yeah even him. He couldn't keep his eyes off of you."  
  
"Did you think I would pull my thong down and flash both of you? I don't know what made me do it but it was fun."  
  
"See? You chased him even though he wasn't a boy your age."  
  
"You were there to protect me. If you do that I know I can get braver."  
  
"Huh! I guess I did say next weekend we could show off those furs. Even though it's hot out still."  
  
"Do you want to let other men see me naked? I mean guys that you don't know like my Uncles."  
  
"Like I said I love the reaction to you. The more reactions you get to see yourself the more your shyness will fade away."  
  
"That might take awhile. Daddy? I want you to be Donnie. Page for Paige remember?"  
  
"That means we keep having sex. I'm not sure..."  
  
She unwraps her towel and sits her juice glass on the coffee table.  
  
"What are you doing?"  
  
"Getting comfy. You said we can run around the house naked."  
  
"Right. Yeah that's fine."  
  
She looks at her lap fidgeting then notices something, "I forgot to shave my pussy."  
  
"Nothing there." He chuckles then leans closer to inspect, "Okay stubble."  
  
"I'll go shave real fast."  
  
"Hold up. I've never seen you with pubic hair. Let it grow a week or two."  
  
"It grows really fast. It will be all fuzzy in a week."  
  
"Red as your hair?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
"Hmmm! That might be pretty damned sexy. Yeah, let it grow out. I'll trim it how I like it."  
  
"That means you still want me to be desirable."  
  
"For the boys."  
  
"For my uncles?"  
  
"I think I've created a monster."  
  
"Is it bad of me to have liked them touching me?"  
  
"Guess not. Let's just try the show and not the sex okay?"  
  
"Okay Daddy. What are we doing today? Sunday's are so boring."  
  
He stands up and stretches. She could tell he had a hard on easily. Blushing slightly she points at it. He glances down at his cargo pants and growls. Shaking his head he steps away, "I'm gonna take a shower." Leaving her alone for a few minutes to drink her juice she starts to turn the TV on. Aiming without function she hears, "You coming?"  
  
She dropped the remote and her empty glass on the floor and ran to his bathroom. They showered together and he fucked her against the tile. Both of them knew that keeping things civil would be a challenge.  
  
The week went by fairly quiet. Outside of seeing each other nude Lonnie restrained himself from fucking his daughter. She didn't beg. She just did the housecleaning, her homework, and the dinner dishes. Friday evening came and Lonnie suddenly didn't feel like cooking.  
  
"Feel like pizza?" He asks as she strolls into the kitchen from her bedroom. She had just showered and put on her favorite perfume. Hair perfect and flowing over her milky shoulders she agrees.  
  
"Extra cheese please."  
  
"You got it." Lonnie dials their frequented pizza joint and orders a delivery. Pizza, breadsticks, and a cookie each. Sitting around at 6:00 they watched the evening news. Then something dawned on Paige.  
  
"Daddy? Should one of us get dressed before they bring the pizza?"  
  
"Oh yeah. I'll get dressed. You just sit tight." He starts to get up when he notices something. Bending over he runs a finger over her pubes. "How did I not notice the fire between your legs?"  
  
"You said to let it grow out. I told you it grows fast."  
  
"Peach fuzz. Gives you some color down there."  
  
"Besides my lily white body, pink pussy, and nipples?"  
  
"Right. Be back in a bit." He leaves her watching the weather. When he returns he's wearing a T-shirt and jeans. Sitting down another twelve minutes they hear a car door. Looking out their open blinds Paige bulges her eyes.  
  
"Oh my God! That's Brett Chenowyth."  
  
"Go to school with him?"  
  
"Yes. Senior like me. He usually makes fun of me calling me a nerd."  
  
"Take your glasses off."  
  
"What?" She obeys but stares trembling.  
  
"Answer the door. I'll go get my wallet."  
  
"Daddy?????? Don't leave me."  
  
"I'll just be in my room getting my wallet."  
  
"But, I'm still naked."  
  
"Yes you are. Nerd." He sticks his tongue out then points at the door as the doorbell rings.  
  
"Please don't make me do this Daddy. He will tell the entire school."  
  
"Would anybody believe him knowing how shy you are?" The doorbell rings a second time.  
  
"I hate you." She laughs and goes to the door. With a deep breath she opens the door wide and stands there in all of her milky white succulence. "Hey Brett. I didn't know you delivered pizza." Stunned, the tall well toned boy with blond hair drops his jaw and very nearly his pizza warmer.  
  
"Paige Turner? No way."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Why are you...hot?" He feels his palm on fire while unpacking the pizza.  
  
"Am I?" She brightens up. He quickly hands her the pizza and other items as she opens the door. She too nearly burns her palms quickly setting the cartons on a table next to the door. Fanning her hands wildly he gets a turbulent show of her bobbing tits. Her pink nipples stabbing straight out.  
  
"Crazy!" He couldn't stop staring at her nudity. Lowering his eye contact to the rest of her he spots her fire red pubes, "Nice." She blushes and bites her lower lip staring at him without blinking. She explored his every thought and took the chance to realize that even the arrogant Brett Chenowyth was getting an erection.  
  
"Oh! I guess you need money. How much again?"  
  
"$15.34."  
  
"Be right back." She pivots on the ball of her foot and gives him a good look at her perfect heart shaped bottom. He nearly headed back to his car without the money then realized he needed it. The boy was blown away. Lonnie met her at the corner of the hallway handing her a twenty dollar bill.   
  
"Likes what he sees doesn't he?"  
  
"Oh my God, Daddy. He can't stop looking at me. I'm getting really wet."  
  
"Go pay him. Flirt."  
  
"How?"  
  
"Figure it out." He pats her on the ass and sends her on her way. While she was gone Brett had a second to ponder the situation. Snatching out his cellphone he sets up his camera and waits until she returns. The second she shows up he stands away from the door about ten feet, cell hidden behind his pizza carrier.  
  
Opening the storm door she steps out halfway with the money extended. He acts stunned still and opts for conversation, "Dang Paige. I never imagined you to have such a smokin' hot body. Why did you answer the door like that?"  
  
"I guess you really don't know me."  
  
"I might wanna get to know you." He chuckles.  
  
"Really?" She twists her hair around her finger with her free hand, "Money. Here you go."  
  
He fidgets feigning his own nervousness. Not even thinking about it Paige steps outside letting the screen door shut behind her. As he steps up to collect the money he fumbles a bit concerning the change.  
  
"You can keep the rest as a tip." She smiles shyly.  
  
Nodding he waits for just the right second to lift his cell up and snap a full body picture of her. Her jaw drops and she turns around to run. He gets a second photo of her backside.  
  
"Stop! You'll show everyone." She cowers at the door noting her Dad inside motioning her to stay there a bit longer.  
  
"No I won't. I promise."  
  
"Yes you will."  
  
"If you didn't want to be seen why answer the door like that? Fuck Paige you're sexy as hell."  
  
"You really think so?" She swallows beet red and faces him again. He greedily snaps another picture.   
  
"Sorry. I couldn't resist."  
  
"Please don't ruin my reputation at school. It's almost graduation."  
  
He rethinks his position. One he could blackmail her. Two he could delete the pics. Three he could ask her out on a date. He chose two out of three.  
  
"Would you wanna maybe go out sometime?"  
  
"On a date?"  
  
"Yeah." He chuckles at her naivety, "You don't have to dress up. I kind of like what you're not wearing."  
  
"Not funny. Okay maybe a little funny." She snorts hiding her mouth with her palm.  
  
"Is that a yes?"  
  
"I need to ask my Dad."  
  
"I-Is he here?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"And, you're running around in front of him like that?"  
  
She suddenly didn't know how to respond. Behind her Lonnie opens the screen door sticking his head out, "You can go out with the boy. But, you're wearing clothing. What you do at home is one thing young lady. But, in public is another."  
  
Brett hid his cell quickly to avoid explanation. Paige smiles big, "Okay. But, only selfies from here on out."  
  
"Selfies?" Lonnie looked cross.  
  
"I'm sorry Mr. Turner. I'll delete the pictures." He felt guilty suddenly.  
  
"You took pictures of my baby?"  
  
"Yeah. Stupid I know. Selfish of me."  
  
"Let me see them." Lonnie steps out as Brett fesses up allowing his cell to be looked over. Lonnie looks at the three pictures and puckers. "Good eye Kid. You caught her best sides. I'm gonna delete these but I'm gonna take a couple new ones with you two together."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"Yep." Lonnie wipes the pictures out then steps out further in the yard to poise the boys cell camera, "You two get in close." He joins her on the porch step. "Closer. Don't be afraid to put your arm around her." Brett was blown away as he hugs Paige from the side. She turns slightly hiding her pussy with her leg. "Put your hand on his stomach." She lowers her right hand and does so. "Little lower." Hesitantly she hovers her palm where his own pubes should be. A picture taken. Brett was fussing with his erection. She smelled really good.  
  
"Couple more Brett?" Lonnie knew he would say yes.  
  
"S-sure."  
  
"Alright. You stand behind Paige. Drop that silly ass pizza warmer." Brett tosses it into the yard. She giggled at its swift departure. "Put your arms around her." He wraps his arms over her chest but looks uncomfortable being so close to them. Lonnie lowers the cell frowning. "Relax Kid. Squeeze her titties if you wanna."  
  
"Wow!" He jumps at the opportunity and palms her breasts. Paige bulges her eyes smiling. Fingers crushing them Lonnie winks. "Bet that feels good doesn't it Sweetheart?"  
  
"Yes Daddy. Oh my God!"  
  
"Like those Brett?"  
  
"Very much Sir."  
  
She tilts her gaze to look back at Brett and softly says, "I can feel your dick against my butt."  
  
He chuckles blushing himself, "Can't help it. This is insane. Your Dad is so cool."  
  
"He's the best."  
  
"Honey? Face ole Brett and throw your arms around his neck. Give him a smooch." She lets Brett turn her to complete her mission. Once her arms go around his neck Lonnie adds, "Brett put your hands on her ass and squeeze her cheeks." Both Brett and Paige begin breathing heavily. She loved his hands on her. He enjoyed her Frenching. Lonnie took a couple intimate shots of their kiss at different angles. As they broke their steamy lip lock the two stare into each others eyes. Brett challenges himself to compliment her.  
  
"You kiss really good."  
  
She bit her lip as her eyes glistened. She was ecstatically happy at the moment. Lonnie chuckled under his breath. Seeing his daughter turned on and the boys reaction to her made him want to push them harder.  
  
"You two look adorable. How are you feeling there Brett? Probably a little worked up right?"  
  
"I'm sorry if that's bad Sir."  
  
"It's natural. You tell me what kind of pics you want?"  
  
"Ummm! I don't want to...you know...make you mad at me."  
  
"What my baby wants I want. I think she likes you."  
  
"Do you?" He looks at Paige.  
  
Nodding feverishly she nibbles a fingernail. He grins from ear to ear and finally whispers to Paige, "Is this for real?"  
  
"Daddy lets me do whatever I want."  
  
"Anything she wants." Lonnie overhears and speaks up.  
  
"Wow." Brett opens up, "Can I suck on your nipples for a pic?"  
  
"How about video?" Lonnie smirks while Paige offers an open mouth to display her awe of everything her Dad was allowing.   
  
"Awesome." He expresses excitement but shock just the same. Lonnie sets it up then points, directing him with the word "Action." Brett had the jitters slightly as he lowers in to gravitate toward her left nipple. Paige could only look down with nerves showing via fluttering fingers at her sides. The tip of his tongue touches her protrusion forcing her to squeal before he even devoured her entire areola. Once he did Paige gasped and shot a dramatic glare at Lonnie. She literally mouthed the words, "OH MY GOD." Lonnie merely offers her a wink. Brett didn't stay long before moving over to sample her right nipple. She repeated her silent "OH MY GOD." while fanning her beet red face. The second Brett ended his tour of duty he stands tall and grins at Paige.  
  
"Never in a million years did I think you were like this Paige. Wow! I-I'm sorry I never noticed you before today. I really missed out."  
  
Stunned by his apologetic tone she shivers and tries to find the right words. In the end she selected, "No Biggy."  
  
"I hate to do this but I need to get back to work. Can I call you?"  
  
"Can he call me Daddy?" She looked to Lonnie for not just advice but because she was really only doing this because her Dad made her. She knew it was mostly meant to break her out of being so shy. That and letting her experience someone her own age. She did however think Brett was cute.  
  
"Come over here Brett." He motions lowering the cell. "Paige? You go inside I'll be in after he and I talk."  
  
"Okay Daddy. Bye Brett." She waves awkwardly and skips inside the door closing it. Both men had absorbed her beautiful behind as it wiggled away.

"Bye Paige." Brett watches her disappear before joining Lonnie. Lonnie had retrieved the boys pizza warmer handing it to him first.  
  
"Alright. Let's get one thing straight. When it comes to my baby I won't put up with any asshole bullshit some young prick says just to get his way. We both know you wouldn't have given my daughter the time of day if she wasn't strutting her stuff." Brett bulges his eyes at Lonnie's stern attitude. All Brett wanted was his cell to show his luck to his friends. Once he got it back he intended to flip her Dad off and tell him she was a skank.   
  
"Can I have my phone back?"  
  
Lonnie nods handing him his cell with a bitter stare, "You didn't wanna date my girl unless she gave up her pussy did you?"  
  
Brett pockets his cell and walks away flipping Lonnie the bird, "I don't fuck nerds. I fuck goddesses. Thanks for the pics and video Dickhead. I'll be sure to show Paige off to the whole school. Maybe the other guys might want her." Lonnie smirks as Brett gets into his car. Sitting there Brett looks at his cell realizing the pics and video were no where to be found. Cursing he glares toward Lonnie calling him a "Fucker." Lonnie stood wagging his own cell phone. He had recorded everything yes but not with Brett's phone. Their cells were very similar. Lonnie flipped him off double barreled. Brett Chenowyth drove off knowing he had no proof. This war wasn't over.  
  
Stepping inside he found Paige pouting by the picture window. She had seen their exchange of flying fingers.  
  
"He didn't really like me did he?"  
  
"Oh he liked you. He's just used to getting his way. If he gives you any trouble at school you let me know. I'll deal with that arrogant punk."  
  
"I was having fun. This hurts Daddy. I really wanted to go on a date"  
  
"Listen, do not think for a minute he didn't find you beautiful. He wasn't that good of an actor. All he wanted was sex. If I'm gonna let you date somebody he needs to have a good side to go along with the bad."  
  
"What if he shows those pictures to everyone?"  
  
"These pictures and video?" He chuckles, "Switched phones while he was looking you over. He got nothing but something to remind him how sexy you are. It's called a memory. When he sees you in school and says something just call him a liar. You only have less than two months before you graduate. Even if guys do believe him maybe you can get on their good side. Not all will be like Brett."  
  
"I hope you're right Daddy." She shivers, "I was outside in broad daylight...naked."  
  
"Felt great didn't it?"  
  
"Yeah it did. I hope our neighbors across the street didn't see me."  
  
"Dave and Lucinda? Dave would drool all over himself. Lucinda should be at work."  
  
"I want to cry Daddy. I really thought Brett liked me."  
  
"He only wanted to embarrass you with those pics. I saw right through his character."  
  
"You trusted that guy at the fur store with my pics."  
  
"He's older than me. All I did was make his day and get you a free pair of boots."  
  
"What do you think he's doing with my pics?"  
  
"Jerking off 24/7 because you're young and beautiful. Trust me that's what he's doing."  
  
"I like the idea that guys do that over me. Do you think my Uncles are doing that too?"  
  
"Known them most of my life. They might be feeling strange about it but I guarantee they do it."  
  
"I like my picture being taken."  
  
"Then we'll take plenty more."  
  
"Together? Or, with other guys?"  
  
"You want pics with other guys?"  
  
She shyly blushes, "Yes."  
  
"Touching you like Brett did?"  
  
Again she blushes nibbling her lip, "Yes Daddy."  
  
"If I recall Donnie made you dance naked in a room full of guys."  
  
"That was really erotic." She grins shivering.  
  
"That wasn't just you writing down crazy things in your diary?"  
  
"Yes, but I would do it if you told me to Daddy."  
  
"Your Uncles could be considered a room full."  
  
"I got so turned on when they spanked me."  
  
He takes her by the hand and sits them down on the sofa. Dragging her over his knee he swats her ass making her squeal, "That turn you on?"  
  
"You turn me on Daddy."  
  
"Want your Uncles to come back over and paddle your ass again?"  
  
"Would they?" She tilts her gaze hopefully.  
  
"I'm sure." He laughs, "I'll consider it. I'm still a little concerned over encouraging us."  
  
"You made love to me in the shower last week. Even after you talked about keeping things innocent. You want me as badly as I want you Daddy. Please don't lie to me."  
  
Growling he spanks her beautiful bottom five times fast forcing her to giggle. Rubbing his hand prints on her cheek he sighs, "Nothing like making love to a sweet barely legal daughter."  
  
"Daddy? Can I tell you what I want?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"I want you to show me everything. I adore you Daddy. I swear I will do anything you want me to do."  
  
"Alright."  
  
"Promise me you won't change your mind?"  
  
"About what?"  
  
"About making love to me any time you want."  
  
"I can do that. I promise when I'm horny I'll let you know. Not everything is love making though. Sometimes it's just primal sex."  
  
"What is that?"  
  
"Remember when Greg fucked you really hard in the hot tub?"  
  
Her eyes brighten up, "When he pulled my hair?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"I liked that."  
  
"We can do that too."  
  
She sits up beside him hugging his arm, "I love you Daddy. Not just as your daughter. I love you."  
  
"Slow down now. This is not going to be just you and I. You need to experience life and your body."  
  
"Like letting Brett touch me? Suck on my nipples?"  
  
"Yep."  
  
"My uncles?"  
  
"We'll see."  
  
"Other guys?"  
  
"I want you to give me an honest answer Paige." He holds her chin to commit her gaze, "Do you want other men to touch you?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you want other men to fuck you?"  
  
"Yes."   
  
"Do you want me to watch you fuck strange men?"  
  
"Yes. I don't think I could do anyone without you there."  
  
"Fair enough. Let's take a drive tomorrow and see what kind of trouble we can get into."  
  
"Can I wear my bikini and furs?"  
  
"Might be too hot for furs. You can wear the bikini but we need to be careful you burn easily."  
  
"I know." She pouts, "You can lotion me up."  
  
"Or, other guys can lotion you up." He winks.  
  
"Oh my God Daddy. How many guys?"  
  
"Three?"  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Four?"  
  
She nods, "Okay."  
  
"Five?"  
  
"Oh my God!" She bounces in her seat giddily, "I might faint."  
  
"Six?"  
  
"You want to let six men oil me up?"  
  
"Seven?"  
  
"DADDDDYYYY!" She squirms.  
  
"Ten?"  
  
"What if they touch me everywhere?"  
  
"Like those Uncles did?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Do you want to let all those guys touch you everywhere? Every hole?"  
  
"As long as they don't hurt me."  
  
"If they ask me to let them fuck you?"  
  
"You said you liked seeing that. If you want me to fuck some of them I will. As long as you're there."  
  
"I think we should explore other things too."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Let's put a profile of you on Tender and see just how many guys find you attractive."  
  
"That might be a lot." She giggles.  
  
"Interested in knowing?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Innocent pictures at first. Let's see genuine reaction before taking it further."  
  
"Sounds fun Daddy. I might need new clothes again." She giggles hopeful of another shopping spree.  
  
"I guess you probably do need some real clothes."  
  
"Just not those frilly flower dresses Mom makes me wear."  
  
"Any thoughts on what you want to wear?"  
  
"I'll know it when I see it."  
  
"Fuck it. Get dressed lets go blow more of that college fund. Along with my retirement."  
  
"I'm worth it." She kisses him on the cheek. He grabs her before she could escape and plants a feverish kiss to her lips. She moaned into his mouth. Feeling his fingers roam her leg she found his journey ending at her peach fuzz. Lips separating at a tug to her lower lip he adds, "Another week I trim that fire to look all sexy."  
  
"So I can show it off to guys?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
Getting dressed would wait for an hour. Lonnie decided eating her pussy on the sofa was more important. She had a very intimate orgasm that led to him crawling upward to kiss her again. It was then he offered a welcomed whisper to her ear. Lonnie spoke volume.  
  
"Daddy loves you."  
  
She knew it when he dove back down and kissed her clit.   
  
Who needed new clothes anyway?

**Paige Ch. 05: Tender Box**

Sunday's were always boring. Sure it was nice to sleep in and relax after a week of hard work for Lonnie Turner. His daughter Paige feeling the same way knowing Finals were coming up in school. The last leg before graduation would be brutal. She knew it but now that her home life had changed it was hard to think about school work. Luckily for her she was a straight A student even on her worse days. Her biggest fear now was how Brett Chenowyth would react after getting away with seeing her naked and feeling her up. She knew her Dad was right about him but her heart was tender. She almost felt bad for the boy after her Dad suckered him into believing he would be able to keep nude pics and a video of her on his cell. Brett fell for a bait and switch when Lonnie used his own cell instead of his. Paige was safe from having him destroy her sweet innocent reputation. For now at least.  
  
Spooning with her Dad was warm and comforting. Last night they merely kissed and held each other. Refraining from sex daily Lonnie was trying to keep a certain amount of normalcy between Father and Daughter. As if things would ever be normal again. Both knew their closeness was too good to ignore. Paige herself had longed for her Father or at the very least someone just like him. Going so far as to create her own personal lover named Donnie. Her diary filled with erotic compulsions. All it took was Lonnie's snooping to compel him to take steps in making his own fantasies come true. For he and Paige.  
  
Kissing her Father's chest until he stirred Lonnie finally sighs with an awkward stretch.   
  
"It's nice waking up to that kind of attention." He exhales while tilting his chin to look over his body at her. She kept kissing him moving down to his stomach. Her eyes so bright and innocent he nearly felt guilty. She refused to allow him to feel that way. Her left palm rubs his leg sliding upward until she reaches his balls. Having slept nude both had easy access to fondle the other. He merely placed his left arm behind his head and enjoyed her touring desires. Kneading his balls she begins pelting his abdomen with more sweltering succulent kisses. Nose nuzzling his pubes he could feel her nasal exhale approach his morning wood. Her long red hair sifting over her face to hide her expression he reaches his right hand down to gently expose her face to him. At that moment her youth seemed so much younger than eighteen. He could almost swear she was sixteen again. Thankful that was not true he closes his eyes allowing her to lick his crown. After stimulating kisses she rises slightly to swallow his cock. Slow indulges led to a passionate blowjob. She was in no hurry to move fast. He rather enjoyed this erotic moment. Her gaze toward him going long moments without so much as a batted lash. He could see the love in her eyes.   
  
"Damn you're beautiful."  
  
She smiles with her eyes and continues her newly acquired talents. She was learning as she went along. Having had strong ideas before their actual first encounter on just how to get the job done with the best possible outcome of emotions. Her sweet scent only added to his erections vitality.  
  
"A man could get used to waking up to that."  
  
She rises up his shaft releasing six inches from her throat to lightly suck on his mighty mushroom. Without a word she sighs and kisses along his foreskin until reaching his balls. Light seductive swallows of each ball led to tender tugging and nibbles. Warm breath cascading over the fleshy bulbs with each whimper of enjoyment she offered.   
  
Laying there basking in her glow he watches her suckle his balls and stroke his cock at the same time. Her forehead resting on his right thigh. He could tell how much she was into what she was doing. His thoughts reflected back to the morning he came into her bedroom and ate her out for the very first time. He woke her to his feeding. She was essentially paying him back for that moment. This morning Lonnie Turner was not having second thoughts about their incest.   
  
"Keep that up I'm gonna cum quick."  
  
Her eyes flare at his comment. She wanted to taste him. Opting to prolong his detonation she chose to whisper thoughts.  
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Are you really going to make me an account on Tender?"  
  
"Sure. Let's try an experiment."  
  
"What if nobody messages me?"  
  
"We both know they will."  
  
"Not everyone will find me attractive."  
  
"Keep that hand rhythm. Perfect Sweetheart."  
  
"Do you like it when I give you a hand job?"  
  
"Very much?"  
  
"Do I give good blowjobs?"  
  
"The best."  
  
"Do you think other men will like it as much as you do?"  
  
"I'm pretty certain."  
  
"I wonder what my Uncles really thought when I did it to them? They didn't really say anything."  
  
"I didn't give them a chance to. I kicked them out when I started feeling guilty."  
  
"You weren't guilty long." Her tongue slides up his foreskin then back down, flicking her tongue on his lower ball sack.  
  
"That's a good spot. Really sensitive between the balls and my ass."  
  
"Really?" She sighs and devotes more attention to the area. He immediately stiffens up and grits his teeth.  
  
"Fuck that's nice. Go lower."  
  
"Any lower and I'll be licking...oh." She hesitates studying the arena a bit more closely. With a shiver she takes the risk and flutters the tip of her tongue inside his anal cavity. Lonnie raised his hips at the sensation. Eyes reacting to his uprising she continues. Feeling his dick throbbing hard in her hand she knew he was ready to cum. Just as he groans she moves up to swallow his crown as her hand jerks him into full on spill over. His shot was so strong she felt his firepower shoot the back of her throat. It just kept flooding her mouth. Her eyes wild at the unexpected torrent she holds it in until he stops convulsing. Watching his expression of relief she waits to abandon his beast. Once he merely stares at her she slowly lifts away from his cock and kisses the crown with puckered lips. Mouth wide she shows him her reservoir of white. He grins at her hesitance. She savored the taste after closing her mouth and wasn't certain what to do with the cum.  
  
'Don't spit it out."  
  
"Mhm I spo do with it?" She fumbles her pronunciations due to her mouthful.  
  
"Come on now. What did you do with Donnie in your diary?"  
  
"Swahlow ith." She tries not to spill any from her lips as she talks.  
  
"Swallow every drop." He winks at her watching as she holds her breath and downs his cum in three endeavors. Puckering his lower lip he nods, "Good job Baby."  
  
"That wasn't so bad. You tasted minty."  
  
"You're getting really good at that."  
  
"I want to be the best." She smiles showing her pearly whites.  
  
"Off to a good start."  
  
"Can I tell you something Daddy?"  
  
"Course."  
  
"I still feel bad about Brett Chenowyth. You may be right about him but I really felt he was sincere about wanting to take me on a date."  
  
"Oh he was sincere alright. He only wanted sex."  
  
"I know how to say no."  
  
"Maybe so but would he take no for an answer?"  
  
"I...guess I'll never know."  
  
"Go fire up my computer."  
  
"Why?" She lifts her head from his hip where it had been laying.  
  
"Let's look and see what Tender is all about."  
  
"Okay." She brightens up rolling off the bed to wiggle out into the spare bedroom that Lonnie had turned into an office. Giving her time he went to the restroom and took a leak. Cleaning up his cock with a washcloth and soap before making the journey to join her. She had already opened the site and was looking over the submission forms.   
  
Coaxing her from his desk chair he sits down and she kneels beside him on the floor.   
  
"Alright, necessary info and age verification done. Profile time." He looks over the questions, "Hobbies?"  
  
"You know my hobbies." She giggles.  
  
"Right. Playing with dolls. Sitting on Daddy's lap. Candlelit lollipops."  
  
"Are you really going to write those?"  
  
"I'll add just kidding but not really. We'll make it look as if you like to tease but also try and keep you innocent."  
  
"Okay. Wait, I am innocent." She thinks about his answers with suspicion, "You want guys to think I'm younger than I am don't you?"  
  
"Guys love youth."  
  
"Yeah but Daddy? Does youth mean I have to act fifteen?"  
  
"This is just an experiment. We can always create a different profile that's more adult."  
  
She fidgets, "No. I want guys to like me because I make them feel young. Like I do you. Since we've gotten closer I can tell how much happier you are."  
  
"What about those boys your age?"  
  
"I think I like older men."  
  
"You've only had older men." He chuckles.  
  
"I think about how my Uncles looked at me. It really turned me on."  
  
"And Brett didn't?"  
  
"Well he did until you scared him off."  
  
"We'll leave the age gap open on this site."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Next up. What are you looking for in a guy?"  
  
"Big dicks?" She grins sheepishly brushing her left cheek on her shoulder.  
  
"How about saying someone who wants me for who and what I am?" She shrugs and accepts that, "Someone who knows just what to say and makes me feel really good."  
  
"Go back to hobbies Daddy."  
  
"K."  
  
"Write this...I like my picture taken. Writing steamy novels. Learning how to be sexy. I can be a nerd." He types along with her thoughts.  
  
"Anything else?" With her questionable shrug he continues down the checklist. "Where do you see yourself a year from now?"  
  
"With you Daddy."  
  
He caresses her cheek and leans over to kiss her forehead. Her eyes stare up at him glistening. Sighing through puffed cheeks he writes, "Wherever my man wants me to be."  
  
"That sounds...almost like Mom and Mark."  
  
"It's just an experiment remember?"  
  
"Oh yeah." She fidgets, "What if Brett finds me on Tender? Or, some of his friends."  
  
"You can always say you made the profile up as a joke." He finishes the profile then nods, "Just need a picture or two to add and you're good to go."  
  
"I can go get dressed. You can take more pics with my cell then we can download them to the site."  
  
"No. No clothing on but we'll pose you tastefully."  
  
Eyes tremble as she shivers, "I'll know I'm nakie but they won't."  
  
"Exactly." He moves his chair back, "Come on."  
  
Following Lonnie like a lost puppy he tells her to stay on the dining room side of the kitchen bar. "Sit on the bar stool. Lean on your folded arms and smile pretty."  
  
"Like this?" She does so as her eyes sparkle. Her hair primped a bit by Lonnie reaching over the bar to reveal her bare shoulders he snaps a really good photo.  
  
"Now look seductive." Same pose she nibbles her lower lip and alters her gaze and expression to look as sexy as possible. Pic taken he shows her for approval. Afterwards he hands her his cell. "Take a selfie." She claims the phone and lifts it over her head for a downward shot. It captures just a hint of cleavage but nothing so risqué as to give people a hint she was nude.  
  
"What now?"  
  
"Go put your fur boots on. Nothing else."  
  
She jumps from her stool and skips to her bedroom. Minutes later she returns with a giddy smile. Lonnie moves around the bar to face her. Crouching down he takes a picture of her legs from her thighs down. The snapshot was perfectly lined with her inner triangle between legs, thigh, and ass. So close to seeing twat he had to whistle.  
  
"I love that picture Daddy. I have really nice legs don't I?"  
  
"Hell yes you do. Those boots make you look sexy as fuck."  
  
"Hands in my hair pic?" She places her hands amid her fire red locks and fans her hair a bit with a lift. He snaps a picture from her clavicle up. She was stunning, her eyes brilliant and alluring.  
  
"Fur coat with my shoulder exposed?"  
  
"Go get it." A swift trip she poses for the shot. Winking over her bare shoulder at the camera.  
  
"Serious look pic?" She faces him hiding her full frontal with her arms to palm both sides of her neckline and looks at him without smiling. Lips faintly pouty, eyelids narrow.  
  
"That's hot."  
  
"So am I Daddy. I'm really getting wet knowing you will put these pics on my profile."  
  
"I suppose we should get you dressed in real clothing. Can't make all of these Pornstar poses."  
  
"Don't you want guys to think like that about me?"  
  
"Some."  
  
"I think I look like one."  
  
"A Pornstar?"  
  
"Yes." She giggles.  
  
"Go put on some real clothes. Leave some cleavage."  
  
"I don't have many things with cleavage. You need to buy me some."  
  
"I just spent a shit load of money on you."   
  
"But, nothing I can qualify as real clothes I could maybe wear to school or if I ever did have a real date."  
  
"Ask your Uncles." He laughs.  
  
"I'm serious Daddy."   
  
"So am I."  
  
"You want them to buy me clothes?"  
  
"I'm kidding."  
  
"They never really did get me a birthday present."  
  
He stares with a droll narrow gaze pondering her thought. "Huh! That's not a bad idea. Maybe they'll feel guilty enough to do that."  
  
"I don't want them to feel guilty Daddy. I want them to think about that night and smile."  
  
"Oh I'm sure they do."  
  
"I'm gonna ask them where my presents are?" She looks smug.  
  
"Go find some clothes for now. Even if you gotta cut up a t-shirt. Remove the shoulders or something."  
  
"I know just the shirt. Who needs Hello Kitty at eighteen?"  
  
"Right! Cut that bitch.'  
  
She giggles and goes to the kitchen for a pair of scissors. Stopping in the hall she calls back noticing Lonnie was taking a picture of her ass in the fur garments. She smiles vividly, "Can I cut up some pants too?"  
  
"Sure. Hint of ass cheeks will sell this."  
  
"I love you Daddy."  
  
"Hurry up. Put your glasses back on too."  
  
Lonnie Turner went to his sofa and stroked his cock again. This whole Tender thing was giving his cock fits. He couldn't wait to prove to Paige how many guys would want her. Nerdy or not.  
  
Thirty five minutes flies by before Paige returns wearing a pink Hello Kitty shirt with the collar cut away to make it reveal her shoulders. She kept the cleavage high but if she crushed her tits together the mounds expressed themselves quite territorially. A pair of white pants was cut pretty high as well leaving threads and the interior of the pockets hanging down. With her back to Lonnie she lifts up on her toes looking over her shoulder at him.   
  
"Too much cheek?"  
  
"Naaa! Just perfect."  
  
"How do you want me for pictures?"  
  
"Sit on the arm of the sofa. Lean forward just a bit to offer more cleavage." She obeys and sits elegantly. "Not so prissy looking. Brighten those eyes and smile like you want something." Her expression feeds into his words and he takes a few shots. With only one shoulder covered he decides to experiment. "Drag the left shoulder over your bicep too."  
  
"The shirt will fall to my boobies."  
  
"Do it."  
  
"Yes Daddy."  
  
Losing the material sure enough it drifts dangerously low. "Okay now cross your arms under your tits and lift them a bit. Try and look natural."  
  
Finding the desired shot he snaps it. Motioning her to stand up and face away from him he guides her physically using his foot to nudge her own feet apart. He then uses his left hand to turn her upper body to the left. "Look over your shoulder shyly." The shirt still revealing both shoulders drooped to the middle of her back. He applied her long red hair as camouflage to hide a percentage of her back. It was a darling picture.  
  
"Feeling sexy Punk?"  
  
"Yessss." She shivers.  
  
"Bend over and touch your toes but look back at me." She does so offering more cheeky reveals. Her chest hidden but the shirt fanning low to offer a glimpse of her tummy.  
  
"Face me. Mash your tits together. Lower your chin. Look over the rim of your glasses. No teeth just smile." Shot taken he nods, "Gorgeous. Little Miss Librarian."  
  
"Only book in my library is my diary."  
  
"Alright. These photos are enough. Let's download these and polish off your profile. I bet by tomorrow you'll have a few messages."  
  
"More than a few. I predict ten."  
  
"I guess we'll find out."  
  
He leads her back into his office and uses his cell to download on to his computer then upload them to her Tender account. He choice five tasteful pics that offered beauty over seduction. She approved while sitting on his knee watching the monitor.   
  
"One click away. Do the honors."  
  
She leans forward and clicks the mouse curser over the Enter button. Her account needed approved and she was on her way. She clapped her hands together swiftly.  
  
"Shopping now?"  
  
"What about showing off the furs?"  
  
"I think we should wait until next weekend. I need clothes more."  
  
Lonnie nods with a scowl. He hated to blow money. Recalling her thoughts earlier about her Uncles not buying her any gifts he plucks his cell from the desk dialing a number. She lays back against him as his free hand rubs her arm. His light caresses giving her chills.  
  
"Hey Mikey. What's up Buddy?"  
  
On the other end his friend Mike alias Uncle Mike cleared his throat, "Arguing with the ole lady again."  
  
"About what this time?"  
  
"Because she's never home. My weekends off and she's playing Bingo or some shit."  
  
"Having an affair?"  
  
"Better not be." Mike growls then realizes he had done just that to his wife the night before with Paige. "Damn I broke that vow didn't I?"  
  
Lonnie chuckles, "At least you won't have a stalker to ruin your marriage."  
  
"Hi Uncle Mike." Paige leans over toward the cell.  
  
"Hey there Paige. You throw up after eating all that cake?"  
  
"I never ate any cake...Oh! You mean..." She giggles turning red, "No I didn't hurl. I liked the cake. Especially the creamy icing."  
  
"Daaaamn."  
  
"Uncle Mike?" She takes over the conversation at a short distance. Lonnie puts it on speaker. "You never got me anything for my birthday. Me sad." She pouts trying not to laugh.  
  
"What you need? After last night you deserve something."  
  
"I need new clothes. You can even pick them out. I'll show you three outfits I like and you can choose one."  
  
"Sounds like a plan. I'll get even with Jasmine I'll blow her Bingo money on you."  
  
"Yessssss. You're the best Uncle Mike."  
  
Lonnie reclaims his voice, "I'm taking her to the Mall if you wanna meet us there. Give Andy a call and tell his conscience he needs to buy an outfit for her too."  
  
"Blackmail money? That's racist because I'm black and a male."  
  
Paige bursts into a snorting laugh holding her mouth. Lonnie smirks and rubs her back before she choked.  
  
"Too funny Buddy. Around 3:00 at the Carousel?"  
  
"She riding a pony?"  
  
"I can. If you ride with me."  
  
"Giddy up. See you guys there."  
  
"Later."  
  
After hanging up Paige claps again, "What about Uncle Greg?"  
  
"Two's enough for now."  
  
"But Daddy...I want to try on clothes for Greg too."  
  
"Show some patience."  
  
Pouty faced she starts to leave her Father's lap. He quickly recalls her into a hug of his arms around her chest. Holding her firm she continues to fuss when he whispers.  
  
"This is the part where you act your age."  
  
"Why can't we call Greg too?"  
  
"Because for one these guys need time to process their actions the other night without automatically presuming they can tap your ass anytime they want to." He sternly tilts her chin to face him with concerned eyes. "I do not want you to get dependent on those fuckers for sex. Do you understand young lady?"  
  
"No. But, I'll get over it." She puffs her lip and expresses disappointment with a bit of drama.  
  
"Knock it off. You're friggin' eighteen not ten."  
  
"If I'm an adult that should mean I can make my own decisions."  
  
"After you graduate you can do what you want Miss Adult. Until then you're mine."  
  
Eyes studying her Father she takes a shallow breath before asking, "Anything I want?"  
  
He regrets his own words, "As long as you get my input. If I feel it's wrong you're not doing it. Like dating my buddies or becoming their steady piece of ass. If you love me you won't test my patience concerning that."  
  
"Okay." She exhales then pecks him on the nose with her lips. As he tries not to laugh at her sudden attention getter she adds fuel to her fire, "Does that mean never again?" She pouted heavier than before. He couldn't contain his amazement.

"You will under no circumstances be with any of my friends without my knowledge. You're not going to end up pregnant by one of those bastards. If I ever do allow you to play with them again they better have a mighty thick condom."  
  
"So that doesn't mean never ever." She pinches his nose this time just before leaning in to tickle his nose with her own. He melted.  
  
"Never should have had you go all the way."  
  
"But...you liked it." She teases licking his nose this round and wiggling in his lap. His pecker was having the time of its life. His thoughts immediately considered teaching her how to give a lap dance. The time was not right.   
  
"Go change into some normal clothing."  
  
"I was hoping you might let me wear these." She hints hugging his arm while laying her chin on his shoulder.  
  
"Fuck it. Get your shoes on. Let's go spend your Uncles money."  
  
Giggling she races off to her room. As she left he growls at the tightness of his beast now that she had gotten up. He needed to relax before getting dressed. He knew it had not been long but he snuck back into her Tender account. Looking it over he realized they had already approved her profile. "Damn! That was fast. I figured 24 hours minimum. Discovering a Welcome note from Administrators he puckered, "Alright you bastards...let's see what you think of the newest adult."  
  
He would check it again after they got home.  
  
Paige ended up waiting for her Father in the car for twenty minutes. As she did her cell pinged with a text message. Presuming it was her Dad she checked it without a second to waste.   
  
"That's not Daddy." She didn't recognize the number. Reading the message she bulges her eyes. It read.  
  
"Hey fellow fur lovers. This is the guy who bought the boots. If you don't reply I'll understand but I thought I might proposition you guys. I'm a professional photographer. Your daughter has what it takes to be a model. If interested I'd be willing to pay her well to pose for me. She can use the pictures for a portfolio should she consider more modelling gigs. Catalog stuff mostly. No bullshit. Give me a call. We can meet and at least discuss the possibilities. By the way my name is Mick."  
  
"John Mick." She giggles and reads the text five more times before Lonnie joined her in the car. As he gets behind the steering wheel and buckles up he looks over at her distant expression.  
  
"You okay?"  
  
"Yes." She suddenly smiles brightly, "Just thinking."  
  
"About what?"  
  
"That I really liked modeling for you earlier." She resists the truth of the text. "Daddy?"  
  
"Uh huh?" He backs out of the garage and to the curb.  
  
"Do you think I have what it takes to be a model?"  
  
"I think so."  
  
Excitedly she turns in her seat and lifts her cell to show him the text message. Claiming the device before backing out on to the street he reads it. Scowling he had his doubts. Seeing her giddy reaction he couldn't tell her no.  
  
"I'll think about it."  
  
Squealing she unhooks her seat belt and dives into him with a clingy hug.  
  
"I'm gonna be a model." She sang to herself five times.  
  
"Hush up and fasten that seatbelt."  
  
What had Lonnie done? What had Donnie done? His thoughts were his own. He could only imagine the fire he just started with this Tender account. Turning the car radio on to his favorite classic station it only gets worse. The 80's band Loverboy was singing The Kid is Hot Tonight. Someone was holding the torch.   
  
It might as well be Lonnie.

**Paige Ch. 06: Uncle Buck$**

"At the Mall twice in two weeks."   
  
"There's a bunch of clothing stores we didn't check out Daddy."  
  
She hugs her Father's side while walking along the food court. Ten restaurants surrounded two walls with a dining area of 30 tables in one big room. The festive angle allowed folks to dine as well as watch children and ever young adults ride a colorful Carousel. Today not so much. This particular mall had ornate features to help draw business in. It worked. Sunday was busy but not like a Saturday. Lonnie felt a bit more at ease with what he allowed Paige to wear. Her cut up Hello Kitty shirt drifted over her shoulder revealing her milky white flesh. Going braless every step she took her tits bounced about freely. She loved it. He had to admit it...so did he. Eyes were drawn to her youthful exuberance instantly. Lonnie counted over eight guys watching them walk past. Most eyes on those bobbing beauties. Others the fact he was being treated more like her boyfriend than her Father. The age gap looked obvious. Even though Lonnie looked damn good at 40.   
  
Finding Uncles Andy and Mike wasn't that difficult. Lonnie did tell them to meet by the carousel. But, where there was food there was Andy, in line at a Taco Hell waiting on his Burritos. Mike stood about ten feet way looking at his cell while waiting on his buddy to get his order. Seeing them Paige darts away from Lonnie and skips vividly toward them. Her breasts were everywhere. She had to hold her chest and cleavage hem from letting them flop out. Reaching Mike she hugs him from behind crushing her abundant chest against his lower .back. Her hands couldn't reach his eyes to cover them. His pecs would have to suffice.  
  
"Guess who?"  
  
Mike looks shocked at being clutched from behind. He offers a strange expression as he ponders, "That you Dorothy? No wait...Chantelle."  
  
"Noooo! It's me the Birthday Girl." She releases him dancing around to face him. Another hug he raises his arms high as she smothers his torso with tits. Looking up at him she grins, "Miss me?"  
  
His dick rose three inches with hearing that question. "You know it." He nods as Lonnie joins them.  
  
"Release the man." Lonnie frowns peeling her from him. She pouts at their separation.  
  
"Sure is happy to see her ole Uncle Mikey." Mike chuckles.  
  
"Don't rub it in."  
  
Darting away from them Paige does the exact same thing to Andy at the counter paying for his food.  
  
"Guess who?"  
  
"Hmmmm?" Andy looks to the ceiling then the young African American teen at the cash register, "I smell peaches. You must be the girl from the scented candle store."  
  
"Nooooooooo! It's your niece. Your very sexy niece."  
  
Andy knew the cashier heard her and he smiles with a hint of busted. Grabbing his debit card and tray of food he turns in her clutches. Like Mike now his hands and tray were over her head. She hugging his belly with her cheek rubbing at his few extra pounds. He adored her zestful attitude.  
  
"Can't walk with you holding my waist so tight."  
  
She steps on his feet and giggles, "Carry me."  
  
Lonnie shook his head at Mike, "Good lord. You would swear she was fifteen still."  
  
"Thank that Good Lord she's not."  
  
"I hear you. Be right back." Lonnie leaves Mike to rescue Andy by picking Paige up by her arms. Reeling her in he growls, "Behave or we're going home."  
  
"I'm only saying hi."  
  
"No. You're saying look at me I'm sexier than last night. Chill the fuck out."  
  
Sad at his observation she turns away pouting. Lonnie knew that she was working on his emotions until he would give in and let her do what she wanted to. A Father knows.  
  
"Grab a booth Andy. I'll keep her at bay until you wolf your food down."  
  
With a motion to take a seat Paige held her wrist in front of her belly almost whiney at his scolding. Tits mashed together due to constricting biceps they lifted and merely jiggled as she shuffled to a table to seat herself down. Uncle Mike shook his head at Lonnie as if to say relax dude. Lonnie knew exactly what he was doing. Sitting down next to his daughter he scooted his seat closer to her legs. Placing an arm around her shoulder he rubbed her bicep.  
  
"I know you're giving it your best shot at not being shy but there's a time and place for everything. Slow down and breath." He told her. She continued her pout session while lifting her glasses by the nose piece. Regardless she nodded that she understood. As she sat there fidgeting Mike sat down opposite of her and aimed to calm her down further.  
  
"So Paige? What kind of clothes are you looking for?"  
  
This pepped up her mood. "Anything that doesn't make me still look nerdy. Nothing floral like my Mom makes me wear. I want to feel pretty."  
  
"You are pretty. Come on now what makes you think you're not?"  
  
"I don't know. Boys at school don't acknowledge me at all. Well, they might now that Brett Chenowyth is going to tell me he's seen me nude."  
  
Mike chokes on his drink at hearing of this. "Say what?" He glares at Lonnie, "Wanna fill us in?"  
  
"He can do better than that. Show them Daddy." She bounces in her seat excitedly. Lonnie shakes his head at her admission. He hadn't even had time to talk to his buddies about the other night let alone risk their wrath for letting Paige and Brett act out his sick fantasy that he passed off as a shyness repellant. Growling at her he drags his cell from his pocket and opens up the pictures with the boy. Andy chewing his food leaned across the table to get an eye full. Mike stared at each pic he was shown.   
  
"Show them the video Daddy."  
  
"What part of chill out don't you get?" Lonnie frowned.  
  
"I can't help I like my picture taken."  
  
"Daaamn!" Mike whistled, "Lucky boy."  
  
"You guys got luckier." She snorts swaying in her seat. Her pink T-shirt slipping from her only clinging shoulder to bunch up over her breasts. She didn't even try to pull it back into place.  
  
"This kid was eating Paige up."  
  
"I don't trust him. I made it look like I was using his cell to take pics but really used mine. He would have ruined my baby girls reputation."  
  
"Ummm!" Andy dabbed his chin with a napkin, "I'd think you letting her be with us might do that too. For that matter you two hooking up."  
  
Mike elbows Andy, "Shut up Andrew."  
  
"No. He's right Mikey." Lonnie sighed, "I am taking huge risks. You guys must think I'm one sad motherfucker."  
  
"I wouldn't go that far." Mike scratches his neckline grimacing. "We went along with it. If anything we should apologize to Paige."  
  
"Nooooooooo!" She leans across the table to place both palms on Mikes hand. In doing so her breasts nearly fell out. The entire outer formation of both breasts revealed themselves. Only her nipples and the bulbous portion of them remained still hidden. All eyes went down her shirt. Including the eyes of a number of guys sitting or standing nearby. Even with her big framed amber colored glasses they enjoyed the view. Nerdy looking or not. "Don't apologize. I had fun."  
  
"Some birthday huh?" Mike expressed hesitance.  
  
"You didn't find me sexy?" She pouts.  
  
None of them dared deny that she wasn't. Lonnie put his cell away and nudged her back in her seat. Her shirt drooping lower until the upper portion of her areolas peeked out. It was then Lonnie chose to do the right thing and pull her shirt up for her. She turned beet red noticing guys around her staring.  
  
"There's her favorite color." Andy chuckled.  
  
"Don't make fun of me Uncle Andy." She over did it with her pouting.  
  
"Hey Punk? Let's go ride the carousel." Mike stood up and extended a hand. She looks at Lonnie for his approval until he nods his go ahead. Jumping for joy her tits bounced everywhere and nearly fell out again. Guys were huffing in their seats. Mike taking her by the hand made their way through a maze of velvet railing until they reached an older man running the carousel.  
  
Even he had to inspect her healthy chest with the shirt barely holding on to her left shoulder. Mike paid the man and the two hopped up on the circular platform in search of their ride.  
  
"Giraffe?"  
  
"No. The horsey." She skipped toward her choice.  
  
"I'll ride the giraffe then."  
  
"Nooooo! Ride with me." She winks at him. He couldn't resist, helping her up on to the high horse his hand planted firmly on her ass until she was seated. Her cut off shorts offering rebellious cheeks that came out of hiding now that she was bending more. Settled in he throws a leg over and scoots toward her for comfort. She wiggled her tight little butt right up against a full blown erection. He had to grit his teeth.   
  
"How's come we're the only two people on this thing?" He chuckles.  
  
"Uncle Mike?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I can feel your big dick against my ass."  
  
"Sorry I can't help it."  
  
"Do I turn you on that much?" She lays back against him and lays her head on his shoulder to look up at him at an angle. The kid had the most alluring gaze.  
  
"Don't let your ole man know but fuck yeah you do."  
  
"He knows. Can I ask you something Uncle Mike?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"What I did last week?"  
  
"Uh huh?"  
  
"Would you want me to be like that again?"  
  
"Somehow I don't think Lonnie is gonna agree to that."  
  
"He likes to watch me play."  
  
"Still. He's feeling guilty. I can tell."  
  
"If he would let me though?"  
  
"You're eighteen. You really don't need his permission."  
  
"I know. I love Daddy though. I won't do it again if he doesn't want me to. But if he did...would you want me to?" She nibbles her lower lip with a hopeful brightness in her eyes. Even from behind those big glasses she yearned for a yes.  
  
He hugs her tightly from behind and whispers into her ear, "Fuck yes. I want my cock inside your sweet ass pussy."  
  
She giggles at his eagerness. "Buy me some really nice clothes and I'll persuade Daddy to let me do that again."  
  
"Two outfits. I can't afford more or my wife would kick my ass."  
  
"Do you feel bad about having sex with me? You being married?"  
  
"Sweetheart I know she's doing the same damned thing. I ain't regretting a second of what happened."  
  
"Me neither. You guys really helped me not be so shy."  
  
"You looked like you had fun with that boy in the pics."  
  
"I did. I hope he doesn't spread bad rumors about me."  
  
"If he does you just do something to make him look bad."  
  
"I really do want boys to find me more attractive. I think ditching my nerdy side might help."  
  
"You keep saying you're a nerd. I think those glasses are your only nerdy trait. But, y'know what?"  
  
"What Uncle Mike?"  
  
"Even those goggles you wear are fucking hot."  
  
She fidgets shyly, "I think that my childlike voice has a lot to do with it too. I sound like I'm still in grade school. It's embarrassing sometimes."  
  
"It's also erotic as hell."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Fuck yeah. I'm rock hard just listening to you. Every little blush you get turns me on."  
  
"Wow!" She reaches a hand behind her while watching her Dad in the distance. He wasn't looking at the moment so Paige couldn't resist checking out the contours of Mike's slacks. He ignored it but his thoughts were all over the place. As the carousal music began the horse started to rise and lower while circling the dining area. Guys sitting all around them were drooling at her with each and every pass. She hadn't even noticed, more worried about her Father. Waving at Lonnie and Andy excitedly as they drifted by Mike chose a different tactic. The second they rode by Lonnie his hands went up her shirt to squeeze her bare breasts. She turned red and bit her lip at how bold he was being. It was then that she noticed guys looking.  
  
"Everybody is watching you Uncle Mike."  
  
"Anyone look mad?"  
  
"Noooo. Everyone is smiling."  
  
"Know why?"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"Because they want to be me right now. As soon as we go by the carousel operator I'm gonna lift your shirt up."  
  
"Oh my gosh." She bulges her eyes. Sure enough as soon as they pass the man Mike's hands lift her loose Hello Kitty shirt up over her tits and palms them for the remaining gents. News traveled fast as thumbs up ruled the area. Pulling her shirt down as the carousel finished up she claps ecstatically, "Again Uncle Mike."  
  
With a motion to the conductor to go again he didn't bother to wait. Nobody else was in line. Firing it up a second time Paige quickly switches positions with Mike's help. Turning to face him she slapped his chest.  
  
"What was that for?"  
  
"I want you to do that again where I can see your eyes."  
  
Awaiting the right time he again ran his hands up her shirt. Watching his eyes she got really turned on. His big brown eyes were glued to her milky white mounds. With each pass her shirt went down to keep Lonnie from ruining their fun. On another round she lays back over the horses neck and mane. Now she herself lifted her shirt and let the men at the tables see her nipples. Giggling she lowered it just as quickly. Beet red but having a blast.  
  
"You like showing those off don't you?"  
  
"Yesssss. I hope Daddy doesn't get mad at me."  
  
"He see you?"  
  
"I think so. He's standing up."  
  
"Coming our way?" Mike was afraid to look.  
  
"No. He-he's going over to talk to the guys at the tables."  
  
"Ahhh hell."  
  
"Do you think he's going to yell at them?"  
  
"Guess we'll see."  
  
The final trip around they witness the guys chuckling with Lonnie and nodding. About what would remain a mystery. Lonnie moves around the room to reach Mike and Paige as they exit. Helping her off Mike holds her chest over his face and intentionally lets her shirt rise up beneath his brow so that he could lick a nipple on the way through. She gasped and shivered until her feet hit the floor. Breaking away in a bountiful dance she raced through the cord maze to her Father.  
  
"What did you and those guys talk about Daddy?" She nearly jumped into his arms.  
  
"About your tits."  
  
"You saw me?"  
  
"Who didn't? We need to be careful you know there's cameras around everywhere."  
  
"I know." She pouts, "I wish there weren't any."  
  
"You done pawing up my daughter?" Lonnie scowled at Mike. Mike merely shrugged and put his hands in his pockets.  
  
"Are you mad Daddy?"  
  
"No. Just being cautious. I knew this bastard couldn't keep his hands to himself."  
  
"Or his tongue." She blushes. Mike coughed into his hand avoiding eye contact.  
  
"Relax Bromeo." Lonnie scowls then turns Paige around by her shoulders. Facing the table of men he leans into her ear. "Go say hi to your adoring fans."  
  
"WHAT?" Paige blurts out whining at his suggestion, "I don't know what to say to them."  
  
"If you want more clothes I'd think of something."  
  
"Please don't make me. They might be mean to me."  
  
"Somehow I doubt that. Get moving or we can go home."  
  
"Finnnne!" She stomps her right foot and loses her sandal in her beginning journey Bending over to put it back on her Kitty shirt dangled low revealing both breasts. The men could even see nipple hard on. Once upright she carefully lifts her left shoulder back into place for support. The soft pink shirt expressed her nipples like bullets. With a very friendly wave of her right hand she shuffled over to the four guys at the table.  
  
"Hello."  
  
"Kitty?"  
  
"What?" She blushed then reacted by pinching the short hemline lifting the shirt to look at the Sanrio special. In doing so her lowest definition of her tits were seen. "Oh! You like her?"  
  
"Love the Kitty." A guy chuckled.  
  
"No way are you eighteen." Another scowled.  
  
"Yes I am. I can show you my ID." She reaches behind her to obtain an ID with her birthdate from her back pocket. Eagerly showing them all four lean forward to read it.  
  
"Paige Turner. HA! You do read a lot." Another mocked her namesake.  
  
"Don't listen to Chad. You just turned eighteen. Sorry, we had to check. You really do look a lot younger. You sound like my kid sister even."  
  
"Sowwy." She fidgets.  
  
"Naw! Hey it's damned cute Paige. We might as well get this out there we're all thinking about those tits."  
  
"You saw me?" She blushes tapping her sandal on the tile nervously.  
  
"You flashed us. So yeah." The considerate man laughed.  
  
Speechless suddenly she stares at them without blinking. She didn't know what to really say. Opting for the first think that comes to mind she adds, "I just joined Tender. I have pictures."  
  
"Really? I think we're all on that dating site. Maybe we'll message you."  
  
She pats her hands together lightly, "You might be my first."  
  
"Virgin huh?" Another friend chuckled.  
  
"Ohhh no. Not anymore." She bulged her eyes at her admission.  
  
"That guy really your boyfriend? Looks old enough to be your dad."  
  
"Boyfriend?" She hesitates looking back at Lonnie who stood smirking. Paige shyly grins at the men, "He lets me date other people."  
  
"Can't keep it up can he?" Another hisses for laughs.  
  
Snorting slightly she blushes, "Oh I keep him up. No trouble there."  
  
"Daaaamn!" Her reply drew a consensus.  
  
"I bet you call him Daddy. With that fifteen year old voice I bet you get whatever you want."  
  
"I do call him Daddy." She wasn't lying.  
  
"Sugar Daddy more like." A third snorts.  
  
"Your man over there said you could sit in our laps and play with those titties if we bought you some skimpy thongs. We're up for that."  
  
"He did?" She brightens up, "You will?"  
  
"Worth it. What's a few dollars each right."  
  
"Right! I'm soooo worth it." She beams smugly.  
  
"Maybe we can find you some Hello Kitty G-strings. If we do can we get a fashion show?"  
  
"If Daddy lets me."  
  
"She's got that Daddy crap down to a science." One man shifts his chair patting his lap. Paige shyly moves between his legs and looks at his lap. Eyes study a definite erection. Beet red she turns and sits in his lap leaning her back against him.  
  
"Love your fire red hair. You smell like peaches too."  
  
"Thank you." She whispers softly.  
  
His hands rub her legs first then move upward over her hips until more flesh is felt up. She shivered as his hands slipped under her shirt to squeeze her breasts.  
  
"Damn these are firm. You're a little hard body."  
  
"Oh my Gosh. Your hands are sweaty on my boobies."  
  
The other men grow envious as she finds herself passed around to each of them for similar attractions. Every one of them was rock hard. She blushed every second of their tender groping. On the final guy Lonnie made his way to the table.  
  
"Getting a bit of attention outside this table. We better shut this down." Paige looked around to see other men watching. Females too. Some scrutinizing but keeping silent. Most of those were women.  
  
"Nice meeting you Paige."  
  
"You're not coming to shop with me?" She peels away from her throne to stand next to Lonnie. "If we find Hello Kitty thongs I promised a fashion show."  
  
Lonnie frowns at her unexpected promise. A doe like eye contact led her plea. Shaking his head he glares at the four men in their twenties with uncertainty. As each of them shocks him with opening wallets to pass off $20 Lonnie eyes the cash then his daughter. He winks at her, "My girlfriend is too damn cute. Alright! You four go find her underwear. Keep a bit of distance so things don't look obvious. Deal?"  
  
"Deal." They each affirm his request.  
  
"Come on Snow White." He grips her shoulders as she waves rapidly at the group. Paige was in heaven.  
  
"Thank you Daddy." She hugs his hip and plants her head on his chest from the side. Looking up briskly she whispers, "They all had really hard dicks. I could feel them under my butt."  
  
"Of course they did." He pats her back lovingly. She shivered with awe. "Let's spend everyone else's money."  
  
"Yay!" She grows giddy as they rejoin Andy and Mike.  
  
Letting her take the lead they go from store to store letting her pick and choose from various dresses, jeans, skirts, leggings, and blouses. Certain dresses she tries on for opinions. She wanted to be a real woman not a young girl. Her Father had opened up whole new world to her. Feeling sexy was a priority. Discovering a store devoted to sensual clothing made her want to sample everything. An innocent fashion show led to the eventual purchase of a white lace backless dress exposing her entire back down to her ass. Another inch her crack would have been seen. Mike and Andy just knew they were going to have to jerk off before even heading home.

Two more dresses, one pale lavender the other bright yellow with loads of cleavage were added. A corset style black blouse with laces up the front and back got showed off when the courtesy clerks were busy with others. She even waved at two of her followers letting them see her cleavage. It looked so nice Lonnie suggested a red version of that shirt be included. A black romper and pair of blue jeans that zipped up in front and back both. Those got the Uncles money for certain.  
  
Another black shirt caught her attention. This one a crop top that zipped up the front. A black pair of leggings found a white pair joining it. Followed by an extremely short black stretchy mini skirt. She just had to show the skirt off to everyone. Crouching to face her four followers she lets them see her thong beneath it by fanning her legs wide. Giggling at their blown away reaction she found herself getting really wet. Eyes flaring at her Dad and adopted Uncles she let them know by mouthing it. "I'm really wet."  
  
They had already surmised that.  
  
One of the men outside the store points at swimwear. Holding up their wallets made Lonnie walk with her to the swimsuits. She pointed at the ones she liked. The consensus was a hot pink G-string and a burgundy one. She blushed and bought both. At the bra and panty area she let her Uncles decide. Andy went with transparent green lace. Mike chose a royal blue set. Lifting various thongs at the guys she added one pair that each guy agreed to with a thumbs up.   
  
"Lon we gotta slow down." Andy grit his teeth, "None of us are wealthy."  
  
"She's probably got $600 worth of stuff." Mike began sweating.  
  
"$150 each? I'll get the rest. If I have to I'll cash in some bonds. The $80 those guys tossed in plus whatever they're waving wallets for might get everything."  
  
"HELLO KITTY G-STRING." Paige raced to an end cap where a tiny section was devoted to imports. Sure enough she found them. Jumping up and down with the thong she waved it at the guys. Fists clenched at her success. Handing her Uncles the mountain of clothes she plucks the black mini skirt up and the thong. Skipping to the changing room she slips her current thong off and puts the Kitty thong on. The thong was rather low cut revealing the uncut fire red pubes that her Dad requested she not shave. There was no chance of hiding it. Skirt on with her pink Kitty cutoff shirt she steps out taking her jean shorts and old thong out with her. Price tag swinging she returned dancing about her family. "Oh my Gosh. I'm wearing these the rest of our time here."  
  
'Gotta pay for those you know." Lon points at her skirt.  
  
"I know." She drags them toward the checkout counter. As the guys throw her items on the counter the woman there winked at Paige.  
  
"It must be your birthday."  
  
"Last week." Paige nods repeatedly.  
  
"Graduation presents too." Lonnie smiles. "Early that is."  
  
"I love you Daddy." She giddily hugs him and leans up on her toes to kiss his cheek. She did the same for Andy and Mike. With her back facing her followers her skirt expressed bare butt cheeks. The G-string straps buried deep. As Andy and Mike cough up a shocking $200 each Lonnie was stunned. As soon as he accepted the cash Paige grabbed both Uncles and dragged them toward the entrance. Setting off the alarm Lonnie looked at Paige who dropped her jaw. Racing back to her Dad she literally jumps up on the counter and leans back holding the price tag on the skirt. The cashier laughed at her glee and used a gun to scan the skirt. Gritting her teeth at the woman Paige whispered, "Hello Kitty G-string. Might be kind of hard to scan it."  
  
"Oh good lord." The cashier burst out laughing, "Go on. Happy birthday."  
  
"Yay!" Paige hops off the counter and darts away barefooted.  
  
"Where's your sandals?" Lon called out. He found them in the changing room. Bags filled the final total was $668.   
  
Outside the store Paige dragged Mike and Andy directly up to the men. Moving them into a circle she giggles and lifts her skirt up to her waist so that they could see her thong. Whistles all around one of the mean dared to reach in and caress her pubic fur. She flared her eyes and trembled.  
  
"Dude look." A buddy points lower. "That thong is soaked."  
  
"You guys were coughing up more money right?" Andy made it known.  
  
"She needs sexy shoes." The leader of the bunch turned pointing at a shoe store called HEEL YOUNG. Like an epiphany of Angels singing Paige was drawn to it like a moth. The followers filed after her leaving Mike to glare at Andy.  
  
"Why do I feel like our niece is growing up to be an Escort?"  
  
Before Andy could reply Lonnie stepped up with four bags. "I need some pack mules. Here take a couple." He frowns, "You let my daughter run off with four strangers?"  
  
"Shoe store. They're buying." Andy shrugged.  
  
"There's a couple of those massaging recliners over there. Go rest up I'll deal with the Glamour girl." Nodding at a sound idea the Uncles did just that.   
  
Lonnie moved onward into the shoe store. Stopping at the entrance he discovered Paige sitting on a bench. The four men were waiting on her hand and foot. Getting her socks before helping her try on their picks for shoes. She approved of ankle high black suede heels with buckles on the side. Another set of boots were calf high light beige colored leather. Going from boots to actual shoes she loves a pair of white ribbed strappy heels. Socks removed Lonnie observed the man massage her feet and suckle a toe before trying them on her feet. She giggled nonstop and turned every shade of red possible. Her glasses even steamed up.  
  
Arms folded Lonnie waits for her to look his direction. When she does she mouths the words, "OH MY GOD DADDY." He had to smile. Her pampering was making Paige crazy. Brainstorm idea he motions for her to remove her thong. Her jaw dropped even lower as she pondered the idea. As Lonnie steps into the store he confronts the only two workers there and brought up cowboy boots. Both workers joined Lonnie in another aisle. The second they were gone Paige looks around for safety and stands up lifting her black skirt tag still on up over her thong. She starts to drag it down when a Prince Charming kneels to assist her removal. Over her toes they went to be passed around and smelled. She watched in total awe as she sat back down. Her skirt tugged low but still high enough for a perfect pussy shot. The quest returned to find the perfect shoes. Each man chose another approved style and sat down in front of her. As the shoes were put on they would look at that beautiful pink snatch and wink. She winked back and fanned her heated face.   
  
"That pussy is trickling." A man whispered up to his friends. He went so far as to move a hand up between her thighs and lightly moisten his fingers along her tight labia. Paige formed a silent whistle and whimpered. Lifting his finger to see just how wet she was he grinned at his buds.  
  
"Oh my gosh. I hope all of you answer my Tender ad."  
  
"You're sexy as hell Paige Turner." The wet fingered man dares a second invasion. This time his middle finger slips inside her tight pussy and moves in and out three times. She bites her lip and tilts her head back.  
  
"I'm a geeky girl." Reality returns as his finger retreats.  
  
"Hottest geek I know." Another chuckles with a whisper.  
  
"Do you really think so?" She quivers wanting very much to touch herself but shies from it. She was listening to her Dad ramble in the next aisle. Watching as one worker goes into the back room she knew they were occupied.  
  
"I'd fuck you." Another lets slip his fantasy.  
  
"Really?" She looks to the others to view their affirmative nods. Hearing each of them say, "So would I." and "Let me touch that pussy."  
  
The outspoken whisperer kneels on one knee and reaches between her legs introducing two fingers this time. Her gasp led to a yearning expression. He winks up at her as his fingers twist and sink deeper. "Like that Paige?"  
  
"Yessss."  
  
"Want that to be my dick?"  
  
"Uh huh!" She nods holding a hand over her mouth trying not to moan. The other guy still in front of her reaches above his friends dipping fingers to massage her clit with his thumb. She nearly let her hands supporting her on the bench slip off.  
  
A third friend sits on the bench next to her and lifts her cutoff to expose her tits. Pinching her nipples she whines an offers an exhaled, "Please answer my Tender ad."  
  
"We promise." One after the other. The probing fingers carefully slip out of her as both men realize the worker from the back room was eying them. Luckily their friend sitting next to her was a larger man and blocked his view. A shoe lifted the fingerer chokes up, "Choose one."  
  
"You." She giggles.  
  
"I meant a shoe." He grins at her hormonal stimulation.  
  
"Can I pick two?"  
  
'It's only money."  
  
"You and you." She points at her kneelers.  
  
"How about all four?" The standing man chuckled.  
  
"Sold." She stands up stretching and waving at the worker still watching. "I'll take all four."  
  
The guys stared at their friend having set them up accidentally to fund four pairs of shoes. She prances about in her white heels and steps into the next aisle to see her Dad. Fanning herself she shows off her shoes. "Do I look cute in these Daddy?"  
  
"Guess I better skip the boots. Sorry fella. Kid comes first."  
  
Joining her with the four guys money gets exchanged. Paige walked away like a bandit. The guys said their goodbyes and walked away. Bags embraced Paige suddenly realized.  
  
"They still have my panties."  
  
"Worth losing them Kiddo."  
  
"I liked my Hello Kitty thong." She pouted with a puffed lower lip.  
  
"See those bored out of their mind Uncles setting in the recliners?"  
  
"Are they asleep?" She studies them as they walk.  
  
"They deserve a sweet thank you for all these clothes."  
  
"Okay Daddy."  
  
"You go sit in their lap and I'll go buy you another damned Hello Kitty thong."  
  
"My Daddy is the best boyfriend ever."  
  
"I figured boyfriend was better than admitting I was your pervert Father."  
  
"Ok Donnie." She giggles and struts away leaving him holding the bags. Shaking his head Lonnie headed back to the clothing store. Explaining a second thong wouldn't be easy. Luckily he was a charmer.  
  
Mike had his eyes closed as Paige snuck around behind his chair. Eying Andy reading his cell she chose Mike as her target. Before swooping in she notices more men watching her. Shivering she waves in all directions in a precious flutter of fingers. Seven other men waved back. Circling around Mike she took time to place a finger in front of her lips to keep the now aware Andy quiet. He complied also noticing guys eying Paige like a hawk. She slithered up into Mike's lap facing him as if giving him a lap dance. Once her weight was felt she bounced up and down on him four times. His eyelids burst wide and he stared at her in disbelief.  
  
"Thank you for my clothes Uncle Mike. I love you very much."  
  
She falls forward hugging him as her legs widen around his legs along the recliner arms. In doing so her skirt rode high revealing half of her butt. She didn't stress over it. Even as guys in passing pointed at her. Mike found her chest over his face smothering him as she hugged the back of his head. His hands on her hips he realizes her bare bottom. Sitting up straight Paige fidgets and looks down at Mike's quickening bulge.  
  
"He's back."  
  
"Damn girl. I'm too old for this." Mike sweats as even he catches on to the attention they were getting. Andy reaches over Mike's lap and attempts to tug her skirt down in back. She merely sheepishly grins at guys walking behind the chairs.  
  
"Vibrate me Uncle Mike." She vocalizes to snickers. Guys were stopping in their tracks to view the spectacle. Andy suddenly found it funny too and produces a five dollar bill to activate the chair. Mike merely blinks at the sudden stimulation.   
  
"Fuck it." Mike growls, "Hop on your ole Uncle Mikey's knee."  
  
"I can't sit on your knee. I'll just hop on your lap."  
  
She does so multiple times as Mike's eyes roll back into his head. Her stretchy skirt decreasing coverage with every move. Her entire ass was hanging out as men respectfully drooled and mumbled amongst each other.   
  
"Sweet Jesus!" Mike sighed. His dick was raging and needed to fire. A few more minutes of her hopping and he knew he was gonna jizz his pants. Paige looks over her shoulder at her reflection in a store window. Seeing her bare bottom she blushed and shared nervous glances with surrounding guys. Men were rubbing chins and their crotches.   
  
This shit was too good to be true. Seeing one man mouth the words, "Me next?" She shyly rubbed her cheek in her red hair. Another man voices his own silent wish, "Please don't stop."  
  
Mike in his own bit of ecstasy runs his hands up her back revealing her spine all the way up to her neck. By raising it that high her breasts slipped into view from the underside.  
  
"S-stop hopping." Mike shudders, "Grind over it."  
  
Unsure what he means she looks to Andy. Andy whispers, "Rub your pussy on his crotch."  
  
"Ohhh! Okay." Her childlike voice wishing nothing more than to make them happy. Back and forth she rubbed her pussy over his concealed beast. This new sensation made Paige flare her eyes. "I like this." She continues her own enjoyment.   
  
"So do they." Andy chuckles at the now ten men viewing her seductive moves.  
  
Two minutes later Mike with his hand on her neck under the shirt grips the back of her head tightly drawing her down into his chest. She squeals as he grunts cumming in his jeans. Awe on her face she glances around at her observing fans.   
  
Lonnie returning from the clothing store bulges his eyes at the gathering. Slowly he enters the mob scene to see his daughters cute little butt still lightly rubbing on Mikey. Panic mode surfacing Lonnie searches all around them for cameras and security guards. No guards at least. Quite a few strolling couples not even paying attention. Kids luckily walking behind the chairs. This was beyond a careless move.  
  
"Time to go."  
  
Andy scowls, "Where's my thank you?"  
  
Before Lonnie could stop her Paige crawls from one recliner over to Andy's. In doing do her clam slipped into view garnering a few, "OH FUCK YEAH's!" Accepting Paige Andy cuddled her from the side. Lonnie watched his daughter trembling while hugging Uncle Andy. Andy's hand rubbing her leg all the way up to her bare hip. She held on for dear life offering erotic glances at her Father.   
  
"Enough. Let's go. NOW!" Andy releases her and encourages her to leave his lap. Standing tall she let every guy there see her fire red pubes and pink pussy in all their glory. It takes Andy to pull her skirt down as she pouts and faintly flutters her fingers at her congregation. Uncles rise to wet jeans and assist in gathering her bags. Stressed Lonnie points for her to start walking. She does so as her Uncles follow closely behind. They knew they needed to behave now.  
  
Lonnie lingers just a bit to look back at those still there. With a wink he offers a bit of info.  
  
"She's on Tender. Look her up." He then chuckles in thought, "Only like ten thousand women on there. Good luck with finding her."  
  
Friends parted ways feeling good about their payoff. Paige was exceptionally quiet on the way home. So was Lonnie. The risk was worth it but bordering on way to out there. A mile from their home Paige lets out a deafening sigh.  
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"Did I upset you?"  
  
"No...you didn't."  
  
"I don't know why I went so far."  
  
"Because you're growing up. Girls your age like the attention of guys."  
  
"I've never seen so many men looking at me like they want me."  
  
"It's because you're young and beautiful. They want what they can't have."  
  
"I'm feeling wanted more and more."  
  
"Only gets worse Sweetheart."  
  
"How can being wanted be bad?"  
  
"Let's not get carried away. Teasing is one thing. Sex with everyone in sight is another."  
  
"Do you still want me to tease men Daddy?"  
  
He knew he would regret his answer, "Only when I'm with you. Yes I do."  
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"As ever yes?"  
  
"Are you even going to let me date guys from Tender?"  
  
"We'll see."  
  
"Can we check my account when we get home?"  
  
"Sure. Right after you ride my lap like you did Mikey."  
  
"That was really fun. Guys liked seeing me do that."  
  
"I did too."  
  
"Can I do more of that with guys?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
"When?"  
  
"Graduation is almost here. You need to concentrate on school."  
  
"Do I...?"  
  
"Do you what?"  
  
"Do I have to go back to dressing nerdy until school is over with?"  
  
"Be smart about your dress code. Especially after that Brett situation."  
  
"Right."  
  
"Home sweet home."   
  
He pulls into the garage and shuts it behind them. Bags hauled in they settle down in the living room. Lonnie immediately sheds his clothing and sits down on his own recliner. Joining him after going to the rest room she starts to take her shirt off.   
  
"Stop right there. Leave your clothes on. Get over here in my lap just like you did Mikey."  
  
She obeys him with flaring eyes as she crawls over his lap. Her knees between the recliner arms and his outer thighs. She feels his massive erection rise between her legs and rubs her labia along his girth.  
  
"Gosh Daddy. I'm picturing all those guys watching me."  
  
"Give them a good show then."  
  
He coaxes her to rise up enough to guide his dick inside her tight pussy. Thoughts of fingers up her earlier made her want Lonnie even more. Pussy moving up and down his shaft she moans.  
  
"I was so turned on at the Mall Daddy."  
  
"So was I." He runs his hands beneath her shirts lovingly. Imagining the amount of skin those bastards saw. His little girl was damn near nude in a fucking shopping mall. Every little thing they got away with made him forget the regret he originally had. The more they did the more he wanted. Paige seemed receptive. He would see just how far she might go.  
  
"I love you cock Daddy. It's a perfect fit."  
  
"Did you fantasize about fucking Mikey's cock in front of all those people?"  
  
"Yes Daddy."  
  
She rides him with an intimacy. Almost lovemaking. Her palm caressing his cheek as her face wallows in his neckline.   
  
"Did you picture all those guys touching you?"  
  
"I think I would have fainted if they had."  
  
"What about the four guys that bought your shoes?"  
  
"Three of them did touch me." She lifts away to study his gaze but continues grinding on his beast.  
  
"Where?"  
  
"My boobies and...down there."  
  
"They touched your butt?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Pussy?"  
  
"Yes. I had fingers in me. My clit was rubbed too. Two of the guys at the same time."  
  
"No shit? How did that feel? I wasn't there to watch you."  
  
"It was nice. I knew you were just one aisle over. I felt safe."  
  
"They say anything?"  
  
"How sexy I am. Daddy?"  
  
"Yep?"  
  
"They want to fuck me."  
  
"Do they now?"  
  
"Uh huh!" She nods sheepishly.  
  
"Do you want them to fuck you?"  
  
"If you're there."  
  
"Like the Uncles."  
  
"Can I do that again too?"  
  
"You're starting to think like a nympho."  
  
"What's a nympho?" She hesitates in his lap.  
  
"Come on you've heard the term."  
  
"Not really."  
  
Scowling Lonnie finally removes her pink t-shirt and strokes her long red hair. "A nympho is a woman who has to have sex constantly."  
  
"I don't want sex constantly. I just want to please you and my Uncles."  
  
"And those four guys at the Mall."  
  
"Maybe them yes."  
  
"And the guys who were watching you in Mikey's lap if they got to know you."  
  
"I...don't know. I can feel your dick getting bigger inside me Daddy. Is the thought of all those men fucking me making you harder?"  
  
"You want the truth?"  
  
"Always."  
  
"If we could have gotten away with you naked in the Mall every goddamned guy there would have watched you play."  
  
Her face expresses awe which slowly brightens her eyes, "Really? That might have been too much on my shyness."

"Bullshit. You're a hundred times bolder than you were before your birthday."  
  
"My fantasies are coming true because of you Donnie. I mean Daddy."  
  
"Ride my cock harder."  
  
She does so as his mouth feasts on her nipple. Her heartbeat skipping at his devotion.   
  
"Oh my God! Daddy I'm going to cum."  
  
"Cum hard. Picture those four guys stripping you naked."  
  
"I can see them Daddy. In the shoe store. When I removed my thong. They pulled my skirt down too. Lifted my shirt off. Kissed me all over. Fingered my pussy. Oh my God! I loved their kisses. They took turns eating me. My legs held wide by two of them at once. So hot Daddy."  
  
Lonnie felt his juices ready to explode at hearing her enthusiasm. More questions asked. Dirty little answers. In a madness of the mind Lonnie Turner exploded inside his daughter. She screams at the firepower assaulting her interior. Easing her rhythm she melts into her Father's hairy chest and they breath heavily together. After a steamy kiss Lonnie rubs her back briskly.  
  
"Let's go check that Tender account."  
  
"Yay!" She crawls off of him in a web of cum. Both ignore it and walk into Lonnie's office. He fires his computer up as she sits on his leg. Her hand fondling his cock as they soar the internet and enter Tender. Signing in Lonnie kissed her shoulder.  
  
"No matter what know I love you."  
  
"I love you too. Always Daddy."  
  
After a brief greetings both of their eyes freeze on the number of messages. Neither could look at the other.  
  
"Well hell."   
  
"Daddy? That's a lot of messages."  
  
"458. More than I expected."  
  
"Wow!"  
  
It was going to be a long night.

**Paige Ch. 07: Bedtime Stories**

"458 replies. Never saw that coming in only 8 hours. Looks like everyone likes the nerdy little girl."  
  
"I can't believe it. Nobody ever looked at me with interest at school. It took older men to find me appealing. Can we read a few messages before bed? I know I have school in the morning."  
  
"Let's agree on 7."  
  
"Okay. Why seven?"  
  
"Because you're Snow White and we're looking for the Seven Dwarves."  
  
She wrinkles her nose at her Father, "So not funny. I can tan as long as I do it slowly. I just don't bother."  
  
"So you're okay if we find seven midgets in here?"  
  
"You're so mean Daddy."  
  
"Alright. Let's see here. Plenty of profile pics. Choose a couple."  
  
"Look at the muscles on this guy. He's huge."  
  
"Let's see what Josh has to say." Lonnie reads the burly mans message, "Hey there Paige. My name is Joshua. I'm 6'8, 300 pounds. If you like older men as you say I'm 32. I work at a Gym by day. A Bouncer at a nightclub by night. About you now. I love your blazing red hair and sweet innocent look. You certainly don't look eighteen. What little I can see of your body it looks as if you are pretty proportionate for I think 5'2 110 pounds right? I might be off a bit there. Scold me for not double checking. Love to hear from you. Feel free to ask me anything I'm not shy. My gut says you might be though. Which is fine because I'd love to help open you up." Lonnie chuckles, "What do you think about the Grizzly here?"  
  
"I like my teddy bear better. He might break me."  
  
"So. Replying back..." He opens a reply box and starts typing, "Oh my Gosh! You are a big boy. Hi Joshy. Yes I'm a bit shy. I'm slowly coming out of my shell though."  
  
"You want me to meet the Grizzly?"  
  
"I want you to tease his bear skin rug off."  
  
Her eyes flare up as her hand still strokes his cock ever so slightly. "On here only right?"  
  
"For starters. Let's see what his reaction is."  
  
"He might have a bigger dick than Uncle Greg." She shivers.  
  
"Okay we can skip this guy."  
  
"Nooooo!" She giggles, "Let me tease him."  
  
Pondering her sudden change of heart he pats her leg, "Go get your cellphone."   
  
Scurrying away she runs to her bedroom but Lonnie meets her at her doorway upon exit, "Get in bed. Cuddle up with Fuzzy. Lay on your tummy and video yourself talking to Josh."  
  
"Naked?"  
  
"Of course. Just don't show him much. Just a hint. With your soft voice I want you to just say that you wanted him to feel you outside of a simple chat box. Toy with him a bit. Make him excited by you." He turns her bedroom light out leaving her only source as her cell. It gave her lily white flesh an angelic glow.  
  
She sets up her video and stretches out on her bed with her teddy bear Fuzzy under her chin. She looks at her cell with her big green eyes, glasses and all. Kicking her legs at the knee nervously she softly begins.  
  
"Hello Josh. I got your message on Tender. I found you really cute and interesting. I love muscles. Someone big and strong to hold me. Just don't break me." She laughs and hides her blush. "See I'm already turning red. You may have your work cut out for you."   
  
She sighs blowing strands of red hair from her face and removes her glasses to reveal a better view of her green eyes. "See my nerdy glasses do come off. I hope I don't sound silly but I think I can picture you giving me a nice massage. Maybe it's the size of your hands. I know...I'm being too forward. Sowwy Josh. My shyness comes and goes." She shifts a bit rolling over on to her back taking Fuzzy with her. The camera slips a bit to show cleavage but hardly her entire chest. She lays Fuzzy face down between her tits and moves her head back to drape over the side of her mattress. "I'm restless Josh. All alone here except for Teddy. He keeps me company. I live with my Daddy but he's asleep right now. It's a school night. I graduate High School in less than a month. I hope that doesn't scare you away."  
  
She feels a weight crawl over her mattress but she doesn't react to it. Suddenly she feels her Father's mouth nuzzling her pussy. His breath cascading over her fiery red pubes. She keeps talking as he eats her out. Faint moans escape her communication.  
  
"Would you like to be my new teddy bear?" She feels fingers probing inside her making her lashes flutter. "You said you work at a nightclub. I wish I were old enough to get into the bars. You could take me for a drink maybe. I'd even go to the gym and work out with you. You could show me how to get in shape. I can be Barbell to your Ken." Snorting at her jest she covers her mouth shyly then apologized, "That was bad, really bad. Sowwy Josh." Her back arches at Lonnie's feast. In doing so her cleavage mounts down toward her chin. Fuzzy is smothered between crushing breasts. Still her nipples were just out of her cell cam's visual appetite. She tried her best to not let on that Daddy was gnawing at her clit. Choosing her best shy glances at the camera and nibbled lower lip. A nail touches that lip and she smiles vibrantly.   
  
"You mentioned that I look really young. I can't help that. My voice has even stayed young. I don't think you would want me to even try sounding older. If I do then I sound like a man. Definite turn off, right? I'm a girly girl as my Daddy says. Frilly things. Stuffed animals like Fuzzy here. Hello Kitty." She smiles warmly as her Father's tongue wags deep inside her pussy, "Maybe we can call this video a Bedtime Story." Her eyes get glossy from trying to control her emotions making her appear even sexier. Daddy was certainly doing a good job down there.   
  
"You said I could ask you anything. Okay I will. I keep a diary. If you kept a diary what would your entry be after seeing my reply back?" She exhales a sigh of frustration. "Goodnight Joshy." With a puckered kiss she ends her video. As soon as it was off she huffs loudly, "That was so hard to do Daddy. I wanted to moan and wiggle all over the place."  
  
He lifts his wet lips away from her chuckling. "That's the point Princess. You were perfect. You endured this and somewhat fantasized about that Josh doing this to you. Unless he's deaf you can bet he picked up on every desire you had. Job well done. You kept a straight face. Let's frustrate you one more time. First let's upload that to his reply section. After that we can read one more and do this another way."  
  
"Noooo! Finish me." She pouts kicking her legs.  
  
"Nope. Let's let the next guy finish you." He winks over her body. She threw Fuzzy at him laughing. Returning to the other room Lonnie loaded her video to Josh and sent it over. He then looked over other potential men.   
  
"He's cute." She points at a guy in a Football Jersey wearing a ballcap.  
  
"Bryan. I think I'm in love with you. You are sexy as heck. I bet you hear that all the time."   
  
Lonnie reads as Paige nasally rolls her eyes, "Not nearly enough." He pats her bottom as she stands next to him, using his right shoulder to lean an elbow on. Lonnie winks, "Every one of these bastards is going to say that. Eat it up."  
  
"I'd rather you eat me up." She sticks her tongue out at him giggling.  
  
"All in good time. Let me finish Bryan's reply." He continues, "I like sports as you can tell. I used to play football back in the day. You don't have to like sports if you don't want to. I love riding horses. I have two thoroughbreds. Maybe I can take you riding sometime.   
  
Kicking back by the lake drinking a cold one and relaxing is just as much fun. I'm pretty outgoing and I usually call things how I see them. Looking at your pics I can tell you like being silly. Sexy too. I would be interested in taking you out sometime if you find me intriguing enough. Let me know. Hope to meet you Paige. Bryan."  
  
"Video reply?" She predicted his answer. He rubs her hip and stands up. Towering over her he dips low and kisses her expectant lips. Pulling away with a tug to her lower lip he expels, "Go get your Kitty shirt. Put it on and hop back in bed."   
  
Off to the living room where she left it she spots car lights outside her picture window. On the rooftop was a pizza delivery sign. Covering herself quickly she gasps, "Brett?" The car swiftly drove away. Shrugging it off she kept his appearance to herself. Shirt on she shuffles back to her bedroom where she found Lonnie laying on his back stroking his rock hard erection.  
  
"Ready to go riding with Bryan?"  
  
She ran to her bed jumping on her Daddy and tickling him a bit before he hands her the cell. "Hop in the saddle." She flares her eyes as he places a pillow on his hairy stomach to hide her penetrating ride. Easing her drenched cunt over his beast she moans all the way down. "Ad lib. Be shy and curious. I'll hold the cell toward you. Let on it's sitting propped on the bed."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Action."  
  
She waves at her camera vividly as she sits back on Lonnie. Her butt crushing his swollen balls. He had to conceal his groan.   
  
"Hi Bryan. I got your reply. I thought I might try a video in return. That way you can see the real me. I'm really nervous if you can't tell. I'm rocking back and forth." Hands palm the pillow as his cock eases out then back inside. Shyly she nibbles her lip and lifts her glasses. She had put them back on after Josh's video.  
  
"I like watching baseball with my Daddy. Football sometimes. I could grow to like sports more I think. I've never been on a horse in my life. Unless you count my Daddy's knee and a carousel horse." She giggles feeling Lonnie's cock graze every pass across her G-spot. Her Kitty shirt drifts from her only clinging shoulder and slithers down over her cleavage but falls short of any real show. She looks down and shyly sparkles at herself in the camera angle. "Oopsie!" She slowly puts the shirt back on her shoulder rocking herself. Fingers then fan her reddened cheeks. "My shirt won't stay up. I hope I don't embarrass you Bryan. I like wearing loose clothing. It's so comfy." Her nipples poked out to greet him. Lonnie smirks and intentionally makes her cell look as if it fell over with a shot toward the ceiling. She realizes it and stretches over him to kiss his chest as she moved his hands back into place to view her. Rearing back upward his beast slid deep. A vivid shot down her cleavage offered a hint of both full tits minus nips. Settling back she smiles, "Sowwy. Propping my cell on another pillow. It slips now and then. Where was I? Oh yeah. Riding a horse. I would love to ride..." She blushes, "Go riding with you. No Lady Godiva wisecracks Mister Bryan." She points with a smirk.   
  
Rolling her eyes back as if thinking compensated her attacked G-spot. Her expression changing from intense thrill to a pondering. "I love the lake. I just bought some new bikinis. Maybe we can meet at the lake sometime. I burn easily." She pouts, "As you can see I'm pretty white." She pulls her Kitty shirt out at the lower hip and shows off her tummy up to the mounds of her breasts. A quick gotta look close shot of her underside was offered. "I'll need plenty of sunscreen that's for sure." Her constant rocking was becoming too obvious so Lonnie mouthed the words, "Slower." She took a deep breath and took a chance. Falling forward she lays over the pillow. Another ever so quick view down her cleavage tempted the camera. She faces the camera with a close up of her face. She shyly removes her glasses as before with Josh, "So you think I'm sexy? It's strange because I get called nerdy more than sexy. Thank you for the compliment Bryan. I wanted to show off my green eyes. I hear it's my best feature." She tilts her head back and forth on her chin touching Lonnie's chest. He could feel her tantalizing exhales. She then tangles her hair around her fingers, "My hair is the other thing I'm complimented over. I need to brush it out." She brightens up, "Wanna brush my hair Bryan? Promise you won't think of your horse when you do?" She giggles and acts as if she's adjusting the cell. Poising it higher the angle drifts over her head slightly. If Bryan looked really close he could see her heart shaped ass ever so quickly peeking over her back. Returning it to her she carefully eased back up. Feeling mischievous Lonnie intentionally made it appear to slip to the side. She frowns and lingers stretching over him to fix it. Three times. Her shirt slipping from her shoulder the first time gifted Bryan more exposure. Her tits were bouncing a bit with each move.  
  
"Dang it. Stupid cell." She pulls Lonnie's chest hair to get him to stop moving the cell. He grit his teeth at her pulling his hair taunt. He wanted to pull hers really badly. "There! I think I got it Bryan. Cross your fingers." She rears back slowly as if expecting the cell to fall at Lonnie's mischief. Her shirt now barely clinging above her areolas. He teases her with ever so gentle attempts at making the cell move again. This lingered the focus on her breasts. She growled playfully, "Grrr! Sowwy I should have propped it on something nice and sturdy." She constricts her pussy around her Father's cock making him roll his eyes. Damn that felt good. She knew it.   
  
"I wonder how I would look riding a horse? If it ran I bet my boobies would bounce all over the place." She covers her mouth with a palm turning red, "I can't believe I just said that." Lonnie lifts his hips higher then drops his butt to the mattress giving her a hint to ride. She removes her palm from her mouth and eyes the camera seductively. "I bet it will look like this." She rides Lonnie's shaft five times terrorizing his beast and her G. Her big titties dashing around behind the loose Kitty shirt that was already dangerously low. Feigning embarrassment she catches her shirt just as areolas peeked out at the top. Drawing her shirt back up she blushed. "I would definitely like to meet you Bryan. Message me back if I haven't scared you off. Bye." She blows him a kiss and reaches over to act as if shutting her cell off. Fading to black she tossed her cell on to her mattress and rode her Father until cumming hard over his girth. He rolled her over and pulled out of her long enough to dramatically roll her again on to her belly. Coaxing her hips high he retrains his cock and rams deep inside her scalding hot pussy.   
  
"Time for my horsey ride." He rolls his hands over her back as she buries her face in her pillow. Entwining his wrist with her hair he yanks her head back. She yelped and bulged her eyes as Daddy fucked her really hard this time. His free hand slapping her ass.  
  
"Oh My God Daddy. I love this."  
  
"History class teach you about Paul Revere?" He chuckles swatting her ass on both cheeks simultaneously. "YAWWWW! YAWWW!" he bellows. She had a second orgasm minutes later. Lonnie pulled out just in time and shot his load on her ass. She felt every blistering droplet. Ever streaking current.   
  
"Five more videos Daddy? You said seven guys." She trembles wanting more.  
  
"Bedtime Sweetpea. School remember?"  
  
She collapses on her bed whining. Kicking did no good. Their horseplay was done for the night. As Lonnie retreats to his bedroom to enter Bryan's video and take a hot shower Paige wipes her cum drizzled bottom licking her fingers.  
  
Suddenly, in the opened curtains of her bedroom window she sees a cell flash. Covering up quickly she jumps from bed and peers out at two boys running away. She quickly darts out to the living room to investigate further. There was the pizza car again tearing away.  
  
"Oh no. Brett took pictures of me. How long was he...they...out there?"  
  
She would close her story book for the night. Keeping this knowledge to herself in favor of not making her Dad stressed out Paige went toward her bedroom. She would deal with Brett at school.  
  
Passing Lonnie's office she eyes the computer and sneaks in to look up her Tender account.  
  
"Oh wow! 533 replies now." She trembles heavily and stares without blinking. In a mad overabundance of energy she kicks her feet and squeals, "I LOVE TENDER."  
  
Tender would love Paige.   
  
By morning her replies would be in the 900 range.   
  
Both Josh and Bryan would reply back after seeing her videos.   
  
Her rabbit came out of his hole and went back in.   
  
Paige exhausted herself and curled up with Fuzzy Bear.  
  
"Night Daddy."   
  
Zzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzzz

**Paige Ch. 08: Beau Peep**

At 6:00 AM Lonnie Turner crawled out of bed and made coffee. A new work week meant a growing need for a vacation. Checking in on Paige he found her sleeping like an angel curled up with that damned stuffed bear. She really needed to grow out of that thing. Easing her door shut he goes into his office just to drink coffee, look over bills and groan at his checking account. He had spent way too much money lately. Deciding he was financially secure he eyes the TENDER icon on his desktop and opens it. Entering he discovered over 900 guys had approached Paige. He was already exhausted by the number without looking over every horny fucker that wanted to tap his kid. Part of him wanted to delete the account but another part loved what they did last night. If anything this was the best foreplay ever.  
  
Seeing replies by Bryan and Josh he had to take a peek. Opening up Josh's reply it read, "First video I ever got from a girl. I told you I called things how I see them. That video was fucking hot. You had me captivated with every word. Every giggle. Ever sigh. We have to seriously hook up sometime. If anything for that massage. I've been told I give the best. Let me know when you're free. You're welcome to send more videos too. So sexy. I'm gonna be bolder still and say sexier the better. Have a good day at school Paige. Maybe we can hook up after graduation. Or before. LOL." He ended his message with an emoticon offering flowers.  
  
Frowning he jumps over to Bryan's reply.   
  
"Dang Paige. I was speechless for half that video. I never realized just how sexy you were until you sent the video to me. You're a dream come true." Lonnie growls, "Wet dream come true Asswipe." Bryan furthered his message with, "Weird to say but dang I really wouldn't mind brushing your hair. Let me know when you're free and we can go riding. Maybe to the lake. I don't live that far from it. I know the trails so we can ride out and kick back. I'll buy extra sunscreen for you."  
  
"Baby oil." Lonnie chuckled and finished his coffee. He then decided to send both men back another reply.   
  
"Morning Bryan. I slept like a baby. I'll get back to you but maybe I can be free this Saturday. With school I can't do much during the week. I'll bring the brush on our ride. Which color bikini do you like burgundy, black, hot pink, or yellow?" He felt strange acting like his daughter. Images of the show Catfish made him squeamish. Still, the idea of setting things in motion for a fun weekend made him down right evil.  
  
Switching to Josh he types, "Morning Josh. If I can be honest I got really turned on making that video. Could you tell? I'll make another video just for you." Added cheesy grin emoji. "I'll let you know when but I definitely want a massage. I may blush but I won't say no. School all week. Maybe the weekend? I'll have to ask my Daddy if it's okay. Sorry, I still live with him and follow his rules. I'm new to dating. Would you feel bad meeting my Dad first?" He mulls over if that last part would scare the Bear away. He left it. "Message you after school. Bye Joshy." Messages sent he sat back picturing Paige in her bikini by the lake. That Bryan guy oiling her up and touching taboo areas. He had to reel his thoughts back or rub one off before work.   
  
Scoping out other guys he locates one of the men from the Mall. He adds him to her wish list because he knew him already. Out of twelve replies read he selected three for further consideration. Eying the clock he knew he needed to get dressed for work. This part of life he hated.  
  
At 6:40 Lonnie headed out to the Distillery. From his car in the parking lot he called her. Answering she yawned, "I'm up Daddy. I had my alarm set."  
  
"Alright. Listen up...I read the new replies by Josh and Bryan. I want you to make two new videos from school. Keep it fairly clean but a little sexy. Show them your innocent side and your mischievous. Any thoughts on what you're wearing today?"  
  
"I was thinking my new blue jeans and black pullover. I can't show too much cleavage at school. I just want to look nice."  
  
"Wear some lacy undies."  
  
"I will." She went to her dresser and chose a yellow lace thong and bra. "Anything else Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah. I love you Punk."  
  
"Love you too Daddy. Have a good day at work."  
  
"You too."  
  
As Lonnie hangs up Paige shivers at having to confront Brett Chenowyth. If he had seen she and her Dad having sex and took pictures...or worse video her life was over. She felt like calling off sick but knew she couldn't. She had never missed a day of school since eighth grade. Shaking off her worry she grabbed a quick shower and got dressed.   
  
Perfume and eye shadow applied she put on her glasses and checked out her new jeans. They were really tight and showed off her shape vividly. Her shirt bordered her waist and if she stretched at all her belly button would magically appear. So very sexy. The pants were the ones with a front and back zipper. She worried that Teacher's would scold her for wearing them. She ended up putting another pair in her book bag just in case. Catching her bus she was off.  
  
At 7:45 her bus arrived at school and she filed out behind other students. She had noticed a number of boys whispering and looking her way. She shivered at what they might be saying. Hopefully she was just reading more into it than was needed. Heading inside the front turnstile of the school she entered a long hallway of lockers. On her journey through, every guy around her took time to watch her intently. Her heart was beating fast. This didn't happen last week. Nobody even glanced her way. Why now?  
  
"Hey there Paige." A boy at his locker smiled sweetly.  
  
"Hi." She blushed.  
  
"You look different."  
  
"New clothes."  
  
"No I mean you're I don't know..." He himself shied a bit.  
  
"Sexy?" She flares her eyes then goes to her locker. Spinning her combination dial she realized her combo was 36-24-38. She hadn't thought about it before. It sounded a little like her measurements. She snorted slightly and quickly hid her mouth.   
  
"Maybe." The boy grinned, "Definitely pretty."  
  
"Thanks Beau. I'm trying not to be so nerdy looking."  
  
"It's the glasses." He chuckles.  
  
"I need them to see." She returns his laugh. It faded fast.  
  
"There's the new girl." Paige freezes at hearing the voice of Brett Chenowyth. Putting her things in her locker she takes a deep breath and faces Brett. Two other boys were beside him. She knew them as Aaron and Cody. Their eyes were checking her out from top to bottom. She tried to remain calm.  
  
"Hi Brett."  
  
He puckers looking her over from head to toe. "How's your Daddy?"  
  
"He's fine."  
  
"Fine? Or FINE?" He winks at her with a hint of "Ooooh Baby" in his attitude. She put her hands behind her back and leaned against the lockers sheepishly trying not to smile. Strangely she wanted to.  
  
"We enjoyed the pizza." She grew nervous.  
  
"I enjoyed delivering that pizza. I was telling my buds here how sexy you were answering the door naked."  
  
Beau bulged his eyes and chose to run instead of defend Paige. She didn't need his help anyway.  
  
"Why would you tell them I was naked? That's mean Brett."  
  
He wags his cell in front of her. "Tell Daddy he sends me those pics he took or I show off the new pics I took last night."  
  
She freezes a bit with trembling eyes, "You were window peeping?"  
  
"All night long. I got all kinds of juicy stuff. I want my pics with you by noon or I send these to the Principal anonymously. How's it gonna look when he sees Daddy fucking his little angel?"  
  
"Whatever Brett. I don't have time for your silliness." She returns to her locker to obtain books when he leans over her showing video of Lonnie fucking her doggy style pulling her hair. It ended with him cumming on her ass. Her eyes bulged as the other two boys planted their asses against the two lockers beside her.  
  
"Incest is best they say." One named Aaron whispered.  
  
"You should let us cum on your ass too. Call me Daddy all you want." Cody the other chuckled.  
  
She shivered as Brett recalled his cell and leaned in to her ear. "You and I are gonna fuck Paige. Aren't we?"  
  
She swallows dryly as Brett licks her earlobe. She wiped her ear on her shirt at an angle before reacting. "Please don't ruin the school year with this. It's almost over."  
  
"It's over when I say it's over. I want those pics. Hell I want your mouth around my cock."   
  
"Gosh." She turns beet red then dares to look at his friends.  
  
"All our cocks." The boy to her left challenged her.  
  
Brett looks down at her ass and discovers the zipper, "Whoa! What have we here?" He pinches the zipper and drags it down. Her bare butt vividly popped into view. She turns around swiftly to hide her exposure. Other boys had noticed it with awe, drooling shortly after. All seemed intrigued. She tried to zip up but his friends prevented her from doing so. Each grabbing an arm lifting her off her feet to turn her around for all to see. Brett took pictures of her bottom before zipping her back up. "Nice." He looks around him at the gathering of boys, "Wasn't that a nice ass?"  
  
She heard the terms "Fuck yeah." and Sexy as hell." She found herself blushing but eating up their compliments. This was so new to her it was hard to fathom.   
  
As the school bell rang for first period Paige was released. Brett stopping her long enough to say, "By lunchtime."  
  
"I-I'll try. I don't think he will though."  
  
"Oh Principal Dewey?" He waves down the hall toward a portly man with an obvious toupee. Seeing the Principal's acknowledgement Paige turns to face Brett with a forming tear.  
  
"Please don't."  
  
"Tell me you want my cock in your mouth over lunch."  
  
"I want your cock in my mouth over lunch."  
  
"You really are sexy as hell Paige. I wasn't lying the other day at your house."  
  
"I know. I'm sorry my Dad treated you badly."  
  
"All good. I'm still getting my BJ."  
  
She nods and lifts the bridge of her glasses. She would text Lonnie at work after first period Spanish. Walking away she hugged her books to her chest. "How am I going to get out of this?" Did she really even want to? She only had a month left in school. After graduating her past would be no basis on her future. Still, her Father would look equally as bad. She knew Brett was serious.  
  
Lost in thought over Spanish she waited until the bell before running to the bathroom. Hiding in a stall she texted her Dad. It took forever to reach him. A more aggressive text of all capital letters got a better result.  
  
"DADDY I NEED YOU. BRETT HAS VIDEO OF US HAVING SEX. HE WAS OUTSIDE MY BEDROOM WINDOW. HE'S DEMANDING THE PICTURES OF HIM AND I OR HE'S SENDING THEM TO THE PRINCIPAL."  
  
Five minutes and two actual call attempts later, Lonnie replies. "Fuck! That little bastard. I got this. Don't worry."  
  
"He wants me to suck his dick at lunch. Do I do it?"  
  
"If it keeps him busy until I take care of this do what the prick wants. I'm so sorry Sweetheart. Just keep calm."  
  
"I am. I worry more about your reputation Daddy."  
  
"I have to get back to work. Have faith in me."  
  
"K."  
  
Her cell lowered to her lap she sheds a tear. She didn't want to leave her confinement for fear of other students now. They had seen her bare butt save for her thin thong bands. It was possible her cheeks were still pink from her Father's slapping of her ass last night. Pouting she hears more girls enter the bathroom. Whispers and giggling spooked Paige just as much as the boys. She couldn't make out many words but she swore she heard her name. Maybe she was just being paranoid. Then a much clearer voice was heard.  
  
"Did you hear Brett Chenowyth likes Paige Turner? Ewww!"  
  
"I think she's actually pretty. Maybe if she would wear contacts and learn fashion."  
  
"She must have had some fashion tips. I heard she's wearing jeans with a zip up butt. Who wears those to school?"  
  
"Girls who like to show off. I never imagined Paige to even want to be like that."  
  
"It took her long enough. It's almost graduation and I bet she's never even been with a boy."  
  
"Same here. She's so shy it's crazy."  
  
"I wish Brett liked me. He's really cute. Why Paige?"  
  
"There has to be more to it. Brett's sneaky."  
  
"You think Paige wore those jeans for him?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
Paige had heard enough. Standing up she flushes the toilet to make it look good. Daring to step out she goes to the sink and washes her hands. She knew the girls were embarrassed by how their expression changed. She also knew they were eying her ass for the zipper. Fanning her wet hands Paige turns to them. "The jeans make it easier to pee. Brett does not like me. In fact he's spreading lies about me. So you can have him. Thanks for thinking I'm pretty though." She smiles brightly, "Time for Trigonometry. Bye."  
  
Out the door she walked proudly. Once in the hall all eyes followed her every move. Guys were certainly noticing her more. It felt good but she also knew that if Brett hadn't unzipped her jeans they probably wouldn't be looking now.  
  
"Hey Turner?" A boy amid three others motioned her over. She expected the worst, likely more meanness. She stopped and shuffled amongst them.  
  
"Hi Sean."  
  
"We saw what Chenowyth did to you. Say the word and we'll beat his ass."  
  
Her eyes bulged. They were defending her. "I'm alright. I maybe deserved that wearing these stupid jeans to school."  
  
"Cool jeans. For what it's worth we all thought you had a sweet ass. No offense."  
  
"Really?" She tilts her gaze blushing heavily.  
  
"Definitely. Look at it this way. You were wearing a thong. Basically a bikini bottom right?"  
  
"A little I guess."  
  
"We hear he likes you but who treats somebody like that? Especially using two thug buddies. Why's he treating you like that?"  
  
"He delivered a pizza to my house and..." She wanted to say more but felt like it might be dangerous. "Nothing."  
  
"No. What did that bastard do?"  
  
"I had just gotten out of the shower. I saw him peeping in my window as I was...you know...naked."  
  
"Whoa! He was a peeping tom pervert?"  
  
"Yes. He said he snuck over to my house last night and window peeked some more. I-I'm kind of freaked out about it."  
  
"Stalker much? Seriously...just say the word."  
  
"He showed me pictures on his phone that he took through my bedroom window." She blushed but played the game, "I was...oh my gosh I can't believe I'm admitting this to you guys. We barely know each other." She starts to turn away knowing she was late for class. Then again so were they.  
  
"You can talk to us. We're nothing like Chenowyth." Billy Craig adds his two cents worth.  
  
"I want to but...it's kind of personal." She was liking the curiosity in their eyes. They were nearly shaking at her evasiveness. They really wanted to know. "Promise not to think badly of me?"  
  
"We swear." All four express at once.   
  
"I was..." She turned beet red if not on purpose this time, "Touching myself."  
  
Their jaws dropped and not a one looked anywhere but at Paige. She adjusts her posture to let her tits lift more. Eyes went straight to her breasts. In stretching back a bit her belly button popped out. It was a very sexy button on an extremely firm tummy.  
  
"Cat bite your tongues?" She fidgets and toys with her hair.  
  
"Caught us off guard is all. Wow! Chenowyth is sick."  
  
"I'm not really mad at him. Just hurt that he's...well blackmailing me." She hoped to turn the tide without her Father's intervention. Ideas of getting Brett's cell away from him and deleting the pics were forming as she toyed with Sean and his friends sympathy. Then again it could backfire. They might grow curious and look at the pics before handing the cell to her.  
  
"Blackmailing?" Drew Samson looked at his friends. "How's that?"  
  
She attempted sadness and aimed to express a tear but she wasn't that good. Instead she just feigns a cold chill. "He wants to have sex with me. He said he would show everybody the pics and video."  
  
"VIDEO?" The four brighten up then calm themselves just as fast.  
  
"Yes. With my toy. A rabbit vibrator." She knew they were being men. Erections were rising. She had a bad feeling she had gone too far. "I just want those deleted."  
  
"We'll get his cell for you." Drew dedicated them.  
  
"Really? Promise not to look at the video and pics?"  
  
Sean held a confident palm toward her. "We won't do that. We know how shy you are Paige. This has to be hard on you." No harder than their dicks were getting she thought. She loved getting their imaginations going. Maybe she was sexy after all.  
  
"I better get to Trig. Thank you for listening. You guys are really cool." She took the chance and gave each of them a peck on the cheek. Even they blushed. Once gone Sean swiftly turns to his friends.  
  
"By lunch we hijack Chenowyth and get that cell."  
  
"We looking at her video?" The fourth boy Jeff wondered.  
  
"Fuck yes we are. I wanna see her use that toy."  
  
Paige had gone too far. Boys!  
  
At 11:30 Paige began to sweat. She hadn't heard from her Dad and she had a hunch she would have to actually give Brett a blowjob. Yet, she hadn't heard from Brett either. As the lunch bell rang she left her Biology class and went to her locker. Joining her at the last second was her earlier zero hero Beau. He whispers toward her, "Pssst! Don't worry I have your back."  
  
Her eyes flare with curiosity. "What?"  
  
"Wait for it." They huddle next to one another. Beau grins at her and points toward an intercom speaker up on the wall. Seconds later the Principal abruptly calls out for Brett Chenowyth to come to his office immediately. Paige's jaw dropped.   
  
"What did you do?"  
  
"Trashed his car. My beater with a heater smashed his back bumper and tail light. No hardcore damage but enough to stress Chenowyth out and maybe leave you alone today."  
  
"Whoa! No way. Why would you do that Beau?"  
  
"You don't deserve to be used like he has planned."  
  
"How do you know what he has planned?"  
  
"I overheard him with his dufus friends talking about you blowing all three of them under the bleachers in the gym. What's he got on you?" She was lost to his question at the moment.   
  
Her smile was contagious suddenly. Truth be told that sounded fun even if he was blackmailing her. As they chatted secretly Brett bolted by them. He had his cell in hand while rushing to Principal Dewey's office. Five minutes later both he and Dewey walked outside together to inspect the damage. Brett's car was a mess. Beau had sense enough to park his car two blocks away and run back. He had to skip a class to accomplish it but it was worth it to make up for his reluctance to intervene earlier.   
  
"Follow me." Beau led her to a second floor window onlooking the parking lot. There they observed a Police Officer who was already on the scene and writing up a report. "I called in an anonymous tip of a hit and run."  
  
"Wow! I'm sorry you had to hurt your car over me."  
  
"No problem the car's on its last leg anyway. Rust bucket with bad everything. Shocked it gets me here." He chuckles lifting a finger to pause. "It gets better. Watch." He points as the Officer pulls out a small bag of illegal marijuana from beneath the bumper. Brett went ballistic pacing about with his hands in his hair swearing it wasn't his. "Don't worry it's not enough to get him into too much trouble. It's my Mom's glaucoma weed."  
  
"I-I don't know what to say. Beau?" Paige decides to fill him in on her dilemma even if she omitted sections of the issue. "His cell has pictures and video of me playing...with myself. I have to get that cell."  
  
"Yikes. So that's what he has over your head. Ha! You were almost over his head. Sorry bad timing. I don't think he's going to get arrested. That cop looks as if he's going to have sympathy on Brett." Beau frowns, "At least maybe this will buy you a day or three. He's going to have to explain things to his parents. With weed I bet Principal Dewey suspends him a few days."

"I...I almost feel badly for him. I know I shouldn't. Beau? How do I get his cell so I can delete that stuff?"  
  
"Not sure unless we tackle him and wrestle it out of his hands. Him being a football player that might not be easy. Fun maybe."  
  
"Fun?"  
  
"You don't see me for me do you?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Can you keep a secret?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
He looks around for safety in the traffic of the hall. "I...kind of had a crush on Brett myself. I haven't come out of the closet but I like guys."  
  
"You're?" Her eyes bulge. "Wow! I would never have guessed."  
  
"I know I don't have the usual traits but I am. Can I borrow your jeans?" He chuckles.  
  
"Noooo! Get your own." She giggles then abruptly hugs him. "Thank you for helping me. I swear I won't tell anyone." She looks down at the scene. Dewey and Brett leave for the school. The Officer driving off with the weed. "They're coming back."  
  
"See. No harm about him being arrested. Just lay low until he's gone."  
  
"I still have classes. Brett's friend Cody has next period with me. He might still demand..."   
  
She resists mentioning the pics her Dad was supposed to send. She had already said way too much.  
  
"Demand what?"  
  
"A blowjob." Then it occurred to her, "Wait! Sean has the same class with us. Sean said He, Jeff, Drew, and Billy would get Brett's cell. I'm not sure how much I trust them not to look at the pics and video. This could still go badly."  
  
"I wouldn't trust them."  
  
"You wouldn't?" She went from smile to pout in a breath.  
  
"There's four of them. All it's going to take is one of them wanting to see the video to change their loyalties."  
  
"Noooo! They seemed so trustworthy."  
  
"I'm not saying they won't honor your trust. Guys are...well like that. A pretty girl doing naughty things is definitely eating at their imagination. Wouldn't you wanna see a video of a guy you like doing something sexy dirty?"  
  
"Yeah but Sean and his friends don't like me that way..." She offers a naïve expression, "Do...they?"  
  
"Your ass was hanging out Paige. You know my secret now so I can safely say, girl you have one tight little ass. Guys love that on a girl. I may be gay but even I can appreciate anatomy."  
  
"You thought my butt was tight and sexy?"  
  
"Don't make me say it. I said pretty earlier. Something about you was different is all. Did you like just lose your virginity?"  
  
"On my birthday I did."  
  
"Who was the lucky guy?"  
  
"Not Brett Chenowyth." She chuckles shyly. "I'd rather not say."  
  
"No problem. You finish your classes. I'll talk to Drew. He's in my next class. Maybe I can lure them into doing the right thing."  
  
"Ok. Thanks Beau." She starts to walk back downstairs when something occurred to her. "Beau?"  
  
"Yepper?"  
  
"Seeing as you're not into girls...could I get your help doing something?"   
  
"Like what?"  
  
"I signed up for Tender yesterday. A couple guys want me to make videos for them."  
  
"Whoa! You just said you didn't want your nudes in Brett's hands. You're giving them out to strangers?"  
  
"Not nudes silly." She would have loved to but needed to keep things calm.  
  
That would change.  
  
Beau turned away suddenly leaning on a wall. He had to hide an erection. Maybe just maybe he wasn't completely gay. Nodding he looked back. "What did you have in mind?"  
  
"I'm not sure My Daddy told me to keep it innocent but offer just enough to intrigue them."  
  
"Daddy? Aren't you a little old to be calling him Daddy?"  
  
"But he is my Daddy. Always will be." She stood her ground. "The first guy works out in the gym a lot. Maybe we can go to our gymnasium and I can work out on some weights while I talk to him."  
  
"We can do that after school."  
  
"The other guy is into sports and horses. I'm not sure what to do for him."  
  
"A-are you wanting to be sexy in the videos?"  
  
"Maybe. I just don't want to be blatant about it."  
  
"You should borrow a jersey and wear only it and toss a football around."  
  
"In school? You mean naked under the jersey?"  
  
"You would be covered up right?"  
  
"True. Where would I get a jersey?"  
  
"I'll see if Drew has one here at school. Probably in his locker."  
  
"Okay. Meet me in the gym after last bell?" She smiled then switched to depressed shortly after, "I won't have a way home if I miss the bus."  
  
"I'll take you home. As long as my car didn't die a lasting death after hitting Brett's."  
  
"Ok. Thank you Beau. I trust you. See you at 3:00."  
  
"Later." As soon as she was gone Beau chuckled, "She really is naïve." Pulling out his cell he texted Drew. "Get that cell. We're taking new pics after school. Bring the cell and lets gain her trust. Send the pics and video to your phone for later." Beau was not as friendly as he let on.  
  
Drew and the boys waited outside on Brett over the next hour. Having been suspended for two days by Principal Dewey, Brett headed back to his car. The guys jumped him and locked him in his car trunk. Stealing his cell they left his car keys in the trunk lock so that someone could rescue him. A quick theft of all that he had on his phone they took his cell inside and met with Beau in the Men's room after next hour. Beau was the only one that actually went to class. From there Beau took Brett's cell and pocketed it. He then joined Sean and the guys in viewing Paige having sex with some old guy. None of them knew that it was her Dad. Regardless it was hot as heck watching the guy get rough with her then jizz on her ass.  
  
"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaaamn!" Was their shared response. Beau knew then and there Paige was not being honest herself. He now understood why. Was that her...Dad?  
  
Drew chuckled, "We should throw a party and invite Paige. I bet she's never even been to a party."  
  
"Only girl?" Jeff scratched his head.  
  
"Of course. We get her to fully trust us then get her naked."  
  
"Here's my jersey Beau." Drew volunteered his basketball jersey. "Here's a tank too if you can sucker her into it." He laughed.  
  
"Might be too much too soon. Let's meet her at 3:00 in the gym and play it by ear. Hand her the cell and let her delete everything before we try more. Trust is needed if we wanna get her where we want her." He passes Brett's cell back to Drew.  
  
All in agreement they finished off their classes. As the final bell rang the school grew less congested of students. The gym was pretty dead due to practices being outdoors. Sitting in the bleachers they awaited Paige. Showing up looking at her own cell she was shocked by Beau waving Brett's phone at her.  
  
"YOU GOT IT." She jumped for joy, her chest bouncing about. Dancing, she raced into Beau's arms. He acted uneasy about it which she choked up to his being gay.  
  
"We need to hurry. Give Paige that cell and let her delete everything. We should get that cell back to Brett's car and get him out of his trunk." Billy spoke up.  
  
"You locked him in his car trunk?" Paige bulged her eyes.  
  
"Only way to keep him from getting others involved and making things harder." Billy Craig added.  
  
"Here." Sean handed her the cell. "Go over there and do what you have to."  
  
"Okay." She skipped as if a child over to the other set of bleachers sitting down to look over everything he had. It was a good thing it wasn't locked. Deleting everything she found concerning her she returned to Beau and the others.  
  
"Thank you so much." She passed it to Sean but before releasing it she had to ask. "Did you look at it?"  
  
"Fuck no." He shook his head, "Paige you can totally trust us. Jeff said you wanted to borrow a jersey to take pics in. Here's mine." He hands her the two garments he had retrieved from Beau and motioned for the others to follow him back to Brett. Off they went. She was speechless.  
  
"Be more careful from here on." Beau watched the guys leave then whistled. "I would so...you know all four of those..."  
  
"Studs?" She giggled.  
  
"Exactly. Man this is so cool having someone I can talk to about my being gay. You're awesome Paige."  
  
"Awww! You are too Beau."  
  
"Let's get started on your videos. I can't stay over an hour. Part time job at the theaters."  
  
"Ok. Here is my cell. Get the camera ready. I'll go behind the bleachers and change."  
  
"Hurry already."  
  
"Hurrying." She giggles and darts away. Hidden in the shadows of the bleachers she strips down and realizes there were two shirts, one a tank. She recalled how sexy she was wearing her Dad's tank for her Uncles. This was a different situation though. Leaving her bra and panties on she just put on the jersey. Barefoot she steps out and scurries back to Beau. "Do I look too over the top?"  
  
"Nope. Cute as heck."  
  
"Okay. I'm gonna sit on the bleachers and you can just video what I say. I won't be long." She then moves to the fourth row up and sits down. Laying back on her elbows with her legs wide, feet propped on the bench below. "Ready?"  
  
"When you are."  
  
"Film." She informs then switches to herself. "Hi Bryan. I told you I'd make another video. Here I am at school." She throws her arms to her side. "I borrowed this jersey just for you. Do I look sporty enough? It's really big on me. The guy that loaned it to me is tall. My friend is holding my cell for me so I'm free to move more. I haven't had a chance to talk to my Daddy about meeting at the lake. I really want to though. I'll try and get an answer tonight. If I do I'll send you another short video saying I can or can't." She fidgets with the really long jersey. It extended over her knees hiding everything.  
  
Beau seeing her fidget chuckles, "Girl show Bryan some leg."  
  
Paige blushes and tugs it higher until her upper legs were both in view. She rubs her legs and frowns. "I need to shave my legs. Among other things." She giggles. Beau was struggling with a hard on. She was going to catch on soon that he wasn't really as gay as he wanted to portray. "I'm not really sure what else to say or do."  
  
"Show him your athletic side."  
  
"How? There's no equipment."  
  
"Come out here and do some somersaults."  
  
"In this shirt? I'd break my neck." She chokes laughing. "I'll try it." Trudging carefully down the steps she nearly trips. Once on the floor Beau follows her movement until she appeared ready to tumble. "I do like gymnastics. I used to do that back in 7th grade. Here goes." With a running start she cart wheels. Upside down the jersey toppled clear down to her belly, showing off her yellow G-string before she resumed her upright position. Beau mouthed as if a silent whistle at seeing her thong.  
  
"That was awesome. Try a double somersault."  
  
Laughing she was getting into it, "Okay. Last time." Marching out for more distance she primes her stance then sprints into her cartwheels. This time around the shirt on the second roll fell past her chest. Bra and panties both were seen.  
  
"This girl is crazy Bryan." He speaks to the cell.  
  
Covering herself she blushes. "You saw me in my underwear. Should I still send this? I don't want Bryan to think I'm easy." She wanted to be easier. For the sake of reputation she hides her desires.  
  
"Girl you know I'm all about the guys. You got nothing to be ashamed of. I bet Bryan would think you're outrageous." He attempts a more eloquent choice in words.  
  
"Okay. Bryan?" She talks to the camera shyly, "I'm going to take the risk. Undies it is. Don't make me cry by not replying." She pouts. Fluttering her fingers with a sheepish grin she finishes with, "Bye Bryan."   
  
"Cut!" Beau whistles under his breath, "One down. What do you want for the other video?"  
  
"Weight machine."  
  
"It's downstairs. We have to hurry. Leave your clothes under the bleachers."  
  
They dart toward a staircase giggling together and bumping into each other on purpose. It was too cute and she was having a blast. Stopping at the top step she fidgets. "Let me get the tank top."  
  
As she ran beneath the bleachers she pulled off the shirt. As she did Beau with his own cell snapped a pic of her in her underwear from the side without her knowledge. After putting the tank on she raced back out. He had moved to the halfway point of the stairs so as not to tip her off he was peeping. A mad dash into the weight room found them not alone. There was Brett's two cronies working out. Paige quickly sidestepped behind Beau for safety.  
  
"I thought nobody would be in here Beau."  
  
"So did I. Hey guys."  
  
"There's hot pants. What happened over lunch? You blow ole Brett?" The more aggressive Aaron eyed her.  
  
"Noooo." She shyly informed them.  
  
"What are you wearing?"  
  
"A jersey."  
  
"Basketball team shirt. Who gave you that?" The other Cody spoke.  
  
"Let's go somewhere else for your video." Beau nudged her back with his hand. It accidently cupped her breast. She didn't let on that it might have offended her.  
  
"Nooo! I want to show Josh I can work out."  
  
The two cronies wince at her, "Who is Josh?" Asked Aaron.  
  
"A guy I met on Tender. He's a bodybuilder." She added that last part as if intimidating them might work.  
  
"You wanna work out go for it. But, we're gonna watch you."  
  
"You sure about this Paige?" Beau tried to act worried. He wasn't.  
  
"Yes." She shuffles around Beau and cautiously goes to a bench press with a dangling weight bar on a pully. Straddling the seat she lays back and reaches up from the bar. Brett's buddies left their own weightlifting to move next to Beau as he raised Paige's cell. She wiggles a bit for comfort. "Ready Beau?"  
  
"Rolling."  
  
"Hi Joshy. I promised a video so here we are. I wanted to prove to you I could work out."  
  
Looking up beneath her tank her yellow G-string was in perfect view. The tank was not as long as the jersey was. It only crept down to three inches above her knees. That bright yellow patch creased amid her labia for a very sexy advantage shot. She strains pulling on the bar with both hands. The guys all chuckled.  
  
"Here!" Aaron stepped over her and repositioned her hands. He then went around the machine to move the weight pin to a lighter more manageable weight limit. "Try it now."  
  
She manages with some effort to drag the bar toward her chest. From the tank sides her bra was in full view. The boy moved out of the camera shot and admired her thong.   
  
"I'm doing it." Paige giggled triumphantly.  
  
"You would be able to lift more properly if you had that tank top off. It's constricting your movement." Cody had to try. Beau wanted to agree but chose trust. As he said earlier it was needed.  
  
"Joshy wouldn't like me if I took the tank off." Paige really wanted to but resisted. She was getting really wet as they checked her out. "Should I Joshy?" Her vocalized thoughts brought on affirmative nods from the boys. Halting Beau's filming she crawls from under the bar. Her shyness easing more each day she sits up and points at everyone. "No pictures for yourselves. Give me your cells." Shrugging the duo offers them up. She sits them on the floor next to her. Eying Beau for safety Beau looks nervously at the double trouble boys.   
  
"We're good."  
  
"Don't be mean to me." She reaches both hands down to the hem of the tank and sneers at them before inching the garment up to below her chest. The guys were drooling hard. She loved the look of hunger in their eyes. Trying to make herself behave was torture. Up over her head the tank went, dropping it down over their cells. Shivering she covers her chest and stares at the trio. "Ready Beau?"  
  
"Fuck yeah. I mean let's do this."  
  
Stretching back on the bench her body was fucking beautiful. All three boys had rocket launchers in their pants. Watching her lift was funny. Her chest mounding tight into a melon fest with each lift. "How am I doing Joshy?" Her widened legs offering a succulent fold directly over her labia. With each strain of lifting her legs rose.  
  
"You're going to hurt your back lifting your legs." Aaron Darby chose to move in slowly and place his hands on her knees. Motioning to lift she does for a better counter balance.   
  
"I'm doing it." She giggles as Beau moves around to her side.  
  
"Try the sitting chest press." Aaron pats her leg and actually helps her up. She moves to the seat next to her on the machine and faces outward as instructed. Beau paused his filming again. Her legs wider now the thong crept a bit narrower along her labia definition. Once Aaron guides her arms around the pads to her sides he adjusts the weight amount and moves back in front of her. "Alright just press the pads forward with an inward motion, then back and forth."  
  
Paige nods and does her best. Those melons crushed together like colliding planets. All three boys pictured titty fucking her. She realized Beau wasn't filming and stops. "Quit staring. Film me."  
  
"Oh! Right. Sorry." Beau returned to filming.  
  
"My trainers here showed me how to use the machine properly. They said my tank top was restricting my performance. I think they were right. It seems easier without it on."   
  
She played the game.  
  
Aaron and Cody were dying. "Brett should see this."  
  
"His loss for getting suspended." Cody whispered back.  
  
"Should I try anything else?" Paige wanted to toy with their emotions.  
  
"The leg crunches." Cody moves in patting a third bench. She climbs from her seat and lays on her belly as instructed. Cody places a spur around her foot and shows her how to lift her leg. Beau had a closeup of her butt before he realized he shouldn't be zeroing in.  
  
"I'm doing it." She giddily squeals. After both legs lifted five repetitions each she sits up. "Now I need a shower." She grins laughing. "Joshy? My muscles are sore now. Massage me?" She bats her eyes after lowering her glasses. "I better get home. If I haven't scared you off trying to impress you with my workout message me back. Bye Joshy." Beau ceases filming.  
  
"Joshy is going to burst a blood vessel."  
  
"I don't want to send him to the ER. Should I delete that and do something not so sexy?"  
  
Beau frowns, "Save it. We can film one more if you want, then you can choose which to send him."   
  
"Okay. What should I do?" She reaches for the tank when Aaron and Cody jumps to their own conclusion.  
  
"You should be sexier for Joshy." Aaron recommends. "Guys love being teased."  
  
"Really? Am I doing a good job teasing?"  
  
"Needs some work but not bad." Cody slyly grins.  
  
"How...can I be better?"  
  
Beau sighs, "Let's not push our luck Paige."  
  
"Nooo! I need to know how to tease properly."  
  
"Try lifting without the bra on. Turn your back to us if you feel better about it."  
  
"Take my bra off?" She drops her jaw. "Is that the right way to tease Beau?"  
  
"Uhhh! Sure. Something might seem out of place though if you really want to tease Joshy."  
  
"Like what?"  
  
"Take the bra off and pose with your back to us." Beau prompts.  
  
"Don't be mean." She had to point again. Turning her back she reaches around and unfastens her bra. Her milky white back was stunning as it became open and smooth without interference. Bra hung on a weight she cups her chest and glares over her shoulder. "What's out of place Beau?"  
  
Beau swallows dryly and approaches her from behind. Rubbing his chin he pockets her cell in favor of using both hands to delicately slip fingers beneath her G-string bands. Tugging them down over her hips he stops leveling the bands straight across. Aaron and Cody were biting their knuckles. Stepping back Beau joins the boys. "Am I wrong?"  
  
Aaron bats his head about, "Maybe just a little lower." He dares to step close and tug them down past her butt cheeks. If she were facing him her fire red pubes would be in perfect view. Stepping back he puckers at her naïve fawning expression.  
  
"Better?" She looks erotically bewildered.  
  
"Little lower still." Cody moves in and guides her thong to her upper legs. That pussy was feeling air. If only they could see it. She bulged her eyes at allowing this to happen. Of course they didn't see her eyes.  
  
"Film me." She pouts toward Beau. He instantly begins recording. With puppy dog eyes she peers over her shoulder sensually. "Joshy? I want you to see me at my sexiest. Tell me where you think I need the most work so I can make my body look scrumptious."

She wiggles her ass at the camera. She caught both Aaron and Cody rubbing their crotches. Her eyes again bulged as she looked away. Once tilting her chin on her shoulder again she continues. "Maybe I should touch my toesies." She bends over and does just that. Her ass tightening into a shiny white heart. They could see her butt pucker and part of her hidden clam. Stepping at an angle Aaron and Cody saw nipples. She touched her toes five times before looking back at Beau. Wiping her brow she giggles, "I'm working up a sweat. Am I sexy Joshy? Do I need to do more?"  
  
Aaron moves behind her and whispers, "Joshy would probably like it more if that thong was hanging beside that bra."  
  
"That would mean I would be naked." She shivered and expressed a shyness suddenly.   
  
"Don't you guys think Joshy would want to see her naked working out on the machine?"  
  
"Awesome idea." Cody encouraged.  
  
"Should I Beau? For Joshy." She looked for direction.  
  
"I-I-I mean Josh would get off on that sure. That's up to you Paige." He wanted to rip that fucking thong off of her himself.  
  
"I'll try it." She slithers the thong to her toes and kicks it aside. Paige Turner was 100% nude in the high school weight room. She gave up hiding and faced them full frontal. Moving to the bench she began on she lays back with her legs wide. Her pussy was dripping wet. "Hold my knees Aaron?"  
  
He did just that. As she lifted her chest crushes vibrantly. Her nipples swollen and pointing high. "Film me."   
  
Again Beau was distracted. He followed her through her routine and the guys actually behaved themselves. "I'm doing this for you Joshy. I need your hands all over me. Best massage ever. Next time I hope you're showing me the proper way to lift in person. I'm going to get dressed now before a Teacher or a Coach comes in me. I mean in." She feigns a blush. Sitting up she realizes both Cody and Aaron had their dicks out jerking off. Eyes bulging she covers herself with her arms and hands. Looking at Beau she points at Aaron and Cody's cocks. As if encouraging him to watch them. Beau was only staring at Paige. Swallowing dryly he approaches her and hands her, her cellphone.  
  
"Get dressed once these guys jizz. I'll take you home."  
  
"Okay." She sat there until both boys nut hard. She was amazed at the flood and the sheer force of their firepower. Snarling as the last few droplets landed they zip up. Aaron and Cody both nod at her.  
  
"We'll keep Brett off your ass."  
  
"You don't have to. I'm a BIG girl." She offers a smug grin.  
  
Both boys left the gym impressed. She cautiously remains nude and makes it up the hallway stairs until going beneath the bleachers to get dressed in her real clothing. Stepping out she met Beau and they made the two block journey to his wounded beater with a heater. It magically started up. Peering over at the quiet Beau, Paige fidgets.  
  
"You're not really gay are you?"  
  
"Yes I am." He shudders.  
  
"I gave you a hard on."  
  
"Aaron and Cody did."  
  
"If you say so. You didn't watch them jerk off."   
  
"They would have kicked my ass. I'm in the closet remember?" He stares at her uncertain eyes. "Okay, I'm bi-sexual. I so wanna fuck you." He suddenly turns in his drivers seat.  
  
"I know." She giggles. "Maybe I will sometime. You did get Brett's phone for me. I guess I kind of owe you."  
  
"About that." He grew a conscience. "Sean asked me to come to his party. Would you go with me? I probably won't go if you say no."  
  
"As your date?"  
  
"Friends."  
  
"Okay. When?"  
  
"I think he said next weekend. I'll let you know tomorrow."  
  
"If I'm not on a date with Joshy or Bryan." She giggles. "Take me home please."  
  
"On it." Beau moved into traffic with a loud tailpipe. He still had secrets. That party was going to rock. After what he had seen in the last hour he knew he could take her all the way. He was going to bust a nut three times that night.  
  
Brett Chenowyth? Still in the car trunk. His cell was ringing on the trunk lid. It was his parents. That boy was in hot water.  
  
Paige needed to write in her diary. She was proud of her achievements. On the way home her Dad Lonnie texted her.  
  
"Sorry Sweetheart. I couldn't get away to fix anything."  
  
She types back, "I got the cell. They're deleted. My friend Beau rescued me."  
  
"Beau?" He questions.  
  
"My Beaufriend." She attaches a laughing emoji. "Can I go to a party with him?"  
  
"That might do you good. I'll allow that."  
  
"Yay! I love you Daddy."  
  
"Take those school videos for the Tender boys?"  
  
"Yeeessssssssss! So hot."  
  
"Can't wait to see."  
  
"Can't wait for you to see."  
  
Beau was concerned over her constant texting. Who was this?  
  
Sheepishly she looks over at Beau. "Quit peeping."  
  
He did his best.