**Paige**

**Paige Ch. 09: Red Riding Hood**

7:30 PM  
  
Lonnie and Paige Turner sat in his office looking over dozens of Tender possibilities. She had sent a few videos to both Josh and Bryan and was awaiting their replies. In the meantime she and Lonnie answered six more men answering questions. They reserved the guy from the Mall for later. Right now Lonnie was more interested in new recruits. Paige just enjoyed watching her Dad get turned on and reaped the benefits. He had already fucked Paige twice since she got home from school. Curtains and blinds closed this time.   
  
"How about this guy? He's closer to your age at least."   
  
"He's sort of nerdy like me, only kinda buff. Read me his message." She wiggles in his lap with an arm around his shoulders.  
  
"Hello gorgeous. You had me at the big glasses. Case in point I wear big glasses too. My name is Dillon. I'm into all of the geek stuff. Movies, comic books, science. You name it. I'm going to Comicon in two weeks. I cosplay every year. Last year I was Batman. This year my plan is to be Winter Soldier. If you're interested I would love to have you join me. My treat. You would make an awesome Black Widow. Oh, and the Chris's are going to be there so maybe we can get an autograph and picture together with them. I hope you give me a shout. Bye Paige."  
  
"Thoughts?" Lonnie tilted his head to look back at her.  
  
"That sounds really fun. You know I've begged you to take me to Comicon since I was a kid."  
  
"All expenses paid why not? It's not like you have to be anything other than yourself around this guy."  
  
"I like being what you want me to be Daddy."  
  
"I know you do. Let's message Dillon back. You type him this time."  
  
"Okay." As he stretches back in his seat she leans forward. As she types he rubs her bare back lovingly. Typing she writes, "Hi Dillon. I love Comicon. I've wanted my Daddy to take me for years and never once did we make it. He's a big meanie." He pinches her on the ass for typing that. She squeals and nearly slips off of his leg. Catching her she continues. "Let's talk a little more between now and then. Black Widow sounds really cool. I even know where to find a black spandex jump suit." She halts pecking to leer back at Lonnie. "That adult bookstore sold them."  
  
"More money. I need to charge guys for your exhibitions."  
  
"They buy me things now. Maybe Dillon would too."  
  
"I'll buy it. Don't scare the guy away with greed."  
  
"So I can go?"  
  
"Talk to him one more time so I feel safe letting you go without me."  
  
"You could go. Just don't hang around me and look obvious."  
  
"Huh!" He puckered, "Maybe. If he doesn't meet me before hand he won't know it's me. This could prove interesting."  
  
"You have to cosplay too then." She laughs.  
  
"As who? What?"  
  
"I'll think on it. Let me finish." She begins typing again. "If you're sweet I might make a short video for you and put it in the Tender mailbox. Natasha signing out. Night Bucky." She knew her Avengers well. Message sent.  
  
As they sat back to scan others a mailed reply pops up. "Message from Josh." Lonnie notes its arrival.   
  
"Oh my God! I hope he didn't spook over my video at the gym."  
  
"Seriously? Would he reply back if he was offended?"  
  
"I don't know." She fidgets with uncertainty.  
  
Opening the message she gets her first ever video in return. "Look Daddy. He made a video this time."  
  
Opening it she hits play and settles back into Lonnie. His left hand rubbing her thigh. Josh had a deep voice.  
  
"Damn Paige. That was one hell of a workout. You have a rocking body. I never expected to see you totally naked. One guy filmed you with two other dudes showing you how to get fit? I have to ask...are you sleeping with any of them? No offense but that video looked a little too...maybe I'm wrong. You did appear naïve and really shy even if you did seem to enjoy yourself. You're lucky I'm not easily offended. Videos like this would get you banned by Tender if they knew you showed off that much. Personally I loved watching you. No worry of me complaining to Tender." He chuckles deeply. "That massage is waiting on you Red. My fingers are ready when you are. Oh, concerning my meeting your Dad first I'm totally cool with that." He lifts his cellphone. "309-555-6969. Call me."  
  
Lonnie drops his jaw. "You sent him the X-rated video instead of the first one? Are you nuts? Tender will kick you out for porn."  
  
"Please don't be mad at me. I needed to know what he would think of my body."  
  
"No videos get sent unless I send them. Am I clear young lady?"  
  
"Yes." She pouts. "I guess he liked my body."  
  
"Who the fuck wouldn't? You're body is fucking perfect."  
  
"I know." She grows giddy and smug making her shoulders dance. "Can I call him?"  
  
"Not tonight. Tomorrow night maybe."  
  
"Can he give me a massage?"  
  
"Oh that fucking Grizzly is tenderizing every inch of you." Lonnie nods confidently.  
  
"How can you watch me get one? He might not want to do anything if you're with us."  
  
Pondering he changes his mind. "We'll make one last short video before bed just for Josh. Apologize for the nudity. Let him know you were testing your boldness and say those guys were gay."  
  
"Beau says he is. I think he's..." She stops short of saying he wasn't gay. She had asked about the party he wanted to take her to and he had already told her yes. She really wanted to go so sure..."Promise not to tell Beau I told you this...he admitted to being gay."  
  
"Sure he is. He volunteered to video you naked."  
  
"Only because I asked him to. I feel safe with Beau."  
  
"What about those two other boys?"  
  
"They didn't hurt me or take advantage. If anything I took advantage of them."  
  
"You do realize you're taking a huge risk doing that at school. Don't screw up graduation."  
  
"I won't. The boys that made Brett give up his cell were really nice and supportive of me."  
  
"Sure they didn't watch the video of us?"  
  
"They said they didn't. No blackmail like Brett. I don't think so. I told Beau I've never ever been to a school party. He said he would only go if I went. Can I still go?"  
  
"Sounds fishy. Let's just see how the remainder of the week goes. If no other situations arise amongst these boys yes." He redirects back to Josh, "I say you invite Josh over to watch a movie. Meet me then I'll excuse myself and leave you two alone."  
  
"Don't you want to see him massage me somehow?"  
  
"Oh I'll see you." He chuckles. "Your Uncle Mike has a Nanny cam Teddy Bear. I'm hooking that up in the living room here."  
  
"You're so sneaky Daddy."  
  
"Damn straight. Another idea just occurred to me. I'm going to record my snoring tonight and let ole Josh think I'm sleeping. He might open up if he thinks I'm out like a light."  
  
"I hope so. I've never had a real massage before."  
  
"Full body. His hands better touch every inch of you."  
  
"Even...?"  
  
"EVERY INCH. EVERY HOLE."  
  
"Oh my Gosh. I love you so much."  
  
"Play adorably shy but act very interested in him. Get scared by the movie and get closer."  
  
"I probably will get scared." She laughs. "Josh is huge and hairy."  
  
Her words reminded him. Reaching between her legs his fingers explore her thickening fire red pubes. "I think these have grown out just enough to trim them how I want you to keep them."  
  
"Want me to go get the shaving crème and razor?"  
  
"Trimmer first. How about this? You film Josh's video while I shave you. If he asks what the trimmer noise is you make excuses. Don't let on what I'm doing."  
  
"Doing sexy stuff without guys knowing really turns me on Daddy."  
  
"I hear ya. Works for me too."  
  
Another pinging message turns their attention to the computer monitor. "Yay! Bryan messaged back." She greedily takes over the keyboard. Opening Bryan's message she notes another video. Her jaw drops as she looks back at Lonnie.  
  
"Two for two. Play it."  
  
"K." She hits play and nestles once again against her Father's chest.  
  
"Howdy Paige. I figured I owed you a video after so many of yours." Bryan in a t-shirt and backwards ballcap acts shy a bit. "I have to say those cartwheels were pretty amazing. I love your high energy. Your yellow underwear was pretty hot. I suppose after you sending that there's no reason for me to be a total gentleman." He laughs and stands up to show her he wasn't wearing pants but a pair of red briefs. His crotch was massive.  
  
"Oh my Gosh!" She laughs her ass off pointing at Bryan. Pausing to rewind twice she made her assessment. "He has a big dick Daddy."  
  
"Big enough. Finish the video."  
  
Resuming as Bryan sits back down with a grin he begins chatting. "Now we're even. Ask your Daddy about the lake? I really want to have a fun day with you. Is it too soon to talk on the phone? I'll understand if it is. Only been a day. If not my number is 309-727-FUCK. That's right I got the digits with the right letters associated to them." He chuckles. "3825. Call me already. Night Paige."  
  
"So funny." Paige giggled. "Can I call Bryan too?"  
  
"One more video to solidify that we have him hooked."  
  
"Oh I have him hooked." She offers a smug nod. "He wants me bad."  
  
"He's gonna have you too."  
  
"You want me to fuck every guy that likes me don't you Daddy?"  
  
"I just want you to have fun and get plenty of experience."  
  
"I'm only doing this stuff for you."  
  
"We both know that's not true. You want this as much as I do."  
  
"Sex is pretty awesome. When are you going to call that old guy Mick? The photographer."  
  
"Patience. I'll get to him. Steps at a time." He looks at the clock, "8:15 now. Let's get these videos made and get to bed."  
  
She hops up bouncing in step. Helping him up they head into the bathroom. He turns and stops her. "Go to my closet and find a red zip down hoodie. Wear a red lace bra beneath it."   
  
Yay!" She skips away, her long red hair fanning about over her creamy white shoulders.  
  
Gathering up his shaving kit and a few extra items he meets her in her bedroom. She had the hoodie on her bed and was hunting for the red bra. Once found she puts it on then the hoodie over it. The hoodie's hemline stopped at her hips.   
  
"Got your cell?" She grabs it from her charger on a bedside stand. He then directs her to sit n her bed. "Alright, you lay back and video talking to Josh first. Do not react to my trimming and shaving."  
  
"K. I'm getting goosebumps." She flops backwards shivering. Cell held above her she begins recording. "Here goes Daddy." All quiet he gives her a second before firing up a small set of trimmers. "Joshy hiiiii. I was so worried my nudity was going to scare you off. I regretted doing that all night. My gay friend Beau filmed me. The two other boys are gay too. Friends of Beau. So I didn't worry other than be nervous about doing hat I did in school. I started out just wanting to show you my interest in working out. I really want you to take me to a real gym and show me the right way. Clothing optional." She giggles and puts fingers over her lips as her eyes sparkle beneath her glasses. Lonnie had thinned out the excess long red hairs of her pubes. Those bordering the quick in her thighs. He then began shaping her pubes to design a tall thin arrow pointing at her clit. He left it thicker where it touched her vagina. The strip going up was thin and soft. Once done with the electric trimmer he lathered her up all around her arrow with water from a bowl and shaving crème. A razor then delicately shaved her stubbled silky smooth.  
  
Laying there with the cell poised down at her with her hood over her fire red mane she felt thug like. "I'm glad you're okay meeting Daddy first. It's important to him to see who I go out with. Like I said I'm new to dating. I'll be shy at first but I promise I'll come around quick. I keep picturing us together. You're so tall. I'm a midget. I bet your hand could wrap around my entire neck. Those big muscles make me tremble. I get warm all over. Among other things." She blushes.  
  
His shaving perfected he stands up drying her off with a hand towel. Motioning for her to unzip her hoodie she looks at him then realizes her goof. Eyes upward she covers her error, "I thought I heard Daddy in the hallway. I'm laying here with no panties on. Just my hoodie and a bra. I shaved my pubes earlier. I was embarrassed that you saw my burning bush at school. Wanna see it now? Follow me." She unzips the hoodie slowly revealing her sheer red lace bra. Her nipples peeking through valiantly. Cell trailing her zipper he captures the zipper coming apart. Her luscious belly button leads to the top of her pubes. Scanning over it she shares her new patch. Eying it herself she realizes it was in the shape of an arrow Giggling she names it. "I call her Merida. Do you like it Joshy?" Her fingertips lightly stroke the hair. "It's really soft. I might let you touch it during my massage. If you want to that is." Flirting turns serious now as fingers caress her chest on the way back up to video her face now. "Let me talk to Daddy one more time. If he says yes to Saturday night would you like to come over and watch a scary movie with me? I know it's probably not the date you had in mind but it would make my Daddy respect you right off. You can massage me when he goes to bed. He's always in bed by 9:30. Just so you know scary movies make me snuggle up with my teddy bear Fuzzy to protect me. I get scared of monsters under my bed. He guards me here in my bedroom. That means you have to guard me in the living room. Up to that Joshy Bear?" She sticks her tongue out at him. "I wrote your number down. I'll call you soon. Sweet dreams Joshy. Mwah!" Recording ends as she sits up to admire her arrow. "You did a good job Daddy. I love it."  
  
"Keep it looking exactly like that. Am I clear?"  
  
"Yes." She nods three times. "Bryan now?"  
  
"Yep. Same thing. This time put a red thong on so I can see the hair peek over it. You can take the bra off under the hoodie."  
  
Cell aside she reaches beneath the hoodie and disconnects her bra. A swift departure by removing arms through one sleeve at a time. Once off she zips up. A journey to her dresser she locates the G-string and slithers it up her milky white legs. Fitted properly she shows Lonnie her pubes sticking above the thong patch by an inch and a half. So fucking sexy.  
  
"Looks stunning. On your bed young lady. Ask Bryan if Sunday afternoon works for him. If so you can go to the lake. I'll drop you off at his home and meet him. You can go from there but I'll be watching at the lake through binoculars."  
  
"Bird watching?" She giggles flipping him off. Shrinking she apologizes, "Sorry Daddy."  
  
"Better be. Act shy. Unzip going down like you did. One quick nipple slip and blush. Hide it from that point on." He reaches to her end table and hands her a toothbrush. "Use this to brush your hair down there to tease Bryan."  
  
"So cute." She lays back and begins her video "Bryannnn! I laughed my butt off when you stood up. I rewound the video three times." She nibbles a fingernail shyly, "I think your horse was trying to get out of the barn. He must be a Clydesdale." Her eyes flare at the thought. "I'm glad you liked my somersaults. My gay friend Beau made me do them. Big meanie. I wrote your number down. My number is 309-690-COCK. Just kidding. Blushing now." She giggles and stares at her cell nibbling. "I think I like Bryan. Maybe." Another lingering silent blush. "I'm free Sunday if you want to take me to the lake. I'll wear my burgundy bikini. You can lotion me up if you want. If we ride horses, can I ask a favor? I'm scared to ride alone. Can I ride with you?" She recalls riding with Uncle Mike. "I'll feel safer with your big strong arms around me." She smiles fanning herself. "It's warm in here." Her zipper begins its journey South. As the hoodie loosens she whips it as if cooling herself off. Her left tit popped out to reveal a torturous nipple erection. Covering up the zipper continues lowering. As does her cell. Zipper unattached the cell continued to her panties. Her pubes awaiting a visual. "I shaved today. All I need now is my hair brushed." She reaches to obtain the toothbrush resting beside her hip. She then carefully stroked her pubes with the brush. After a minute of teasing she drifts her cell hand back to her face. With a pouty look she whispers. "Goodnight Bryan." A puckered kiss ends her video.   
  
"Perfect. Tomorrow you can call them for five minutes." He uses her cell to transplant the videos over to her Tender account. Once there he drags them to the messages of both Bryan and Josh. Careful to send them to the right person he fires them off to their targets. "There! Videos sent to your admirers."  
  
"Daddy?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Earlier I had 1123 guys that had messaged me. How many am I going to get to meet?"  
  
"We'll see. Let's see how the first four or five guys turn out."  
  
"I'm scared. What if I like one of them too much?"  
  
"No relationships until you're 30." He chuckles.  
  
"Can't I just be yours?"  
  
"You are mine. I'm just letting you have fun."  
  
"I am having fun. Am I only allowed to do what you want me to do?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Can I accept dates that I want?"  
  
Lonnie knew he needed her to be a grown woman with her own decision making identity, but since she had clung to him so easily from her birthday onward, he was being selfish. The more she was willing to do for him the more he wanted her to do. He was becoming an obsessed selfish bastard who needed to be in control of her.   
  
"Daddy? Are you alright?"  
  
He nods with a wry expression. Moving in front of her on the bed he nudges her backwards and reaches down to yank her G-string off. Her eyes trembled at his brusque nation. Having been nude all evening he lifted her legs to his sides and took a lengthy dip in her swimming pool. She gasped at his girth as she did every time he first took the plunge. His crown was massive and tormented her G-spot every single time.  
  
Fucking her he leans over her exhaling with a fear enticing vigor that warmed her entire face.   
  
"You're mine. To do what I want with. You date who I choose. You play how I direct. Do you understand me Paige?"  
  
"Yes Daddy. I like being yours. I only want to make you crazy by obeying your wishes. I won't go out with any guys that I want."  
  
"You can but on my terms. Not yours."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"I'll give you the freedom to choose what you want to do in between the arrangements I make. Bryan for instance. You can do whatever you want between his home and the lake. At the lake your priorities are sunbathing and letting him touch you everywhere. Sex if he has a condom. He must...all men from here on out must wear a condom."  
  
"Thank you Daddy. Does that include you?"  
  
"I had a vasectomy years ago. You know that."  
  
"Sorry. I forgot. Good I like having you inside me with nothing in between us. Fuck me harder Daddy."  
  
He destroyed her cunt in the next fifteen minutes. Lil Paige was a screaming hot mess. Even their neighbor Gerry heard them from his backyard while smoking. He moved closer to his fence line for a better perception. He clearly heard Paige cry out "FUCK ME HARDER DADDY. DON'T STOP." multiple times. That led to Lonnie bellowing "I LOVE THIS PUSSY. I OWN THIS PUSSY." Gerry's eyes bulged. "MY SLUT! MINE!" Lonnie snarled. Paige shrilling answering, "FOREVER DADDY." Hearing the two yell out for another ten minutes Gerry had to smoke three more cigarettes. That and he jerked off in the shadows.  
  
As Lonnie nuts incredibly hard inside her drenched pussy he drops over her body to body, breathing hard. She held him with devotion. That was their third time today. Both were sensitively in tune with the others needs. With a shared glare at each other Lonnie snatches her cell from the down comforter they were on top of. Lifting it to dial he then hands it to her. "Talk to Josh."  
  
"Really?" She flares her eyes. With Lonnie still inside her he revives his engines enough to begin very tender thrusts.  
  
"This is Josh. Hello?"

"Hi Joshy." She whispers.  
  
"Paige? Wow! I just got your video. Playing it now. Even better hearing your voice."  
  
"I love your deep voice." Lonnie thrusted deep and hard. She whimpered slightly.  
  
"Well I love your sweet innocent voice. You sound so young. Whoa! Your video is really seductive."  
  
"I try. I want you to really like me Joshy."  
  
"Oh yeah? I think we're off to a good start. Whoa! Sweet pubes."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"I've been watching your workout video all night. Fuck your body is tight and those big tits...I can't wait to massage them."  
  
"I can't wait for you to massage them."  
  
"You certainly know how to get a guy rock hard."  
  
"Are you really?" Lonnie fucks her a bit harder. Her ankles gripped tightly forcing her knees higher. He could hear his dick sloshing amid her rejuvenated juices. Talking to Josh was inspiring her to enjoy both Josh and her Father.  
  
"Hardest I've been in years."  
  
"I bet he's really big."  
  
"No ruler to check it." He chuckles. "I'm guessing a thick nine."  
  
"Oh my gosh. Can I massage you too?"  
  
"You better or I'll be really disappointed."  
  
"I'm laying here naked. With...something inside my pussy."  
  
"Fingers or toy?"  
  
"A life like dildo. It's so real and feels like the real thing."  
  
"Fucking yourself good?"  
  
"He is. I'm just loving every inch of him." Lonnie lifted her legs higher to her shoulders and crawled up to pound straight down into her. He loved watching his thick beast slam deep and tug her pretty pink interior out with his cocks escape. "Ohhhhhhhhhh! That feels so good D-Joshy. Can I name my toy Joshy?"  
  
"I'd be honored."  
  
"Fuck me Joshy." She quivered whining at Lonnie's persistence. Her bed squeaked a bit slowing him down. She made an expression of loss. "Noooooooo!" She barely begged.  
  
"Probably won't get to Saturday with your Dad being home."  
  
"After he goes to bed. He's a deep sleeper. Joshy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I'm scared."  
  
"Of me?"  
  
"Yes. You're a giant. I'm a tiny girl."  
  
"Changing your mind about meeting me?"  
  
"Noooooooooooooo! I...want you." She mouths up at her Father, "I WANT YOU BAD."  
  
Lonnie leans low and moves her cell from her ear putting space to avoid Josh detecting him. Whispering in her ear he tells her, "Tell him you want him to take you hard then cuddle after." Cell returned to her ear she does as she is told.  
  
"Joshy? I'm really wet. Can you hear how wet I am?" She moves the phone down next to her Father's unforgiving thrusts. Each penetration sounded sloppy sexy.   
  
"Daaaamn! That pussy really is wet."  
  
"Joshy? I've only been with one other guy." She lied to keep it real. "He was too...I don't know...he treated me like a Princess. I want to know what a real man can do. I might be terrified but...will you...fuck me really hard."  
  
"Rough hard? Like choking and hair pulling? Spanking your ass? Ramming my cock down your throat and pinching your nose shut until you turn blue?"  
  
"Yeeeeesssssss!" Lonnie hit her G-spot aggressively. She was losing her mind. "Really, really hard. Hold my mouth while I scream."  
  
"Fuck Paige. I wish I could come over right now."  
  
"You are here Joshy. In my wet pussy. So big you're stretching me." She yelps at Lonnie's potency. His dick was beyond rock hard. "HARDER JOSHY." She yells.  
  
"Don't wake your Dad."  
  
"I don't care. Your dick feels so good inside me. Your balls slapping against my cheeks. Tell me how badly you want me."  
  
Lonnie nods feverishly and wipes sweat from his brow. Josh however was getting the right idea.  
  
"I'm gonna hold you down and fuck your goddamned pussy so hard you won't be able to walk for a week. I don't care if your ole man walks in and catches us I'm not gonna stop fucking you until you orgasm looking him square in the eye. Then, I'm gonna roll you over and hit it doggy style. Yank that red hair just to hear you beg for more. Slap your ass raw and lick that ass pucker. Cum hard you little slut."  
  
"YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS JOSHY. YESSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS. I"M CUMMMMMMING."  
  
That she did. Outside Gerry wondered if they had company. Another three cigarettes smoked.  
  
Lonnie was struggling to keep his voice out of it. In a mad breath held he pulls out and climbs up over her face and jerks off. A flood of cum coated her face. She spasms nearly dropping her cell.   
  
"Oh my Gosh! You came all over my face. Yummy."  
  
Josh snarls like a bull and erupts on his end. Listening intently Paige smiled up at her Dad. Josh was really loud.  
  
"Fuck! Paige I've never cum that hard before. I want the real thing. Promise me next Saturday and keep it."  
  
Lonnie nods his affirmation. Paige kisses her Father with cum all over her cheeks, nose, and chin. Their kiss warm and lingering. Josh called out for her three times before their kiss parted. Lonnie had his own cum on his face.  
  
"I promise Joshy. Will you keep your promise?"  
  
"Hard as hell Bitch. No mercy. My pleasure."  
  
"Yay! I need to go to bed now. School tomorrow."  
  
"This is really weird the thought of dating a High School student at my age."  
  
"That should really turn you on."  
  
"Oh it does. Hearing your voice though makes me feel like...I'm going to shut up now."  
  
"I make you feel like you're doing something wrong?"  
  
"Not enough to turn you down." He chuckles. "I'm just saying I envision pigtails and...and...yeah."  
  
"I'll put my hair in pigtails next week." She giggles.  
  
"No roleplaying."  
  
"I don't have to roleplay Joshy. I can't help how soft and childlike my voice is. I never want to act old. I'm Anime cutesy."  
  
"Yes you are."  
  
"Joshy?"  
  
"Yes Paige?"  
  
"Be my Teddy Bear?"  
  
"You got it. Paige?"  
  
"Yes?"  
  
"Be my shy lil slut?"  
  
"Yessssssssss."  
  
"Even if we go out in public?"  
  
"Yesssssssssss. Do you want to show me off?"  
  
"Is that a bad thing?"  
  
"No."   
  
Lonnie points at his wrist as if telling her the time and cuts her off.  
  
"I think Daddy is up. Can I call you again before Saturday night?" She whispers.  
  
"Thursday I'll be home around this time."  
  
Lonnie suddenly motions to hold on. Whispering in her ear, "Ask him what he would want you to do in public."  
  
"False alarm. Thought I heard him walking outside my door. Joshy? How would you show me off?"  
  
"Lots of affection in public. Sweet and dirty both. Wardrobe malfunctions. Lots of sexy white skin showing."  
  
"Showing who?"  
  
"Getting scared of me again?"  
  
"Nooooooooo. Tell me. Be honest."  
  
"Swear you won't run away?"  
  
"I swear. Tell me."  
  
"I'm not above letting my friends see you naked for one."  
  
"Just see me nakie?"  
  
"Might let them touch you. Kiss on you."  
  
"More?"  
  
"Paige..."  
  
"You said you called it how you see it. Tell meeee." She whines.  
  
"I might sit back and watch you seduce them."  
  
"Let them have sex with me?"  
  
"Good possibility."  
  
"How many of your friends?"  
  
"I have a lot of friends." He chuckles.  
  
"How many would you make me seduce?"  
  
"I could say a few. That would be a lie."  
  
"Tell meeeeeeeeee."  
  
"You're sounding pretty excited over there."  
  
"You make me really horny."  
  
"You would want a man like me who would share you?"  
  
"Keep me safe I would do anything for my man."  
  
"Fuck a room full of my friends?"  
  
"If you wanted me to."  
  
"Nice."  
  
"How many are in that room?"  
  
"Might invite 20 of my closest buds."  
  
"Oh my gosh."  
  
"Let's see how you feel after Saturday night. Deal?"  
  
"I miss you already." She winks at Lonnie.  
  
"Get some sleep Schoolgirl."  
  
"Night Teddy Bear. Mwah."  
  
"Back at ya."  
  
Call ended she bulges her eyes. "DADDY! He sounds like you."  
  
"He does doesn't he?" Lonnie laughs.  
  
"That was soooo HOT."  
  
"We might just use the Bear. We'll see."  
  
"Whatever you want Daddy."  
  
A kiss to her forehead he hands Paige her teddy bear Fuzzy. Tucked in she slept like a baby.  
  
"Night Red Riding Hood." He whispered at her door before closing it. She couldn't stop grinning. Even with her eyes closed.  
  
Lonnie was just plain pooped.

**Paige Ch. 10: Teddy Bear**

"I'm so nervous Daddy. Are you sure we should do this?"  
  
Lonnie Turner ignored his daughters whining. She was so gung ho about meeting Josh the Bear all week long but now her true shyness was shining through. He went about setting up his borrowed Nanny cam inside a small teddy bear that wore a Chicago Cubs uniform. It was placed upon the fireplace mantle tilted enough to capture the entire room from couch level to the floor. They had moved the coffee table to the garage earlier to give them plenty of room.  
  
"I know you want this Daddy but I'm terrified. He's 6 foot 8. I'm 5 foot 2 barely. 300 pounds of muscle. 100 pounds of petite. My only weight is in my boobies." She hopped up and down trying to get him to pay attention to her. Finally he did. He grabs her by her chin and stared directly at her.   
  
"Calm down. NOW. You're going to be fine. This shyness will help you put on a good show. Now get in there and put on that Cubs shirt I bought you when we got that damn latex body suit for Comicon. Wear only that Cubs tank, blue bra, and the blue leg warmers. Nothing else."  
  
"No panties?"  
  
"Nope. You let him see up your shirt off and on all night. I'll stick around the first half of the movie then I'm gone. The show is in your hands from there on."  
  
"I'm going to faint." She waves both hands in front of her face as she walks to her bedroom to change. It was almost 8:45. Josh would be there at 9:00. She sprayed her favorite peachy perfume in all the tantalizing places and took a deep breath. After ten minutes she hears a car door and darts out into the living room. Lonnie was swigging a beer when the doorbell rang.   
  
"Answer the door."  
  
She stared at it for thirty seconds then marched up and opened the inner door. There he was. Her eyes lifted high to greet his gaze. She swallowed and smiled shyly. "Hi Joshy."  
  
"There's beautiful Paige." She froze until Joshy opened the outer door. She shook her hands at him.  
  
"I'm really nervous." She admitted shyly.  
  
"Come on in Big Fella." Lonnie called out. "She's been a wreck watching the clock for three hours now." Watching Josh step in, the giant waited for Lonnie to get up from his recliner and step up to shake his hand. "Strong grip there. Paige says you work at a gym. How much do you bench?"  
  
"510 as of today."  
  
"He has muscals." Paige nervously giggles and reaches up to touch his bicep. Josh was wearing a black polo shirt with rolled up sleeves. He winked at her and made his bicep dance. "Oh my gosh. Did you see that Daddy?"  
  
"I did. Smooth Josh. Smooth. Can I get you a beer?"   
  
"Only one. Gotta watch the weight." Josh aims for humor.  
  
"Light beer it is."  
  
"I'll get it Daddy." She skips into the kitchen. Both men's eyes watched her shirt hem flutter about with an expectation of cute butt cheeks being revealed.   
  
"Spunky kid once you get to know her." Lonnie patted Josh on the shoulder. "Have a seat on sofa. Make yourself at home. Just for the record I'm not going to ruin her first date ever by hovering over you two like a hawk. All I need from you is to respect the fact she's new to the whole men thing."  
  
"Daddy don't embarrass me." She steps up to offer Josh a can of beer going so far as to open the tab for him. In the process the beer spat back at her sending droplets on her cleavage. The image of cum splattering her were on both of the men's thoughts. "I'm so messy." She uses her fingers to wipe the droplets from her tits and licks them dry. Holding her finger in her mouth long enough to intentionally tease Josh.  
  
Watching Josh sit down she looks to her Father with saucer sized eyeballs, mouthing, "He's freaking huge." That he was. The second he sits down Lonnie sits in his recliner at an angle to the sofa. He had to look to his left to observe them.  
  
"So Josh? Been on Tender long?"  
  
"A year or so. Not much luck. Girls get intimidated by me."  
  
Puckering Lonnie nods his head. "I can see that. Well you do scare my little girl a bit. A Father knows these things. However, I can also see a sparkle in her eye. That means she likes you."  
  
"I hope so. Since we've been texting and talking I feel really positive about this." Since Tuesday Lonnie had allowed her to call him twice. Both times led to phone sex. She had been busy between playing for Josh as well as Bryan, tomorrows date. She couldn't get enough of the teasing. Even in school she dealt with Brett Chenowyth only yesterday when he returned from a three day suspension. His parents read him the riot act and his thoughts were everywhere else but trying to blackmail Paige. But, having literally been naked in school her hunger for teasing was growing. She wore her zip up jeans again only yesterday and unzipped it herself for Beau. She was nearly certain he wasn't gay. Even though he insisted he was. So far so good. Tonight it was Bear season.  
  
Paige sits with her legs facing Josh, a couch cushions separation between them. She blushes and smiles at Josh at the same time. Those eyes were definitely sparkling. So were his. He did his best to share his attention between Paige and her Father. It wasn't easy with Paige rubbing her legs and her Cubs tank top expressing her melons so vibrantly. She kept her knees close together for now trying not to appear over eager in letting Josh see her blazing pubic arrow and it's target. Her bullseye was already wet.  
  
"Paige says you work at the Distillery. Get a discount on the good stuff?" Josh directs his eyes to Lonnie while swigging his beer.  
  
"Ten percent on anything 200 proof." He chuckles.  
  
"Nice. I have a buddy that works out there."  
  
Lonnie hesitates. He hadn't thought of any of these men having family or friends that might work with him. With a pucker he chose his words carefully. "Who's that?"  
  
"Travis Ward. He's in sales."  
  
"Ah! I work on the floor. Batch maker. I'm not real familiar with the office folk."  
  
"He says he knows you. Thinks you're a pretty decent guy."  
  
"Well that's good to hear."  
  
Josh returns his gaze to Paige. She blushes immediately, even her toes curled under pressure. He grinned and gave her a wink. She winked back. That was a good sign. Her hands continually caressed her legs from knee to upper thigh. When Lonnie wasn't looking she mischievously slid her hem higher. Josh certainly looked at the movement with interest. She nibbled her bottom lip as her Father set up the DVD player focusing on the channel set up, then ejecting the tray. As he did Paige got brave and moved her legs apart and hiked her tank higher to give Josh a peek at glory. There it was the pinkest pussy ever designed. Josh nodded impressed by her sudden boldness. This night might actually happen he pondered. Truth be told Josh was worried she might panic and clam up. Clam up she did. That clam between her legs was downright stunning. The second Lonnie lowered the remote she put her shirt down and closed her legs offering a devious grin toward the Bear. He could respect that.  
  
"Alright, Paige chose a classic horror movie."  
  
"Child's Play." She giggles shrugging shyly.  
  
"Ohhh yeah I remember Chucky. He scared the heck out of me as a kid." Josh admitted.  
  
"Paige still has nightmares about her Teddy Bear coming to life and chasing her."  
  
"Dadddyyyy! I can't help I like Fuzzy."  
  
"Nothing wrong with that. Cubs fan I see. Nothing like a beautiful animal lover."  
  
"Me and her Uncles watched the Cubbies on her Birthday. The plays those guys made were outstanding. The Cards were dealt." He chuckles. "Cardinals got their asses spanked. I bet they got into hot water with their Managers." Paige wanted to burst out laughing at her Dad's play by play of her best night ever.  
  
"I like fuzzy things." She shyly whispers.  
  
"Don't we all." Josh points a large finger between her legs. Her eyes brighten up at his directness.   
  
"You have really big hands."  
  
Josh leans toward her with his palm. She places her own palm against his hand. His were twice the size of hers, fingers alone as thick as Cuban cigars. She shivers as Lonnie sighs.  
  
"Gosh. Daddy look. He could probably hold both of my hands in one of his."  
  
"Try it." Lonnie laughs winking at Josh. She lifts her other hand making a fist side by side with her already poised palm. It too clenched allowing Josh to wrap mighty fingers around both of her fists. She dropped her jaw as his squeezed her hands. With a loud growl he spooks her making her jump and turn beet red. Still she smiled.  
  
"See what you walked into?" Lonnie shook his head raising his beer at Josh. Josh returned the salute and sat back. "Put the movie in. I think I put it under the John Wick."   
  
Again a reminder of their first night of incest. Paige was wet as hell. As she gets up from the couch, Lonnie leaves his recliner. "I better hit the John before this starts." Trudging away he left Paige alone with Josh. She drops to her hands and knees and crawls away from the couch moving to the entertainment center. Her bare ass hanging out with her tank revealing her cunt and anal pucker. Josh had to grip his crotch. Hibernation was over for Yogi. She looks back at him while biting her lower lip and shakes her booty. Locating the stashed DVD she sits up with her heart shaped cheeks still offering inspection even as the shirt slipped down a bit. DVD in the tray she pushes it in. The movie went through its privacy statement. She turns and crawls back toward Josh like a prowling cat. Her red pigtails wagging about. As were those gorgeous tits bobbing from side to side seen vividly through her open cleavage. Reaching the couch she looks toward the restroom before kneeling in front of Josh. Her hands reach up and rub his hairy legs as she shares a doe like gaze with him.  
  
"You are beautiful."  
  
"Am I what you pictured?"  
  
"Better than what I dreamed of." His hand raises and palms the entire left side of her head. She shivered at his monster hands. That same hand moved lower to surround her neck. Just as she suspected his fingers and thumb touched while holding her whole neck in his grip. She melted suddenly.   
  
"They did touch." She trembles.  
  
"Wait until I do that when fucking you." He exhales across her face as his head met hers.  
  
"Oh my gosh. I really want that." Hearing the toilet flush he releases her and she jumps up to take her seat. Shuffling out Lonnie yawns heavily.  
  
"Damn! I might not get through this movie. I'm tired as hell."  
  
"Paige is in good hands Mister Turner." She lowers her gaze knowing that was meant toward her.  
  
"Call me Lonnie."  
  
"I'll just start the movie and get you kids...started. I guess you're not a kid are you Josh. You know what I mean. Nothing against your age. It's only a number." He smirked and puts the movie on play. Once the opening credits start Lonnie moves over to the fireplace and hits the gas igniting a flame. "There's some ambience."  
  
"Thank you Daddy."  
  
"Get him another beer if he wants one. It was nice meeting you Josh. I hope you tick around."  
  
"Thanks Lonnie."  
  
Lonnie Turner turned the light out on them leaving them the fire and the glow of the TV. Off he went to his bedroom. He intentionally left his door ajar. From the angle of its opening he could peer straight out to the living room floor. His bedroom light out he sits on his bed watching.   
  
"You can scoot over here if you want to Paige. I promise to bite." Josh grinned patting the cushion next to him. She holds her breath a moment then lurches forward and avoids the cushion. Instead she surprises him by slowly crawling into his lap like a child and snuggles in. His left arm draping around her hip and legs. Watching the movie for a good five minutes she shivers. He rubs her arm and leg trying to relax her. Laying her head in the quick of his neck she giggles at his bushy beard tickling her cheek and nose. Her fingers reach up and lightly pets him. "Like my beard?"  
  
"Fuzzy." She whispers.  
  
"Think Lonnie might come out and check on us?"  
  
"When we hear him snore we can start my massage. If you...still want to."  
  
"These clothes come off." He tugs at her cleavage peering down at her royal blue lace bra. She nods with a slow agreement and offers an extremely shy gaze. Even behind her glasses she was erotic. She fidgets a bit wiggling in his lap.   
  
"Is that your...Grizzly?"  
  
"Fuck yeah! He woke up from hibernation and he's hungry."  
  
"Looking for Goldilocks?"  
  
"Damn that kid voice is hot. Sure Goldilocks." His fingers rise to toy with a pigtail. "You really did put your hair in tails."  
  
"I can take them out."  
  
"Leave them. They're sexy. You're sexy."  
  
"Am I really?" She remains in the crook of his neck stroking his beard.  
  
"You're trembling."  
  
"Scared."  
  
"Of me?"  
  
"Of getting attached."  
  
"You don't want to get hurt. I get it."  
  
"No. It's not that. Everything we talked about over the phone. Between moans." She smiles briefly then goes shy, "You wanting to share me with your friends. Was that...true?"  
  
He inhales deeply and nods, "Tell me what you want. Be open."  
  
"I-I want to be what you want me to be." She pouts slightly.  
  
"And if that means all of my friends taking advantage of tiny little sheepish Paige?"  
  
She nods slowly and looks up at him with a glare of wonder. She was too damned sexy. Her shyness made her erotic as hell.  
  
"What do you want me to see my friends do to you?"  
  
"Take my clothes off. Touch me all over. A lot of hands on me at once." She swallows and turns her attention on his polo shirts parted neckline. There she pinches his chest hair and tangles fingers in it. "Kiss me everywhere. Suck on my boobies. Lick me...down there. Put fingers up inside my pussy." She felt his already monster cock double in size beneath her. Her eyes flare at his concealed girth.  
  
"What else?" He stares at her without expression.  
  
"Make me stare at you as they fuck me from behind. Spanking me. Pulling my hair. Putting dicks in my mouth. I want your dick in my mouth Joshy." She gently whimpers.  
  
"We'll get there. Keep going."  
  
"Your friends holding me down and taking turns fucking me. Dicks in my pussy and my butthole. Mouth at the same time. Mouths over both of my nipples. I want to make you proud of me."  
  
"I need you to prove to me you can do that Paige. If you want me to make you my girl you have to show me you can do that."  
  
"I will. I promise."  
  
"I hear snoring." He tilts his head toward the hallway. Sure enough Lonnie had started the prerecorded CD and put it in his stereo. He had recorded an entire night of slumber so that he could use it for tonight.   
  
"Daddy is asleep."  
  
"Straddle my lap." He pats her hip encouraging her to escape her comfy spot. She carefully moves into position facing him, her knees to each side of his muscular legs. Afraid suddenly to touch him her hands lingered at her sides. She blushes brightly as he glares at her. "Arm over your head." She commits as his hands guide her tank up and over her head and arms. It gets tossed aside. He then pulls her chest toward him and reaches both hands around to unclasp her bra. As her tits vacated the cups he threw it on the floor. Sizing her up he faintly smiles. "Perfection."  
  
"Thank you." She manages through trembling lips.  
  
He delicately runs his fingers up her belly and trickles them over her breasts. Cupping them in his mighty hands he squeezes them. Kneading her tits just to watch the impressions his fingers were leaving. Paige closed her eyes and tilted her head back. As he admired her throat his hands released her tits and slid North to surround her neck again. Using both hands for a darker control. His thumbs press a bit on her windpipe taking her breath away. She got goosebumps over every square inch of her body. Possibly inside if that were even...well, possible. Hands still around her neck he pulls her toward him and kisses her hard on the lips. Paige Turner lost her soul at first kiss. This was beyond her wildest fantasies. His hands held her locked into his kiss. Not that she ever wanted to escape it. Daddy just might have made a terrible mistake. Paige began to yearn for this kind of treatment. Her own hands went to the sides of his face and held his features captive. Josh loved her retaliation. As thrilling as the steamy kiss was Josh guided her away, unclasping her throat. She pouted at their removal. She took his lower lip with her forcing him to sigh. Sitting her upright he holds a finger up to make her wait.   
  
Removing his polo shirt brought Paige's eyes to his massive chest muscles. The Bear was ripped. Even little veins were popping beneath his mass of fur. Touching them he studies her expression of awe. Her mouth wide. Eyes bulging with a bit of fear in them. As she caressed his chest he smiles at her. Massive hands land on her butt squeezing them. Making his pecs quiver made her jump and giggle. "Do it again." He does and she sighs heavily.  
  
"Your turn." He winks.  
  
Paige channels her energy but ends up just shaking her tits in front of his face. That leads Josh to leave her ass and roam both hands up her back until he reaches her shoulder blades. There he nudges her forward and devours her left nipple. She again reels back and moans softly. His tender feeding moved to her right nipple. She whimpered at his tongue swirling her areola. So very sensitive.  
  
"Ohhhh Joshy." A palm reaches up to cup her mouth to silence even a whisper. Once removed she embraces his continual feast. She worried she might end up with excessive marks and had to break the silence. "No hickies. Daddy can't find hickies anywhere."  
  
"Thought you wanted it rough."  
  
"I do. Maybe next time? I swear I want hickies all over me. Just...not on my first date."  
  
"How did you lose your virginity if you never dated a guy?"  
  
"Bicycle accident when I was young. I've had sex once though. A boy from school." She lied to protect her future.  
  
"Alright. Ready for that massage?"  
  
"Yessssssss. Carry me."  
  
He chuckles lightly and stands up with her still straddling his lap. Her legs clinging harder as if he would drop her. She was a feather to him. He takes her to the floor right in front of the fire. Kneeling over her he peels her away and watches her stretch out. Noticing her Down comforter folded up in a basket next to the fireplace he stands up and goes to get it. Fanning it out over her like a tent he hides her listening to her giggle. She grabs an edge and rolls herself out on top of it curling up so cutely.  
  
"Damn sexy Paige. All you need now is your teddy bear." He eyes the tiny bear Nanny cam. She guesses his thoughts and reacts.  
  
"Nooo. I need Fuzzy." She hops up and wiggles away peering over her shoulder at him knowing he was looking at her heart shaped bottom. Passing in front of Lonnie's door she blows a kiss at unseen eyes. If she could see Lonnie she would have shot another kiss back at her. He was busy stroking his cock. She swooped up her age old Teddy Bear and tiptoed back to Josh. Dropping to her knees on the blanket she stretches out on her tummy and holds Fuzzy like a child. Josh grit his teeth looking at her clam and pucker. Those holes were calling out to him. Leering over his shoulder he still hears violent snoring. Convinced he was safe he lowers over her and whispers. "Got lotion?"  
  
"Baby oil. Behind the basket. I planned ahead." She wiggles her butt at him. He nods and steps over to find the large bottle and returns with it. From her side he opens the bottle and trickles a stream down her spine to her butt crack. Corked and set aside he went to work glossing her up. Her body glowing in the fires eternal flickering.  
  
"Mind if I turn the TV off?"  
  
"No. Chucky scares me anyways."  
  
He stretches over to the stand the remote was on and shuts the TV off. Now he had her sole attention. There was one more final detail. Standing over her she looks up at him. He watched her eyes as he unzipped his shorts and dropped them. He wasn't wearing underwear. Out of his cave came the mighty Grizzly. Nine inches of pop can girth. His crown alone made her shiver. It was thicker than Uncle Greg's.

"Oh my goshy Joshy. He...He's humongous."  
  
"This is going in every hole you have."  
  
She sheepishly smiles and cuddles with Fuzzy. "Rub me."  
  
Nodding at her delicious shyness he dropped back down to his knees and went to town. Enormous hands rolled and pressed all over her satiny body. She cooed and moaned at every fingertips starvation of her flesh. Reaching her butt he moves between her legs and digs his massage deep into her butt crack. Thumbs sinking inside her pussy and asshole both. She hid her face in Fuzzy and gripped her comforter dragging it about the floor at her sides. Moving higher he straddled her butt and let his python cock slither along her crack. She could feel enormous balls press against her clam. They were warm and full. His hands working her shoulders as he thrusts his hips offering her a serpent ready to enter paradise.  
  
"Want my cock in that pussy little girl?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Can you handle something this big?"  
  
"Uh huh!" She remains hidden but nods her affirmation. Then it dawned on her Daddy said condom. She looks up shyly, "Do you have a rubber?"  
  
"Nothing fits this beast. Changing your mind?"  
  
She offers a worried look. "No. Fuck me."  
  
"That's what I thought." He lifts her up to her knees and follows her flaming arrow up inside her tight little pussy. His very crown made her gasp and bulge her eyes. Mouth open in awe of the mushroom burrowing deeper. She held her breath whimpering as inch by inch he slithered deep. She manages to take eight of nine before tensing up. He grips her shoulder with one hand and wraps the other around her neck. "How you feeling Paige?"  
  
"That's a lot. It feels really good."  
  
"I haven't even pulled out and gone back in."  
  
"Slow at first...no...I can take it. I know I can. Fuck me Joshy."  
  
He grins and drags out six inches before slamming hard back in. Nine actually it home. She yelps then holds Fuzzy up to her mouth to drown out her further moans. Her glasses were steaming up under her exhales. Observing his beast sink and retreat taking her pink recesses with him made him that much hornier. Growling lightly he gets into a steady rhythm. Releasing her shoulder but maintaining her throat he squeezes it. His available hand rises up to her ass rubbing it and prying her left butt cheek to the side.   
  
"My dick looks badass moving in and out. Liking it Beautiful?"  
  
"Y-y-yes." She trembles controlling her verbal desire to scream bloody murder.  
  
His thumb dips in her anal cavity sinking deep with his thrusts. She convulses at his torments but loves the sensations all the same. Harder and harder he takes her.   
  
Removing his thumb he considers something to test her desires to please him. If this idea worked he was going to put her through hell. Her weight nothing to him he grabs her shoulder tightly and gently begins climbing to his feet. She clutched Fuzzy firmly to her chest as Josh literally picks her 100 pound body off the ground. Her feet curl around his upper legs for leverage. His hands on her shoulder and throat held her hostage. Dick still fucking her pussy with dedication the giant turns around making her face her Father's doorway. She dropped her jaw at his aggressive nature.   
  
Still hearing snores Josh smirks. "Let's go for a walk."  
  
Whimpering he takes a step forward. Then another. Three more. Two more He had carried her down the hallway to her Father's door. Noting it ajar Josh whispers, "Push his door open."  
  
"Nooo!" She barely whispers but does so praying her Father didn't get busted. Lonnie had noticed Josh's approach and swiftly dove under his covers before they reached him. Realizing his CD player had two tiny lights on it he tosses his underwear over it blanking out the thin lights perfectly. Rolling over he continues feigning slumber.  
  
Watching her Father's silhouette Paige nearly faints as Josh continues plunging in and out of her sloppy cunt. In the doorway Josh smirked. This was fucking incredible. Her Dad was definitely a deep sleeper like she told him. Popping his neck he considers retreat until he sees Paige hold Fuzzy over her face with her left hand but wave him to go in further with her right. He was definitely impressed. Taking the risk he enters the room and hovers her face other the bed. She could easily reach out and touch him. Nose running. Glasses slipping from the bridge of her nose she motions even further. This bitch was crazy. Josh stepped forward one more foot. It was there he sees her remove Fuzzy from her mouth and hold her breath. She sits her teddy bear next to her Father and endures Josh. He was fucking her slowly now knowing a feverish round of hard thrusts would make her moan loud.  
  
Enough was enough he retreated to the hallway. She motioned to be put down. He relents and pulls her up as her feet slip from his legs. Lifting her off of his cock he sets her on her feet quietly. She turns and kneels before him and licks his crown. Eyes affixed on Josh's she swallows his cock while using both hands to stroke the remaining inches she couldn't devour. He grins at her and reaches down to remove her thick rimmed glasses. Her green eyes were full of life.   
  
"That's it Little girl. Suck that cock." Placing her glasses on his head he reaches both hands to acquire her pigtails holding her mouth firm over his girth. Her jaw nearly at capacity he gags her. As her throat chokes he watches Lonnie roll over and face them. Still snoring. In the dark Lonnie watched his daughter take it like a pro.  
  
The Bear observes Lonnie for further movement noting the stuffed teddy bear fall off the mattress on to the floor. A soft landing was expected. Releasing her tails he lifts her away from his cock and stands her up. She yearned for more. In a bold move one of his mighty hands grips her shoulder. The other cups her drenched pussy. Lifting her he surprises her turning her upside down. He holds her tightly and eases his hands to palm her hips. Hoisting her weight higher he nestles his mouth into her pussy and devours her hole with his tongue. She in return grabbed his cock and sucked him upside down. Squeezing his balls he squirms not wanting to cum. Her faint moans demanded creamy goodness. Right there just outside Lonnie's opened door. Lonnie watched it all jerking off under his blankets.  
  
Hearing Paige moan he knew she was ready to cum and cum hard. Josh prepared turns and carries her back to the living room. Coaxing her off of his cock she finds saliva slobbering over her face until she was upright in his arms. Facing him she wraps her legs around his waist as he lowers a single hand to reunite her pussy with Grizzly Adams. He allowed her to thrust up on him as they stared into each others eyes. Her gyrations making her emotional. She reclaims her glasses from his head and puts them back on. She had missed them.  
  
"You're making a good impression little girl."  
  
"Am I?" She whimpers at each pass over her G-spot.  
  
"Still want my friends?"  
  
"Do you want your friends to have me?"  
  
"Next date in two weeks? Give me time to give the lucky bastards a call?"  
  
"Can they all cum on me?"  
  
"Let it rain. Let it rain."  
  
"I'm going to cum all over you now." She hugs him tightly and squeals loudly, body tensing to gush a warm fountain around his nine iron cock. As her eyelids open she peers down the hallway to see her Father standing in his doorway jerking hard. He gives her a thumbs up as she shyly smiles and rolls her cheek along Josh's hairy neck.   
  
Forced to leave her Father's gaze she is carried to the floor again. Settling her down on the white blanket Josh drowns her body in his mass. Her hands exploring every bulging muscle he possessed as he began fucking her missionary. She began kissing his chest as he pumped harder and harder. His arms reaching back to grip her ankles he pries her legs wide and reels back to his knees. His muscles daunting her imagination she reaches in and rubs her clit. The moaning got louder and louder. Her face beet red she weeps. "Joshy. I want you."  
  
"I want to own you."  
  
"Own me?"  
  
"That's right."  
  
Her eyes dance emotionally feeling every mad thrust this giant slammed in her. She studies his face then reaches up to palm his cheek. "After I graduate?"  
  
"How much longer?"  
  
"Three weeks."  
  
"Three weeks then. Twenty of my friends to congratulate you on getting that diploma."  
  
"Hickies everywhere then. Possess me Joshy."  
  
He offers a very happy expression then creases his brow. Joshua was ready to detonate. Violent thrusts inside her make her yelp loudly. Suddenly, Josh didn't care if her Father woke up. He felt good about owning this little cunt. He groans gruffly reeling his head back to feel every tight hot recoil of her pinkness. Her jaw wide ready to cum yet again at his relentless destruction. Both let the windows shake. Paige began screaming..."OH GOD! FUCK ME JOSHY. HARDER. HARDER."  
  
With a vengeful look in his eyes he holds out until she flourishes into another screaming orgasm. Eyes wound back into her head he slams harder than ever. Releasing her ankles her legs flail to his sides. His hands reach in to collar her neck. Thumbs pressing her throat. Her mind was lost in the moment. Knowing his limit Josh stands while holding her throat. With wobbling legs his cock explodes a torrent of milky lava all over her belly and fiery arrow. Inching higher a second gut controlled splatter coats her tits. He knew he had another round in his swollen chamber. Releasing her throat he hobbles over her face and strokes his beast fiercely until that final outburst peppered her entire face. Droplets bead up on her glasses. Exhausted he drops to her side and drags her in to cuddle with him. She couldn't breath. The sex was too intense. She was so numb she didn't bother to attempt wiping his cum away.  
  
"J-Joshy?" She pouted as his arm held her closer.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I think my Daddy is awake. I don't hear snoring."  
  
"What?" Josh lifts his head to see Lonnie standing over them wearing only jeans. Arms folded he shakes his head.  
  
"Is that all you got?"  
  
"Shit!" Josh covers his eyes with his forearm. He feels Paige stir in his arms rolling over to face him. Removing his arm she warmly smiles at the Bear before leaning in to kiss him. Wet cum dabbed his face as they Frenched. He felt her hand slip down through his hair to stroke his cock. Knowing Lonnie was watching Josh had to break away and shoot a glance of disbelief toward Lonnie. In his masked uncertainty Josh found Lonnie had gone to his bedroom and was returning with her teddy bear Fuzzy. Crouching behind his daughter he hands her the bear and looks at Josh. She was still stroking him lovingly.  
  
"I think she likes you Josh. I'm going back to bed. I expect to hear her screaming for another hour. She keeps that damned bear with her the whole time."  
  
"Thank you Daddy." She shyly waves goodbye.  
  
"What the fuck Paige?" Josh slapped his forehead out of astonishment.  
  
"You can still own me. Daddy just wants what's best for me."  
  
"Are you two freaks or something?"  
  
"He lets me do what I want. But, I have to obey his wishes until I graduate. After that I can be yours." She plays the game.  
  
"Unbelievable. Fuck it." He jumps to his feet and picks her up. Tossing her over his shoulder he marches down the hall and kicks Lonnie's door open. Lonnie shocked as he laid there saw Josh walk around the foot of the bed and hurl Paige down beside him. Without regret Josh climbs in over her and drags her in for a new penetration. He fucks Paige right beside her Father. She instantly begins moaning. "Joshy!" He roughly turns her face to Lonnie. "Talk to him not me." Josh had no idea this was easy to do.  
  
"Hi Daddy. Josh is fucking me really hard. I love it."  
  
"Good to know you have a guy that can satisfy you."  
  
"Daddy?" She holds her teddy bear under her cheek in a seductive manner as Josh pounds her cunt hard. She whimpers and yelps while trying to speak.   
  
"Yes Sweetheart?"  
  
"His dick is so big inside me. Oh my God Daddy. I really like Joshy."  
  
"Sounds like it."  
  
"He wants to own me Daddy."  
  
"Oh really?" Lonnie nods glaring at a sweat drenched Josh who dared to look at her Father. "That true Josh?"  
  
"After she graduates I'm taking her to live with me. I'm going to do unspeakable things to your little girl here."  
  
"Gonna provide a good life for her?"  
  
"Absolutely."  
  
"Owning her is a big move. You talking slave?"  
  
"Collar and all."  
  
"I see. Look at her tits bounce. That's her happy dance."  
  
Josh looks down to see her tits overactive at his pounding thrusts. Her cries were getting deafening.  
  
"Daaaaaaaaaaadddddy!" Fuzzy was along for the frisky ride. Crushed under her chin for comfort she whimpered shyly with each graze upon her G-spot. Paige was falling in love. It would be the first of many loves.  
  
"If you're going to keep her you better fuck her harder Buddy."  
  
Josh shakes his sweat from his brow. "Unreal. This is a major fucking turn on."  
  
"You started it. I'm just biting my tongue because I love my little girl. Here! She likes her clit rubbed." Lonnie reaches under Josh to tease her clit with his thumb. She bulges her eyes and looks up at Josh.  
  
"You fuck your daughter don't you?"  
  
"I'm not stopping you from fucking Paige as often as you like. Yes I do. Even if you take her from my home I'm going to fuck her. Is that understood Charles Atlas?"  
  
Mind blown Josh feels a new urge to detonate. Nodding his agreement Josh rears o his knees and wipes his brow with his forearm. "Time for another coat of paint." He pulls out and raises her hips to direct his new snowfall right on her clit Josh nails it. Slapping her clit with his crown as he stroked she reaches one hand up to touch Josh's belly. Her other hand out to caress her Father's cheek.  
  
"I love you Daddy."  
  
"Love you too Sweetheart."  
  
Cum froths from his urethra and produces a dairy of puddled milk over her red pubes. She coos. Josh stretches wildly as his cock rests on her cunt. Eying Lonnie he puckers in thought.  
  
"Tell your Dad what I'm going to make you do to prove that you want me."  
  
She shyly hugs Fuzzy and whispers, "I'm going to fuck all of his friends in front of him."  
  
Eyes widening Lonnie takes it all in. "If she gets hurt I'm gonna take you out."  
  
"Come on over and watch her. Few beers. We can share in their instruction."  
  
"Instruction or destruction?"  
  
"Both I guess."  
  
"Twenty Daddy."  
  
"You want this Paige?" Lonnie narrows his eyes.   
  
"Yes."  
  
"Alright. Not until after graduation though. Until then she's mine."  
  
"Deal." Josh fist bumps Lonnie. Paige squeals and kicks her feet excitedly.  
  
"Let me walk you out." Lonnie motions it was time to leave.  
  
Leaning down over her for one last thirty second kiss Paige melts into Josh's chest with her palms. She could feel his heartbeat. Peeling away Josh whispers, "Miss me."  
  
She snuggles with Fuzzy tightly and nods with a puffed lower lip. She was ordered to remain in Lonnie's bed until Josh was gone. Giving him time to get dressed Lonnie grabs two fresh beers and walks Josh to his truck a large Silver Dodge Ram. Leaning on the truck swigging their beers Lonnie starts the conversation.  
  
"How serious are you? No bullshit."  
  
"I want her."  
  
"I own her right now. We share or no deal. You get her a weekend. I get her a week."  
  
"I swear I won't let anyone hurt her."  
  
"Condoms on your friends. I'll be there but nobody knows I'm her Dad. She's a little impressionable still but she counts on me. I'm going to level with you Josh. If you want her as your toy you'll accept what I have to say."  
  
"I'm listening."  
  
"This Tender thing. I've encouraged her to make more dates with guys. I want her to keep those dates."  
  
"Long as I have my fun with her."  
  
"She does like you I can tell."  
  
"Someday I'll want her fulltime Lonnie."  
  
"And, I'll grant you that. Maybe I'm a sick motherfucker Josh but I like watching my daughter get sexy and fuck hard."  
  
"Sick as you I guess. I'm the same way." He clinks Lonnie's bottle.  
  
"She has another date tomorrow. You in?"  
  
"What's your plan?"  
  
"A guy named Bryan is taking her to the lake. Grab some buddies and meet me there. Bryan doesn't know what I look like so we can play along. Let's let him enjoy Paige and I'll have her naked laying in the sun. We give him plenty of time but we give Paige plenty of excitement. Deal?"  
  
"Damn! Evil Dad Lonnie."  
  
"Takes evil to know evil. I do love my kid, I just know she's become a nympho. Protective encouragement makes us all happy. You watch my back I'll allow you to own Paige."  
  
"Hey Daddy?" josh nods finishing off his beer before finishing his sentence. "Go fuck your kid. She's got another orgasm in her."  
  
Lonnie offers a queer expression. "That kid has twenty orgasms in her."  
  
"Then keep her going all night. I'm heading home. You've got my number text or call me with the game plan. I'll touch base with some of my buds."  
  
"Night Josh."  
  
Fists bump one last time then Josh climbs in his truck and drives off. Lonnie finishes his beer and heads inside to have a loooong talk with his hot ass nerd. He didn't fuck her again. He merely jerked off in front of her as they talked. Inspecting her for bruises and hickies he found only a thumb print bruise on her shoulder. Paige got lucky this time.  
  
Together they fell asleep in each others arms on the blanket in the living room.   
  
Fuzzy standing guard.

**Paige Ch. 11: Pony Tail**

Sunday morning 8:15 AM  
  
"I think Joshy stretched me out Daddy. My vajayjay is tender."  
  
"Vajayjay?" Lonnie Turner chuckled as he shaved his stubble from his chin. Her glares down at Paige taking a bubble bath beside him. "Is that what you call a vagina these days?"  
  
"It's better than saying pussy."  
  
"You're new to getting fucked Daughter of mine. That's all. You were worried some after Greg too. It's because you're getting some big ass dicks. I'm beginning to wonder what these bastards are eating to get that size."  
  
"A dick size has to do with a healthy diet?"  
  
"I'm kidding. You worried about how big Bryan is?"  
  
"No. He said seven inches when you allowed me to talk to him on the phone after school Tuesday. Daddy...Josh didn't wear a condom. I know you said he had to but he said no condom fits him."  
  
"I'll deal with Josh next time." Finished shaving Lonnie wipes the excess shaving cream from his face, looking for any missed spots. "I know you want to experience everything sex has to offer, but now that my head isn't screwed up by last night, we need to discuss this."  
  
"About him owning me after I graduate?"  
  
"That too." He hadn't told her what He and Josh discussed outside before he left. Now that Lonnie had time to think he felt wrong about cutting deals. Even if Paige was his outlet to fixate his own fucked up fantasies this was his daughter and he loved her dearly. He felt she was only doing this for him. Yet, he also could see it in her eyes how much sex was consuming her thoughts. "This notion of you fucking all of his friends is what bothers me. He told you what 20?"  
  
"25." She flares her eyes, teeth clenched with a hint of fear yet exhilaration.  
  
"That's a lot Paige. That's a fucking gangbang."  
  
"Isn't that the same as being with three of my Uncles?"  
  
"Well...yeah it is. However, do the math Miss Straight A's. Big difference between four including me and 25. Even if I'm there to protect you I can't stop 25 guys on my own. Hell I doubt I could stop Josh."  
  
"You could invite the Uncles to watch and help you if you need it." She blows bubbles from her palm with a goofy expression.  
  
"That wouldn't be a good idea. I don't think we should tell them about any of this. Promise me you won't talk about it in front of them. Uncle Greg is going to drop you off at Bryan's later. So not a word about Josh. Am I clear?"  
  
"Yes Daddy. I don't have to do this with Josh and his friends. I have lots of guys on Tender I can date still."  
  
"I made it clear to Josh last night..."He catches himself not wanting to indulge too much about the insane deals he had with Josh. He was just on an all time lust high when they spoke. He felt like an idiot at the moment. To make matters worse Josh and a few friends were going to meet Lonnie out at the lake while Paige was on her date with Bryan Colby. Lonnie wanted to give Paige a few unexpected surprises. Even if it pissed Bryan off.   
  
"About what?"  
  
He puffs his cheeks and sits down on the side of the bathtub. "Alright listen. I'm going to level with you, but first I need you to be 200% honest with me about what's in your head."  
  
"Ok."  
  
"Are you ONLY wanting to pursue this because you know I'm a fucking pervert?"  
  
"Josh?"  
  
"And friends."  
  
"I think Josh is the sexiest man I've ever seen. I loved fucking him. When he carried me to your bedroom the first time I was terrified. But, once we left the room it felt as if I had conquered the world. If you had really been asleep it would have been hotter." She slouches in the tub allowing her healthy chest to bob up from the bubbles. Her nipples were fierce today thinking about all of this. "When you walked out into the living room and busted him I nearly peed. What you said to him brought the Bear out more. After he carried me over his shoulder to your bedroom again, then fucked me right beside you I wanted things like that more."  
  
"That doesn't quite answer my question."  
  
"I do everything for you because I want you to be you Daddy. Don't they call watching others a Voyeur?"  
  
"Yes they do. But, you're my daughter. That's pretty low. Sick is putting it mild."  
  
"Then I'm sick too. I like it when you watch me being fucked. Do I want Josh to own me? Is that even possible?"  
  
"From what you've told me about your Mother and her man Mark you should have an idea how possible that is."  
  
"Being tied up means being owned?"  
  
"Bondage stuff usually requires a Master and a slave. It sounds like Josh might want to be Master to a degree. I'm not sure I want you to be a slave Paige. Even though..."  
  
"Tell me Daddy. I can accept anything."  
  
"I kind of told Josh he could own you for short periods. I'm not prepared to let you do anything fulltime. We agreed that things like all his friends I had to be there."  
  
"Short periods?"  
  
"Weekend here and there. You're eighteen Paige it's not like I can keep you but I'd like a few more years with you. Cutting you loose leaves me all alone."  
  
"I'm yours forever Daddy. I am your blood."  
  
"When you really find your soulmate I'll let you go. Just don't look to hard for him. You're young and still impressionable. That's why I mentioned dating boys your age."  
  
"I'm not sure I want a boy my age. I guess because I've never dated before Josh and he's 32. Was that even a date?"  
  
"Yes and no. More of a hook up. Mainly because of me."  
  
"Did Daddy pimp me out?" She giggles.  
  
"No money involved but I guess I did." He shakes his head grinning.  
  
"You can pimp me out whenever you want. If it's as fun as last night. I hope today is just as much fun."  
  
"I set you up on Tender to get experience. Not just sex but dating. I figure that Comicon guy can be a real date. Even if I secretly tag along. I'll let you do your thing I'll just hang back."  
  
"But I like teasing. I want to tease Dillon too."  
  
"And Jeff the Rodeo Clown?" He laughs splashing water at her.   
  
"Stop that. I'll get soap in my eyes."  
  
"You're wearing your glasses to take a bath for cripes sake."  
  
Hearing a knock at the door then a gruff, "ANYBODY HOME?" They knew Uncle Greg was early. Lonnie merely looked toward the opened bathroom door and called back, "In here." Paige brightened up but continued her soaking. Lonnie turns the hot water on for her and increases her bubbles. She knew he wanted a tiny show.  
  
Trudging down the hall the bearded biker smirks, "You two taking a bath together now? Every time I see you two you're in hot water." He reaches the door and leans on the threshold. Lonnie nods at Paige and stands up.   
  
"I need to get dressed. You're lucky I'm wearing boxers."  
  
"There is a clothing God." Greg chuckled letting Lonnie pass. "How's the bubbles, Bubbles?"  
  
"Hug me." She sits up in the water offering awaiting arms.  
  
Greg puckers and steps toward the tub and starts to bend down when she climbs to her feet and shows off her gorgeous body covered in patches of foam. Greedily she hugs him. He literally picks her up out of the water and lets her throw her arms around his neck. She wraps her legs around his waist and get his clothes soaked. He didn't care. Having her tits crushed against his chest and his hands on that sweet ass was too much fun. Lifting away from his shoulder she stole a kiss to his lips. After a peck he grins. "Get those lips back in business." She kissed him long and hard. Paige loved kissing Uncle Greg. After three minutes he stands her back in the tub. "Better shut the flood down."   
  
The water level nearly touched the top of the tub. She quickly shut it off and pulled the plug to let some out.  
  
"So you're going on your first real date, huh?"  
  
"Yes, to the lake. Bryan is going to take me riding on a horsey too."  
  
"Sounds fun. Bryan eh? How old is Bryan?"  
  
"I think he said 28. He has his own home. Two horses."  
  
"Your Dad asked me to drop you off and get my opinion of him." Not the full truth. Greg didn't know Lonnie was going to the lake ahead of Bryan and Paige. He was told that Lonnie had to meet up with his ex wife Paula over child support. Greg wasn't totally convinced that was the truth. "Bother you I check him out?"  
  
"No. I just want a ride on your Harley."  
  
"First time on a bike isn't it?"  
  
"Yessssss. First time on a real horsey too." She rests back observing him check out her chest. She intentionally trails a finger around her nipple to keep him interested.  
  
"I guess I need to buy you some ass less chaps for the next ride." He chuckles.  
  
She snorts and blushes, "I would wear them too. I could wear my butt zipper jeans. Same concept."  
  
He looks over his shoulder for Lonnie before mouthing, "Wear them." She shivers and nods. She knew her Dad would know so it wasn't going to be any secret. She was leaving before him so there would be no hiding them. Chances were good Lonnie would be all for it anyway.  
  
"What time is it Uncle Greg?"  
  
"8:46." He looks at his wristwatch.  
  
"I better get ready too. I'm supposed to be at Bryan's at 10:00." She decides to let the water go ahead and empty out seeing as it was already draining the overflow. Seeing a big white towel Greg became a gentleman nd held it out for her. She climbs out carefully and turns her back to him. He hated to hide that beautiful body but he smothered her in cotton. Holding her tight with the towel around her chest he kisses her neck before giving her space. A whisper to her ear got her wet where it counted.  
  
"I'm going to talk your Dad into letting me fuck you again. Alright with you?"  
  
She turns swiftly and bounces in step, "Oh my Gosh! Yessssssss!"  
  
"If you weren't going out with Bryan, I'd take you somewhere and fuck you on that Harley."  
  
"After school some night. Talk Daddy into it. Pleeeeeassssse?"  
  
"I'll see what I can do."  
  
"Yay!" She claps her hands as if praying.  
  
"Get ready. I'm going out there and having a talk with Lon."  
  
"I just need to dry my hair and ohhhhh!" She unwraps her towel. "See how Daddy shaved my pubes?" Drying her hair reminded her he hadn't seen her new arrow. Greg puffed his lower lip and reached down to lightly feel its softness. She blushed but shivered with delight at the same time.  
  
"He did a good job. Points right at your clit."  
  
"I love it. I'm never going to shave it off."  
  
"Can't go wrong. Get ready." He left her wishing he had rubbed her clit. Paige had zero control of her hormones. Her life was changing dramatically. Drying fully she hangs the towel up and breaks out her blow dryer and brush. Once dry she puts her long silky locks up in a ponytail tied with a lacy black ribbon. She would take that brush with her on her date.  
  
Joining Lonnie in the kitchen where he was pouring another cup of coffee, Greg went to the cupboard and grabbed a cup for himself. Lonnie tipped the coffee pot and filled his cup.   
  
"So let me in on things. Don't give me any bullshit I've known you too long." Greg blew into his cup to cool it. He liked it black.  
  
"She's liking this shit way too much. I've created a slut monster."  
  
"Regrets?"  
  
"Off and on. Until I look at her, looking at me and wanting it."  
  
"Y'know at first I thought you were fucking nuts letting us tap the punk. Now I find myself jerking off thinking about her. I'm not gonna apologize for that because you started this Lon."  
  
"Yeah I know. I can't be mad at any of you guys for that. I signed her up for Tender. Thinking maybe guys her age might be my ticket out of this. As of 6:00 this morning she was up to 1.484 dudes messaging her. They just keep coming."  
  
"If you don't put her on lockdown they'll be coming harder." He winks at Lonnie who scowls.  
  
"I hear ya. Crazy thing is all of them are older guys. Youngest I've noticed is 26 I think. They go up to 53. You just know those guys only want arm candy."  
  
"Little blue pill and a second childhood Bro."  
  
"Right. Look at us we're in our late 30's. I thought that was bad enough."  
  
"Maybe I should message her and get a date." Greg narrows his eyes and sips his coffee.  
  
Lonnie shrugs "Go for it. She likes all of her Uncles. It's not like you're true blood relatives."  
  
"Unlike you."  
  
"Don't rub the incest in."  
  
"Brother it's your life. I'm not knockin' ya."  
  
"You want more of Paige don't you?"  
  
"Yup."  
  
"I guess I can't stop you."  
  
"Do you want to stop me?" Greg knew Lonnie was hooked by his freak side.  
  
"No. I'd just rather be around when you guys do."  
  
"Let her breath on her own. You know we'll look out for her."  
  
"I know. Thanks."  
  
"No...thank you." Greg grips his crotch and chuckles.  
  
"Use a condom is all I ask. I stashed some in her book bag earlier. Paula got her on birth control but that's not full proof."  
  
"Nothing is. You rolled the roulette wheel Lon."  
  
Nodding without another word Lonnie looks at the clock on the kitchen stove. "Bout time for me to head out."  
  
"You really meeting Paula?"  
  
"Dammit Greg." He hated lying to his friend. "No. I'm going out to the lake early to spy on her and Bryan after they get there. Supposedly Bryan set up a camp site and has his horse trailer there so they only have to ride one way and have a way home later."  
  
"Fresh air will do her some good. Don't get caught."  
  
"She knows I'm going out there. He doesn't. I haven't met this Bryan so he has no idea what I look like." He ponders a bit. "Shit! I better take our picture off her cell screen in case she shows him accidently." They had taken selfies on her birthday together and one graced her opening screen proudly. "Give me a second." Lonnie sits his cup on the counter and goes to her room finding her cell charging on a bedside stand. Opening it up he finds a text from Bryan saying he was excited and waiting impatiently. A photo attached of he and a beautiful brown horse cheek to cheek. Nodding at the charmer he envisioned her riding it. Naked. Growling at himself he sends her pic to his phone because it was a great Father/Daughter moment. Removing it he replaces it with a picture she took of herself holding her damned teddy bear Fuzzy. It was adorable. Setting it back where it was he headed back to the kitchen.  
  
"Hey Lon? Would you object if I took a few pics of Paige for my phone?"  
  
"Bragging rights?"  
  
"Private moments." He chuckles.  
  
"Just don't show her off to guys that know her outside Mike and Andy."  
  
"Do you really wanna hide her hotness?"  
  
Grimacing he shrugs. "Just don't show them any nudes."  
  
"No promises." Greg was getting cocky.  
  
"You're an asshole Birch."  
  
"You created this asshole Doctor FrankenTurner."  
  
"Alright. Make her wear a helmet on your Harley ride."  
  
"She can wear mine. I'll be careful."  
  
"I know you will. It's only about fifteen miles to Bryan's farm. She's got his address on GPS already."  
  
"I'll find it. Want me to join you out at the lake to keep you company?"  
  
"Honestly, I kind of want the peace and quiet to reflect on things. You mind?" He just didn't want Greg knowing about Josh and friends.  
  
"All good. I got things to do at home later anyway. Text me how things are going."  
  
"Will do. I better check on her." He hears the bathroom door open and Paige shuffling to her bedroom humming. He left her be and the men finished another cup of coffee.  
  
By 9:20 Paige was looking drop dead gorgeous. Wearing her butt zipper jeans that hugged her lower half like a second skin, and one of her new lowcut shirts. She intentionally omitted any type of underwear wanting to feel free and sexier than she looked already. This particular one was red with no back and thin laces up the side that revealed flesh top to bottom. Add those to white heels that had thin leather laces interwoven about her ankles and mid calf she was screaming look at me guys. Packing up her burgundy bikini, sandals, lotion, perfume, brush, and a long t-shirt just in case it got cooler in her book bag she was ready to go. She did notice a box of condoms that made her giggle.  
  
"Ready!" She waltzes into the living room and sits her bag on the recliner to let her do a 360 for the men to let them react to her beauty. Whistles made her blush and dance about. Lonnie stops her with hands on her shoulders. Looking her eye to glasses he smiles. "Have fun. Don't look for me at the lake you might make Bryan suspicious. Devote your attention to him."  
  
"I'm a little scared but I'll be okay."  
  
"Wear Greg's helmet until you get to Bryan's."  
  
She nods as Lonnie fist bumps Greg and leads the three out the door. Making certain she wore the helmet he waited until both were on the Harley and settled. Backpack on snugly so she didn't lose it Greg roared the bike to life. The sheer vibration struck her hormones like lightning. Wet like never before. She wraps her arms around Greg's waist and crushes her tits against his back. He chuckled at her reactions. With a nod Greg rode off with his new biker babe.  
  
Lonnie jumped into his car and headed for Lake Gerard. He would have plenty of time to snoop and find places to hide. A call to Josh saying he was heading out, Josh informed him of only three friends joining them. It was good enough.  
  
Greg escaped the city limits in under ten minutes. Reaching the countryside he took a shortcut knowing the area well. To her surprise he stops along the road at a patch of oak trees and shuts his bike off. She lifts her visor and questions the move.   
  
"Why are we stopping Uncle Greg?"  
  
"I'm not waiting."  
  
He crawls off the bike and leaves her in the seat behind where he sat. Helping her out of the helmet he sits it on in the grass. Book bag peeled from her shoulders it hits the ground too. She shivers at his silent actions.  
  
"Time to take some pictures Biker Babe."  
  
"Won't I be late? Bryan might call."  
  
"He can stew a few minutes. Text him you're running late but it will be worth it." She does so after he obtains it from her bag for her. She notices then her Father had removed the picture of them together. Bryan texts back with "I'll be here."  
  
Once confirmed Greg puts her cell back in the bag and nudges her forward to lay over the bike tank. Placing her hands on the handlebars he grins. "Don't move." He then unzips her butt zipper jeans all the way to the crotch in front. Her beautiful clam in all of its glossy glory revealed itself. Butt pucker tiny and sexy as hell.  
  
"I'm liking this Uncle Greg." She giggles.  
  
"I need some pics on my phone to lust over." He chuckles snapping closeups and moving to all angles. Facing her for a face shot he winks. "Fold your arms over the tank and put your chin down. Look up with those gorgeous green eyes and look seductive."   
  
Her modelling skills honing she gives him her best.  
  
"Did Daddy tell you a guy we met at the Mall wants to take pictures of me? He does modelling portfolios."  
  
"News to me. I want copies of every pic he takes for my bedroom wallpaper." He laughs.  
  
"Take more pics of me Uncle Greg."  
  
"Take your shirt off."  
  
"What if cars drive by?"  
  
"Wave and shake your tits at them."  
  
She snickers, "Okay." Off came her shirt and it went to her bag. Shivering at a cool morning breeze her nipples spiraled out of control. Even her areolas had a vibrant ring about them.  
  
"Sit up. Hands in your hair." Her tits were mountains of youthful perkiness. More angle shots were taken. "Those jeans have to go. I want totally nude." She giddily unlaced her shoes and hopped from the bike to slither out of her jeans. Once nude he helps her back on the bike laying her backwards on it and positioning her how he wanted her. "Fucking beautiful Punk."  
  
"I love showing off for you Uncle Greg." She observes him moving about taking more shots. She goes so far as to touch her clit rubbing it. He ate it up. Fingers dip inside her cunt. He licked his lips.  
  
"Sit up. Lean over the seat. Legs up on the bars." More shots. He pauses to unzip his own jeans and whip his nine iron out into the fresh air. Her eyes marveled at his hard erection. Stepping closer to her face he winks. "Open that mouth. I want a BJ pic." She lets him guide his crown inside her throat and plants her lips tightly around it. Her eyes sparkling. He moves her glasses to her hair to avoid the reflections. He needed yearning gaze. She certainly gave it to him. Seeing her lips locked about his girth and a good five inches left out made for an awesome photo. Pulling out of her disappointed mouth he lays his cock over her face at an angle that led her to lick his balls for a picture. Growling at his hormones he orders her to turn around and sit forward on the seat. He struggles to get close enough to penetrate her cunt for a picture. Half penetration led to another perfect pic. "FUCK IT." He pulls out and removes his boots and jeans. Only socks and t-shirt left he scoots her forward on the seat and climbs behind her. He pulls her close and encourages her to rise up enough to install his beast back inside her. "Ride my cock." Pics went to video. She did her best to gyrate and fuck him. Pushing her forward by her head he snatches up her ponytail and takes video pulling her hair. Her hands went back to the bars.

"This is so cool Uncle Greg."  
  
"Work that pussy."  
  
"I'm trying."  
  
He wanted to slap her ass but didn't have enough hands. Finally he drags her up to sit on his dick by her ponytail. This gave her a bit more leverage. His hand moves from her tail to cup her throat. She trembled at his sudden inspiration.  
  
"Fuck your pussy feels good around my cock."  
  
"Your cock feels really good inside my pussy." She breathlessly huffs her glasses slipping back over her brow. She catches them and puts them on. Go nerd go. His arm extends up under her to capture what he could in an impossible angle for any clear and full approach. Merely closeups of her bouncing titties and his knuckles about her throat. Panning down shots of his cock moving in and out of her due to her ride. His swollen balls bulbous beneath her. Still a good arrangement.   
  
"I love you Uncle Greg."  
  
"I love you too Squirt."  
  
"I might squirt." She giggles.  
  
As the ride continued they don't hear an oncoming truck. Consumed by desire their attention doesn't recognized outside activity until the truck stops right next to them in the road. Paige squeals but Greg holds her steady. "Don't stop." She didn't, even though she looked through the corner of her eyes at the truck. A man gets out and makes his way around the bed of the pickup and dares to strike up a conversation.  
  
"Need some help recording yourselves?" She knew the voice. In her thoughts she panics. It was Josh the Bear. A friend of his in the passenger side of the truck leaning out grinning from ear to ear. Stepping into view she smiles. He smiles back. Greg considered the offer and passed his cell off to Josh. It became trust. Josh in turn steps back and chuckles. "Tear it up."  
  
Greg became a bit more aggressive. His free hand moving down to rub her clit viciously. The new sensations made her yelp and whine in shrill offerings. Just seeing Josh nodding his appreciation made her want to perform her best. Her left hand reaches back to palm Greg's cheek as she huffs. "I can feel your dick throbbing inside me Uncle Greg."  
  
Josh reacts to this Uncle thing with curiosity. Was Paige being fucked by her entire family? Lonnie would explain it to him later. For now he enjoyed watching her writhe up and down somewhat awkwardly on the cock of Gregory Allen Birch. Greg knew her leverage wasn't as good as it could be. With a strength unheard of he reaches down and prompts her to rise up placing her feet on the tank. Still inside her he coaxes her with assistance to dramatically turn around to face him. This made it easier to hold her hips steady. The turn stormed her sanity as his beefy crown caressed her G-spot. She throws her arms around his neck and resumes her ride. His hand supporting her left hip and spine. Paige was then met with warm kisses to her throat. She loved the tender passion of his kisses. So did Greg. So did Josh. So did the passenger. Still holding and kissing her he guides Paige back and begins fucking her himself. She let him do the dirty work from that point on.  
  
"Fucking hot Dude." Josh expressed recording every move. Every emotion. Paige loved being the center of attention. As Greg kissed her throat heavily she peers up at Josh. She whimpered and yearned at him as if wanting his attention too. He merely wagged his tongue at her. "Your girl loves being watched." She nods sheepishly and mouths, "I want you Joshy." He wanted her too. Paige wanted them all. Noting the guy still in the truck she flutters her fingers at him and moans. Josh knew then that she might actually want to do the things he wanted to see. Namely all of his friends.  
  
Grunting Greg had to pull out and merely rub his python over her quivering thighs. The sensation of foreskin on flesh made his hose spray. A firm steady shot sprinkles out over her belly and the underside of her tits. After his elegant show he puts his hand to work and jettisons more cum in a more dedicated flow. She moaned even louder until Greg had finished then slapped his crown on her clit ferociously. She rolls her eyes back and embraces the sensations. It was enough to ignite her own brewing orgasm. A mad re-entry inside her aided her climax. She screamed and dug her nails into Greg's t-shirt tugging it about. As the symphony faded Greg reels back and stands tall. Watching Paige convulse over his bike was amazing. Josh walked around her capturing every twitch. Finally as Paige revives and looks up she blushes and rubs Greg's cum all over her. All three men admired her loyalty.  
  
Hand extended Greg pulls her up and removes his shirt in order to use it to clean her up. Luckily she had perfume in her bag to mask the scent of cum. "Get dressed. You have a date to get to." She nearly collapsed trying to stand so Greg assisted her as Josh stood idle with Greg's cell. Once dressed he too put his clothes on.  
  
"Here's your cell. I'll leave you two alone. You just looked like you needed a hand."  
  
"Nothing like fucking outdoors." Greg chuckled. "Thanks for stopping."  
  
"Don't mention it. Thanks for the show Beautiful." He winks at Paige and turns to walk away. She merely hugs up next to Greg watching the truck pull away. She kept it a secret that she knew Josh.   
  
"Helmet on."  
  
"Uncle Greg? Did you like those guys watching us?"  
  
"Didn't bother me. You?"  
  
"I like being watched."  
  
"Bryan's waiting."  
  
"I hope he fucks me at the lake."  
  
"If he doesn't he's a homo."  
  
She giggles. "I'm ready."  
  
A kickstand lifted and a bike fired up the travelers moved on. First time on a bike. Soon to be the first on a horse. Paige Turner was quickly becoming an Easy Rider.  
  
She hugged Uncle Greg tightly from beneath his t-shirt. Her fingers roaming amid his chest hair. They didn't leave his body until they pulled up at Bryan's home. Luckily Bryan was at the barn and didn't see their affections being made so public. As Bryan's golden retriever met them Paige crawled off the bike and removed her helmet. Leaning in to kiss Greg on the cheek he smirked. "Want me to meet your date?"  
  
"No. Thanks for the rides Uncle Greg. Call me."  
  
"Will do Punk."  
  
As Bryan approached Greg waved at him then decided not to head out regardless of her no. He felt like introductions. It didn't truly matter. She was still excited.  
  
"I'm here."  
  
All Bryan could do was whistle.

**Paige Ch. 12: Snow White**

"I'm here!"  
  
"I can see that." Bryan Colby the tall blond haired man in a ball cap, jeans, boots, and a short sleeved button down met her after tying his horse to a small tree in his yard. He kept enough distance not to spook his steed at the revving of Greg Birch's Harley. Bryan made his way to meet Paige and Greg in the gravel driveway. "Mister Turner?"  
  
"No. Daddy had to meet my Mom this morning. This is my Uncle Greg. He volunteered to drop me off. I love your farm." She looks at every intriguing facet of it. Bryan had his shirt unbuttoned half way offering a view of a chiseled chest with very little hair. A chain dangled around his neck showing off dog tags.  
  
"Military?" Greg winced. Bryan realizes his observation and lifts the dog tags.   
  
"My Dad's actually. He served in Desert Storm. Humvee blew up. He and two others died that day."  
  
"Awwww!" Paige melts into him with a tender hug. Bryan smiles and pats her back. Greg nods his own respect.  
  
"Sorry to hear that. I'm sure he was a good man." Greg offered his condolences.  
  
"Thanks. He was a good soldier. Growing up without him around was tough. My Mom did her best. I think I turned out alright."  
  
"Didn't wanna enlist and carry on for him?"  
  
"I couldn't leave my Mom. She...took it pretty hard. Emotional problems."  
  
"Awwwwwwwwwww!" Paige liked hugging Bryan. He smelled really good. His body was ripped but not as over abundant as Josh was.   
  
"All these hugs...I think she likes ya." Greg smirks.  
  
"I hope so."  
  
"I think she's in good hands. I'm gonna head home. Give me a call if you need anything Punk."  
  
"Thanks Uncle Greg. I love you."  
  
"Love you to Kid."  
  
Walking his bike backwards to straighten out Greg roared the bike back to life and rode off into the early morning sun. Reclaiming his helmet from her saved his eyes. Harsh UV directly in his path.  
  
"Your Uncle seems nice."  
  
"He is. Greg isn't my true Uncle but I've known him since I was a baby. I don't know my real Uncles very well. One lives in Texas, the other on my Mommy's side lives in Kentucky."  
  
"Too bad. You smell delicious Paige."  
  
She smiled thinking to herself, "I hope he doesn't smell Uncle Greg's cum. I sprayed perfume on after I wiped him off." She grins still hugging him. Her chin on his chest looking up over her glasses at his warm smile, "You smell really good too."  
  
"Come on I'll introduce you to Applejack."  
  
"Okay." She follows him hand in hand back to the tethered horse. Calming the steed Bryan allows her to pet his nose. The horse took an immediate liking to her. "Am I riding this horse?"  
  
"We both are. You said you were afraid to be on a horse alone. Room in the saddle for both of us."  
  
"Can I ride in front this time? I rode in back behind Greg on the way here."  
  
"Sure you can. Give me your back pack I'll tie it to the saddle. Might be more comfortable on me not having a pack in my chest all the way there."  
  
"I want to be comfortable too. I might want to use you as a back rest." She giggles.  
  
"You're welcomed to lean on back anytime you like." He blushed a bit himself saying it. Fidgeting a bit he takes his ballcap off and fans it about. "Paige? I gotta ask...the other night you messaged me with a video that sounded a lot like you were...using a toy."  
  
"I was." She turns red lowering her gaze with a thin smile.  
  
"No shit?"  
  
"I couldn't help myself. I think you're soooo cute."  
  
"You're pretty damned hot yourself Red."  
  
"I can be hotter if I put my bikini on now." She blushes shyly.   
  
"Go for it. It's hot as fuck out here as it is. Must be 98. You can change in the house."  
  
"I can just go behind your car over there real fast. I won't take long."  
  
"You act shy but somehow I don't think you're as bad as you let on."  
  
"I really am shy." She shrinks in step with her chin on her left shoulder. "I...just...want you to really like me."  
  
"You think I won't like you if you're too shy?"  
  
"Maybe." She fidgets.  
  
"So...you believe you can win me over by being open."  
  
"Kind of..."  
  
He ponders her revelations and considers how to make this reaction useful. He like any man wanted things his way without being pushy. Sighing he shrugs slightly, "I do like a girl that can be openminded."  
  
"I fantasize about being really open. That's why I mentioned putting on my bikini for the ride to the lake."  
  
"Tell me about these fantasies Paige Turner." He smirks.  
  
Her eyes flare and she holds a set of fingers over her mouth as she giggles. "I have a whole diary of fantasies. I don't...know where to start."  
  
"Tell you what...you go over there beside my car and change into that bikini. Think about what you want me to know. I'll stay here with Applejack." He passes her pack which had Hello Kitty emblems all over the outside back to her. She unzips it and takes the bikini out giving him the backpack to hold until she returned. She shyly points toward the car and wiggles away. Bryan chuckles and rubs the snout of his horse. Peering into her opened bag he discovers the box of condoms. Looking up with a pucker he mumbles.  
  
"This just might turn out to be a good day Applejack."  
  
Hidden behind the car, she removes her white laced heels, then wiggles her jeans down over her legs, stepping out of them. Folding them up she sits them on the roof. Her red lowcut shirt pulled up over her head is neatly folded and set on top of the jeans. This left her totally nude. She looks for Bryan, covering herself with her hands as a sudden breeze claims the thin bikini pieces and blows them off the roof and over the trunk of the car. Bryan had moved away from Applejack and chose to chase down her bikini. Capturing them he stands tall looking back to see her with an arm over her chest and a hand in her lap. She was beet red and gnashing her teeth.   
  
"Missing something?" He chuckles and gives up being respectable. Moving directly in front of her he hands her the bikini. Her hand lifts away from her thighs allowing him to peek at her arrow pubes. She too gave up and just let him see her full frontal.  
  
"Openminded. Openminded. Openminded." She chants nervously. He grins and assisted her in tying her top on by moving behind her. His eyes checking out her creamy heart shaped bottom. Once tied she slips her bottoms through her legs and adjusts them as he tied her left hip, she her right. Once on the bands crept between her cheeks. Bryan whistles at her.  
  
"Looking sexy Paige Turner. Burgundy suits you. Matches your blushing."  
  
She pouts and points at him, "Don't make fun of me."  
  
"Not even. No underwear I notice." He grabs her clothing to carry for her. She follows him barefooted back to Applejack. He had hung her pack over the saddle horn. Reaching up to remove the bag she stuffs her things inside it. She begins to put her sandals on until he stops her. "Might as well leave those in the bag. No reason to lose one on the trail and have to hop down and retrieve it."  
  
"Good idea." She smiles. "As far as wearing underwear I don't really like wearing any. Besides I was hoping you might notice I wasn't wearing any."  
  
"Ohhh! I noticed no bra for certain. Can't hide those high beams." He winks.  
  
"My nip nips?" She giggles.  
  
"My truck and horse trailers at the lake. I had a buddy bring me home early this morning. We have snacks, drinks, bug spray, a big ole blanket for you to tan on, lotion, oil." He snickers, "Even a beach umbrella in case the sun gets too much for you."  
  
"You thought of everything."  
  
"I aim to please. ready to ride?"  
  
"Yesss."  
  
"Put your left foot in this stirrup. I'll lift you up into the saddle." She cooperates feeling his big hands grab her hips and hoist her up. Clumsily she throws her right leg over the saddle. Bryan got a quick peek between her legs. Her bottoms tightening up into her labia. Damn sexy he thought.  
  
Once she sat upright she made a silent "Woohoo!"  
  
"Mind if I lose my shirt? Sweating up a storm here." He unbuttons his shirt and removes it. Her eyes flare behind her glasses at the sight of his chiseled chest.   
  
"Gosh! You...have a muscular chest."  
  
"Farm boy pride. This is what bailing hay does to a guy." He chuckles and slithers his shirt through a saddle loop tying it off so it wouldn't get lost. Reaching in front of her to grab the saddle horn he steps into the stirrup and swings up in behind her. She scoots forward with her legs wide. The horn with his hand brushed up against her tiny bikini patch. She whimpers.  
  
"Big...saddle horn."  
  
Laughing he positions himself closer to her ass. She wiggles for comfort up to him. With a shiver she shyly peers over her shoulder. "Is that another saddle horn between us?"  
  
"That would be my penis."  
  
"Big..." She giggles and feels his arms reach around her. His right arm untethering the reins from a tree branch.   
  
"Here we go Paige Turner." He makes a ticking noise that prompts Applejack to begin his journey. She was nervous, worried she might fall off her bare feet dangling without stirrups to hold them. His boots were in those. "Don't worry I've got you. Just relax."  
  
"This is awesome." She lays back against his chest shyly. He guides her back further as he reverses the ballcap on his scalp. With each step her tits jostled about as he glared over her shoulder at them. The first leg of the ride led them down the path leading to his home. Crossing the main road after waiting for a few cars to pass, cars that waved and admired Paige in her bikini, he headed down another path into a thicket of trees and shrubs. Alone now Bryan sniffs her hair.  
  
"That peaches?"  
  
"I live for peach. Shampoo, body spray, perfume. I even eat a lot of peaches." She giggles as his nose tickles her ear.   
  
"So lets get back to those fantasies."  
  
"Oh...okay."  
  
"Leading up to our meeting what were you fantasizing about?"  
  
"Oh my gosh. A lot of things. How you might touch me. Kiss me. What we might do at the lake."  
  
"Tell me about those." He nuzzles her red hair gently.  
  
"I...imagined your big hands caressing me."  
  
"Where?"  
  
"E-everywhere." She bites her lower lip and shivers.  
  
'Like this?" His left hand leaves the reins to lightly run his fingers along her left arm down to her wrist then back up to her shoulder.  
  
"Yes. That gave me gooseybumps."  
  
"That child like voice is really sensual."  
  
"Is it?"  
  
"Keep that up."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Here, you hold the reins. Don't tug right or left you'll confuse Applejack. Just keep a firm grasp on them and let him do his thing."  
  
"I'll try."  
  
As she accepts the reins Bryan now uses both hands to caress her arms. He could feel her tremble. Fingers lightly grip her bicep as he lowers his chin to kiss her shoulder and neckline. Whispering to her he asks, "Did I kiss you like that?"  
  
"Yessss." She sighs.  
  
"Did I do this?" His arms surround her, his left hand rolling up from her clavicle to tenderly clutch her throat. She loved it as her head tilts toward him. His right hand going below her chest to palm he tight silky abs.  
  
"Yessssss."  
  
"Was I bolder than this?"  
  
"Much bolder." She whispers closing her eyes at his warm lips on her shoulder. This led his hand from her abs upward, slithering fingers beneath her right breast cup to squeeze her tit. Fingers lightly circling the areola.  
  
"Was I this bold?"  
  
"You were so much bolder than this." She breathes heavily.  
  
Tugging her bikini top up over both breasts he moved both hands in for the kill squeezing them, crushing them together. Pinching both nipples taunt.  
  
"Oh my gosh Bryan. A-are you trying to make my fantasies come true?"  
  
"I can't answer that unless you let me know what they are."  
  
"You...took my top off."  
  
His hands move behind her to untie her top and remove it completely. He ties it around the saddle horn. She whimpers and rubs her bare back tightly against his chest.  
  
"Did I remove these bottoms too?"  
  
"Yessssssss." She feels his fingers untie both sides of her bottoms and drag them from between her thighs. Tying them to the horn as well Paige Turner was riding Applejack in the nude. Bryan's touch then consumed her flesh. She melted into his kisses along her neck and earlobe. His hands roaming both of her breasts then down toward her pubes. Right hand petting her thin strip of fur before going lower. two fingers massage her clit. She moans softly. "Yes Bryan. Just like this."  
  
"Did I put fingers up inside that pink little kitty?"  
  
"Gosh yes. Two of them."  
  
"Like this?" He curls his two middle fingers up into her hole and probes them about. She nearly lost the reins until Bryan did something unexpected. He removes his wet fingers and takes each end of the reins and ties them around the saddle horn freeing her to use her own hands. As his fingers returned to her pussy, his other hand wraps around her throat. Tilting her gaze he kissed her lips. She devoured him losing all focus on what was around them. Neither of them noticed a pair of hikers literally walking up the path toward them. A man and a woman in their late 20's. Seeing the riders in their passionate state they stopped and watched until Applejack walked right on by. The hiking couple held each other tightly smiling. Inspiration led to a romp in the grass.   
  
As their kiss took a breather Paige flashed back to the carousel at the mall. Sitting forward he looks back at Bryan. "Can I face you?"  
  
"Sure. I'll hold you , just carefully swing your right leg over Applejack's mane. Don't kick him. Then, curl your left leg over in front of me." She squeals lightly as her movement felt unbalanced. With his strong hands holding her she made her turn.  
  
"Eeeep! Saddle horn up my butt." She giggles then settles into the saddle facing him. Her arms immediately surrounded Bryan's neck. A new lingering kiss became smoldering. His hands roaming her entire back side from shoulders to butt. Her own hands caressing his chest and his face at the same time.  
  
Kiss broken but lips hovering he grins. "I have my own fantasies Paige."  
  
"Tell meeeee!" She was giddy pecking his lips but not fully kissing him.  
  
"I pictured you unfastening my pants and stroking my cock."  
  
"Me tooo." She sighs at his bottom lip. Her hands drop to unbutton his jeans and zip him down. He lifts his hips just a bit to give her room to dig his beast out of his boxers.   
  
Bryan's cock saw daylight, all ten inches of Pepsi bottle girth. His crown was purple and big. Her eyes lower to it as he kisses her forehead.  
  
"Did I stroke him like this?" She whispers looking up over her glasses to study his reaction.  
  
"You used both hands."  
  
"Like this?" She surrounds his cock with her small hands and began jerking him off. His hand grips the back of her neck and drags her back into another steamy kiss. His other hand squeezing her left breast.  
  
"Just like that. Lil faster." He parts lips just long enough to mumble his words.  
  
For three minutes they kissed as Applejack continued his stride. They passed yet another couple of men who pointed and kept quiet. They didn't want to spook the couple and ruin their moment. The men were gay and were more intrigued by Bryan's beast. The men whispering, "Lucky bitch."  
  
Ride continuing Paige drew away from Bryan's lips to kiss along his own throat and chest. He narrowed his eyes and watched the path ahead. He saw a clearing coming up and people moving around. The lake was in sight. He didn't want this to end. With a bit of daring he ignores the oncoming activity and allows her to keep jerking him off.   
  
"Was I bolder still?" He murmurs.  
  
"Yesssss." She was consumed by kissing his pecs.  
  
Hands on her hips he raises her higher and coaxes her to straddle his cock the best she could. Pussy hovering over it he slowly nestles her labia on his crown, discovering her hole. He penetrated deep and held her spine as she gasped. Careful gyrations led to more kissing. Without being aware of her surrounding Bryan rode Applejack right into the park. Everyone who spotted them grew silent assisting in his lustful ride. Mostly guys and their jealous girls. The intimacy led the couples to consider their own rides. He saw his truck and trailer down the path near the camp site and pushed himself to continue regardless the risk.   
  
Hearing a boat motor and a pair of jet skis Paige opened her eyes and discovered the lake, including the onlookers. Her eyes bulged as she darted her gaze to look at Bryan.  
  
"Oh my God! Bryan...this was in my fantasy too."  
  
"Keep riding that cock Paige Turner. We're almost at my truck."  
  
"I don't want to stop. Let me cum in the saddle Bryan." She trembles heavily watching guys wave at her behind them. Girls too. By the lake she spotted her Father with binoculars. He was grinning from ear to ear. This made Paige meld back into Bryan. Holding his cheeks she kissed him fiercely. His ballcap toppled off and fell to the path. He didn't care. She was riding him as hard as humanly possible without spooking Applejack. With a squirming quake he felt Paige explode all over his cock and boxers. He wanted to nut too but knew that would be a bad idea, no condom on. Calming his nerves he kisses her longer calming her with warm palms up and down her spine.  
  
As they gravitated in the saddle, Applejack stopped at the trailer. He knew his second home anywhere. Both huffing at their feat Bryan pats her butt. "I think we're here."  
  
"A lot of people are watching us. I think I'm going to pee." She hides herself shyly using him as a shield.  
  
"I can't get down and hide you at the same time." He shakes his head trying not to laugh.  
  
"Where's my bikini?"  
  
Bryan untangles the reins from the bikini pieces and lets her put her top on, regretting the loss of skin already. He then climbed off leaving her bottomless to tether Applejack's reins to a post. He took the bottoms with him after helping her down. She pouted as he walked away with her bottoms. Grabbing her pack from the horse she uses it to cover her lower half against a good eight sets of unfamiliar eyes. Beet red she watches Bryan go to his truck unlocking it, to toss the bottoms in the seat. As she steps next to him in the opened door she whimpers. "Why did you put my bottoms in the truck?"  
  
"Bag goes in too." He snatches it from her hand as her jaw drops. "Hand over your top."  
  
"What?" She loved the idea but put on her best game face to appear shocked.   
  
Swallowing as she looks around her at eyes she notes his pants still unzipped and his cock dangling. That was inspiring enough. Hands behind her she unthreads the strings and removes the bikini bra. He takes it and tosses it in the seat too.  
  
"My fantasy has you running naked in camp for all to see."  
  
"Really? Bryan...I'm scared. So many people looking at me."  
  
"Come on Paige, you're not that shy. Good act though." Door slams shut and he uses his remote to lock the door. "Cooler in the bed. Want a beer?"  
  
"No." She sheepishly pouts.  
  
"Can of pop? Bottled water?"  
  
"Water."  
  
As he leads her to the bed she hides herself with her arms again, watching as he digs into an ice chest, handing her a bottle. He then hops up to sit on the truck bed observing her shy approach at opening her water bottle and taking a sip.  
  
"Relax, I won't let anyone hurt you."  
  
"I...feel really safe with you. I'm just...let me get used to this."  
  
"Got all day Paige Turner. I think you're going to open up just fine."  
  
A cleared throat distracts them as Lonnie approaches from the front of the truck. "Not trying to intrude on you kids but you dropped your hat back there." He approaches cautiously. Bryan nods with a grin, "I knew I was missing something. Thanks."  
  
"Anytime. I hope you don't get offended but...well, this is a family lake."  
  
"You might be the only guy out here complaining." Bryan puts his hat on and glances around.  
  
"I'm not complaining." Lonnie chuckles. "I'm just saying have your fun just be wary of kids. Family picnicking just around those trees."

"I'll keep my eyes open. Thanks for the warning."  
  
"I can keep a look out if you want. I was young once so I'm...well now." Lon rubs the back of his neck as Paige fondles Bryan's cock. Feeling her hand Bryan's attention is drawn to her shivering grin.  
  
"Bryan?" She offers her kiddy like voice. "I fantasize about being watched."  
  
Lonnie pats the side of the truck, "I'll leave you two alone."  
  
Seeing her yearning eyes Bryan coughs, "Hey! You can hang a bit if you wanna."  
  
"No shit? I dunno people might think I'm a pervert."  
  
"Fuck those people and what they think. This girl is so hot that everyone out here is wishing they were me."  
  
"Do you really think so?" Paige tugs his jeans and boxers lower to let his balls pop free. Bryan lifts his hips to give her yet another strong tug.   
  
"Everyone I see is grinning up a storm."  
  
"I think you're right." Lonnie scans the area. Of course half the guys looking were with girls who were getting turned on themselves. The other men were Josh's friends. Josh himself missing at the moment.  
  
"You haven't cum yet." Paige tenderly leans down to kiss and lick Bryan's scrotum. That made Bryan shoot a beaming grin toward Lonnie.  
  
"Isn't that a work of art? Watching those eyes sparkle as she's licking my nads?"  
  
"No comment. She is pretty cute. You're a lucky fella."  
  
"Well now you're lucky getting to watch her in action."  
  
"Watch this." Paige giggles and molds her tongue around Bryan's bulbous ball sack and licks straight up his full ten inches of foreskin until she kisses the tip of his crown. She smiles brightly up at them then takes her glasses of setting them on the truck bed.  
  
"Look at those big green eyes. She loves my cock."  
  
Nodding viciously she wags her tongue on his urethra. Stroking his as her mouth widens and puckers around his crown, popping it off and going back for more.  
  
"She's got talent." Lonnie knew it well. Bryan had no idea.  
  
Bryan reaches out and caresses her long red hair, "Come on beautiful. Take it all in."   
  
Nodding with a deep breath she rolls her lips around his girth and forces as much as she could down her throat, namely four inches. She tried for more but struggled. Bryan then palmed the back of her head and held her firm. "Little deeper. You can do it." She took in another very gagging inch and a half before panic mode. He released her scalp and gave her a chance to pull away in a web of saliva. Without waver she took a deep breath and went in again. She wanted to impress not just Bryan but her Father. At barely over six inches she chokes. He lets her pull away again. In her gasp she whimpers, "Morrrre. I can take more."  
  
"Daaaaamn! Look at her go." Bry leers at Lonnie with pride. Lon nods with a puckered lower lip.  
  
"She might just take it all."  
  
"Doubt it. She's giving it a darn good shot though." She shocks him at 7 inches but vomits a bit. Pulling away she wipes her mouth and pouts. Bryan caresses her cheek, "Don't be upset. You did good." Lonnie saw a sensitive side to Bryan. That formed a bit of respect.  
  
"I think I'm gonna get back to birdwatching. You kids have fun. Nice...meeting you."  
  
"You too."  
  
Lonnie walks away leaving Bryan to pull her up from her bent over position and kiss her again. He didn't care about that hint of vomit taste. Two minutes later she drank half of her water bottle.  
  
"Suns high. Ready to lay out?"  
  
"In front of everyone?"  
  
"Why not?"  
  
"I'm so white they're going to laugh at me."  
  
"Not once I oil you up all shiny and sexy."  
  
"I fantasized about that too." She bubbles up clapping her palms silently.  
  
"There's that beautiful smile. See? You're opening up."  
  
"I want to please you Bryan. Let me be your fantasy."  
  
"You were the second I saw you on Tender in that cute Hello Kitty top." He kisses her once again. "Here?" He stretches behind him in the truck bed and drags forward a big red blanket. "Go roll this out in the sun. Let everyone see you. I'll grab the lotion first then oil you up."  
  
Squealing she gathers the blanket and shyly marches out into a section of grass where there was no tree shade. Fanning the blanket out meant bending over to pull all four corners taunt. Guys and gals alike took interest in her cute little body. Her clam a think of beauty from behind. Dropping to her knees on the blanket she waves at everyone, blushing regardless of her bravado. His pants up and fastened Bryan Colby struts toward her as she sits up on her knees clapping at his arrival.  
  
"Getting cozy with all these eyes now aren't you?"  
  
"Yessss. This is sooo erotic."  
  
"Stretch out on your belly let's lotion you up before you lobster."  
  
"That would not be good." She sprawls out in a very sexy move forward. Ass in the air she wiggles it then falls flat, getting comfortable with her head laying in her arms. Bryan kneels beside her and holds the UV lotion over her squirting a lengthy stream on her backside. Setting the bottle aside he began massaging every inch of her. She loved his attentiveness. Rubbing lotion between her butt crack he puts a pinky in her pucker making her yelp. He grins at everybody watching. Eight people became ten. Bry was digging the scene. So was their audience.   
  
Even people out on the lake were taking notice. Jet ski's were getting closer and pulling up to shore. The lakes shoreline was only about two hundred feet away. Standing by the lake Lonnie Turner nods at Josh and another friend who were on the jet ski's.   
  
"How's our girl doing Big Daddy?" Josh chuckled crossing his arms over his overly muscular chest, while straddling his jet ski seat.  
  
"Having fun it looks like. This Bryan guy seems to like challenging her. A good thing I think."  
  
"So what's the plan? Oh, hey this is my buddy Vinny. Two more of my buds Pete and Donovan are over there by that picnic table. Looks to me like the whole area is enjoying this. Paige must be beet red by now."  
  
"If not by her shyness the sun will make sure she's red. He's lotioning her up good but let's face it Snow White is gonna get a good burn."  
  
"This close to her graduation you sure you want her to be that toasty?"  
  
"Good point." Lonnie grits his teeth. "You sound like you care."  
  
"I do care Lonnie. I might wanna teach her a few things and have some fun doing it, but I definitely got attached quick."  
  
"Owning her is attached?" Lonnie shakes his head chuckling.  
  
"Unless she's pulling my leg it sounded like she liked that idea."  
  
"She just turned eighteen Josh. The kid barely knows what she wants from life. She's never even discussed what she wanted to be growing up."  
  
"Don't take this wrong Big Daddy but I think she wants to do this for the rest of her life."  
  
"Hooker? There's no money changing hands. This is just her getting experience. Bryan's her second date. Hell, you fucked my daughter silly her first date."  
  
"I still laugh about her holding her teddy bear during sex."  
  
"Whoever ends up with her long term better get used to that bear. She'll sleep with that until she's old and grey."  
  
"Looks like her date rolled her over."  
  
"Breaking out the baby oil." Vinny smirks.  
  
Josh took more interest laughing. "This will get the neighbors riled up."   
  
Bryan watches Paige roll over on to her back and close her eyes against the sun. He stands up for a vivid show as he straddles her legs and puts the squeeze bottle of baby oil over his crotch. Holding it like a dick he squirts a steady stream all over her chest and tummy.   
  
"Rub it in as I squirt more on you." It appeared as if he were pissing on her. Guys in the background chuckled while the girls cooed. Their men hugged them from behind to keep their girls focused. They were definitely enjoying Bryan. His physique was just the type they themselves fantasized about. Tall, buff, blond, and blue eyed.   
  
Paige arches her back and rolls her palms all over her. Squeezing her titties and pinching her own nipples. A shiny coat glistened in the sun. Her fingers slid down to massage her clit. Paige Turner was in love with this feeling of total freedom. Kicking her legs excitedly she opens her eyes to see Bryan's unique pose raining oil down on her. "You're peeing on me." She busted up laughing.  
  
"Getting everyone's attention."  
  
"You could really pee on me." She chuckled then raised a palm as if to say not really. He thought about that. Maybe later. "I want to see your dick again."   
  
"In a minute. Keep getting shiny."  
  
"Shine me. I want your hands not mine."  
  
"Fuck it." He drops the bottle on to the blanket after capping it and kicks his boots off. He began swaying his hips like a male stripper and unfastened his pants. Around him he heard girls offer mental money. He grinned about at the cheering section. Unzipped he guides his pants down and tugs them off. Whipping them aside into the grass. Dancing a bit more lifting his ballcap off and swinging it in the air he uses his other hand to start nudging his boxers down. His attention more toward the girls in the crowd he didn't see Paige sit up and yank his boxers down over his primal beast. Seeing his ten inch cock every girl there pulled away from their men and rushed in for a closer look.  
  
"Now that was unexpected." Josh was impressed.  
  
"By the girls or his big dick?" Vinny ribbed his friend.   
  
Josh frowned at Vinny. "You can be drowned in this lake."  
  
"One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven." Lonnie counted out loud. "Snow White and the Seven Dwarves."  
  
"Not many of those gals are tall. You might be on to something Lon." Josh nodded.  
  
"Their guys might ruin this." Vinny winced, lifting his sunglasses.  
  
"Maybe not. Looks more like their guys are having a blast watching them be fools."   
  
Bryan continued his dance over Paige looking down at her giggling blush. She reached up and stroked his cock with slippery fingers. The sudden rush of girls a mere six feet from the blanket didn't faze Paige in the least. She merely devoted her attention to Bryan's swaying hips and wagging cock within her grasp. Her yearning gaze kept Bryan somewhat in tune. The other girls reacting as they were distracted him slightly. Paige repositioned on her knees and began using both hands to stroke him harder. Her mouth wide and hovering below his crown. She wanted to make him cum for everyone, especially herself. Knowing her Father was watching made her desires to go the extra mile even that much more intoxicating. She hadn't even realized Josh was there on his jet ski.  
  
The girls spread out around the blanket for a better view. Nails were bitten. Hands were touching private parts. Some went so far as to praise him for his sexiness. Others commenting on how big his dick was. One even begging to help Paige. Paige merely shook her head no emphatically and jerked him off harder. She wanted this dick all to herself at the moment.  
  
His knees were getting weak the closer she was bringing him to detonation. As he slowed his dancing and started to stagger two girlfriends took the chance and raced in to each side of Bryan and held him steady. Hands on his chest and lower abdomen. They prodded Paige on with a respected. "You can do it Sweetheart."  
  
She was possessed suddenly, demanding Bryan's cum. Up close and personal she puckered her lips around his crown as her hands ferociously stroked him to a fitting conclusion. One girl daring to move her fingers down into his pubic hair with two fingers to each side of his cock. In a deadly snarl Bryan Colby blasted a froth of cum from his beast and coated Paige's pouty lips. Moving them away to show off his volcanic spew all across her nose, mouth, and chin. She refused to stop jerking him until she received every drop.  
  
"Look at all that cum." The short brunette who had her fingers literally touching his cock at the quick. "Good job." She winked at Paige who fawned over his cock rolling it across her face smearing cum higher into her cheeks and brow. She wanted to show off.   
  
Easing away Paige lays back and pours more oil on herself as the girls stood holding Bryan upright. Watching her Bryan whistled. "Thank ya Ladies. I think I have a job to finish." He hugs them from the side as they pat his bare ass. Watching Paige spread her legs while lifting them from the blanket, she literally pried her pussy lips apart expressing an entry point. Bryan slid to his knees between the two women and crawled over Paige sighing as he lined his dick up for penetration. He wasn't wearing a condom. She didn't care. Deep inside her he went. She arched her back and whimpered at his girth storming her senses. As he began fucking her the women above him were joined by the other five in a close up of Bryan's butt as his hips rammed Paige non stop. Bryan going so far as to lift Paige's legs higher for a deeper penetration. He knew the ladies were watching. He wanted to give them a show. In her current position Paige didn't need to worry about getting sunburnt. His shadow covered all of her.   
  
A short haired blond with tattoos knelt beside them and got a birds eye view of Paige's emotions. The kid was squealing and moaning both. Her hands caressing Bryan's shoulders. Eyes opening she witnesses the woman at his side smiling at her. Blushing as Bryan continued fucking her with a steady rhythm, Paige spots the baby oil. Right hand leaving Bryan she plucks the bottle up and offers it to the blond. With a surprised look the blond accepted it and noted Paige pointing at Bryan's back. Impressed by the offer the blond stood up and moved behind Bryan in between the other women. The ladies giggled as the blond dared to oil Bryan's shoulders. Her palms glossing up his back Bryan chuckled at Paige. "You're something Paige Turner." She said nothing but drew him low for a kiss.   
  
More girls dropped to their knees around Bryan and roamed his entire backside with slick oil. He had three sets of hands frolicking over his shoulders, back, and thrusting hips. His butt was patted a bit in the process. This attention made him harder than ever. Their men marveled at their girls having their fun. That was fine they were more interested in cute little Paige. As a group the guys stepped to the blanket over Paige and glared down at her bouncing titties. Noting their arrival Bryan smirked and reared up on his knees still pounding away. This gave the girls a chance to oil his chest and abs. The brunette that got handsy did so again teasing her nails in his pubic hair and letting two fingertips caress his thrusting beast. Bryan Colby beamed like a stud.   
  
"Where's that oil Ladies?" The blond with brilliant blue eyes offers it up. Bryan holds it over Paige and coats her entire front. Casting the bottle aside he looks up at the guys. "Only fair I'm stealing your gals. Help my girl out."  
  
The six men including Josh's two friends Donovan and Pete crouch around Paige and begin rubbing oil over her pores. Tits were squeezed. Nipples pinched. Tummy caressed down into her fiery red arrow. Paige was in pure ecstasy. Not once did anyone get in the way of Bryan's exhausting penetrations. Nor did Paige quiet down even a bit. She was squealing and rolling her eyes back into her head. Joshua's friend Donovan went low and actually massaged her clit. Bryan knew it and nodded his approval. Not that Donovan cared what Bry thought.  
  
Paige Turner had a screaming orgasm. The girls all wanted the same. The brunette touching Bryan's dipping cock felt Paige's squirt on her knuckles. She flared her eyes but kept her stance whispering into Bryan's ear that she would fuck him any time he asked her to. He merely grinned. He would definitely take her up on that someday. For now he was here for Paige. Pete another of Josh's friends took a risk and leaned in to suck on Paige's right nipple. In her incoherent thoughts she caressed his hair as he did. Once she realized it wasn't Bryan she bulged her eyes and began giggling heavily.  
  
"I LOVE THIS BRYAN." She yelled.  
  
"ME TOO." He pulls out and grabs the brunettes hand curling her fingers around his cock. "FINISH ME." She jerked him off and made him coat Paige a second time. The blond reaching under to cup and knead at Bryan's balls assisted in a guttural tense. In a maddening roar Bryan Colby reaches up for two other girls and hugs them to his cheeks, chins on slick shoulders, just as he fires off a massive load all over Paige. The girls giggled and kissed him on the cheek. Three mighty eruptions in under an hour. Dismissing the girls he falls limply to Paige's side, the guys jumping out of his way. He snuggles up to Paige and kisses her warmly. She coos as the gathering moves away giving them their privacy.   
  
The brunette went to her purse and wrote her number down, slipping it under his trucks wiper blade. She was shameless. He would fuck her a half dozen times in just three weeks. Never to see her again.  
  
As Paige caught her breath she sat up and looked out at her Father. Spotting Josh waving at her she pats Bryan on the abs. "Be right back."  
  
"What?" He sits up as she jumps to her feet and takes off in a staggering run. Barefoot she hops on the hot ground until she reaches Lonnie and Josh. Splashing into the water she throws her arms around Josh and squeals, "Teddy Bear." With mighty arms Josh picks her up and plants his hand on her ass. She kisses Josh full on the lips. Bryan's heart sank. Not that it mattered in the long run. Lonnie feeling badly walks over to Bryan and crouches next to him.  
  
"Tough luck Buddy. That was sure one hot soiree."  
  
"Who's the bodybuilder pawing her up?"  
  
"His name's Josh. He wants to own my daughter."  
  
"Daughter? Say what?" Bryan leaps to his feet and starts getting dressed.  
  
"Calm down and hear me out." Boxers on Bryan glares at Lonnie. "Yes she's my daughter. I came out here to snoop and make sure she was in good hands. Josh there had her last night. I think she's facing puppy love." He shrugs, "Maybe that's teddy love. Anyways she insisted on going out with you. She's young yet so I let her."  
  
"You always watch your daughter being fucked?"  
  
"Actually I do. We're open like that."  
  
"Her shyness act is bullshit then?"  
  
"I wouldn't go that far. Anyway, listen Bryan, you seem like a decent guy. If you can get past this weirdness you have my permission to see Paige again."  
  
Bryan winces then considers how good this day had been up until now. "I don't know. How can I compete with the Mountain out there?"  
  
"No competition. I'm the guy that owns my daughter. Not Josh. Like you he has my permission to see her."  
  
"Fuck her?"  
  
"Wouldn't have it any other way Bry. You can tear her pussy up whenever you want. Only thing I ask is wear a condom from here on out. She's coming back. I'll give you two a chance to talk." Lonnie steps away and ignores Paige who suddenly turned pale.  
  
"Do you hate me?" She pouts.  
  
"Kind of slutty what you're doing Paige Turner."  
  
"I know. Daddy fill you in?"  
  
"Daddy did. It's pretty fucked up."  
  
"I like you Bryan."  
  
"You like Josh."  
  
"I can like both of you."  
  
"So take a number to see who taps your ass each day?"  
  
"That sounds mean." She gets pouty.  
  
"It's true though. Josh there yesterday. Me today. Who's tomorrow?"  
  
"I have school tomorrow."  
  
"You know what I mean. How many guys you plan on hooking up with on that Tender account?"  
  
"As many girls as you plan too?" She shyly smiles. "I'm ditzy at times but I'm not dumb. I saw how you reacted to the girls. You did notice I encouraged them to make you get another fantasy fulfilled. You shared me kind of too. So you can't be mad at me."   
  
"You're right. I can't. Damn Paige...keep in touch?"  
  
"Yessss." She leaps into him hugging his waist. Looking up at him with her chin on his sternum she whispers, "Make love to me again?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Right now?" She hinted.  
  
"In front of Josh? Another time I think. Come on I'll give you your things back." With his remote he unlocks his truck and gathers her bag and bikini. Handing them to her he saw a tear forming.

"I'll never see you again."  
  
"After you graduate let's hook up again. A real date next time."  
  
"Yay! Promise?"  
  
"That was some damn good pussy. Yeah!" He grins and walks her out to the lake to meet with Lonnie. Josh and Vinny still floating on jet ski's.  
  
"Everything good?" Lonnie looked concerned.  
  
"Yeah, good as it gets."  
  
"Joshy, this is Bryan." Paige introduces them.  
  
"That was some show over there Stud." Josh nods.  
  
"Got a little crazy."  
  
Mulling it over Josh makes an offer. "Know how to ride one of these kind of horses Cowboy?"  
  
"Got one in my garage."  
  
"Here." Josh climbs off his jet ski and motions Bryan in to the water. "Take Godiva there out for a ride."  
  
Paige hops up and down in step. Tossing her things at Lonnie she parades back into the water excitably. Looking back at Bryan she waves him in. "Can I ride backwards again?"  
  
Bryan scowls. She pouts at him then flirts. "I'll fuck you in the middle of the lake."  
  
"Dude! Don't pass that up." Vinny chuckles.  
  
Shaking his head Bryan removes his pants going down to his boxers. "Fuck it."  
  
"Hop on that seahorse Prince Charming." Josh gave him the seat, passing him his life jacket. Vinny gave Paige his. The Big guy then steps to shore beside Lonnie. Mounting the jet ski Bryan helps Paige get in front of him. Facing him, she throws her arms around his shoulders as he backs the jet ski out to deeper water before firing it up. With a squeal upon takeoff she waves at her Father and Josh. A large circle around the lake Bryan kisses Paige. No fucking, just a bit of rekindling. She would date Prince Bryan again.  
  
For now Snow White was happy.  
  
So were the boaters passing by.

**Paige Ch. 13: Mother Goose**

"You're awful mopey tonight."  
  
Lonnie Turner eyed his daughter Paige across the dinner table, both eating spaghetti in the nude. Not the most hygienic way to eat but nonetheless they did just that. Paige toyed with her food twisting spaghetti around her fork then removing it to do so again.  
  
"School go okay today? Trouble with Brett?"  
  
"No. He doesn't speak to me anymore."  
  
"Other kids?"  
  
"They're nice to me. Flirt a little more than usual but nothing too extreme."  
  
"Looks like the boys are noticing you more."  
  
"It only took me getting nude in school and rumors flying."  
  
"Teachers or Principal Dewey looking at you differently?"  
  
"No. I don't think they believe the rumors."  
  
Lonnie nods taking a bite. As he chews he forms his next round of questions. "So what seems to be the problem? Josh? Bryan?"  
  
"Daddy? I like both of them equally."  
  
"Want to get away from Tender? What about the other guys you messaged back?"  
  
"No. I want to go on more dates."  
  
"What happens if you like more of those guys?"  
  
"I hope I do. I like being wanted."  
  
"I want you."  
  
"You will always have me Daddy. I just..."  
  
"Want your cake and eat it too?"  
  
"What does cake have to do with anything?"  
  
"Ever since your birthday you've been hooked on sex."  
  
"You're to blame Mister." She pouts pointing.  
  
"That is true. I could overrule you and stop all of this craziness."  
  
"Please don't. I want this...badly."  
  
"You're whining in your kiddy voice. More than usual these days."  
  
"Guys like my kiddy voice. It's natural and you know it. They get really turned on when I sound especially young."  
  
"That it does. I'm hard right now."  
  
"You never go limp when you're with me."  
  
"Another truth." He takes another bite followed by a drink of water. "We need to start focusing on Graduation. Under three weeks now. I've reigned in Josh and Bryan until after you get your diploma. Maybe we should slow down until after then."  
  
"Noooooooo! I want to date some more guys."  
  
"You haven't hit me up on that Mick guy wanting to take your pictures lately."  
  
"I want to pose for him."  
  
"He's probably 55."  
  
"Sooo. Can he take my Graduation pics?"  
  
"Saves me money. I'll give him a call later."  
  
"Can I go on Tender and write guys back?"  
  
"Finish dinner. We'll go see what's on the agenda. I've got at least seven more I want you to look at."  
  
"Can't I search on my own?" She softly pouts.  
  
"I suppose. I guess I'm being overprotective is all."  
  
"No. You just want me to tease the guys you want me to. I want to tease all of them."   
  
She giggles blushing and hiding her mouth behind a napkin.  
  
"Last I noticed you were up to 1700 guys. That's a lot Paige."  
  
"No it's not. I'll stop at 2000."   
  
Lonnie nearly chokes on his water. "2000? Reel it back you're not fucking 2000 guys."  
  
"They all buy me things if I tease hard enough."  
  
"You sound like your Mother now. Speaking of Paula she text me at work today. She wants to take you shopping for a graduation outfit."  
  
"Noooo! She'll demand flower dresses."  
  
"I'll talk to her about that. You need to spend some time with her."  
  
"Mark's always around. He's bald and creepy."  
  
"Looks like a convict just out of prison. I get it."  
  
"I see him looking at me sometimes. He doesn't try anything but I know he gets hard around me."  
  
"Looking for that?"  
  
"Noooo! It's just impossible not to notice. I think he might be as big as Joshy is."  
  
"Sounds like you're studying it awful closely."  
  
"Daddy stop. Ewwww! I'm so not into Mark. He might be my stepdad someday. Yucky."  
  
"Anyway, you should call your Mom and arrange a shopping date. She's bound to want a new outfit to wear to your Graduation too."  
  
"She can wear the flower dresses then. I want something sexy."  
  
"Graduation attire should be formal not sexy. Save the sexy stuff for your dates."  
  
"But, I want to be sexy every day."  
  
"You are. Hell even if you wore a prison orange jumpsuit you'd be sexy."  
  
"I know. Still, I want guys to notice me everywhere I go."  
  
"Call your Mother. Before we go into Tender." He points at her cell.  
  
"Meanie!" She huffs in her seat and puts her hands between her knees under the table.  
  
"Do I need to turn you over my knee?"  
  
"Yes you do." She pouts dramatically.  
  
"Dream on. I've made you crave spankings even."  
  
"Yes you have." Same pouty huff. Her lower lip made him chuckle.  
  
"God I love you."  
  
"Wuv you too." Same huff, now she broke her expression and laughed. Snatching up her cell she locates her Mother in her contact list. A dial later she stands up and paces the living room. Lonnie settled back in his chair and watched her cute ass bobbing from side to side as she paced the floor. He couldn't help but stroke his cock.  
  
"Hi Mommy." Paige spoke kiddy like. "When do you want to go shopping for my Graduation clothes? Tomorrow after school?" She looks at her Father. He had moved behind Paige without her noticing. Bending her over he penetrates her from behind.  
  
Waving at her glare over the shoulder he motions for her to keep talking as he fucked her from behind. "Where are we going to shop? I've been to the Mall a lot lately. I do know some cute stores there though." She whimpers as Lonnie's cock grazes her G-spot. "No flower dresses Mommy. Promise me? I want to look like an adult not a kid."   
  
She breathes heavily as Lonnie rubs her back with one hand and squeezes her hip with the other. "I know I look like a little kid. Don't rub it in Mommy." Lon spanks her left butt cheek. Her eyes bulge. "I'm slapping my legs. I just shaved them." She covered after Paula asked what that noise was. Lonnie silently chuckled and slapped her other cheek. "See? I smacked my leg again. I like slapping it. I know I'm goofy." She giggles.   
  
Lon moved to prying her cheeks apart to view his cock thrusting in and out of her. She wanted to laugh but kept a straight face. She had to hold her breath a bit just to mask moans. "What time will you be here after school?"  
  
A hand moves over her back and wraps her long red hair around his wrist. Clutching tightly he yanks her head back. She nearly dropped her cell. "I dropped my hair brush. My hairs all tangled after my shower." He was proud of her fast thinking.  
  
"Hey Punk?" Lon called over her shoulder, "Spaghetti on the table. Come eat. I'm starving." He pulls out of Paige and guides her to the couch sitting her back and spreading her legs wide. Licking his lips he devours her pussy rubbing her clit with a thumb. Her jaw drops as she feels his tongue sinking deep.  
  
"Be right there Daddy. I'm talking to Mom." She called out then whispers, "Daddy almost walked in on me. I had my towel off. " Her free hand toys with her Father's hair. She wanted to moan really loudly but bit her lip. A wheeze was enough at the moment. "I know. I sometimes forget to shut my bedroom door."   
  
His hands guide her legs back sliding his palms up to the quick of her knees. Her kneecaps touching her shoulders. She observes him lick her pretty pink slit from bottom to top five times before sucking on her clit. She offered an expression of awe as if mumbling "OH MY GOD." hearing Paula talk Lonnie winks at his daughter wagging his eyebrows. "I miss you too Mommy. Yes Daddy is taking good care of me. He's the best Daddy in the whole..." He plants fingers up her hole, "wide world."   
  
She had to pause between. "What are you getting me as a graduation present?" She rambles with a wrinkled forehead. Daddy was eating her really good. Yelping a bit she found her inquisitive Mother needing to know. "I...I stepped on something sharp in the carpet. Ooooo!" She moans slightly. "Bobby pin."   
  
Her head tilts back holding her cell tightly against her ear. "You can buy me a car. Oh yeah, I never took driver's education. I can always take the test." He fingers her really hard suddenly as he gnaws her clit. "MMMMMMM MMMMMM MMMMM! I was making car noises." She giggles taking a deep breath to fill her lungs. "Okay no car." She squeals loudly, "That was my hitting the brakes noise. I know I'm silly."  
  
Lonnie's finger fucking was relentless. Her hormones were fired up and an orgasm was on its way. "College? I passed my SAT/ ACT with a 28.4. That means I'm smarter than 88% of my class." She manages breathlessly. "No I'm not smoking because I sound like I'm holding my breath. Mommy you know I don't smoke. You make me crazy.   
  
EEEEEEEEEEEEEEE!" She squeals loudly and cums across Daddy's fingers and palm. Daddy made her crazy just as much.  
  
"Fine! I'll calm down. Just don't read into my behavior. I'm an adult now even if you and Daddy both see me as a little girl. I want a car." She kicks her legs wildly as Lonnie lifts her hips, and he begins licking her butt pucker. Her tiny button was taunted and she sighs. "It doesn't have to be brand new. Just pink." She giggles at her ticklish thighs. His nose nuzzling her pussy. "Wait! Why is Mark going shopping with us? Can't it be just you and I?" She kicks and pouts dramatically. "I don't want to hang with Mark." She groans, "If he has too I guess."  
  
Lonnie gives up on her anal port and crawls to his feet. In her crunched up position her gaze only follows Lonnie as he stands over her. He guides his dick back into her pussy after swatting her clit with his crown making her whimper. He enters her slow allowing her to watch every inch sink deeply down into her. She was amazed by the her pussy swallowing his girth.  
  
"I need to go Mommy. Daddy has supper ready. I love you. Bye Mommy."  
  
Hanging up she throws her cell to the cushion beside her and moans constantly. Lonnie was plunging deep and she was reeling from the effects. Ten minutes of excessive cries of pleasure he kept her squished back into the cushions. Fucking her until he's forced to pull out and shoot cum down across her chest and chin. Wagging his beast peppers jizz across her face. She had to close her eyes tightly as droplets attached to her lashes. After the drops faltered he rammed deep again, Daddy was on a mission. Five more minutes Paige Turner screams and gushes a fountain around his burrowed beast.  
  
"DAAAAAAAAAAADDDDDDDDDDYYYYYYYYYYY!" She nearly passed out. Staggering upright Lonnie patted her upper leg.  
  
"See you in my office."  
  
He left her there exhausted. Catching her breath almost instantly she leaps up and gives chase. Jumping on his back she wraps her arms around his neck. He laughed and carried his pack into the office. Once there she hops down and bends to bite his ass.  
  
"MEANIE!'  
  
"Me?"  
  
"That was sooo hard not letting Mom know what we were doing."  
  
"Fun though."  
  
"No it wasn't.'  
  
"Settle down or I'll tell Paula to let Mark take you shopping by himself."  
  
"Noooooooooooooooooo!"  
  
He takes a seat and grabs some tissue to wipe his dick off. Hand sanitizer later he fires up his computer. Paige wraps her arms back around Lonnie's shoulders and hovers over him. Entering Tender they face another surprise.  
  
"1710 messages? Seriously?"  
  
"Everyone likes me." She wiggles her chin on his shoulder and whispers into his ear.  
  
"A month ago you said nobody likes me. See how wrong you are?"  
  
"It's because I'm young and act like an airhead. I sound sexy when I talk."  
  
"And, we are going to feed on these bastards due to it."  
  
"Feed on?" She lays her cheek on that shoulder looking at him with curious eyes.  
  
"Yep. Feed on, prey on, same principle. We use them, they use you."  
  
"Use me Daddy?"  
  
"In other words you give them just enough to get your way. Clothes. Jewelry. You name it."  
  
"Are you pimping me out again?"  
  
"You complaining?"  
  
"No." She giggles.  
  
"Look at this guy. Three piece suit. He's a Proctologist."  
  
"A cocktologist?"  
  
"That too." He chuckles. "Anusologist. Coloneyeser."  
  
Paige snorts wrinkling her nose at his jokes. "He must be rich."  
  
"Rich and wants a girl to call him Daddy. We can sucker this guy out of some nice things for you."  
  
"You're my only Daddy, Daddy." She kisses his cheek.   
  
"Regardless! I think with your naturally young look and voice this guy would eat you up."  
  
"Right. Not roleplay if I'm truly like that. Can I take Fuzzy on my date with him?"  
  
"Sweetheart you can wear your Hello Kitty jammies."  
  
"Yay!"  
  
"Let's see what Dr. Frank has to say." Opening up his message Lonnie reads it out loud. "Hello Paige. My name is Frank. I won't go into detail about my career because my Bio explains all of that. I would much rather talk about you. I've searched high and low for a young lady such as yourself. Beautiful in a very youthful sort of way. I can tell although shy that you are full of life. Your eyes are remarkable and innocent. Are you searching for love or just fun? If I'm right I think you prefer older men. I'm 52. I guess I'll know I was correct if you write me back. Tell me what you want. Every detail." Lonnie puckers. "Not saying we meet this one but lets just see what he says to your reply."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Hi Mister Frank." She giggles at Lonnie's perception of her. "I'm still in High School for two and a half weeks. So ya I'm young. I turned 18 three weeks ago. I've been told I look 15. I even sound 15. Maybe younger. I still wear my hair in piggy tails sometimes."  
  
"Gosh Daddy. You sound just like me. You know me so well."  
  
"18 years around you of course I do." He winks and continues typing. "What do I want? Hmmmm? Yes I like older men. Even though I haven't dated much I feel drawn to much older. I like making guys feel young. When my Daddy takes me places I get silly and act like I'm his girlfriend. Guys get really interested in that. Watching their reaction makes me get sillier. Maybe I'm just goofy but it makes me..." Lonnie pauses and stops typing. "Fuck this lets do video."  
  
"Yay!" She shakes her ass as if dancing while still laying over his shoulder.   
  
"Go put those old Hello Kitty peejays on. Put your hair in pigtails. You're going to lay in bed with Fuzzy and talk softly and innocent, yet really seductive. Just as I wrote him."  
  
"I haven't grown much so my Kitty Glitters still fit. Maybe a lil tight over my boobies they're gotten really big."  
  
"Hurry up."  
  
She scurries to her room and digs out her jammies. She was right her glittery pink pajamas with little Hello Kitty faces all over them fit perfect on her lower half but her shirt could only button up half way. Using white lace ribbons she ties her hair up in pigtails. Lonnie checks her out and pulls her shirt together more. "Don't show cleavage to heavily just yet. It's dark outside so let's light a candle and make it peaceful."  
  
"I'm so excited. I live for this Daddy." She jumps on her bed bouncing first on her knees then standing to dance about on her feet. She fanned her shirt wide teasing Lonnie.  
  
"Settle down Little Orphan Fanny."  
  
He lights a candle next to her bed then snaps his fingers for her to stretch out on her belly. Handing her Fuzzy she snuggles with the bear and offers an innocent timid smile. Lonnie nods. "Perfect. Wanna hold your cell of make this look like its propped up?"  
  
"Me! Me! Me!" she extends her hand to claim her cell.  
  
"Alright. Keep your words soft and playful. You want him to get really turned on. Your cleavage, let's make it look like you popped a button when you roll over. Here lets adjust your bottoms a bit to show a hint of crack." He steps beside her as she lifts her hips. Lon tugs her waist band a tad lower. Stepping in front of her again he puckers. "Go for it Fanny."  
  
"Hi Mister Frank." She flutters her fingers at the cell. "I read your message but I didn't feel like typing. This is better and more intimate. I just turned 18. I graduate High School in two and a half weeks. You are right I do like older men. Boys are meanies. What you see is what you get. My voice is soft and sweet as you can hear. Guys think I'm 15 sometimes. I have ID." She smiles and tilts her glasses up on her nose a bit. "I haven't really dated much. As you said I'm shy. I want to be wilder. I know I can for the right man. Oh, this is my bestest friend Fuzzy. He's soft and cuddly. You wanted to know if I was looking for love or fun?" She ponders the question with a pause. "Can I have both?"  
  
Mister Frank, can I tell you a secret? I hope you don't think badly of me but sometimes when my Daddy takes me shopping or something I get silly and make people think I'm his date not just his daughter. He plays along just to see peoples reaction. I can tell guys like it when I do that. My young voice. My silly attitude. It's really fun. I would like a man who wants me to treat him like that." She smiles and turns over on to her back. The second her held together shirt whips wide she acts as if a button popped away. Pouting she pulls her cleavage together after a healthy show of bulging melons. "I popped a button."   
  
She rolls slightly on her side peering over her mattress in search for it. "I don't know where it went. I can find it later." She lays with the camera aimed straight down at her as she looks up with a shy smile. Holding Fuzzy to her breast she releases the shirts cleavage. Fuzzy hides most of her but a hint of her right tit was left to peek a bit. "I think I need new jammies. What do you think of me now that you've seen and heard me better? Am I what you're looking for Mister Frank?" Paige lifts Fuzzy up and lays him to her side and lets Frank see full cleavage. Mounds were crushed together as she acts bashful. With three buttons opened a good portion stood revealed. Feigning shy she uses her free hand to attempt pulling her shirt together. "I hope so. Would you like to date me? Let me know. Oh, Mister Frank? Don't be shy with me it only makes me more bashful. I won't be offended by anything you say. Even if you decide I'm not your type. Time for my beddy by. School tomorrow. Night Mister Frank." Fingers softly wave goodbye. Video ended.  
  
"That was fucking hot." Lon shook his head. "Give me the cell let's send it."  
  
Yawning Paige lets him take it and actually rolls over, drifting off to sleep. Even if it was only 8:30 PM. Lonnie picks up Fuzzy and carefully places it in front of her. She groggily cuddles with the bear and sleeps tight. Lon set her alarm for morning. Off to send the video.   
  
At 3:00 AM Lonnie wakes up and goes to take a leak. Standing there relieving his bladder he yawns and found himself curious. Washing his hands he dries them and shuffles to his office. Getting online he opens Paige's Tender account. Glued to messages he notes the earlier 1710 had jumped to 1775 in under eight hours.   
  
"Unbelievable." Opening replies to her own he sees three. One from nerd Dillon, another from a guy named Todd, and lastly Mister Frank. "Old man moves fast. Hell they all do. Let's see what Frankie has to say."  
  
"My, my, my! Hello sweet little girl. You honor me with a sample of who you really are. As I sit here sipping wine I admire your beauty. Such childlike qualities are fascinating. Barely legal I see. That...is refreshing. You certainly have my imagination going as to what you might be like in person, face to face. I would absolutely love to invite you to join me for dinner. I understand your time frame with Graduation coming. I can wait until after. Maybe I'll surprise you with a Graduation present. A token of your interest in an old man such as I."   
  
Lonnie nods grinning, "Make it good Frank."   
  
He continues reading. "You warned me not to be shy. At my age that is hardly the case. I will however respect your wishes concerning speaking my thoughts. As I watched your video for possibly the seventh time I found myself pausing it as you lost the button on your pajama top. Your...cleavage is quite lovely. Should my gift be a new pair of pajamas? Then as you lay there looking up at me, your chest opened for me to see. Maybe I'm thinking too much on this but did you show off like that on purpose? If so...very impressive young lady. You are welcome to send me more videos such as this. I do believe I would spoil you after we get to know one another."

Lon smirks, "Oh you're going to spoil my kid hard Buddy."   
  
The message concludes with, "Honor me with another video? Something a bit more titillating? Have a good week Paige."  
  
"I think she can do that Frank." Lonnie yawns and closes Tender. He needed another three hours of sleep.   
  
The next morning Lonnie texts Paige from work making certain she was awake, as he did every school day. She was always up, but it was routine. Once she replied back the response of a noisy "Yaaaaawwwn!" Lon decided to call her before heading in to the Distillery.   
  
As she answers while brushing her teeth Lon fills her in and gives her a mission. "I know you're pressed for time but make another short video for that Doctor Frank as you get ready. Nothing too extreme, but he replied back already. He asked for another video a tad more revealing. Let's be careful considering that it's going on Tender."  
  
"What should I do?"  
  
"Just let him see you getting ready for school."  
  
"Okay. I'll send it to you for approval."  
  
"Good girl. Have a great day in school."  
  
"Thank you Daddy. You too. Work not school though."  
  
Hanging up she stood idle in the bathroom mirror with toothbrush between her lips. Her hands free she sets her cam up for auto record. Propping it well, she waves at the camera.   
  
"Morning Mister Frank. I jumped right out of bed and checked to see if you replied to my video. YOU DID!" She dances in step before brushing some more, showing a closeup of her mouth giggling. Rinsing she spits and shows off her pearly whites. "I need to take a shower real fast. I'll let you watch me but only for a second. I'm afraid to go too far over Tender. Don't blink Mister Frank."   
  
She steps toward the shower looking over her shoulder to see if she was still in the camera angle. After turning the water on to get warm she jumps backwards to tilt it slightly for a better view. Stepping forward to the shower she removes her pajama top offering seductive glances over her milky white shoulder. The shirt lowered more until her entire back was revealed, down to just below her elastic bands. Cast aside, she holds her chest with an arm as she reaches in to test the water. In her sidestep angle the very bottom of her breast was recorded. Standing back upright while peering over her shoulder. "Bottoms off Mister Frank."   
  
She bends over yanking her pajama bottoms down. Pulled from her toes she stands up nude. In the camera Frank would be able to see about two inches of her upper butt crack. "I'll let it record me but it might shut off while I'm in the shower. Removing her glasses and her pigtail bands she shakes out her hair, glasses on the sink. Carefully she shuffles forward and climbs into the shower. Frank would see about 70% of her butt until she vanished behind fogged up shower doors. For the next two minutes her entire silhouette was in view. The camera shut off before she was done. After a wake up cleanse she steps out to dry herself and examine the video. "A lot of flesh but not too much. I'll send this to Daddy." Before doing so she chose to add a second video of her primping.   
  
"I'm back. Blow drying my hair now."   
  
She remained nude but kept her back to him most of the video. A side boob snuck past her movements as she plugged in her dryer. Hands over her head she combed and let him see the same earlier view of her back down to mid ass. With arms up high and busy she dances slowly in step. A hint of side boob on both sides became evident as she swayed. Looking back with hands busy she winks at Frank. "Is that enough Mister Frank?"   
  
She fans her long red hair forward over her chest and covers her nipples before giggling and facing the camera. Her frontal offered full boobage but completely shielded by her mane. Her lower half showed him her belly button down to the highest strands of her pubic arrow. "Message me a few more times Mister Frank then I might text your phone. K? Bye Mister Frank." Just as she hit the button to stop the cam she showed a nipple. She wasn't sure the video captured it in time. She was devious today. Playing it back she flared her eyes, "I'm so sexy. Oh my Gosh. My nipple did show up. One second won't hurt. Off to Daddy, then I gotta hurry and get dressed."   
  
Sending them to Lonnie first, she rushes to her bedroom and plans her daily attire. She hadn't worn her butt zipper jeans since that day with Brett. Since that day everybody had treated her with respect, a little flirty but she enjoyed herself over it. "One more time. Let's see how the boys react." She goes to her dresser for undies but paused. "I know it's risky but let's go commando." Only a bra was worn, a dark blue lacey piece that offered a hint of areola at the top. With a shirt selection she knew too much was bad, so went somewhat conservative. Wearing a grey pullover with a V-neck cleavage, helped accent the blue bra as it peeked above ever so faintly. "I look pretty." Socks and shoes chosen, she grabbed her book bag and headed to catch the bus. Sadly, in her video teasing she missed her school bus by three minutes. Stomping her foot she had to run two streets over to catch a City Bus.  
  
A public mass transit bus was unpredictable so early in the morning. Between students going to school and folks heading to work, finding a seat didn't always work out. Today Paige was out of luck. Forced to the back to find standing room she was somewhat smothered. At 5'2 barely, reaching the hand grips became tedious. It seemed that everywhere she went guys, people in general were enormous. She took the risk of just standing without support between a cluster of what appeared to be college boys. Easily in their ages of 20 to 24 range. With every bump or stop to load or unload passengers she was tossed about amongst them. They seemed courteous in catching her. Hands would either stop her fall or their bodies became a sturdy barrier. Truth be told Paige didn't mind her being tossed about. Four of nine boys were dreamy. Of course she melded into those dreamboats even at the slightest jostle of the bus. They knew it was on purpose.   
  
Eye contact between friends and not so much friends as fellow students read the others mind. All found Paige curiously appealing. The biggest issue among them was the question of how old she was. As ever Paige's youthful appearance gave people a hint of 15. That would be bad. Paige had become used to that look so took to teasing to inform them the possibility she might be older. Having a Hello Kitty book bag did not help. The guy behind her, a medium height blond haired man with a well toned physique noticed her butt zipper jeans. No girl 15 would be allowed out of their parents home wearing those. That made him pucker and nod for his friends to check her out. They all agreed maybe 17? Finally the guy beside her took the initiative to converse.  
  
"Rough ride today. What happened to full capacity?"  
  
Paige looks up at the 6 foot man of shoulder length brown hair and bushy goatee. "I know. I can't reach the handle. I hope I don't make anyone mad falling into them."  
  
"Somehow I don't think anyone objects." He chuckles. "You object Jamie?"  
  
The blond behind her leered down over her shoulder as Paige pressed against his front due to a sudden brake from the driver. "Nope, fall back into me all you want."  
  
She giggles at his smile, "I still have a long way to go to get to school. I might need to."  
  
"Same here. Most of us back here go to the University of Chicago. Probably further than you. Still in High School?"  
  
"Yes. I graduate in under three weeks."  
  
"No shit. You look like you should be a freshman maybe."  
  
"I'm eighteen and I have ID to prove it. I've always looked young."  
  
"Awesome. It's...kind of sexy really."  
  
"I hear that a lot too." She giggles not noticing his friends moving in closer to hear better. Paige was pretty well braced in all directions now. She flared her eyes upward and around at each of them without expression. This might be fun she thought. As another round of bad balance subjected her to teeter totter from side to side she kept her hands held at waist level, palms out.   
  
One good bump led her to fall sideways slightly. Her palm brushing up against the goateed man's crotch. She could easily tell he had a woody woodpecker as she called it on occasion. He looked down at her hand as it remained there. She went into acting mode and looked the other way. Seeing this, another friend stepped closer to her right side. A rough curb turn sends his own crotch against her other hand. She was palming two beasts now and remaining calm. If not blushing a bit. "Gosh! The driver must be new."  
  
"We have you." The blond leers down from behind. She tilts her gaze upward, dangling back with a thankful smile. "My name's Jamie."  
  
"Hi Jamie. I'm Paige."  
  
"This is Clint and Ben. Over there is Ryan."  
  
"Hi."  
  
Another rough brake to retrieve passengers the bus gets filled to capacity. People were elbow to elbow. Ben and Ryan moved closer to Paige still to give room to more people. Only one other girl their age stood beyond Ben the goatee. Paige chuckled up at them. "This is so funny. I might miss my stop because I can't see out."  
  
"What stop do you need?"  
  
"Hilltop and Winstead."  
  
Jamie peers out the window. "Another 6 blocks."  
  
She could feel Clint pressed against her front. His own erection caressing against her tummy. With her pack on she knew it wouldn't be comfy against Jamie, daring to remove it and kneel slightly to set it at her feet. As she did Jamie snuck in to unzip her pants slightly. Not much but enough to see milky flesh peek out. Two inches tops. She felt it but didn't respond other than a flare of her eyes and a thinly pressed smile.  
  
"Thanks Paige. That bag was killing me."  
  
"Sowwy! All better now?"  
  
"Waaay better." He winks at his friends pointing down at her ass and the lowered zipper. Ryan and Ben could see butt crack slightly. Another bump plants her hands back over the crotches of Ben and Ryan. With an evil move Ryan kicks her bag forward as if it shifted. She notices it wincing at her predicament. Before she could crouch to reach for it, Clint chuckled and bent forward at an angle. His face mashed right into Paige's chest. Ryan kicks it again just out of Clint's reach. Paige's eyes bulged as Clint spoke moving his mouth literally over where her nipple should be.   
  
"I got it. I think."  
  
Behind her Jamie laughed and took a risk of zipping her down further. With an expression of blown exhale he gets a good look at her ass. Calling eyes to look, both Ryan and Ben join him.   
  
"It's getting chilly in here." Paige knew it was lower.  
  
"Almost have your bag." Clint's lips mashed over her tit. In speaking it almost appeared as if he were sucking her nipple. Paige shivered dramatically and reared her head back to look up at the three still standing.   
  
"Am I almost at my stop?"  
  
"Getting close."  
  
"So is my zipper. It's almost down." She offers a pouty irresistible look. "You can pull it down all the way. It's only for a few more minutes."  
  
"Nice!" Jamie did just that. Zipper touching its lowest point three hands dug inside to palm her butt. She stood up straight and felt a finger inside her butthole. Seeing the other guys getting the shock of their life Clint removed his lips and stared at Paige. She uses an index finger to call him up closer. As he leans in she whispers, "I'm on Tender."  
  
As her stop arrived she reached behind her and smiled. Zipping up, the guys groan at their loss. With a fast rub over their crotches she giggles and grabs her bag. Looking up at Clint's crotch she got even and bit his erection through his jeans. Moving away she waves and escapes the bus. Standing outside she runs to the window looking up at the guys and blew kisses. Clint would inform them of her being on Tender. They would search all day long if they had to.  
  
Heading another block away on foot Paige Turner was at school. Guys were already noticing her jeans. This was going to be a good day. Calmer than expected she was still wet and that would not fade until the final bell. Beau and the other boys did their best to be respectful to her face. She really wanted to unzip but kept it clean. Graduation was too near to screw it up.  
  
At her locker Paige got a text from her Mom. It read, "Mark is outside waiting on you. Last minute thing at work. He's going to take you to the Mall. Look around and I'll join you there in an hour. Message you when I get there." Grimacing she whined. "Noooo!"   
  
Calming her nerves she left the school and located Mark in his van. A white Raper van as they were called, with no windows on the sides or back. Mark was just so creepy. What made it darker still was his last name as well as his vanity plates were RAPIER. Just like the French sword. RAPIER Van indeed.  
  
With a toot of his horn she walked toward Mark with her head down.  
  
"Get in." He gruffly motioned with a crane of his neck as he turned down his metal music. Mark was a huge man with a bald head, tattoos on his entire upper body. Wearing a solid black t-shirt and pants, boots, and dark sunglasses only added to his menacing appearance. Being muscular added to intimidation. He wasn't as large as Joshy but the man was big none the less.  
  
"Hi Mark. Can I just go home?"  
  
"Little girl? Get your ass in this van."  
  
"FINE!" She copped an attitude. She really didn't like Mark. Mostly because he tried to replace Lonnie, talking bad about him whenever he could. That never sat well with Paige who loved her Father with every ounce of her soul. Her Mother always agreeing with Mark didn't help.  
  
Climbing in she rolled to her right in the seat to locate the seatbelt. In her contortion Mark notices her zipper in back that was ever so slightly unzipped. A fingertip sized amount of skin stood revealed to him. Puckering he reached across in her struggle and dared to unzip it another inch and a half. She didn't notice. As she reeled back he turned up the jams of the band Beartooth and grinned to himself. She pouted the entire way to the Mall.  
  
Mark didn't bother to try and talk to her, he knew she didn't care for him much. It didn't matter to Mark Rapier he didn't truly care about anyone but himself. Her Mother Paula was only there for sex and money. He merely gave Paula the affection required in exchange for his darker desires. Desires that Paula had grown to adore. Namely bondage. Allowed to be normal around Paige, Paula was meek and obedient otherwise. In a sense maybe Paige took more after her Mom than she considered. Her Father Lonnie also in a sense doing the same toward Paige. At a slower rate concerning the bondage aspect, but Lon did control his kid.   
  
Nearing the Mall Mark decided to speak finally. CD player volume low he leers over at Paige. "Any thoughts on what you wanna do after you graduate?"  
  
"Not really." She didn't even look his way, out the passenger door window instead.  
  
"College?"  
  
"No. Daddy can't afford college. Even if I got a grant."  
  
"Yeah! College tuition sucks. Probably need to go get a job."  
  
"I think Daddy has ideas on a job for me." She conceals a smirk with the ball of her palm, her elbow on the door frame.  
  
"Oh yeah? What's Lonnie have in mind?"  
  
"Nothing."  
  
"Nothing isn't the same as having ideas."  
  
"I don't want to talk about it."  
  
"You could always be a stripper." Mark chuckles expecting her to flip him off. "Lots of money in that."  
  
"I'm too shy for that." She scowls rolling her eyes at him. She wasn't. Mark didn't need to know.  
  
Parking near the carousel Paige recalled riding it with her Uncle Mike. As soon as Mark shut the van off Paige unbuckled and veered right again to open the door. Mark smirked and reached over and unzipped her jeans another inch. Paige in climbing out didn't react to it. Either she was dumb, Mark thought, or she just hadn't got a draft on her revealed skin. Mark chuckled at her negligence. He was pure evil.  
  
"Wait on me." Mark barked as she froze in step with her arms folded. "Leave your bag in the van." She stomps her foot and returns to throw the bag in the seat. Slamming the door she marches back to where she had stood. Mark locked up and joined her looking down with narrowed eyes. "Straighten up or you won't be getting anything."  
  
"I don't care. You're not the one buying me a dress."  
  
"I can put a stop to your Mom buying you one just like this." He snaps his fingers.  
  
"Good. I have other clothes to wear."  
  
"Like those weird ass jeans you're wearing? I can only imagine how your Mom is going to react to those. Who bought those? Daddy?"  
  
She hadn't thought about the fact her Mom would see her in the jeans. She thought she would be picked up at home giving her time to change into something less risqué. Eyes bulging she nearly had a panic attack.  
  
"I ordered them from EBay on the gift card Daddy got me for my birthday. He..doesn't know I have them."  
  
"Ohhh, really? Maybe I should just tell him and get you grounded for life."  
  
"Go ahead. I'm an adult now I can do what I want."  
  
Mark pulls his cell from his back pocket and snaps a pic of her backside as she pouted facing forward. "Funny thing. I have a buddy that found out something interesting about you."  
  
"What?" She faces him as he hides the picture he had just taken. He switches to another AP on his cell. "Look what he discovered." He shows Paige her profile pic on Tender. "Your Mom doesn't know about this. I'm not gonna tell her either. I watched your Introduction video with my Buddy. You've certainly grown up Kid."  
  
"I'm eighteen. W-who is your friend?" She was worried suddenly that it might be somebody that had seen her next to nude or had sex with her. She couldn't imagine who would even want to be friends with Mark though.  
  
"My secret. Hard to imagine you on Tender. That video sure didn't show that shy side I'm used to seeing when you come stay a weekend."  
  
"Who is your friend?" She begged slightly. "Have we talked on Tender?"  
  
"Maybe. I told you I won't rat my friend out. I won't rat you out either. As long as..."  
  
"Don't blackmail me Mark. I don't care."  
  
"No but your Mom would. It would destroy her what I know about you."  
  
"Noooo! Mark don't be mean to me or Mommy."  
  
He moves closer to her and leans over face to face with her. With a dark grin he exhales, "I say and do what I want Runt. What I want is for you to start being nicer to me."  
  
"Nicer as in, Hi Mark good to see you again?" She whimpers hoping to make him less intimidating.  
  
"More like, Hello Sir. How may I serve you?"  
  
"WHAT?" Her jaw drops, "Noooooo! I know what you do to Mommy. I don't..."  
  
"Have a choice?" He finishes her sentence with a sneer.  
  
"I'll just get off of Tender and tell Daddy everything. I'm not going to..serve you like Mommy does."  
  
"Try it, you might like it."  
  
"Not with you."  
  
"We'll see future Step kid."  
  
"No we won't." She pouts heavily wanting to call her Father to come get her. Mark wouldn't have that. He knew her cell was in her book bag, nice and locked up in his van. Pointing toward the Mall Mark nudged her through the lot. She caved in and took off into the Mall without him. He called her a little cunt and did his best to keep up with her. In her bolt away from him she hid as best she could, moving from store to store. As she blended following him at a distance she spots a familiar face, the old man Mickey who wanted to take her pictures. He was running an oasis photography stand, taking photos of young couples, children with their parent, etc. As he finished up with a couple she sprinted to his side.   
  
"Boo!" She playfully made him jump. The grey haired older man of his late 50's feigned a heart attack making her droop her jaw in a panic. He quickly chuckled and acknowledged that he was fine.  
  
"Well hello Sansa."  
  
"You remembered."  
  
"I'm not too old to be a Thrones fan. Where's Daddy?"  
  
"At home I think. I'm here with my Mom's evil boyfriend. He's trying to blackmail me. Will you help me? My cell is in his van."

"Where's your Mother?"  
  
"She will be here sometime but I'm afraid to face her with Mark. She will take his side."  
  
"What does he have to blackmail you with?" Mick appeared concerned glancing around for someone who looked menacing.  
  
"That's him in front of the Pet Store. The bald guy with tattoos."  
  
"He looks mean."  
  
"He is."  
  
"Want to use my cell to call your Dad?"  
  
"Yes...oh pooh! I don't know Daddy's number by heart. He's just under my contacts so it's easier." She frowned and hugged closer to Mick for safety.  
  
"Should I call Security?"  
  
"Noooo! Mom would hate me. Just keep me safe until Mommy gets here. She can call Daddy for me."  
  
"Alright! I don't have any other folks in line at the moment. You just sit in that chair. Call it a throne fit for a Queen."  
  
"Sansa." She does her best raspy voice. "Maybe I should hide in the fur store." He makes her smile.   
  
"You just stay by me Sansa dear. I'll keep you safe." He eyes Mark searching high and low. As Mark looks his way Mickey stands in front of Paige and hides her with his bulk. Mickey wasn't exactly a small man, tall but portly in appearance. Moving toward his setup booth Mark was under twenty feet from her. In a held breath squeal she drops to her hands and knees peering at him from behind a curtained barricade surrounding Mickey's setting. Glaring down at Paige in her mousey stance Mick notes her butt zipper down a couple inches. How could she not notice it? Of course the jeans were still buttoned and tight. With her ass in the air the gap between fabric spread open more. In a sly move Mickey snapped a picture with his .35 MM, no flash needed. Looking around for eyes on them he reached down and pinched her zipper gently pulling it down another inch. She still didn't notice. It was now down almost four inches low. Unreal! He could see the upper crest of her butt pucker. Another secretive photo shot. The Oldman still had it in him.  
  
Moving away from them, Paige remained down low as people walking by noticed with curious eyes. Some winced, laughing as the Photographer stared at Paige from behind. Once Mick became aware he had an audience he mutters. "Did you find your contacts Dear?" Paige looked at the ground and swiftly removed her glasses looking up with a wince as if poor eye sight. They knew better. Nice try.   
  
"I don't think they bought our cover story." He chuckled.  
  
"Oh well. I don't care." She sits up on her knees and puts her glasses on. "Thank you for hiding me out Mister Mickey."  
  
"Lord that gave me the chills." He shivers.  
  
"What did?"  
  
"You and your mousey, kidlike voice. Calling me Mister Mickey."  
  
"Oh!" She giggles and crawls around him to the opposite side in case she needed to hide from Mark should he return.  
  
"It looks like he got a phone call." Mick warned her.  
  
She looks up like a groundhog looking for a shadow. "It must be my Mommy." In looking Mark turned facing directly at Mickey and Minnie. Crouching low with her ass in the air her zipper crept open, lower still. The constriction of her knelt position unzipped it another two inches. She felt a draft now as it was nearly all the way open. As Mickey poised his camera a hand appeared bending over the curtain.  
  
"YOUNG LADY! WHAT ARE YOU WEARING?" A hand tries to zip her up frantically, but as Paige jumps the hand accidently enters her private space. A fingernail jabs her butthole. Paige yelps loudly and rears up beet red at being goosed. Looking back in shock there was a woman not much taller than Paige was, standing at 5'4, 125, shorter red hair but darker in tone. Her body style very similar to her daughter's.   
  
"MOMMY!" Paige reaches behind her to discover her zipper down and cringes. "It must have come unzipped."  
  
"Why is my daughter behind this barrier with you?" Paula folded her arms awaiting an answer from Mickey. The old man casts a thumb toward Mark who was just now joining them.  
  
"She was hiding out from your boyfriend there. Said she was really uncomfortable around him."  
  
"Who are you to interfere with my daughter's family life?"  
  
"MOMMY! Please don't yell at Mister Mickey. He's a friend of Daddy's. I asked him to keep me safe."  
  
"Safe from what? Mark? Why would Mark hurt you?"  
  
"Yeah! Why would I hurt you?" Mark shakes his cell at her which had the Tender photo of her on the screen.  
  
""You know what?" Paula shook her head with an expression of pure aggravation. "I don't care why at this moment. Zip yourself up. I need to wash my hands. UGH!" Paula turns away knowing her fingertip had been in her daughters anus. The thought of cleanliness took over. "Stay with Mark."  
  
Reaching behind her Mark shook his head telling her not to. She hesitated until Mickey jumped in. "Look Buddy, I don't know what you have on the kid but I'm not gonna stand for..."  
  
"Ohhh Security?" Mark looks amused, "Can you check this guys camera for dirty pics? I swear I saw him being perverted."  
  
Mickey swallows and looks to Paige sweating hard. "I have to stay out of this Kid. Have your Dad call me. I'm sorry." Mick left his booth and went to grab a drink. Secretly he switched film out with one in his pocket for protective measures, in case he did need to produce pics. The older film he stashed away in his sock. Paige pouted feeling sorry for Mickey.  
  
"I hate you Mark."  
  
"No. You love me and want to do whatever I want you to do. Don't make this any harder than it has to be. When Paula gets back you apologize to me and treat me with respect or I'll show her everything. I have more on you than I let on Squirt."  
  
"What?" She whines. "What do you have?"  
  
"Video. Pics. You name it."  
  
"From who?"  
  
"I told you I'm not ratting them out."  
  
"But, you'll rat me out if I say no to your sick meanie..."  
  
"In a heartbeat." He cuts her off. "Trust me your Mom will side with me after I tell her I was afraid to fess up what I knew. That I wanted to keep our family together. Imagine how crushed she would be by you being manhandled by guys and loving it."  
  
"Please don't do that to Mommy."  
  
"Then tell me what I want to hear."  
  
Pouty to the point of tears she chokes slightly. "I'll be nice to you."  
  
"Better than nice. One of these days here real soon I'm fucking every hole you have."  
  
"Noooo!" She sheds a tear finally.  
  
"Dry up. Get through today. Let your Mom buy you whatever dress she wants to get you. We'll discuss things soon enough. Oh, and if you tell Lonnie about this I'll go out of my way to ruin him too. Got me?"  
  
Nodding she snivel's and dabs her eyes on her wrist. Luckily she wasn't wearing mascara today. Five minutes later Paula rejoins them, still upset by her daughters behavior.  
  
"We should just do this another time." Paula scowls noticing Paige had been crying. "Mark? Can I have a minute alone with Paige?"  
  
"Mark?" Paige swallows dryly. "I-I'm sorry."  
  
"No problem. Keep your chin up Kid. I'm on your side."  
  
That made Paige huff and roll her eyes. Paula shook her head with concern. "What is really going on here?"  
  
"Nothing. I don't like Mark is all. Mommy? I know what he...does to you. I saw it on his laptop once."  
  
"What?" Paula flared her eyes. "What did you..."  
  
"Everything. I saw you tied up. He was spanking you with some kind of whip. You were nakie. He...put his...thing in your mouth against your will. Other places too."  
  
"Oh my God!" Paula covered her embarrassment, as her daughter normally does. "This is why you're afraid of Mark?" Nodding shyly Paige couldn't even look at her Mom. Taking a deep breath and hiding her own tears Paula exhales loudly. "Honey? I'm sorry you saw that. Mark should not have left his laptop open with that on it. Sweetie? You have to understand that he and I...well...we live differently than most people. I...like being treated like that. Mark only acts mean, but it's to turn me on."  
  
"Oh! It looked scary. Like he was hurting you."  
  
"Not at all. Sweetheart I'm so very sorry you had to see that. I hope we haven't scarred you for life. Not all men will treat you like that. You will find a sweet young man who will respect you."  
  
Paige almost wanted to laugh. She didn't want a sweet young man. Truthfully Paige desired guys who took control. She just really despised Mark Rapier. He was not as nice as her Mother knew.  
  
"I hope so. Guys...barely talk to me."  
  
"I don't know that I believe that. Where on Earth did you get jeans that zip in the ass?"  
  
"Online." She lied.  
  
"Does your Father know of these?"  
  
"No. Daddy doesn't pay attention to what I wear."  
  
"I think he and I need to discuss those jeans. That crusty old man was drooling all over himself looking at your tushy."  
  
"Mister Micky would never hurt me Mommy. He is friends with Daddy. He was even nice enough to buy me a pair of boots when Daddy couldn't afford them."  
  
Overcome by thoughts Paula finally breaks her emotional buildup. "Okay! Let's buy you a cute dress for Graduation. I'll arrange a hair appointment the day before."  
  
"I like my hair long. Please don't ask me to cut it off."  
  
"You need your ends trimmed at least." Paula caresses her daughter's hair lovingly. "What type of dress did you have in mind?"  
  
"Flowered?" Paige cringes not wanting her Mother to be offended by her compulsive floral wardrobe choices. At this point Paige felt compelled to let her Mom be happy toward her. Even if it meant being tortured into wearing flowers.  
  
With a scowl Paula shook her head. "Let's compromise. Floral top with an all black skirt."   
  
She points behind them at a store window. A mannequin wearing just that popped, it was perfect. Paige's eyes went wide.   
  
"Yessss! Mommy I love that dress."  
  
"Good! Let's go try it on."  
  
Mark Rapier was left behind. Sneering at them he hadn't realized that Mick Huber had taken long distance photos of him. With a telephoto lens he captured a look at his cell with Paige on the screen. Two could play dirty. Mick was devious too, but the man had a heart.  
  
"Don't you worry Kid. Grampa Mickey has your back."  
  
M-I-C...See? Micky did care. K-E-Y...Why? Because he had his own agenda.   
  
No M-O-U-S-E.