**Paige**

**Paige Ch. 15: Babydoll**

In the middle of the night Paige Turner crept into her Father's bedroom, her teddy bear along for the walk. She had been struggling with sleep for hours. She wanted to wake Lonnie but was afraid he might get uptight. Sulking she instead went into his office and got on the computer. Even on a Sunday he needed his sleep.  
  
After an extremely eventful Saturday going to her first ever party she quickly became the party itself. Thirteen boys from her senior class were there, she the only girl. She was a bit drunk but let things progress at their instigation. In the end most of them at some point had their dick inside her. Even if it was for a very short time. She loved every second of it. Even the two hours with Beau in her own bed was incredible. Yet everything had been weighing on her shoulders. Firstly, she now worried that the boys would hound her at school for more. The thought of them trying something at school made her really wet but she knew it would be bad. Graduation was just around the corner. Failing to graduate because of getting expelled had her spooked. There was still the nagging feeling that Brett Chenowyth as going to get his revenge at any moment. Her Mother's boyfriend blackmailing her into bondage sex was killing her, mainly because she couldn't tell Lonnie or her Mother.  
  
There were good thoughts to even things up though. Josh wanted her. She wanted Josh. Bryan wanted her. She wanted Bryan. So many guys on Tender were begging to know her. Squirming in her seat she wanted them too. Her Father had turned her into a nympho. She wanted to be loved and to love every man she had time with. In her mind she would continually whisper. "More Daddy." Sex with her Father was always incredible. Yet that chant of "More Daddy" would often be mentally spoken to her lovers as well. All of them could be her Daddy if they wanted to. She needed fucked badly. Right now! "Daddy wake up." She pouts. It was not in the cards. This was her chance to get on Tender alone. To reply to guys. Do her own search. She craved attention.  
  
"Dillon wrote back. I never did send him the video from the party. I'm afraid to. Seeing guys fuck me might ruin my chances to go to Comicon with him. I better hold off sending it. I'll just message him and say hi." She opens up his reply box and begins typing. "Hi Dillon. I can't wait to dress up as Black Widow for you. I bought a skin tight latex suit to wear. It's really tight. If I don't wear a bra my nip nips will stick out. Should I wear a bra or no? The front zipper goes clean down to my pubes. Should I wear panties? LOL." She wiggles in her seat rubbing herself a bit. Continuing she writes. "I did make you a video but I'm terrified of you seeing it. You might not like what you see. I did something really nasty in it. I'll make a different one. I just don't want you to get mad and not give me a chance."  
  
She starts to delete the video idea completely but decides not to. Everything was a risk. If Dillon didn't take her she knew she could sucker her Dad into it. "I want you to see me in my Widow outfit so I'll take a video of me wearing it. I even bought a cute spider tattoo I'm going to put right under my belly button. You might faint when I zip it down and show it off. LOL. Dillon? Please want me. I want you to." She ends it with a smiley kiss. Sent.  
  
"Mister Frank? Daddy wants me to want you. I wonder what your reply says." She opens it up and reads. "Dear God in Heaven. You stripped naked for me. Almost that is. Young woman I will not lie to you, I masturbated five times watching and listening to you. You are the Devil's Daughter. Bless you little one. Please I'm begging you. Make me one more video. Send it to my email. It's DoctorFrankinStin@Gmail.com. Or call me at 309-666-DOCC. Any time after 5PM. I will worship you Child."  
  
"Wow! Mister Frank really wants me." She eyes her phone. "Daddy might get mad if I call him. I'll just make a video and send it to Mister Frank's phone." She leaves the computer on but shuffles to her bedroom with Fuzzy in hand. Within she closes her bedroom door and lights her faithful candles. Putting her Hello Kitty jammies on she eyes her shirt and winces as she tears off two buttons to make it look good. He would buy her a new pair. Her cleavage massive beneath the shirt she intentionally leaves a third button undone. Only four buttons were ever on it to begin with. Putting her hair back in pig tails she props it on her bedside stand. She then hops on to her bed, sitting on her feet. Eying herself for angles she begins her video.  
  
With a seductively soft voice she opens up. "Hi Mister Frank. I can't sleep. I read your mail and saw that you wanted another video. I'm glad you want to worship me. Can I worship you too?" So erotic she gave herself gooseybumps. "Did you see my nip nip in the last video? I snuck it in at the last second. If not I'll show you now." She unbuttons the final button on her shirt. Shyly she exposes her cleavage and teases him with close but no cigar full frontal. "Are you ready Mister Frank?" She shows him her left tit then covers up to then reveal her right. Her nipples were bullets in the chamber. Finally she cups her breasts and jostles them about. Pinching her nipples she shivers. "My nip nips are really sensitive." She lifts her right tit up and lowers her chin to swirl her areola with her tongue. Toying with the other. "My nip nips are yummy." One hand releases her tit and slides ever so slowly across her flat tummy. Teasing her belly button she giggles. "I'm ticklish there. Down here too." Her fingers fan beneath her jammie pants elastic band. It was quite easy to tell she was rubbing her clit. Pulling her hand out she lifts her fingers to her lips and licks the wetness. "Mmmm! Want some Mister Frank?"  
  
Taking her shirt off slowly she eyes the camera as if blushing and laying her chin on a creamy shoulder. "Oopsie! There goes my shirt. Only pants now. Should I take those off too?"  
  
She spots her cell cam go off and restarts a new recording. In doing so her bent forward position let him see her dangling breasts. Cupping them she sits up on her knees ad wiggles her waist band down to border her clit. Her fiery red pubic arrow in full view. Fingers caress over it.  
  
"This is Merida. She's my flaming arrow. It points right to my clittycat. Ready to see my Clittycat Mister Frank?" She falls back and slithers her bottom down her legs and over her toes. Paige Turner was naked. He could see her entire front now. "I love my body. Do you love my body Mister Frank? I can imagine you touching and kissing me all over." She offers a pouty face and a succulent finish. "Everywhere...Starting here." She points at her neck then moves to her shoulder. "Here." Another round of points at her nipples. "Here and here." A long swath from breasts to belly button. "All through here." Her finger leads lower to her clit. "Especially here." Her hips get pointed toward as she shifts sideways. That led to her turning her back to the camera and bending forward. Pointing at her ass she spreads her butt cheeks to let him see both a pucker and a damned fine clam. Nice and tight. "Here too." Palms rub her bottom as she turns facing him. The camera timer went off again. One more time she resets it.  
  
Laying back she spreads her legs and pulls her teddy bear against her chest. "Fuzzy likes to watch me play with myself. He says you can watch too." She feigns as if the bear actually talked to her. "Okay Fuzzy. I'll use my toys."  
  
She had her rabbit vibrator and her dildo ready. Licking both for lubrication she fires up the rabbit and inserts it. "The rabbit goes here in my clittycat. Big Daddy goes here." She attempts to put it in her ass but it was too tight. She was new to the game and realized she hadn't had enough experience. "It won't fit. Can you help me Mister Frank?"  
  
She moans as the rabbit attacks her hormones. Sucking on the dildo instead she looks at the camera through her big rimmed glasses without blinking. She challenged herself not to blink until she cums. In and out of her pussy and mouth she let him see her tender interior. Removing the dildo from her mouth with a kiss she whispers. "I'm going to cum soon Mister Frank. I wish this were you inside me. Making love to me. Telling me how beautiful I am. Making me want to do anything you asked of me. Please want me Mister Frank. Please."  
  
She arches her back and gushes a fountain around the rabbit. Removing it she plants the dildo up inside her and fucks herself harder. Moans escape. A convulsion claims her legs. "I'm going to cum again Mister Frank. Adore me." With a shrill squeal her unblinking eyes roll back into her head leaving white orbs. A second geyser drowns her sheets. Dropping the dildo it dangles inside her as her body spasms. With violent twitches the dildo gradually slips free and topples to the floor. The cell went off the second it collided with the carpet. It took her a few minutes to get herself together. Sitting up she sighs and claims her cell for a close up. One last video.  
  
"My cell shut off. I'm not sure when yet. I hope you liked watching me play for you Mister Frank. I look forward to meeting you. Sitting in your lap. Kissing you. Being everything you want me to be." She pouts slightly and hugs Fuzzy under her chin. With her fingers she lifts the bears arm as if waving. "Fuzzy says goodnight Mister Frank. Miss me." A blown kiss she ends it. Huffing her cheeks she smiles. "I hope I don't give him cardiac arrest." One by one she sends the videos labeled in order to Frank's cell.  
  
Going to the computer she gets back online to peruse more. One message to her was addressed as BUSBOYS. Her eyes were drawn to it instantly. Opening it she reads..."Hey Paige. This is Clint from the bus the other day. It took awhile but we found you on Tender. How about another bus ride together? One with no destination or time restraints. LOL. Love to see you again. I owe you for biting my dick." She giggles at his comment. Thinking it over she wrote back. "Let's ride. I'll wear my stretchy black mini skirt no panties and a spaghetti string halter no bra. We can feel each other up. If the bus is full even more. LOL. I couldn't stop thinking about you guys. I'm wet just thinking about seeing you guys again. We just need to decide a time that fits us all. Give me cell numbers I'll send you pics of me. Nakie pics even. Bye Clint." Sent. This was fun.  
  
Further exploration she discovers the Shoe store boys. Lonnie had saved one of their profiles. It had been almost two weeks since seeing them. Typing a quick note she writes. "Who wants to play footsy? LOL. Hi, it's Paige. Sorry it took awhile to get back with you. School almost over for life. Lots of playtime after. I need new shoes. LOL. A nice foot massage might get me worked up. LOL. You can fight over who sucks my toes. Miss you guys. Keep messaging me. Mwah!" She sends her note and moves on.  
  
"Let's see who was Todd again? Oh yeah! He's the guy that works at Medieval Times. Dresses like a Knight and LARP's. That could be so cool. I haven't messaged him yet. Daddy will get over it." She begins typing, "Hi Sir Todd. You called me a Fair Damsel, I thought that was cute. So are you. You must be huge. Your pic in battle makes me think of the Mountain in Game of Thrones. I'm Sansa. LOL. I've never been to Medieval Times. Maybe you could take me. I would even dress up however you wanted me to. Give me ideas and I'll design a costume. I'm really shy but I love dressing up. Message me back Sir Todd. Mwah!" Another reply down.  
  
"Next? Hmmmm! Look at all these really old guys. Wow! They must really like young girls. This guy looks like Daddy. Let's look." She establishes his reply. "Peekaboo I see you. Hey Neighbor. This is the owner of the house behind yours. I've seen you through your wide opened windows and that night in your hot tub. Your Daddy must be pretty darned open minded. Gotta say you're smoking hot Paige. I hope you're not freaked out cuz there's no reason to be. I'm not calling the cops on you guys that's for certain. My name is Victor. I live alone and I'm a FedEx driver. If you look out your back door at my house and see a green light in one of the bedrooms I'm awake. You're welcome to drop over and say hi."  
  
"Whoa! No way." She freezes in her seat shivering at the thought of someone so close to home. She didn't really know her neighbors outside of Jerry next door. Her Dad knew the couple across the street but that was about it. Curious she realizes the office faced the backyard. The only room in their home with the curtain closed she dares to take a peek. "Holy crap. Green light is on." She notes a man walking around in the downstairs smoking. He looked built exactly the same as her Daddy. "Gosh. I could go say hi right now." She looks at the clock on the computer. "3AM. It's kind of late. Besides I should meet him in the daytime." She starts to lower the curtain when she realizes the man's silhouette defined his endowment. He stood sideways and she caught a glimpse of one really big dick. Nibbling a nail nervously she decides to go back to her computer. Typing she takes a chance on writing him back.  
  
"Hey Victor. This is your sweet barely legal sexy neighbor. You remind me of my Daddy. After reading your message I looked out the window. Your green light is on. I can see you walking around downstairs. Nakie. LOL. So am I right now. I never wear clothes at home. Daddy lets me do what I want. So you saw me get fucked in the hot tub. Were you sitting in the dark watching us? You should have come say hi." She giggles and looks out her window again. "Oh my God! He's outside smoking now. Naked. Crap I could just sneak out and say hi." Nervously she paces and gets excited just the same. Grabbing Fuzzy she tiptoes out to the hot tub in the dark. Hugging her bear shyly she wanted to take the risk. Should she? He moved further out into his yard and took a piss. She giggled at seeing him. Luckily there was no fence between their yards like Gerry had. With a deep breath she moves out into her yard into the moonlight. Her milky white skin made her stand out like a sore thumb. Victor wagging his beast of urine spots her. Whispering with a loud "PSSSST!" she got his attention.  
  
"Paige?"  
  
"Hi." She softly speaks and grows shy.  
  
"You can come closer I won't bite."  
  
"You come closer." She retaliates. Flicking his cigarette butt he shuffles within fifteen feet from her.  
  
"I'll stop here. I don't want to spook you."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"Goddamn you're stunning in the moonlight."  
  
"Thank you Mister Vic."  
  
"Mister Vic?" He chuckles, "I like that. You sound like you're younger than you are."  
  
"I know. Is that okay?"  
  
"Of course. It might make for some sick roleplaying."  
  
"No roleplay. I'm me Mister Vic."  
  
"Eighteen going on fifteen? Pigtails and a teddy bear? Kinky."  
  
"I love my Fuzzy." She hugs her bear to her chin.  
  
"Can I come closer?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
He steps another ten feet. Five feet from her he whistles. "Christ almighty. You're the prettiest girl I know."  
  
"Were you excited to see me on Tender?"  
  
"Oh fuck yes. I may be old but I like my girls young."  
  
"How old are you? I didn't look."  
  
"50. Spook you?"  
  
"No. I like Older men."  
  
"I was hoping you might say that. I know the guys in that hot tub had to be pretty close to my age."  
  
"Younger but that's okay."  
  
"Damn! Your voice could melt an iceberg."  
  
"Can I come closer?"  
  
"Only five feet away. Sure."  
  
She shuffles forward to face him. "Hi."  
  
"That just made this old cock hard."  
  
"You're welcome."  
  
"Man I'm glad you read my reply. Even happier I was awake when you were. Can't sleep?"  
  
"No. Too any things on my mind."  
  
"Need a friendly ear?"  
  
"No. I..." She lowers her gaze to his nine inch monstrosity. "I need that."  
  
Victor Farnsworth patted his belly. "You...want me? Here and now?"  
  
"Yes." She sits down in the grass wet with dew, and lays back holding Fuzzy. Spreading her legs she looks up at him with her thumb to her lips biting a nail. In the darkness it looked as if she were sucking her thumb. Victor was turned on like never before. No blue pill necessary. "Fuck me Mister Vic."  
  
"Sweetheart you just met me. Are you sure?"  
  
"Yes. Please fuck me."  
  
"Damn!" He drops to his knees in front of her and crawls in to rub her legs. "Soft legs."  
  
"Thank you."  
  
"There's that sweet tone. Makes feel as if I'm going down on a..."  
  
"I"m eighteen. Barely. The ground is cold. Warm me up."  
  
He shakes his head and crawls over her. His crown lay between her labia softly nestling in her wetness. "Damn this pussy is wet. That or it's the morning dew."  
  
"I'm wet. You can kiss me if you want."  
  
Victor leaned in and warmly kissed her lips. She accepted him without even a flinch. That gave him the courage to penetrate that sweet young pussy. "Fuck you're tight." She arches her back as he plunges deep. The moaning began. "Moan softer. Let's train that voice."  
  
"Okay."  
  
"From here on until I'm done I want you to whisper how good I make you feel."  
  
"You make me feel like Fuzzy inside."  
  
"Sweet Jesus! Suck your thumb. Make loud sucking noises." She complies looking up at him with doe like eyes. Her lips tightly around her right thumb she lets him hear her. "Holy shit Little girl. That's fucking hot." He lets loose kissing on her neck and across her chest. Crushing her breasts together he manages to suck both nipples at once. She loved it.  
  
"You like my nip nips?" She resumes sucking.  
  
"Delicious." He fucks her harder. Her legs clinging to his hips.  
  
"Deeper Mister Vic. Harder."  
  
"I'm on it Princess."  
  
"Daddy calls me Princess too. Can I call you Daddy Vic?"  
  
"That's me."  
  
"Fuck me really hard Daddy Vic."  
  
He was doing his best. His rhythm was steady and hard. She was whimpering while sucking her thumb, her eyes dancing behind her glasses.  
  
"I might just cum here soon. This is too hot to keep it in."  
  
"Can I be Daddy Vic's baby slut?"  
  
"Fuck yes! Goddamn it you lil cunt."  
  
She squeals and meets his threshold with her own. She blasts him with a river of cum all around his pubes. He grunts over and over and forces himself to pull out just as he nuts a coat of pure white excellence across her tummy. Yelping she shakes like a leaf, holding Fuzzy under her chin in a crunched up state.  
  
"Thank you Daddy Vic."  
  
"Want a real date?"  
  
"No. You can fuck me right here again once a week when Daddy's in bed though." She whispers still sucking her thumb.  
  
"You know what? I'm good with just that. Maybe next time we can take this to my bed? The ground is cashing my knees."  
  
"Okay. I need to go Daddy Vic. I love your cock."  
  
"I love that pussy."  
  
She crawls to her feet after kissing him very quickly on the cheek. "Night Daddy Vic."  
  
"Night Babydoll."  
  
Sneaking back inside she returns to the Office. To her shock she had already gotten answers to her messages. Four phone numbers were left by the Busboys. She quickly took a picture of her creamy white melons with bright pink nipples. Then a shot of her ass. Both were sent to each of the Busboys with a note saying "MTD...That stands for My Titties/ Tushy Dangit. LOL."  
  
Todd the LARPER wrote back telling her he could get her in to Medieval Times for free and that she should wear a lot of sheer fabric. Maybe a metal bra. She instantly had a design in mind.  
  
The nerd Dillon wrote back saying that he could accept anything. Whether she knew it or not the guy just wanted to lose his virginity to a hot girl. She shrugged and sent Dillon the video of her Superhero gangbang. Better or worse she didn't care. Even if she ended up being the villain.  
  
Yawning she signed off and took her phone to bed. Closing her door she lay there staring at the ceiling in candlelight. She had forgotten and left them burning. As she started to dose off she hears a text. Holding it up to read she recognized the number as Mister Frank.

"Please call me."  
  
Fidgeting Paige took the chance.  
  
"Hi Mister Frank."  
  
"Play for me, Please. Those videos have made me masturbate for the last hour. I need you Paige."  
  
"Do you want to cum all over me Mister Frank?"  
  
"YES!" He growls. "I'll pay you $500 just to let me cum on your face."  
  
"Really?" Her eyes flare at dollar signs.  
  
"Yes. A $1000 to fuck me."  
  
She was waking up now. "A thousand dollars?"  
  
"$2000 a month to fuck me once a week."  
  
"Wowza!"  
  
"Just be my little Babydoll Paige." That was twice tonight she had been called that. It made her smile.  
  
"Fuzzy stays in my arms to protect me."  
  
"Yes of course. Fuzzy is welcome. Dear God Woman. I WANT YOU!"  
  
"Can I call you Daddy Frank?"  
  
"Yessss!" He snarls cumming loudly.  
  
"Did Daddy Frank shoot some snowflakes?"  
  
"Yessssssssssss!" Another round of guttural shots of Christmas cheer in May. "You only want me once a week? Make Babydoll sad." She whimpers.  
  
"$3000."  
  
Her eyes bulge. "More Daddy Frank." Her voice stimulating a third avalanche of sticky snow.  
  
"$5000 if you spend today with me."  
  
"Gosh! Let me ask my real Daddy." She leaps from bed and runs into Lonnie's room squealing and jumping on his mattress scaring the life out of him. "DADDY! DADDY! DADDY! Mister Frank wants to pay me $5000 to spend today with him. Can I go?"  
  
"What?" He squints groggily in disbelief. She hands the phone to him.  
  
"Talk to Daddy Frank."  
  
"It's 4AM for God's sake."  
  
She fans her fingers out. "Five Daddy. Five. THOUSAND."  
  
Grimacing he takes the phone. "Is this Frank?"  
  
"Yes indeed. My offer is open to negotiation. Let me wine, dine, and make love to Paige all day long and I'll hand her $5000 cash. $3000 a month thereafter to fuck me once a week."  
  
Lonnie's eyes revive. "Seriously? She's not a hooker Frank. She's only been eighteen barely a month."  
  
"Babydoll Mistress. That's all I desire. I'll smother her in gifts even."  
  
"Well now! Where do I drop her off?"  
  
"I'll send a limo for her. Have her wear her Hello Kitty jammies. Bring the bear. Pigtails."  
  
"She lives in that crap anyways." He chuckles. "Cash in my hand before she leaves. No other way. I know of her location at all times. Trial basis Frank. Do we have a deal?"  
  
"Absolutely. I'll have the driver bring the money to you. Have her ready by 9AM. I'll have her home by midnight."  
  
"I need proof of your existence Frank. A Tender account can be rigged. I've seen Catfish."  
  
"Whatever you need."  
  
"How about we meet in person for Breakfast, the three of us prior to you taking her for the day?"  
  
"I would like to meet her wearing those pajamas. Breakfast in public might..."  
  
"I'll make her wear them to an IHop for $5000 bucks Franky."  
  
"Dear God! DO IT!" Frank snarls cumming hard again. Lonnie winced at his deafening admission. Paige continued to hop on her excited by the possibilities.  
  
"I WUV YOU DADDY FRANK."  
  
"9AM IHOP on 33rd street. Jammies on. Teddy bear in hand. Torture Daddy Frank." Frank begged over the line.  
  
"Can I HOP in your lap while you feed me pancakes?"  
  
"YESSSSS! DEAR GOD I'M CUMMING AGAIN."  
  
"Slow down Frank or you'll be wore out before you even meet Paige."  
  
"I...I can't stop. She's so fucking perfect."  
  
Paige charmed Lonnie dancing her chin from shoulder to shoulder. She was fucking perfect.  
  
"Franky? I'm going to hang up. See you at IHOP."  
  
"FIIIIIIINNNNNNEEEEE!" Lon had to hang up. The Old guy was destroying his eardrum. Paige squeals and leaps at her Dad making him fall backward. She crawled on top of him and bounced over her erection covered by sheets. Dropping over him she hugs him tightly with a joyous purr.  
  
"Why are you sticky?" He touches her ribs where Victor's cum had trickled earlier. She grits her teeth and plants her chin on his chest.  
  
"I did something bad Daddy."  
  
"What now?"  
  
"I fucked our neighbor Victor in our back yard."  
  
"WHAT?"  
  
"He messaged me on Tender. Said he was our neighbor behind the house. He was really nice to me."  
  
"For crying out loud."  
  
"Don't be mad at me."  
  
"Did he wear a condom?"  
  
"Noooo." She pouts. "He shot over my tummy though."  
  
"You fucking need to obey me on this condom issue Paige. You don't need to get pregnant or catch an STD."  
  
"I don't like condoms Daddy. I want to feel everything."  
  
"You swore to me you would make them wear rubbers."  
  
"Okay. I'll try harder. OH! Daddy? I had to catch a bus to school the day Mom took me shopping. I met some college guys on the bus. I told them I was on Tender and they want to meet me on the bus again. They felt me up. If you go with me I can strip nakie on the bus."  
  
"Sure. We can use Frank's money to bail ourselves out of jail."  
  
"I messaged Todd too. He works as a LARPER at Medieval Times. He can get us in for free."  
  
"Have you been online all night."  
  
"Some of it. It's fun."  
  
"Go take a shower. You're not going to get any sleep today."  
  
"I'm excited. I get to spend a whole day with Mister Frank."  
  
"If he doesn't pass out on you before noon." He laughs.  
  
"Do I have permission to do whatever he wants?"  
  
"Long as you don't get hurt. CONDOM!"  
  
"K! I love you Daddy."  
  
She shot out of bed and hit the showers. Lon was wide awake now.  
  
"$5000. Well hell! Find a couple guys like Frank and we've struck pay dirt. Dammit! Why do I feel crappy about this? I'm whoring my kid out."  
  
Shaking his head he lay back and stared at the ceiling.  
  
"Blueberry pancakes do sound good."  
  
Bacon too. Seeing as Paige was bringing it home now.

**Paige Ch. 16: HICKorY DICKory DOC**

"I'm really going to wear my Hello Kitty jammies to meet Frank?"  
  
"What part of $5000 dollars says no?"  
  
"But I only have two buttons left on my shirt."  
  
"Whose fault is that?"  
  
"Mine. I'll have to hold my shirt together the whole time I'm in IHOP."  
  
"Quit complaining."  
  
"I can't help it Daddy. I'm going to be around lots of people. Kids maybe. That's not cool."  
  
"Then hold it together tight. I want $5000."  
  
"I like the idea of being with Mister Frank but this part bothers me."  
  
"You want to ride a public bus naked and you're worried about this?"  
  
"Can I at least pin my shirt together?"  
  
"Nope. Be seductive."  
  
"You want me to show my boobies at IHOP?"  
  
"Yep. Trust me we have back up. I called Mike and Andy they're meeting us there. Do not act as if you know them. Perfect strangers understand."  
  
"Yes Daddy."  
  
"We can do this. By the way you smell yummy."  
  
"Thank you. I took a bubble bath. I switched from peach bath beads to pears this time."  
  
Lonnie nods then changes the subject slightly. "We need to talk about your behavior of late."  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"Paige you're defying me, and sending masturbation videos over Tender. That's going to get you banned."  
  
"No I didn't. Mister Frank sent me his cell number, and e-mail address."  
  
"I'm talking about the Comicon guy. What's his name?"  
  
"Dillon. I probably won't hear from him again. After sending him the party video, there's no way he would want me." She pouts, "There goes Comicon."  
  
"And the money it cost me getting you that latex body suit."  
  
"You're getting $5000 today Daddy. That should cover all of your losses."  
  
"Well, yeah! That's true. Who knows maybe that Dillon guy is a freak."  
  
"I'm thinking all men are."  
  
"And, you're not becoming one of us freaks?"  
  
"I KNOW I AM." She bursts out laughing. "I LOVE BEING A FREAK."  
  
"So why are you stressed over wearing the pajamas to IHOP?"  
  
"I don't know. We might get kicked out."  
  
"If we do we do."  
  
"Daddy? What do you think Mister Frank will want to do to me, with 12 hours alone together? I'm kind of scared."  
  
"Paige? You met a neighbor, that you had never spoken to before in our backyard at 3AM in the morning, and fucked him. He could have kidnapped you or worse."  
  
"It was kind of dumb. But Vic seemed nice. These older guys treat me good."  
  
"We should do the every 30 minutes face time thing again?"  
  
"No Daddy. I want to try this with Frank without being interrupted. Let me text you passwords so you know I'm ok."  
  
"Can't be the same word over and over. He could catch on, and send them himself, you could be dead for all I know."  
  
"I don't think Mister Frank will be a problem. He's a dirty old man like you." She sticks her tongue out at her Father.  
  
"What do you have in mind then?"  
  
"12 hours right? The party I was with 12 guys. 13 with Beau. I'll write down all their names and you can compare the name with my text. If a strange name comes through you know I might be in trouble. Then call me."  
  
"Not a horrible plan. Go do that, and get your pajamas on, I just did laundry. Nice and warm still."  
  
"Yay! Did you sew on buttons?"  
  
"You know I didn't. It's too bad your pajamas don't have those funky trap door ass flaps." He chuckles.  
  
"I have a pair of those but they don't match the shirt."  
  
"When did we get those?"  
  
"When I was thirteen. Grampa John got them as a joke, remember?" She giggles, "I'm not sure they fit anymore."  
  
"Go find them."  
  
"Ok." She shuffles away losing her towel on the hallway floor. He wasn't going to give her shit for doing it. That ass was just too heavenly to go ripping out her Angel wings. Six minutes later she steps out wearing another pair of Hello Kitty pants, but these were white with the face of the Mascot on them in a gazillion places. They were definitely tight. So tight, they dipped into her pussy dramatically, almost as if a camel toe. "I grew out of these Daddy."  
  
"Yeah! We need to buy you a new pair of those. At least a pair with the flap."  
  
"I think if I bent over, the buttons on the flap would pop off too." She stretches sideways inspecting her bottom.  
  
"Not the worst thing to happen. Go with the pair that fits. You have Kitty slippers too don't you?"  
  
"Yessss!" She sprints back to her room. Sure enough a button pops off her ass flap. Her right cheek exposed a bit. Lonnie chuckled at her reaction. She busted up laughing as she entered her room. He grabbed her newer jammies from the dryer and walked in on her stripping out of the tighter pants. Tossing the new ones on her bed, she quickly gets dressed. Showing him her cleavage issue he scowls.  
  
"Yeah! Lot to keep hidden isn't there? Go grab that button you just lost, I'll sew one on. Only one button though."  
  
"K." She does then returns with a sewing kit from the linen closet. "I better leave this out I'm gonna make a costume for me to wear to Medieval Times. Speaking of which I need fabric."  
  
"You're making your own outfit? We don't even own a sewing machine."  
  
"I don't need one. It's gonna be a patchwork. I'll deal with it later, I have plenty of time."  
  
"Two weeks before Graduation and you're gonna find time?"  
  
"I multi task." She giggles. "You sew the button. I'll find My Kitty Glitters."  
  
"Kitty Glitters?" He winces.  
  
"I put glitter all over the slippers."  
  
"Kitty Litter with a G. Go figure." Eyes rolled at her unique approach, he threads the needle then takes very little time at all in snugging up a button to her top. Rummaging through her closet, she finally finds her slippers and puts them on before parading out in front of her Father. He puts the sewing kit on a dresser then looks down at her slippers. "Yep. Those are glittery. Wear them."  
  
"I feel like I'm 15 going to a slumber party." She chuckles. "Something I've been deprived of over the years I might add."  
  
"Have any real friends to do that?"  
  
"Don't remind me. I don't have any girl friends. No boy friends really. I've always been the shy loner."  
  
"All kinds of boy friends now."  
  
"I don't call them friends when they only want sex."  
  
"Hate to tell you this kiddo, but most friends usually consider that possibility at one time or another." He frowns looking at the time. Handing her the shirt he observes her put it on and button up. There was still a healthy cleavage. "Grab that goddamned teddy bear and lets go."  
  
She snatches up Fuzzy from her bed, and hugs it to her chest with an angry looking pout. "Don't be mean to Fuzzy."  
  
"You haven't changed. You still have that childish defense mechanism. Over a stuffed animal no less. Let's get moving Pigtails."  
  
Jumping into the car, they make the six mile drive to the closest IHOP. Sitting outside in the parking lot they wait for Mike and Andy. That, and to get a good look at Doctor Frank through the window. There he was, dressed dapper in a polo shirt with sunglasses atop his head. He was sipping coffee, and talking to a waitress. A very stunning waitress at that. Lonnie instantly allowed his eye to take her all in. She was gorgeous in a Jennifer Hudson kind of way. Short with long dark hair that he presumed had extensions. Too perfect otherwise. The woman was 5'6, 135. Biggest brown eyes he had ever seen. He had never considered interracial relationships, but seeing her he tossed that negativity out the window. She probably had a man though, he thought. So lost in her, he ignored Paige's rambling, until a fist pats the roof of his car. Outside stood Mike and Andy. Startled by their arrival, Lonnie quickly motions them to go inside before Frank saw the connection, and knew they were all friends. Mike and Andy shook their heads and went on in.  
  
"Ready punk?"  
  
"As I'll ever be. Mister Frank is kind of cute."  
  
"You just make sure he thinks the same of you all day long."  
  
"I will. Can I cover up my cleavage until we're at the table?"  
  
"Hold the bear to your chest to camouflage yourself. Play it like he's your Grampa. If the Owner says anything just say you had a slumber party and we forgot your bag."  
  
"Am I acting younger than I am?"  
  
"No. You always act like you're underage." He chuckles reaching over to hold her chin lovingly. "Be yourself just be extra granddaughterish."  
  
"That's not a word." She snickers.  
  
"Is, if I say it is. Love you Punk."  
  
"Worship you Daddy."  
  
"Count of three?"  
  
"I like threesomes."  
  
"Shush!" He grins. "Let's do this."  
  
Exiting the car she waits for him on the sidewalk, until he puts his arm around her. He could feel his heart racing a mile a minute. This stunt was going to prove just what they could get away with in public. Her looking young would make the diners edgy. Wearing jammies to a restaurant they might not even get past the Hostess. Door opened, she enters first and looks around her for Dad by tilting her head back. A middle aged Waitress/Hostess notes their entrance and smirks. "Isn't she adorable." Lonnie took a deep breath and smiled.  
  
"That she is. There's Grampa." He points toward Frank as the waitress eyes the direction. Paige took the cue and darted through the restaurant toward Frank. Throwing her arms to her side she rejoices verbally. People vaguely noticed her cleavage bounce in that moment.  
  
"GRAMPA FRANK." She races to him letting her cleavage dance about. Mostly guys eating in that section, every single one of them had to grin and whisper. Frank Martinbaum stood up and went full on Grampa.  
  
"There's my beautiful Granddaughter. Come here you."  
  
He hugged her tightly with closed eyes, her scent storming his lungs with adoration. Rubbing her back he knew there was no bra. Instant erection. He was going to have to hide it from everyone. As Paige eases back just a tad, she looks up at Frank with innocent eyes. With an enticing whisper, she sighs. "Grampa like my boobies?"  
  
"Ohhhh yes. Grampa likes everything about his little angel."  
  
"Yay! Can I sit in your lap Grampa?"  
  
"Slow down." Lonnie had caught up. Hand extended, he and Frank shook hands with a strong admiration. Frank eases away from Paige to stand up, then ushers her into his circular booth. She scoots in and sits on her legs holding Fuzzy to her bosom. So far so good.  
  
"Glad you took the risk." Frank nods to Lonnie as their African American waitress takes over from the Host.  
  
"Good morning. My name is Deborah, I'll be your waitress. I love the Hello Kitty pajamas. My daughter Coochie has a pair just like those."  
  
"Coochie? Interesting name. How old's your daughter?" Lonnie had to learn something at the least. An icebreaker.  
  
"Believe it or not she just turned eighteen. Child has never grown up."  
  
"I hear ya. Paige there is eighteen too. Not even a month since her birthday."  
  
"Really? Coochie's birthday was last week. Her real name is Coco but my family's always called her Coochie. Very ticklish. Anyways, can I get you something to drink while you look over your menu?"  
  
"I could be really corny and say your eyes. As in drink up those big brown pools."  
  
"Long as you don't say cesspool you can compliment away." She winks with a playful scowl.  
  
"Not even going there. Wouldn't want your man punching my lights out."  
  
"No man. But, be careful I have a mean right hook."  
  
"Large OJ for me. How about you Paige?"  
  
"Choco milk." She huffs dramatically.  
  
Frank grew harder just hearing that little minx sound so very sexy. Deborah puckered her lower lip and nods at Lonnie.  
  
"You have your hands full, don't you Handsome?"  
  
"You have no idea. Anything for you Frank?"  
  
"I'm good with coffee." He smiles at Deborah.  
  
"I'll be right back."  
  
As she walks away, Lonnie notices both Mike and Andy admiring Deborah as well. Mike had an expression of "Daaaaaamn!" Andy similar but with a silent whistle. Lonnie grumbled slightly, then returned to Frank.  
  
"So Frank? Proctologist."  
  
Frank frowns with hesitance. "Not really. I put that on my profile to avoid Goldiggers. I'm actually a plastic surgeon. I can prove everything. I figured a Proctologist would chase the wrong kind of woman away. Women who see Plastic Surgeon think they can seduce me into free surgeries. Boob jobs more often than you might imagine."  
  
"I have boobies." Paige fans her top open looking at herself, "Did Mister Frank forget?"  
  
"No I most certainly did not." He warmly winks at Paige. Shyly she tugs her shirt outward and lets him see a nipple. Other guys took note yet kept quiet. She knew they were slyly looking. The excitement of being admired made her nipples even harder. Wetness forthcoming.  
  
"I don't really care what you do Frank. Just treat my baby well. No harm whatsoever."  
  
"Absolutely not." He reaches behind him producing a wallet, and shows Lon his credentials. Sure enough he had not only business cards but a certificate showing he was indeed a surgeon. Lonnie took the initiative to prove to Frank that Paige was eighteen, via I.D.. As worries fade away Deborah returns with their drinks.  
  
"Here we go. One large OJ without the Bronco. And, one large Chocolate milk for Miss Kitty. Not in bowl I'm afraid."  
  
"I like her Daddy." Paige leans over the table and whispers shyly toward Lon. Her cleavage revealing right in front of Deborah.  
  
"Awwww! That's so sweet." Deb also leans low to whisper her concern. "She may be missing a few buttons there Daddy."  
  
"I noticed that. I'll make sure she keeps it together until we get home."  
  
"Your business Handsome Daddy. I just know the eyes are on this table."  
  
"Manager?"  
  
"Murray? Let's just say he's probably got binoculars handy."  
  
"That good or bad?"  
  
"Pervy man, Murray. You didn't hear that from me. I was referring to the gentlemen around us. Bad enough they keep trying to look up my skirt." She fans herself with her fingers, "Lordy!"  
  
"I can relate." Lon winks looking at her short skirt.  
  
"For you, bottomless refills on that juice." She giggles. "Y'all ready to order?"  
  
"Stack of never ending blueberry pancakes. Bacon extra crispy."  
  
"How about you, Miss Kitty?"  
  
"Panty cakes! Panty cakes!" She belts out as if she had Turrets syndrome.  
  
Deb peaks a brow smirking at Lonnie. Pausing with her order pad she expects him to respond.  
  
"She's just acting up because of her Grampa. They're pretty close and it's been awhile."  
  
"Choco chip panty cakes. Lots of whippy cream."  
  
"You got it Miss Kitty. How about you Grampa?"  
  
"Two eggs sunny side up and a slice of ham. Hash browns."  
  
"Does that complete your order?"  
  
"Daddy wants your number." Paige whispers sheepishly holding Fuzzy to her chin.  
  
"Paige! That's rude." Lon scowled. "I'm sorry Deborah."  
  
"I'll consider that, Miss Kitty. Ooooo! You so remind me of Coochie."  
  
Patting Lonnie on the shoulder, she wiggles away toward the kitchen. As soon as Deb was out of hearing range Frank chuckles. "Trying to set her old man up?"  
  
"Daddy needs a girlfriend. Grampa needs me." Paige hugs Frank's bicep moving closer. Frank decides to retrieve his arm in favor of draping it around her shoulder and pulling her even closer. Her hand rubs his leg spider walking fingers over his tented crotch.  
  
"Itsy bitsy spider went up the water spout. Down came the zipper and Paige helped Grampa out." She dug for his zipper until Frank patted her hand chuckling.  
  
"You can recite nursery rhymes after breakfast Sweetheart." His discouraging glare made Paige pout. "Now, now! We have far too many eyes on what you're wearing without making a scene."  
  
"But, Paige miss Mister Frank."  
  
"Mister Frank misses his darling Paige."  
  
"You bought off more than you can chew Frankie." Lon smirks.  
  
"Oh, no! I want her just as she is. Sweet, youthful, and sexy. I just don't want us to be forcibly removed from here until we conclude our deal."  
  
"After we eat."  
  
"I like being eaten." Paige stares up at Frank with big green eyes that could melt an iceberg.  
  
"I'll be certain to save room for dessert."  
  
"Yay!"  
  
"You fancy the waitress?" Frank notes Lonnie leering over his shoulder to observe Deborah taking another tables order.  
  
"I'm pretty sure she wouldn't give this white boy a second glance." As if hearing him she looks his way and smiles. Returning to her table Lonnie nods with a puckered lower lip. "Never know I guess. Been awhile since I've dated. I divorced Paige's mom four years ago. Haven't met anyone worth dating."  
  
"I've been single for three years now. It's all about money to women these days."  
  
Lonnie scowls with a curious glare. "Yet, you pay my daughter $5,000 bucks for 12 hours of her time. $1000 a month for once a week thereafter. How is that any different?"  
  
"$2000. I know how it sounds. The difference is, I know what I want. Her natural beauty, youthful exuberance, and playfulness is intoxicating."  
  
"I'm not old enough to drink Mister Frank."  
  
"That's not what I meant. You see? Her naivety is breathtaking."  
  
"Honor roll." Lonnie smirks.  
  
With a pucker Frank was impressed. "Good for you young lady."  
  
Nodding dramatically she huffs. "I'm a smarty pants. Can I take them off?" Neighboring tables couldn't help but laugh. Even those with women, which were sparse.  
  
"Not to be nosey Frank, but what exactly are your plans for my daughter?"  
  
"Daddy! You promised to let me do whatever I wanted."  
  
"Fine! Sorry Frank."  
  
"Don't be. I merely intend to show her my home and enjoy her company. She, hopefully my company."  
  
"Alright! Let's play it by ear after today. If you treat her well I'll allow you to take her every two weeks instead of every week. Graduation comes first and foremost. She needs to have a life outside of being your escort. Can we agree to that?"  
  
"Of course. Whatever is convenient for all of us. Whatever time I can spend with her is welcomed."  
  
"Here comes our panty cakes."  
  
"That sounds like you crapped your panties." Lon lowers his voice.  
  
"I'm not wearing panties." She lets everyone around her hear her revelation. Even Mike and Andy had a good laugh. Frank flared his eyes fighting the unwanted attention of the other tables.  
  
"Relax Frank. I'm pretty sure the people around us are having a good time. She has that effect on people."  
  
"Did I hear someone say I have that effect on people?" Deborah steps up with their food. Placing each plate in front of the proper person.  
  
"I know you have an effect on my Daddy."  
  
Lonnie blushes. Now he knew how Paige had felt all these years.  
  
"Daddy has some color in his cheeks." Deb giggles removing a spray whip cream can from her apron setting it in front of Paige. "Anyone ever tell you that you look like a young Michael Keaton?" Deb smiles inquisitively.  
  
"Can't say I've ever heard that Jennifer Hudson." He chuckles.  
  
"I do don't I?" She flaunts her extensions flirtatiously.  
  
"You could be her twin."  
  
"Sing the praise Daddy." Deb continues flirting. "I'll let you three eat your breakfast. You can admire me from afar Batman."  
  
"Kitty Woman." Paige blurts out pointing, a look of awe on her face.  
  
"Cat of nine tails in the trunk of my car. How did you know?"  
  
Paige lifts the can of whipped cream and wags it. "WHIP DADDY."  
  
"Oh lord! You are precious. I'm going to tell my Coochie about you."  
  
Lonnie looks at Deb's apron picturing himself talking to her other coochie. His mouth was watering.  
  
"Need extra napkins?" She pats his cheek then waltzes away. Mike and Andy dropped their jaws. Lonnie was getting lucky. So far.  
  
Paige looks around at all the men glaring at her, and teasingly sprays cream on her tongue. Wagging it at them she licks her lips making it look as if she had a mouth full of cum. Dicks were getting hard.  
  
"Eat your pancakes." Lonnie advised.  
  
Frank couldn't stop laughing suddenly. As he did she put cream on her finger and positioned it up to his lips. He licked it off then sucked on her finger. She then sprayed some on his finger to let him do the same. Her sucking on his finger was much more seductive.  
  
"Dear God!" Frank huffed at her hunger. Her eyes going without blinking in a pleasing gaze. Whispers from every angle made Frank a bit more confident. As she fed on him her hand moved down to rub his crotch. Frank allowed it this time.

Lonnie devoured his blueberry pancakes with enthusiasm. After getting the five grand he might just leave Deborah a nice big tip.  
  
"Would you like me to cut up your panty cakes, Sweetheart?" Frank suddenly opened up. Paige reacted promptly with one aggressive nod. He removed his finger from her lips and set about cutting up her pancakes into small bites. Cream mounded over them, he then opts to feed her. She ate each bite with a smug flirty expression. So cute that other men wished they were Frank, her cleavage left unchecked as long as Deborah or other waitresses weren't looking. Mike and Andy discussed treating their adopted niece out for breakfast more often. They wanted in. Literally.  
  
Using a napkin Frank dabbed the corners of Paige's mouth. Lonnie found it hilarious. The guy was acting like a kid himself, helpless in his behavior. He seemed genuine. Fessing up to his career variation concerned Lonnie a bit that he wasn't being fully honest, but then neither was Lonnie.  
  
"Panty cakes good." She giggles and foams her tongue with whipped cream. Every time she repeated that Frank's erection grew harder and harder. His pup tent was quickly escalating into a Big Top. Paige slid closer to Frank as if a second skin. Her hand reaching out to rub the tent. "Mister Frank is a swell guy. I think he has a present hiding in his pocket for me Daddy. Is it a Hello Kitty Pez dispenser?" He knew what she meant. "I like Pez." A pout of neediness made Frank glance about. Mostly toward the waitress activity than those seated around him. He already knew the people were intrigued in a good way, hoping she might act up further. A final glare toward Lonnie, Frank found an encouraging smirk.  
  
"She's gonna get fussy if you don't play along Frank."  
  
"I...fine. You may look for your Pez dispenser."  
  
"Yay!" She waves at the tables next to them before moving her hands down to his zipper. A swift release of tread, the fastener was down. Digging deep, she slides within open boxers and grips his cock. Her eyes bulged at his girth. Leaning to whisper toward Lonnie across the table she offers a fearful expression. "Biggest Pez dispenser I've ever had."  
  
The tables that hear her snicker, offering Frank a respected array of thumbs up. His own boldness was rising to the occasion. Paige eyes the waitresses refilling drinks before pulling his cock free of his slacks. As a mighty erection stands revealed even the ladies close by smile and fan their features with a flutter of a useful menu. Frank now understood that most people had similar fantasies as he had.  
  
While he glared about Paige snuck in with the whip cream can and doused his crown. Hearing the hiss, and feeling a dramatic wet chill on his cock, he looked down. "Oh Dear God!" Paige giggled and ducked down beneath the tables ledge and licked his crown of cream. Flicking her tongue along his foreskin sent Frank's head backwards. "I cannot believe this is happening."  
  
"Oh, it's happening." Lonnie confirms with a bit of discomfort that the wrong person might see and create a problem. So far so good as Paige devoured his dick into a mess of cream all over her face. Maneuvering she stretches out on the curvature of their booth bench and kicks her feet upward over the table. Fuzzy slippers dancing gave the audience a round of silent chuckles. She sucked his dick for a messy number of thirteen thrusts deep into her throat, until she feels Lonnie kick his own foot upward to get her attention. Mike and Andy had motioned that Deborah was circling back. Paige quickly slips from the bench down to the floor under the table. Frank snatches up his wrapped utensils and drops a fork to the floor. His cloth napkin gets spread over his lap to conceal his beast.  
  
"Everything tasty over here?" Deborah smiled brightly before realizing Paige was missing. "Where's our Sweetie?"  
  
"Retrieving my fork." Frank grimaced. "Clumsy today."  
  
"I can get you a clean fork." She decides to crouch down and see Paige with a face full of cream holding up a fork. Deborah's eyes flared at her expression. A swift glance at Frank's tented lap Deb peaks an eye brow. With a sly finger poised to her lips Deb winks and stands up. The waitress knew what was going down. Certainly not related. A secret was kept as Deb glances about at the neighboring tables. Everyone played it cool and sipped drinks. Deb shook her head and turns her attention to Lonnie. "You are a Big Daddy aren't you?"  
  
"The biggest. Can I get some coffee?"  
  
"Black I hope. Save the sugar for another time?" She beguiles Lonnie.  
  
"Depends on that phone number you intend to give me before I leave today."  
  
"Oh it's coming, Handsome Daddy."  
  
"Love it when you talk dirty."  
  
Frank could agree with that. Paige was already jerking him off as the waitress was standing there. Repositioning herself Paige went so far as to lower her pajama pants, letting guys see her bare bottom. Once Deborah took her leave Paige turned more for a perfect view. They loved that cute little ass. Lonnie took it upon himself to leer down under the table to see what others were viewing. He puckered, giving in to her decisions, then went back to eating his pancakes.  
  
"Y'know Frank...she does have school tomorrow. Getting her home at Midnight might be a little late. Last two weeks before graduation she needs to be at the top of her game. Can we agree on 10:00 PM instead?"  
  
"On the dot." Frank nods with a shiver in his voice. He was very close to cumming hard. His expression was pale and stressed, jaw drooping slightly. Eyelids quivering.  
  
"I appreciate that Doc. Sleeping Beauty needs her rest."  
  
Deborah returns with a coffee pot and fills Lonnie's cup. Her eyes dazzle toward his, which nearly makes her overfill it. She catches herself just in time. "Somehow I don't think that man is her Grampa." She darts her gaze toward Frank with a look of sadness. Frank looked ill. In a heavenly way.  
  
"I'm not a pimp." Lonnie confesses. "She really is my daughter. Frank here is her date."  
  
"Escort?"  
  
"I suppose that's a close enough assumption. They met on Tender."  
  
"Ooooo!" Deb whistles barely. "My Coochie...Coco is on Tender. I worry about the men on there. My baby is so impressionable."  
  
"Girls just wanna have fun as Lauper says."  
  
"Looks like your baby is having the time of her life." A sideways glance at Paige still sucking off Frank flares her big brown eyes.  
  
"You're taking this pretty well."  
  
"We all have our...moments. Might wanna wind her down here before the other waitresses see though. They're older and with much less imagination."  
  
"By Franky's face I'd say that's not far off anyway."  
  
"MMM MMMM! This is gonna be a looooong shift."  
  
Paige lifts away from Frank's crown and giggles. "Loooong shaft too."  
  
"Lord have mercy." Deb grins from ear to ear. She now took a good hard look at Paige's bare bottom. With a pen in hand Deb produces their check, then reaches for a napkin writing her phone number down. Sliding it over to Lonnie she points at him. "You better call me, Big Daddy."  
  
"Count on it, Miss Deborah Johnson."  
  
"MMM MMM!" She repeats herself. "Johnson on Johnson."  
  
"Sounds like we're using baby shampoo for lubrication."  
  
Deb giggles and pats Lonnie on the chest. "Finish this up. I don't wanna use that tip money you're leaving me to bail you out of jail."  
  
"Funny! I said something similar to that to Paige before we got here."  
  
Frank snarls and holds his breath twitching for all to see. A sudden tremor against the table slides it toward Lonnie. Deborah peaks a brow at the unexpected move. Paige in her tiny body crawls up from beneath the table directly over Frank's lap and straddles his legs. Her pajama pants pulled up, at least it appeared more innocent. Over Frank's lap she bounces up and down and throws her arms around the Plastic Surgeon's neck.  
  
"IHOP! IHOP! IHOP! IHOP!" With each turbulent gyration. She could feel his swollen cock between her thighs. With cum on her lips she kisses Frank's face repeatedly. "I wuvs Grampa Frank."  
  
Deborah swallows dryly and glances at the other waitresses who had heard Paige's outburst. The entire restaurant had reacted with curiosity. Shrugging at everyone Deb defends her. "She loves her Grampa. We should all love our elders."  
  
"Thank you Jennifer Hudson." Lonnie chuckles. Patting the table Lonnie gets his daughter's attention. "Better calm it down."  
  
Paige shakes her head negatively and huffs. Frank pats her back before noticing her shirt completely unbuttoned. Whip cream smeared over her tits. Eyes erupting like saucers he dives in to lick cream from her nipples. At Deborah's deafening cough, Frank pulls away and closes her shirt tightly. The tables nearby applauded with their sighs.  
  
"I'll be up to pay the check shortly." Lonnie nods toward Deborah.  
  
"I need a smoke break, and I don't even smoke." Deb fans herself. Prying herself away Lonnie smirks and finishes his coffee. Paige feeling victorious climbs off of Frank's lap and allows him to put his throbbing beast away.  
  
"Unbelievable. Worth every penny." Frank regains his composure and reaches for his wallet. Revealing it he expressed it's thickness toward Lonnie. Whispering now, he adds, "I know we agreed on $5,000 cash but carrying that kind of money would be too bulky. Within my wallet I have 10 one hundred dollar bills and a check for $4000. You can cash it after you leave here."  
  
Rubbing his chin Lonnie agrees and lets Frank pass him the 10 bills quietly, check beneath it. Nodding his approval he spots Paige dancing in her seat. Her shirt open again for a full cleavage shot. Only Fuzzy Bear blocked their view. She hugged the stuffed animal to her chin sheepishly.  
  
"Precious." Frank wipes his face with a napkin. He had finally caught on to the mess still on her own face. Cum and dried whip cream was a sight. Cleaning her face as well Frank made them more presentable.  
  
"Let's get out of here." Lonnie rises from the table and awaits Frank to join him. Paige sliding out resisted Lonnie's hand to take hers. In a sudden inspiration Paige races over to Mike and Andy and steals a piece of bacon.  
  
"I'm bringing home the bacon."  
  
Mike chuckles nervously as Andy covers his own plate with greed. Before they could say a word Paige turns, mooning them, her shirt fanning wide toward the aisle of people. Onlookers saw her tits and drooled. Swiftly pulling her pants up she covers her chest and wiggles through them like a runway model. At the front counter, Lonnie pays the attending waitress who wasn't amused, but said nothing. Once joining Frank and her Father, Paige snuggled up to Frank's hip, his arm around her.  
  
Leaving the IHOP Lonnie escorts them to Frank's car. He was driving a 2019 Mercedes-Benz GLA-Class, silver, vanity license plates saying PIKMEUP. Lon fidgets at reading the plate. "Pick Me Up?"  
  
"As in facelift. Boob jobs. Picking up where nature took over." Frank grins.  
  
"Gotcha. I'm trusting you Frank. All the way around. Hurt my baby you're a dead man."  
  
"Fear not. I will treat her as if my own."  
  
Snapping his fingers at Paige, Lon calls her into a hug. "I love you Punk. Have a good time."  
  
"I'll text you Daddy."  
  
"Let her text me."  
  
Nodding a confirmation between she, and Frank, he let Frank open the passenger door for her. Entering she waves goodbye. A firm handshake later Frank drove away with Paige. A pit in Lonnie's stomach led to a sadness. It was like he was giving her away to a future husband rather than a date. Pulling it together Lonnie stands against his own car, staring at his cell gathering enough nerve to make a call.  
  
Inside the IHOP, Deborah Johnson felt her cell vibrate in her apron as she cleared Lonnie's table. Discovering a hundred dollar bill under Lonnie's plate she smiled. Giving in to her cell she steps away to answer it.  
  
"This is Deborah."  
  
"Kept my promise beautiful."  
  
"Yes you did Big Daddy. Should I call you Sugar Daddy? I found the tip. Thank you."  
  
"No! Thank you for being so cool about everything."  
  
"We all have our wild sides, Big Daddy."  
  
"I hope to see yours here soon."  
  
"Your place or mine?" She giggles.  
  
"Seeing as yours is the IHOP and my kid defiled that, how about mine. I live at DiMaggio's Pizzeria."  
  
"Expecting me to pick your fork up from under the table?"  
  
"And, my tongue while you're down there."  
  
"French toast. Love it. When do you want me?"  
  
"Now!" He chuckles. "How about Friday night? I'm taking Paige to Medieval Times Saturday."  
  
"Graduation present?"  
  
Lonnie laughs, "Something like that. More of a one knight stand. Drum beat inserted now."  
  
"Well Big Daddy...I hope our date doesn't become a one night stand. You're adorable."  
  
"I haven't been on a date in years. Work with me?"  
  
"Baby steps Big Daddy. Except in bed." She follows it with her favorite, "MMMM MMMM!"  
  
"You better get back to work. Call me. I work days at the Distillery. Anytime after 4:00 PM.  
  
"Same to you. Text even."  
  
"Pleasure meeting you, Deborah Johnson."  
  
"Ummm Big Daddy?"  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"What is your name?" She giggles nibbling a well groomed fingernail.  
  
"Oh, yeah! Might help huh? I'm Lonnie Turner."  
  
"Perfect. Have a good day Lonnie Turner."  
  
"I prefer Big Daddy."  
  
"Then I'll call you nothing else."  
  
"Later Jennifer Hudson."  
  
"I do look like her don't I?" Another round of giggles. "Bye Big Daddy."  
  
Hanging up she looks out the window to see Lonnie beaming from ear to ear. She clutches her chest. Deborah Johnson was happy. So was Lonnie Turner. He was even happier when Frank's check cleared fifteen minutes later.  
  
Miles away now, Paige and Frank got along fabulously. After talking about her upcoming graduation, Frank while waiting on a stoplight had a sudden inspiration.  
  
"Would you like to go to a very magical Park?"  
  
"Teeter Totter! Teeter Totter!" She brightens up.  
  
"I can push you in a swing."  
  
"Yay!" She was overdoing her baby like voice. He loved it.  
  
"Oz Park it is."  
  
She leers with a sly grin. "We're off to see the Wizard?"  
  
"The wonderful Wizard of Oz."  
  
"Is it because I'm a Munchkin?"  
  
"I so adore you Child."  
  
"Me too Mister Frank."  
  
"Leaving Kansas now."  
  
"Blowjob! Blowjob!"  
  
She meant the tornado.

**Paige Ch. 17: BAUM'S AWAY**

"Cherry blossom trees. Oh my gosh Mister Frank. This park is beautiful. I didn't even know it existed. Me so sheltered." Paige Turner dances about in awe as she and her date the much older Frank Martinbaum walk through the grass at Oz Park in Chicago Illinois. This park getting its name due to a scenic tribute to the characters in the Wizard of Oz. A magical place indeed.  
  
"I'm glad you appreciate this special place. You might not connect the dots being so young but I share the name of the author behind the Wizard of Oz series. His name was L. Frank Baum. My Mother was enamored by the series and the movie adaptation. So much so that with our last name sharing the Baum moniker she christened me Frank as a tribute." She absorbs his pride with interest. "The Tinman statue is over here. Cowardly Lion back there. Dorothy beyond those playgrounds. Scarecrow is somewhere beyond the playground area."  
  
"I hope there's no Wicked Witchypoo. She scares me Mister Frank."  
  
She circles in step with her pajama top totally unbuttoned and her full frontal exposed. Her bouncy tits the highlight of their adventure thus far. Amazingly the park had very few visitors today. For the month of May it was almost lifeless. Good for them at least. Frank wanted his adopted little girl naked and giddy. His newfound adoration of this spunky little redhead in pigtails had consumed him since running across her video profile on Tender. Her soft shy voice mesmerizing. Her continued communications with him escalating to reveal a very sensual side. Foregoing her once shy nature, Paige's boldness was now unbelievably erotic. She bordered on magnificent.  
  
Even in Hello Kitty pajamas, and fuzzy slippers with gaudy amounts of glitter on them. Holding a stuffed teddy bear like she was a child. At eighteen she was often mistaken for fifteen. She enjoyed letting people believe what they wanted to. After years of shyness and self esteem issues she had realized just how wrong she was. Now that she knew guys found her attractive she had evolved rapidly. Her sexual appetite growing by the day. She wanted it all. To tease and to please. Siphoning the reactions of men into fuel to inspire their lust. Paige Turner wanted all men to want her.  
  
Her wish was coming true. On Tender alone, her account had well over 2000 men vying for her affections. She intended to give as many of them the attention they craved as best she could.  
  
"Swing me Mister Frank." She races to a swing set and climbs in to sit upon a braided seat. Swaying back and forth she kicks her slippers off and wiggles her toes in delight.  
  
"There's nobody around at the moment. Why don't you take those jammies off?" He sits his small duffle bag in the gravel beside her bear, cell, and ID.  
  
"Mister Frank wants to see me nakie?" She feigns a blush with inquisitive eyes.  
  
"YES!" He grows excited, rubbing his palms together.  
  
Slowing her sway on the swing, she removes her top and throws it away. Standing up she wiggles her bottoms down and off, kicking them to the gravel at her feet.  
  
"Let's just get rid of these shall we?" He picks the discarded clothing up and takes them to a trash receptacle a good forty feet away, abandoning them. "I'll buy you a new pair before taking you back home."  
  
"I'll be nakie until you take me home?" She begins swinging again, both hands on the chains. Fuzzy Bear on the ground watching her.  
  
"Let's try our best to see if we can make that happen." He struts toward her smiling like the Devil himself.  
  
"Okay. Push me Mister Frank."  
  
"Hold on tight Sweetiepie." He swings her higher and higher watching her giddiness increase into a shrill round of squeals. Her body was exquisite even seated on a swing. Her short tight legs outstretched and reaching for the air. Mere pushes on her back were not enough. Now that her arching body was moving fast he darted in front of her to watch her shy grin. She intentionally spread her legs wider for him to see her succulent pussy. He could tell it was really wet.  
  
"I like being nakie in the park Mister Frank."  
  
"I too rather enjoy seeing you this way. Let us hope we don't have prying eyes."  
  
"Like Flying Monkey's?" She cringes looking up at the blue sky.  
  
"Only birds Dear. Your painted toes are exquisite. Ruby red like slippers. Which reminds me, I brought a pair with me to make this fantasy perfect." He lets her continue swinging and goes to his bag unzipping it. Digging within he produces a pair of thin white knee high stockings and a facsimile pair of Dorothy Gale's ruby slippers. Returning to her she shares his quirky smile with one of her own. "May I?"  
  
"I don't think they will fit your feet Mister Frank."  
  
"You take my breath away." She beams as he stops her sway and wiggles her stocking on over her toes and guides them upward into a smooth fit. "These shoes once belonged to my Mother. I hope you wearing them does not give you the willies. I knew the day I saw you on video that they might fit you perfectly." Retrieving them from the gravel he takes each foot and places the shoes on. They fit, just not as perfect as he imagined.  
  
"I look like Dorothy now."  
  
"A very appealing Dorothy I might add."  
  
"Can I text my Daddy. I don't want him to worry."  
  
"Absolutely." He assists her out of the swing and watches her walk in the slippers. Clumsily in the gravel but capable. As she bends over to procure her cell, she tells Fuzzy to watch her ID card. It was very cute. Her ass and compressed clam, equally as delectable as her tone of voice.  
  
Typing away she tells her Father, "All good Daddy. Having fun at Oz Park." It was followed by the name of the first boy that had her in bed at Drew's party. If not sexually. "Hector" was typed. Awaiting a reply that came swiftly Lonnie Turner returns with "Check cashed. Have fun. Text in an hour. Love you."  
  
"Love you more." Ends her text session.  
  
"All done?" Frank smiled, "I see Monkey Bars."  
  
"Where? I wuvs Monkey Bars. Just not flying ones in bellboy hats." She collects Fuzzy and her Id before walking with Frank across the grass. He held her close in case his larger body needed to shield her from any unforeseen people. Thus far he had only caught a glimpse of distant joggers, and a pair of groundskeepers, likely working off probationary time served. Six young men were picking up trash and pulling weeds to the far end of the park. Luckily there was a large wooden Munchkin village with suspension bridges between them. As long as no children showed up with angry parents they might just get away with this adventure.  
  
"Let me watch Fuzzy. You go play on the Monkey Bars." She hands him the Bear, including cell, and ID. Giddily she skips away. His dick was rock hard at seeing Dorothy so succulently playful. Frank discovered just how limber Paige was as she weaved in and out of the bars as if a monkey herself. Tangling her legs seductively she played the game.  
  
"Help me Mister Frank. Me tangled up and can't get free." She pouted using her strength to hold her aloft. She had intentionally positioned herself so that her legs were spread wide as if almost pulling her legs behind her head. Frank dropped everything into his bag and rushed to her. Appetite aroused he reached beneath her bottom gripping her ass as support, then lowering his mouth into her delicious slit. Tongue wagging over her clit gave her the giggles. That led to moans. "That feels really good Mister Frank. I surrendered Dorothy just for you."  
  
"Dorothy tastes delicious." He lifts away with a damp chin long enough to acknowledge her jest.  
  
"Like monkey bread?"  
  
He chuckles while devouring her, his tongue wagging up inside her joyous hole. A finger teasing her anal canal. Paige Turner squealed. Her hands were struggling to hold her weight now, releasing one grip at a time to regain sensation. Realizing her awkwardness he holds her more firmly. "Dangle child I have you."  
  
Taking the risk she lets go and allows Frank to impress her with strength of his own. Not once wavering in his feast thereafter. In her dangling Paige squeezes her breasts and teases her nipples. Every tender stimulation adding to her pleasure. She loved this as much as Frank did.  
  
"I'm going to cum Mister Frank." Her body trembles in his grasp. Intensifying his hunger, she cries out letting her juices run freely over his face. A mad convulsion made her right foot slip from its bar. Nearly a dead weight Frank held on for dear life until she regained her composure enough to assist in clutching the nearest bar as support.  
  
"I can't hold you much longer."  
  
"I want you to hold me until you take me home Mister Frank."  
  
"In a much more reasonable environment I can offer that." He chuckles helping her escape her dilemma. As she eases out of her cage she leaps down into Frank's arms and throws her weakened arms about his neck. Thankfully she didn't weigh a lot or Frank's back might have gone out. At 100 pounds Paige was perfect. She stared into his eyes sheepishly then melted into a warm wet kiss. Her juices tasted yummy from his lips. One hand on her bare bottom, his other on her back he maintained their lustful kiss. Tongues tantalizing one another within. Five long minutes became lost in time before they broke their embrace. She ended their tender moment with a swift peck to his left cheek. The unexpected move left Frank speechless. Not Paige however.  
  
"Teeter Totter?" She whispered playfully dangling back in his arms.  
  
"Let's." He eases her to the ground making certain her balance was adequate before releasing her on her own. She immediately darted away skipping. On the way to the teeter totter she spots the Yellow Brick Road in the shape of Hopscotch squares. Jaw dropping she deviates her trajectory. After gathering their things he follows her, looking about for safety reasons. Still no obstacles at the moment to stress over. He watched her hop through the squares making up her own song. Her chest bobbing about with each leap. Simply incredible.  
  
"Mister Frank ate me out. His wagging tongue made me shout. Kiss me. Kiss Me. Mister Frank can't resist me. We're gonna play all day long. I wanna suck his big ole dong. Fuck me. Fuck me. Just because. Fuck me. Fuck me. In the Land of Oz."  
  
Clapping at her dramatic endeavor he laughed. "Well done. You are priceless."  
  
She beguiles him with a shy chin to shoulder gaze, then wiggles her butt. "Chase me Mister Frank." She bolts away and skips along toward the teeter totter. Giving chase he felt so very alive. Catching her he wraps his arms around her upper body and lifts her off her slippers into a 360 spin. She squealed with glee. Another kiss from above he lets her go. She swiftly turns him around and guides him toward the teeter totter. Turning him again she takes his bag of their personal items and sits it on the ground. From there she helps him in unfastening his pants and lowering them to his knees. Sitting him backwards on the teeter totter he stretches out feeling fresh air flow over his mighty erection. The chilly stimulation was blocked by her hands that began stroking him even harder. "Peter Potter. Peter Potter." She giggled pecking over the urethra of his crown. In that instant he forgot the entire world around him. She knelt between his legs and sucked his cock. As deep as her throat allowed, she only came up to take a breath and emit a web of built up saliva. She was remarkable. Not worried in the least that her sloppiness in appearance made her a sight. Every so often she relieved her throat of his beast to lick his foreskin and suck upon his ball sack. He adored her every slutty move, that although dirty, offered an innocent expression.  
  
In her zest Frank decides to look up. His eyes immediately lock on to the groundskeepers that had made their way closer. All six men now stood watching them with amazement. The unfortunate side led to cell video recordings. In his favor two of the men were goofily gripping their trouser crotches. He knew they were interested in Paige from behind. Swallowing dryly he let Paige continue her delectable consumption. Frank would risk this miscalculation in favor of her playtime. As long as no cops were called he thought.  
  
Trying not to let Paige know of their viewership, fearful that she might panic and run away, he kept her attention on him. "That's right Dorothy. Suck that broomstick."  
  
She giggled, as her eyes danced behind her big amber rimmed glasses, foggy from her breathless frolicking. She aimed to impress her Mister Frank for the money he offered her. It wasn't truly about the cash as much as it was for her experiences. She was beginning to thrive on these dates and their excitement levels. Making men happy was fulfilling. Her spirit soared hearing their praise. She literally couldn't get enough of it. Her true shyness was gone forever. Long live the act. Let it assist her in every way possible.  
  
As Frank Martinbaum lost his mind, a massive load of cum followed. She swallowed every drop before kissing his crown with a loud murmur of "MWAH!" While Frank quaked from his loss he six men behind them applauded with a serenade of whistles. Paige looks up with bulging eyes. A swift glance behind them she spots the men.  
  
"We can get dressed and go." Frank barely spoke amid heavy breaths.  
  
"Nooooo! We have to have sexy in Oz." She pouts. "You stay here Mister Frank. I'll take care of this."  
  
"Wait! What? Where are you going?" He reaches to pull his pants up, now that her body wasn't obstructing their view of his beast.  
  
"To shoo away the flying monkey's."  
  
"Good lord Child." He observed her skipping toward the six men. They had gone from ranting juveniles to awaiting pansies. Shyness struck all six suddenly.  
  
Reaching them Paige stood with her hands held behind her back, offering a shy expression. "Are you flying monkey's? I'm Dorothy from Kansas."  
  
A chosen leader amongst the six shakes his head. "That guy a pedophile? You look fifteen."  
  
"Eighteen. Seventeen a month ago. No, that man is the great and Powerful Oz. He's going to take me home later."  
  
"Hot air balloon ride?" Another man snickered.  
  
"Do they make condoms that blow up that big?" Jested another.  
  
"I sure hope so." She whispers playfully.  
  
"You're fucking hot as hell. Even in the binocular glasses."  
  
"I think they're sexy."  
  
"They make small things appear bigger." She eyes his crotch.  
  
"HA! She's saying you have a dinky dick Nash."  
  
"Fuck you, Chalmers."  
  
"Can I ask you guys a favor?" Paige peaks her brows expectantly.  
  
"What's that?" The Leader named Sam asked with curiosity.  
  
"Before I go back to Kansas with Mister Wizard, will you spank your flying monkey's for me?" She coyly raises her left shoulder to her cheek with a glint of intrigue.  
  
"HELL YES." Came a six way consensus.  
  
"Yay!" She pats her palms together rapidly. "I have to go secure my ride now. You guys can watch." She pivots in her ruby slippers, then spanks her own bottom in front of them before skipping back to Frank. Six peckers were swollen hard.  
  
"What did you say?"  
  
"That I needed to please the Great and Powerful Oz before he would take me back to Kansas. I miss my Auntie Em'."  
  
"Sweet Jesus! They're stroking their cocks." He eyes the bunch. Each of them dared to show their own erections off.  
  
"They're not flying monkey's. They're the spanking monkey breed."  
  
Frank Martinbaum had to laugh. He didn't stop until Paige took him by the hand and led him further away toward a sidewalk. She was in the mood to be risky. At twenty feet from the walkway she drops to her knees and stretches out in the grass on her tummy. Her ass moving slowly up and down to entice Frank.  
  
"Fuck me Mister Frank." She offered a haunting plea.  
  
Looking about him he drops his bag just as he hears her cell announce a text. He swiftly retrieves it and passes it down to her. "Your Father." She claims it and texts him the second name of the boy at Drew's party, that had played with her during Three Minutes in Heaven. Acknowledged she kept her cell as she leered back toward Frank with her ass in the air.  
  
"Lil Doggy too?" She whimpered seductively. With a pale expression Frank Martinbaum dropped his pants. From his pocket he produced a red condom ripping it open with his teeth. Rolling it on she giggled. "You're wearing a ruby slipper now."  
  
"That I am." He lowered over her and lined his beast up for a slippery penetration. She was sopping wet between her thighs. Zero lube was needed. Her pussy regardless, tight and scalding hot. As she lowered her hips he fucked her hard. The six men watching in awe from the safety of distance. Each jerking off hard and expelling words of breathless torment. Wishing they were Frank. That was exactly what Paige Turner had hoped for.  
  
Propped over her on extended arms Frank pounded away at a decent speed and rhythm, it's perfection making Paige moan louder and louder. Frank gruffly expelled his pleasure with a profound, "Fuck your pussy's tight."  
  
"I like your big dick Mister Frank. It feels really good." She prides herself on her childlike voice. It made him fuck her with more dedication. Within her hands she calls her Daddy via facetime. As he answers she holds a finger in front of her lips to silent him. Lonnie merely watched. Her expression adoring every thrust Frank had to offer. Her moans escalating gave Lonnie a front row seat. As she continued enduring his assault, Paige shifted her camera to face the six men. Lonnie saw them jerking off and sat back on his sofa. From home Lonnie Turner joined them. He sat naked in his living room anyway. Why not right?  
  
Lost once again to reality neither Frank nor Paige noticed a dog walker approaching with hesitance. A young longhaired blond girl of possibly 20, walked a grey peppered Scottie Terrier on a lengthy leash. Not only was she worried that the man fucking this young redhead was raping her, she had also noticed the six ejaculating groundskeepers. Her heart stopped at the sight. As terrible as it first appeared she quickly realized that the sexual encounter was consensual. The cellphone in the girls hand a telltale sign. Approaching closer the girl took her time, curiosity and her own hormones pausing her advance.  
  
In doing so the dog took it upon himself to introduce itself to Paige with a wagging tail and a cold nose on her face.  
  
"TOTO!" Paige giggled as the blond swiftly yanked the leash recalling the canine. Frank seeing this slowed his thrusting to stare at the blond. The girl grit her teeth at his glare.  
  
"I'm sooo sorry." The blond began to hurry away.  
  
"ARE YOU GLENDA THE GOOD WITCH?" Paige yelled after the blond. Hearing this the girl stopped and picked up the dog, to avoid any further interaction as she dared to return to the couple.  
  
"Oh my God! My name's not Glenda but it is Linda." The blond snickered. "This is so crazy. I love your fearlessness. Sorry about Chauncy."  
  
"Hi Chauncy." Paige blew the dog and it's owner a kiss.  
  
"You do realize there's six guys over there jacking off right?" Linda winced.  
  
"Don't stop Mister Frank." Paige looks up at the Wizard. He swallows dryly tempted to retreat until Linda expresses a hand in favor of stopping him.  
  
"Please keep going. I didn't mean to interrupt you."  
  
"Don't go." Paige whimpers. "Isn't the Great and Powerful Oz magnificent?"  
  
Linda wasn't really into older guys but Frank did have a tight body for his age. Not to mention he had that George Clooney swagger. She stood there a bit longer, biting her nail as Chauncy wanted down. She swiftly hugged the dog to quiet him. Her intrigue led toward the six men who know pointed toward Linda with interest. Now they were more her speed in age and physique. She found herself waving at them before a whisper of, "So crazy."  
  
"I think the spanking monkey's like you Glenda." Paige moans showing her Father the blond slyly. Lonnie took interest in where this was going, jerking himself off with vigor.

"Wow!" Linda the good witch nibbled her nail smiling.  
  
Paige began breathing heavily and feeling every caress on her G-spot. Still she managed encouragement. "You should go scold them for spanking."  
  
"Should I?" Linda felt her heart jump. Without another second to waste the cute blond took a stroll through the grass and met up with the monkey's. Not one of them put their dicks away in shame. She tied the dog to a tree and joined the six men. Their attention on Paige now non-existent. Linda Welch was going to get some cream. Resistance impossible. On her part, not theirs.  
  
"I'M GOING TO CUM MISTER FRANK."  
  
"SO AM I DOROTHY."  
  
Together the Great and Powerful Oz proved how mighty he was. Lifting her upper body he rears up to his knees and holds Paige's back against his chest. His beast still thrusting. She joined him with gyrations of her own. Her right hand palming his cheek. His left hand clutching her throat.  
  
"I adore you Paige Turner." Frank whispered. "Bless you for making my fantasy come true."  
  
"Cum inside me Mister Frank."  
  
"Cum on my dick Miss Paige."  
  
As one they snarled and screamed at the other's intent. Not until both of them relaxed did he release her throat. She lifted herself enough to draw him into a kiss. Long and steamy they cooed in each others arms. Finally, they hear Lonnie snarl over the cell as Paige winces showing Frank the cell in her left hand. Frank Martinbaum chuckled.  
  
"I should charge you for admission Lonnie." Frank laughed.  
  
"Blame Dorothy there. She let me watch." Lonnie sighed with cum on his free hand.  
  
"Bye Daddy. No more texting. I'm all Mister Frank's now." With a kiss to her cell screen she shuts it off. Lonnie went to wash his hands.  
  
"It appears Glenda is having a good time herself. That should be our cue. Allow me to show you my palace?"  
  
"EMERALD CITY. EMERALD CITY." Paige rejoices as he pulls out of her. She turns on her knees to face Frank, as he removes a startlingly full condom with delicate hands. Holding it up in the air for her he sighs. She lowers her mouth beneath it causing Frank to poise a brow. He knew what she wanted. Using both hands he tilts the open condom over her tongue and lets his jizz trickle down her throat. She froths her lips at the amount. Final droplets, he sprinkles over her face as she giggles.  
  
"And, you say you're not old enough to drink."  
  
"I drank from a ruby slipper." She playfully expresses shyness.  
  
"Come."  
  
"Again?" She giggles.  
  
"I meant follow me back to the car." He laughs.  
  
"Emerald City?"  
  
"Indeed."  
  
After he dresses himself he takes her by the hand and with pride they walk back to his car. People in passing saw her nudity. He smiled. She shivered.  
  
Intoxicated? Frank drove drunk. Paige hung over the window. No alcohol level to speak of. The fun was just beginning.  
  
Glenda Welch? She found herself to be a bad witch today. The beautiful blond melted beneath her six monkey's. She would see them again in the future. In a cheap motel.  
  
Still no bellboy hats.

**Paige Ch. 18: PLAY PEN**

Lincoln Park Illinois, suburb of Chicago.  
  
Frank Martinbaum drove his car through the older section of the city, until reaching his family home. A beautiful mansion estate shrouded in a gated fence line, amid ivy shrubbery, that weaved in and out of its bars. The scenic feel of the property forced Paige Turner to release her seatbelt, in order to assist her in leaning forward on the dash, for a better sense of its beauty. In doing so Mister Frank nearly ran through his own gate due to admiring Paige's own scenic beauty. Her tits dangling low as her folded arms clung to the dash, and her stunning butt cheeks lifting from the leather upholstery, caught his eye. Refraining from further glances he managed to weave the path heading up toward his ancestral home. Old yes, but well taken care of. Paige even spotted an older woman pruning the flowers along the yard.  
  
"Your home is sooo beautiful Mister Frank. I feel like a Princess coming home to a castle."  
  
"It can be your home whenever you visit Sweetheart."  
  
"Shouldn't I wear something? We didn't stop for new jammies like you said."  
  
"The truth is I already have your jammies. They're up in your new room."  
  
"I get my own room?"  
  
"A play room, yes."  
  
"Won't I be sharing your room Mister Frank?"  
  
"Occasionally. You will understand better very soon."  
  
"This is an awfully big place for a Plastic Surgeon."  
  
"It has belonged to my family since 1878. My great, great Grandparents moved here after coming to America from Germany. I won't bore you with their life history. Needless to say they did quite well for themselves. I inherited the home two years ago when my Mother passed away. Only my brother and I reside here. He and his son Robin.  
  
Lawrence, my brother is away to Los Angeles on business. He too is a plastic surgeon. He consults with the rich and famous. He comes highly recommended by the Hollywood community. If not for our history here he really should just move there."  
  
"You don't come highly recommended, Mister Frank?"  
  
"Unlike my brother I prefer to keep my services closer to home. He leaves young Robin here with me, the lad like you, once appeared is a tad bit shy."  
  
"Robin?" She playfully dramatizes her next words, "Are you really Bruce Wayne?"  
  
"Adorable. No my dear I'm not Batman. Although my brother can be a bit Two-Faced."  
  
She snorts hiding her laugh at his villainy jest, catching on instantly. "You're such a Joker, Mister Frank."  
  
"Harley my strong suit." He chuckles.  
  
Paige couldn't stop smiling. Frank Martinbaum had turned out to be more charming than she imagined. She loved a good sense of humor.  
  
"Is your Butler named Alfred?"  
  
He pauses with a dumbfounded glare. "Strangely enough that is his name. Well, it's actually Alfredo. Quite close though."  
  
"Whoa!" She sensed a connection.  
  
"Is there a Batcave beneath your home?"  
  
"Not that I'm aware of. A dusty wine cellar. Although there could very well be a secret room from the Prohibition days. That can be turned into the Batcave if you like."  
  
"Yay! Can we put a giant penis, I mean penny in there? And, a dinosaur?"  
  
"Your youth simply amazes me."  
  
"Old enough. Young in spirit." She confirms with a dramatic nod.  
  
"You certainly bring out my own inner child."  
  
"That's what I'm here for. Let's play House."  
  
"Fair enough. Let's start off with getting cleaned up." He leans over to emphasis, "Rough day at the park."  
  
"At least we didn't get chased by the mean ole Witch."  
  
"Narrowly escaped her arrival I'd say."  
  
"Whew! That was close." She wipes her brow and feigns discarding built up sweat.  
  
Pulling his car inside a rather large garage she notes that he has multiple cars. Some classic from the 1930's.  
  
"Those belonged to my great, Great Grandfather. Bootleggers back in the days of Capone. There might even be some bullet holes from Tommy guns."  
  
"Tommy must have been a big meanie."  
  
"Ohhhh he was, a certainty." He pulls out his cellphone then eyes her, "Why don't you show your Father the cars. He's likely waiting for another call from you. I'll have my Butler Alfredo draw us a bubble bath."  
  
"Okay, Mister Frank." She awaits on him to open her door, hearing him tell Alfredo to fill the tub with lots and lots of bubbles. She gets out and strolls about aimlessly with her teddy bear Fuzzy and her cell from his bag. Keeping Frank in her sights she calls her Father Lonnie.  
  
Lonnie was at home, having just taken a shower, and now drying off. Snatching up his cell he answers. "Hey Princess. Still doing alright?"  
  
"I'm having fun. We just got to Mister Frank's home. It's humongous. He told me to call you while he's arranging a bath for us. I'm going face time to show you his really old cars." Setting it up she now faces her Father. "Hi." She kisses her cell screen. He chuckled at her giddiness. With a swift scan of the garage Lonnie puckers. "That's a Model-T Ford. Nice. Packard too. He certainly has good taste."  
  
"Of course he does. He wanted me didn't he?" She giggles.  
  
"Glad you're having fun Sweetheart. I'm gonna get online for a bit and try not to worry about you."  
  
"Go on my Tender site. I'm curious if Dillon wrote me back."  
  
"Comic Con guy right?"  
  
"Yep! After sending him my party video I worry he won't write me back."  
  
"If he doesn't he doesn't. After all you're doing I'll still treat you to the Con."  
  
"Yay!" She loses her excitement then whispers, "I think Mister Frank is Batman. He has a nephew named Robin, and a butler named Alfredo."  
  
"As long as there's no Mrs. Batman hiding you'll be fine."  
  
"Ooooo! I wonder if Mister Frank likes cats?"  
  
"Pussy I'm certain. Make sure he wears condoms."  
  
"He did at the park."  
  
"Good job. You go enjoy yourself. Text me later."  
  
"Okay. Oh...Jeff."  
  
"Second boy during Seven Minutes in Heaven?"  
  
"Three minutes."  
  
"Right! Go take a bath." The order was correct.  
  
"Bye Daddy." With another kiss to her screen she hangs up. Frank stood patiently waiting by a door into the house.  
  
"Ready for a tour?"  
  
Skipping over to his side her tits bounced about. Reaching him she hugs Fuzzy to her chest and smiles up at him brightly. "Show me!" With that he opened the door, holding it open like the Gentleman he had been raised to be. Stepping inside she took the lead. As he closed the door he adjusts his crotch, her dancing butt cheeks made his dick storm back to life. Taking a deep breath he follows her, letting her explore on her own.  
  
"It's soooo Big, Mister Frank."  
  
"Why yes it is. "He steps up behind her proudly. Placing his hands on her shoulders with a tender squeeze. She tilts her head back to look up at him with a warm bubbly smile. She could feel his erection against her lower back. She was hardly clueless.  
  
"Before you is the formal living room. There are two more for various occasions. One of which is a sound amplified home theater. I am a movie aficionado."  
  
"Do you own John Dick?" She recalled her goofy name of the movie John Wick, from the day her Daddy first led her into this life of sensuality. Laughing Frank puckers.  
  
"I'll look into that one."  
  
"It's killer. Except when the doggy dies."  
  
"Poor thing. Come! Let's move onward. There are 8 bedrooms, 6 bathes, a lengthy dining room, and, a much updated kitchen. A greenhouse out back, with a swimming pool next to it. Let's see...oh yes, a room dedicated to fitness."  
  
"My friend Joshy works at a gym. He's built like the Hulk."  
  
"I do hope he's not green."  
  
"No. But, his dick gets really purple like the Hulk's pants."  
  
Hearing of another man he pats her left shoulder, expressing distaste. "Let's not discuss other men's body parts."  
  
"Sowwy, Mister Frank."  
  
"This is my time. Let's make a rule of not to compare, or discuss other men in your life."  
  
"I'll zip it." She fakes zipping her lips.  
  
"Thank you Dear." She nods feverishly with her lips still compressed tightly together. It was beyond cute. Leading her up a staircase that creaked from age, they reached the second story. Showing off the various guest rooms, and who resided in them over the years, Frank came upon an emptied out room. A good sized room.  
  
"What was in this room, Mister Frank?"  
  
"This was my childhood play room. My brother and I used to have many wonderful times in here. Coloring, drawing pictures, he far better than I on the artistic side. We used to have a train set in here that our Father built, an entire community designed around it. It has since been relocated to the basement. I recently had an inspiration, since meeting you on Tender."  
  
"I'm glad we met, Mister Frank."  
  
"As am I." He palms her chin lovingly. "Merely a consideration mind you...but, how would you feel about this room being devoted to you?"  
  
"Me?"  
  
"Yes. Should you continue your monetary adventures with me, that is. You can design this room any way you wish. It can be our...play room."  
  
"Can I paint it bright pink?"  
  
"Whatever you wish."  
  
"A big canopy bed, like in Gone With the Wind?"  
  
"If you like."  
  
"I can call you Franky My Dear and you can give a darn?"  
  
"I would enjoy that very much. You know the classic movies. I'm impressed."  
  
"My grandma made me watch them. I grew to like the really old stuff. Even Westerns, Grandpa got me into those. I love the Duke."  
  
"We will get along fabulously."  
  
"Can I build a dollhouse in that corner? I always wanted one of those but my house was too small for one."  
  
"Certainly. I do wood carving as a hobby. I'll find time to make some furniture."  
  
"Yay!" She pats her hands together, nearly dropping Fuzzy, and her cell.  
  
"Anything else?"  
  
"I'll make a list."  
  
"Wonderful. Shall we adjourn to our bath? I'm certain it's ready by now."  
  
"Mister Bubble. Mister Bubble." She hops in step.  
  
Escorting her toward his room, the bedroom door opens, an older gentleman of Spanish descent steps out. His eyes bulge at seeing young Paige nude. His gaze immediately lifts toward Frank.  
  
"Forgive me, Sir. Your bath is drawn. Many bubbles as you requested."  
  
"Hi, Mister Alfredo." Paige waves shyly, her forearm hoisting her tits higher for inspection. Showing her off Frank chuckles.  
  
"Relax, Old Friend."  
  
"Bruce Wayne says that." Paige drops her jaw connecting more dots. Frank knew, he was a fan of the Adam West series from the 60's. He had long decided to throw in those tiny memories when available.  
  
"Good afternoon, Young Miss." Alfredo blushes slightly.  
  
"I'm eighteen. Just barely." She whispers.  
  
"Of course you are."  
  
"I can show you ID."  
  
"No need, Young Miss."  
  
"Get used to our new guest Alfredo. Paige here has agreed to visit every few weeks. I'll need you to arrange some painters to paint my old play room. Hot pink from base board to ceiling. Purchase a Queen sized canopy bed as well, for starters. Something reminiscent of the one Scarlett O'Hara slept upon in Gone With the Wind."  
  
"As you wish, Sir."  
  
"Mister Frank is going to build me a Dolly House."  
  
Alfredo looked troubled, hiding his own erection at her cuteness factor. He needed to change the subject. "Will I be preparing lunch?"  
  
"Grilled Cheese." Paige turns to Frank with a hopeful gaze. Alfredo now eying her bare backside. Puckering Frank looks to his Butler.  
  
"Let's live dangerously, cut the crusts off."  
  
"Yay! Just the way I like them." She bounces in step.  
  
"Your bathwater is getting cold, Sir." Alfredo needed to escape. Taking his leave he was forced to adjust his own erection. It had been awhile since he had a healthy stir in his loins. A good thing his room was next to the Kitchen, he was going to have to hide away, and jerk off. At 60, he still had it.  
  
Guiding her into his room she admires the design of the room. There were double doors opened up letting in a breeze that fanned the drapes. Her nipples grew harder at the chill. His bed was king size with a large painting above the headboard. Everything else looked old, but well thought out. She approved of the décor. Hearing water bubbling outside, she flares her eyes.  
  
"Hot tub?"  
  
"The only way to have a bubble bath." He begins removing his clothing. She giddily sits Fuzzy and her cell on the bed facing the open doors, ordering her stuffed friend to "Stay!" Frank trembled at her youthful demeanor. Watching her skip outside into the daylight to explore, he felt like a new man. He needed to have a sense of companionship. One that was not older, set in her ways, and only looking out for her own purse. No matter what he spent on this young lady was worth it in his mind. Thank God, for good investments. He and his brother were raking in millions. She needn't know that part.  
  
Joining her outdoors he goes to an outdoor bar on his deck, there pouring himself a glass of wine. "Zinfandel?"  
  
"Wine? I'll try it. Even if I'm not old enough."  
  
"In my home you are of age, My Dear."  
  
"Yay! My Daddy won't let me put bubbles in our hot tub."  
  
Frank shifts his head from side to side, expressing doubt in it's perspective damage by doing so, finally shrugs. "It can always be replaced. Do crawl in and relax."  
  
"Help me." She realized the height and no step to climb. Hands over her head she awaits him to sit their wine lutes on the edge. Lifting her by her waist, she flares her eyes at his tenderness. Feet submerging, she finds the bottom slippery and loses balance. Going under she finds her footing and emerges covering in bubbles. Laughing, she wipes her face and removes her glasses. As Frank climbs in, her takes her glasses while lovingly wiping the suds from her brow. Her green eyes were sparkling. Taking her glasses he sits them on the ledge of the tub where the wine lutes stood. Taking the lutes he moves to sit on a seat, waving her over. She joins him, sitting on his lap at an angle. Accepting her wine she sniffs it.  
  
"Never had wine before?"  
  
"Not really. Beer and Tequila." She takes a sip and offers a delighted expression, "Mmm! This is yummy."  
  
"You my Dear, are Yummy."  
  
"Can I be your Yummi Bear?"  
  
"You can be anything you desire to be. I will treat you like a Princess."  
  
"Can I wear a tiara?"  
  
"Next visit I'll take you shopping."  
  
"I like being spoiled Mister Frank...but..." She pouts slightly, "I don't want you to think I'm after your money."  
  
"If I had any doubts about you I would never offer to give you my play room."  
  
"Daddy said I should get a part time job after Graduation. I really don't want to flip burgers, or be a cashier. Can this be my part time job?"  
  
"Minus paying taxes? Absolutely." He chuckles savoring his wine. "Who would ever want to flip burgers for a living?"  
  
"Exactly. Before my birthday I never considered this kind of thing. I just enjoy taking care of my Daddy. But, I'm growing up and I don't really know what I want. I'm a straight A student, yet I don't even know if I want to go to college. Daddy can't afford it even if I got a grant."  
  
"There's always junior colleges. Much cheaper than a University."  
  
"I know. I think I want to take a year off, to decide what I even want to study." She imbibes more wine, enjoying the taste.  
  
"Well? He questions his next words, "You could always save the money I give you each visit. Stash it away for a year, then decide whether it should be put toward college."  
  
"You're so smart, Mister Frank."  
  
"Treat me extremely well, and I'll return the favor. I don't mind increasing your visitation pay as long as it keeps my imagination flowing."  
  
"Like this?" She moves her hand under the water stroking his erection, which resided next to her right hip.  
  
"For starters." He winks.  
  
"Fuck me like a Princess every time I visit?"  
  
"In every way possible."  
  
"Make it fairy tale?"  
  
"We can have theme visits."  
  
"I can be Princess Jasmine, and you can be the Genie? Give me a threesome wish?"  
  
"Don't you mean three wishes?"  
  
"Same thing." She kisses him on the lips tenderly. That led to her turning to straddle his lap. Lining his erection up she slides him inside her.  
  
"No condom on my Dear." He interrupts her first gyration. Pouting she places her arms around his neck, wine glass behind his head.  
  
"We can enjoy the feel, just don't cum in me until you take me to bed."  
  
"You might want to ride very slowly then." He chuckles staring into her dreamy green eyes. "Too rough, we might have a problem."  
  
"Okay, Mister Frank." She quickly moves her wine glass around for a final drink before he claims it. Resting both lutes to his side on the ledge. From there steamy kissing took over their senses. Paige did all of the thrusting, trying to keep a slow rhythm but her G-spot was craving harder. His hands roamed her backside, left hand on her back, right squeezing her butt cheek. Her nipples tickling amid his chest hair. Her own hands caressing his face, and the back of his scalp. Sensuality consumed them as Frank broke their kiss to roam his lips over her throat, then to the sides of her neck.  
  
As she moaned, her eyes fluttered open looking around her. To her shock she spotted someone watching her from another room across the second story. It was obviously, Frank's nephew Robin. He was short, and lanky, wearing a green polo shirt, brown hair bushy and in need of cutting. It was easy to tell he was shy, yet Paige could also see that he had his hand down the front of his pants, fondling himself. Enjoying Frank's lips she took the time to fondly flutter her fingers at Robin, without Frank's notice. Robin seeing this disappeared. In her mind she found this spy stimulating. That led her back to Frank.  
  
No words spoken, she reels backwards while Frank keeps her from going under. Blowing bubbles from her nipples, Frank devours them, one by one. She gasped at his hunger.  
  
"That feels good, Mister Frank." While dangling back, her eyes stare toward the other side of the homes expanded design. From her angle she locates young Robin in another window. This time he had his pants lowered and was jerking off. Hearing Frank's guttural hunger she knew his eyes were closed. She smiled up at Robin and again fluttered her fingers. This time he hesitantly waved back. Her hormones were screaming at her situation. She kept quiet about their onlooker, feeding emotions toward Frank via squeals.  
  
Lifting his mouth from her sternum, Frank hisses, "Let's take this to bed before I explode."  
  
"Okay." She whimpers rising forward. Her backside covered by wandering suds. He stands up, holding her with his dick still inside her aching pussy. Turning sideways he carries her toward the side. Hugging him with her cheek to his shoulder she looks up at Robin, blowing him a hidden kiss. She would say it was bubbles on her palm if asked. Robin grinned at her and wagged his dick perversely. She wanted to giggle but bit her lower lip to prevent it.  
  
Sitting her on the ledge he washes his dick off in the bathwater. Paige took one final look toward Robin with batting eyes. He lifts both of his hands up as if using invisible binoculars then points toward Frank's bedroom. She didn't quite comprehend as she reaches for her glasses, putting them on. Fogged up she looks over them at Frank.  
  
"Carry me to bed, Mister Frank?" She shyly lays a cheek on her shoulder.  
  
Crawling out, he stands next to the hot tub, and obtains a large towel, using it to dry himself off. Paige turns in her seat to face Frank, who then proceeds to dry her off, from head to toe. She felt like a real Princess being so pampered. Once dried, he cradles her in his arms and begins their journey inside. She clung to him, offering butterfly kisses to his shoulder. He adored this young woman immensely.  
  
Reaching his bed he carefully lays her down, with her head on a congested pile of pillows. Looking up at Frank he opens an end table to procure a box of condoms. This time he chose a green colored latex condom, rolling it on over his mighty erection. Her thoughts immediately went to visualizing Robin in his green shirt. Her eyes smiled.

Crawling up over Paige, he takes the time to stretch out between her legs. Mouth lowered he eats her out. She whimpers instantly, palming her breasts to tease her nipples. Looking out toward the opened doors, her eyes bulge. Sneaking about was Robin. If Frank hadn't been in tune with gnawing at her clitoris he might have seen Robin's shadow on the wall behind her head. He must have climbed out a window and dared to reach the deck. Paige found that very sexy. He stood there at an angle where he could easily duck from sight, should Frank look back. Watching her, he lowered his shorts and stroked his cock right in front of her. A finger to his lips he tells her not to say anything. She smiles and sticks her tongue out at him. That gave the boy confidence.  
  
"Does Mister Frank like my clittycat?" She whimpers loud enough for Robin to hear. All she heard was mumbling as he devoured her. Three fingers fucking her pussy. Maybe he was the Genie already. Three fingers, three wishes. Essentially, a threesome with Robin jerking off from the deck. He didn't seem to mind seeing his Uncle nude stretched out in front of him. Her hormones screaming she closed her own eyes now to focus on herself, and Frank's desires. She was here for Mister Frank after all.  
  
Nearing an orgasm Paige arches her back squirming. Frank was on a feeding frenzy, snarling and nibbling and tugging at her labia. Fingers moving in and out of her at a ferocity that made her begin screaming.  
  
"I'M GOING TO CUM, MISTER FRANK."  
  
That she did, squirting all over his inserted fingers. Once accomplished he wallowed his face in her juices. Ending his appetite with a deafening, "Ahhh! Delectable." Raising fingers over her upper body he feeds them to Paige. Licking them in her whimpering state of trembles. She tried to maintain her gaze on Frank, but occasionally she offered Robin the mental enjoyment of her feast. Robin jerked harder than ever.  
  
"Fuck me, Mister Frank."  
  
"Let's save this condom a bit longer." He moves to his knees blocking Robin's view of Paige, as he removes the rubber. She couldn't have that. Snatching up pillows, she forces her weakness aside, and crawls behind Frank to plant a cushion. From there she encourages Frank to lay back with the top of his head toward the opened double doors. It lifted his vision, from the risk of dangling his head back, potentially seeing his nephew. From there she places another pillow under his lower back to hoist his hips higher. He didn't think anything of her decisions. Once ready she leans forward on her knees and poises his cock straight up. Robin could easily see her giving Frank a blowjob. She immediately went into theatrics.  
  
"I love your big cock." She flicks her tongue over his urethra. It gave him the chills. Her eyes smiling at Robin the entire time. So much easier while Frank had his eyes closed to savor her tongues frolicking. Paige taunted his foreskin with maddening licks, while holding his cock tall. Robin had his jaw wide feeling his own stimulation. The boy imagined her mouth on his cock. Her intention clear by not saying Mister Frank any further. Her words were designed to excite Robin instead.  
  
"Yummy! I could suck this lollipop all day long." An index finger on her stroking hand points toward Robin.  
  
The nephew was dying inside, facial expression revealing agony. He watched her tug nd suck on Frank's balls, while jerking the Uncle's nobility. It was good that Frank Martinbaum was well endowed. Slithering her tongue up his shaft she finally swallowed his girth for ten breathless thrusts. Frank moaned heavily praising her, "Wonderful Child. Deeper."  
  
She swallowed him a final time, taking in as much as her throat could accept. Gagging, her face turns red. The strain forced her to remove her glasses and sit them over next to her teddy bear Fuzzy. She lingered there beet red and eyes bulging. Robin was in awe of her green eyes. Finally, she releases in a spatter of saliva, gasping for air.  
  
"I want to ride you now." She sighs licking her lips. He hands her the green condom and allows her to tower between his legs applying it over his thickness. She looks up at Robin but fans her face. "The cool air feels really good. It's making my nip nips really hard." Fingers swirl both areolas as her attention turns to Frank. With a curled lower lip she straddles his beast and carefully inserts him into her canal. She was soaked. Once fully in charge Paige arches her back to stick her tits out. Straight at Robin.  
  
Gyrating on Frank's cock she pinches her nipples and rides. Faster and faster she hops up and down on his. She notes Frank's eyes taking her all in her beauty extraordinary. Releasing her pinched nipples she lets her mounds dance about. "Your dick feels really good inside me." Paige's ride intensified, forcing Frank to lay back with arms to his sides. Her gaze lifting to observe Robin's masturbation. So far, so good. Frank didn't have a clue.  
  
"You're an angel. The light coming in casts you in a glow." Frank murmurs.  
  
She trembles heavily with an altering expression, one second ecstasy, the next agony. She was trying to hold off her second orgasm. She wanted Robin to cum with her. Frank too. Mostly Robin. Mainly because she loved torturing the boy.  
  
In her maddening penetrations the rocking of the mattress sends her teddy bear Fuzzy toppling to the floor. Frank hadn't noticed, seeing as it was behind him. She pouted at the loss, her bear was always her security blanket. Seeing her reaction Robin halted his stroking. With a boldness suddenly overcoming him Robin dropped to his knees and cautiously crawled across the carpet. Very faint creaking of loose flooring beneath the carpet made his journey slow. She masked his noises with louder moans. Reaching the bear Robin slowly raises up on his knees, looking at Paige. She rode Frank harder than ever. Hands on her head letting her tits dart in every direction. Robin swallowed at the sight. Knowing it was unsafe he cautiously sat the teddy bear back where it was. Next to her glasses, and her cellphone. Her ringing cellphone.  
  
Eyes bulging Robin drops flat on the floor fearful of being caught. Hearing the cell Frank tilts his gaze, reaching over to pluck it from the mattress. "It's your Dad. I'll let you answer him, but don't you dare stop riding. I'm too close to cumming to lose my erection."  
  
"I won't. I promise. I'm close too. Can I let Daddy hear us cum together?"  
  
"As long as he doesn't see me."  
  
"K!" She answers her Father, "Little busy Daddy. I'm riding Mister Frank's big ole' cock."  
  
Face time reveals her every sensation. Her face all over the place as she gyrates.  
  
"Looks like you're having the time of your life."  
  
"I'm about to cum Daddy. So is Mister Frank. Give me a minute." She takes Lonnie along for the ride. Lowering her cell on a guided tour Lonnie witnesses her bobbing breasts. Further South her fiery arrow pubes. A quick shot of Frank's penis darting in and out of her ends the face time show. Frank allowed it.  
  
Moving the cell to her ear she drops forward over Frank. Obstructing Frank's view she lets him take over the thrusting. His hands on her hips, he pounds her pussy hard. Her yelps echoing, as her tits are kissed on. Higher up, she lifts her free hand over the edge of the bed. Waving down at Robin, she coaxes him up with a curling finger. He swallows and sits up high enough to look into her eyes. With ecstasy in her eyes she smiles at Robin mouthing the word, "Hi."  
  
He shivers and mouths "Hi." back.  
  
"I'm going to cum." She cringes at Robin. Frank, thinking her words were directed to he and Lonnie. "Cum with me." She begs toward Robin. His eyes bulging he scoots back on the floor and continues jerking off. He held his breath with gnashed teeth to prevent moans of his own. Over the phone she hears her Father jerking off again. She loved how her Daddy couldn't resist his urges around her. Frank was groaning and huffing to the point of no return. In a screaming match Paige and Frank discharged at the same time. Lonnie joined a second later.  
  
Robin shot fireworks into the sky, his cum spattering on the carpet. In a panic he sees her licking her lips at him. Waving goodbye she switches cell hands to reach over and grab Fuzzy. Hugging it to her cheek she whispers, "Silly Pooh Bear." Robin in his shock smiled. He connected his name to Christopher Robin. In a slow crawl he managed his escape.  
  
Frank was exhausted.  
  
"Daddy?" Paige sighs, "I need to cuddle with Mister Frank. I love you Daddy. I don't want to check in with you anymore tonight. I'll see you at home by 10:00." Lonnie agreed. They would take the risk. Hanging up, she set her cell aside, and repositioned messily. Snuggling up under Frank's arm she lifts Fuzzy up to kiss Frank on the cheek. He chuckled at her cuteness.  
  
"That was fun Mister Frank."  
  
"Once more before I take you home?"  
  
"Once more before our grilled cheesy?"  
  
"So, once before lunch? Once before going home?"  
  
"Three."  
  
"Four if we count the park."  
  
"Uh huh!" She snuggles closer rubbing his chest hair. With a snarl he leaves the condom on and rolls over. Facing the opened doorway he takes her missionary. The ride didn't last long but at least she came once more. Exhausted they took a short nap before lunch. Before leaving their room, Frank dressed in sweats. He opened another drawer and produced a new pair of Hello Kitty pajamas. Giddy she tried them on. Barefoot, Frank stepped in something wet on the carpet. Shrugging with indecision as to what it was, he ignored it and led her down to the dining room. There sat Robin eating grilled cheese. Shyly he lowers his gaze.  
  
"There you are." Frank grinned at the lad. "Paige? This is my nephew Robin. Robin? This is my..."  
  
"Play thing." She beat him to the punch. That wasn't his choice of introduction but he went with it. "I like being a play thing." She hugs Frank from the side.  
  
"Hi." Robin spoke with a low tone.  
  
"Is your Uncle really Batman?"  
  
"What?" Robin winced.  
  
"He likes to hang me upside down." She softly giggles.  
  
"Wow!" Robin couldn't look them in the eye.  
  
"Robin here is a tad shy. He will open up soon enough. Sit!"  
  
Frank pulls a chair out for Paige. She sits down then leans over to the chair next to her. "You sit there Fuzzy. No belching." Robin chuckled suddenly. Frank smirked at her actions, presuming it was her way of coaxing his nephew from his shell.  
  
Leaning over to kiss Paige on the forehead, Frank sighs, "Let me go get our lunch. Seeing as Alfredo appears to be missing in action." Taking his leave into the kitchen the kids share a blush.  
  
"That was awesome." Robin whispered looking back for safety.  
  
"He stepped in your jizz." She giggles.  
  
Robin's eyes flare with a shocked reaction. "Ohhh, shit!"  
  
"Frank say's you turned eighteen recently. Just like me."  
  
"A month and a half ago."  
  
"I like older men." She sticks her tongue out at Robin.  
  
"I can see that. Uncle Frank's old enough to be your Grandpa."  
  
"I meant you Silly Pooh."  
  
"I nearly lost it when you said that earlier."  
  
"Did you like watching me have sex?"  
  
"You're hot."  
  
"I know." She tosses her cheeks to each shoulder playfully.  
  
"Thanks for not telling on me."  
  
"You can watch me anytime you want. I'll be visiting a couple times a month, once I graduate. Are you still in High School?"  
  
"Home schooled. I have a tutor for three more weeks, then final exams." He tilts back listening to Frank and Alfredo in the distance. Secure it would be a few minutes longer he leans forward with a curious expression. "Are you... hooker?"  
  
"Noooo!" She pouts with a scowl.  
  
"What are you then?"  
  
"Mister Frank's play thing. I'm just here to have fun."  
  
"Is he paying you?"  
  
"Maybe."  
  
"And, that doesn't make you a hooker?"  
  
"I don't call it that. I...guess it does look that way. I would have gone on a date with Mister Frank without being paid to."  
  
"So, you're getting paid twice a month to have sex with Uncle Frank." He studies her reaction. She looks miserable suddenly. She knew it looked bad.  
  
"Yes." She mumbles.  
  
"Awesome. I get to see you more often. After summer is over I'll be going to WestPoint. I'm joining the military."  
  
"You were accepted already?"  
  
"My Dad has connections."  
  
"He's a Plastic Surgeon, like Mister Frank?"  
  
"Yeah! As if they need the money." He looks around the room. She knew he meant the entire house. "Our family is loaded. You might as well make some of Frank's cash."  
  
"I'm sorry if I look bad."  
  
"Don't be. That was too awesome to think bad of you."  
  
"Mister Frank is turning the empty room upstairs into my guest room."  
  
"The old nursey? My Grandparents used to have their Play Pen in there. You act like a kid. Roleplay?"  
  
"No. I always act this way. Guys really like it."  
  
"Lotta sick fuckers out there."  
  
"I'm of age so that doesn't bother me. Unless of course, they're...really into kids. I hope not." She winces, "Frank isn't is he?"  
  
"Hell no! Uncle Frank just likes acting like a kid himself. My Dad acts the same way. He gets a look at you and he might want you too."  
  
"Really?" She looks spooked slightly.  
  
"Never know."  
  
"Do you want me?" She smirks with her hands in her lap.  
  
He swallows dryly, feeling his palms sweat.  
  
"Are you a virgin?" She giggles.  
  
"Noooo! Yeaaaah!" He confesses.  
  
Before she could tease him further Frank returns with a platter of golden brown grilled cheese sandwich's.  
  
"Lunch is served. Juice?"  
  
"Is it in a juice box with a straw?"  
  
"Afraid not. No tippy cup either." Frank chuckles. "Are the two of you getting along?"  
  
"He keeps sticking his tongue out at me." She pouts.  
  
"I did not. She did."  
  
"No I didn't." She plays the game.  
  
"Yes you did."  
  
"Nuh-uh!"  
  
"Children! Enough. Behave before I send you both to your rooms."  
  
"You mean your room, Mister Frank. I don't have my own room yet." She sheepishly smiles.  
  
"Soon enough." He sits the platter before them. A swift return to the kitchen the kids laugh. Paige wags a slice of grilled cheese at Robin.  
  
"I'm going to take your virginity." She whispers.  
  
He chokes on his next bite and bulges his eyes. Before he could banter back Frank returns with a bottle of Juicy Juice and two glasses. Pouring some for her he notes their shared gaze. "Everything okay here?"  
  
"Robin choked. I thought I was going to have to give him the Hindlick maneuver."  
  
"That's the Heimlich Maneuver." Frank chuckles, "Alright now, Robin?"  
  
"Nooo! Can I be excused?"  
  
"Certainly. Go play your video games."  
  
"Joystick! Joystick!" Paige belts out, hopping in her chair. Robin hid his tented shorts from Frank as he turned red, racing away.  
  
"I believe you embarrassed my nephew."  
  
"Sowwy, Mister Frank. I might have Turrets."  
  
"No you don't. You my Dear, have an evil streak." She smiles so brightly, that all of her teeth popped into view. A quick nod confirmed his assessment. "Don't make me spank you Young Lady." He winks.  
  
She pouts, leaving her seat to curl up on his lap. She feeds him her slice of grilled cheese. "It's the cheesiest." She flirts. A long kiss later, they finished lunch. He carried her upstairs and made love one last time.  
  
At 9:00 PM Frank Martinbaum drove her home.  
  
Walking her to her front door, she leaps up into his arms for a lengthy goodnight kiss. Another peck on his cheek from Fuzzy he lets her down.  
  
"I'll text you Mister Frank. Send me pictures of my new play room."  
  
"As it progresses. Thank you for spending time with me."  
  
"I wuvs playing with, Mister Frank."  
  
A final very steamy kiss she hears the inside door open. Lonnie Turner stood watching them. With a friendly wave at Frank, the man took his leave.  
  
"He actually got you home early. It's only 9:48." Lonnie lets her pass admiring her new pajamas.  
  
Standing with her back to him she raises her shirt to her waits. Leering over her shoulder she looks at her Father. "Notice anything?"  
  
"New jammies." He shrugs.  
  
"What else?" She grins, wiggling her ass.  
  
"Ohhh! The back door flap. Nice!"  
  
"Tuck me in Daddy?"  
  
"Lead the way."  
  
In her bedroom, the flap came down. Lonnie fucked her doggy style for fifteen minutes. She held that damned teddy bear the entire time. Cumming on her ass she fell fast asleep. Lonnie left her wearing droplets. With a kiss to her forehead he shut off the light.  
  
"Love you Punk."  
  
It had turned out to be a good day.  
  
All the richer for it.

**Paige Ch. 19: FUCKING A! +**

Yawning loudly, Paige Turner sat at her desk in Chance Henry's class. Her Biology teacher as boring as ever. With under two weeks until Graduation Day, she had hoped her classes would lighten up, and be a bit more relaxed. After getting a good nights sleep, she still felt fatigue, mostly due to her adventure with Mister Frank. She struggled to keep her eyes open. Every time she chose to look around her she found boys checking her out with curiosity, and mischief in their eyes. Nothing new really, after Drew's party the weekend before, the boys while keeping quiet treated her respectfully for the most part. Sure they would tease her a bit, but nothing too extreme. Far better than she or her Father expected. Fidgeting in her in her seat at their stares, Paige finally opts to offer a vivid expression of "What?" Hands thrown up a bit, in questioning their attentiveness.  
  
Looking to a boy that had been at Drew's party named Glenn, she realizes what was going on. He let her see his cellphone screen. Not surprisingly it was of Paige being gangbanged by 13 boys in her senior class. Her eyes bulged, motioning for him to lower the cell before anyone saw it. He refused, and points toward a boy to her right, this one not at the party, that concerned her. It proved that word was being spread of her slutty actions. Snapping her attention between them, they show her the same video on both cells, of the dashing Matt fucking her. More points directed from boy, to boy, to boy, each offering her similar videos. Beet red, she whimpers in thought, trying not to panic.  
  
"Nooo! They've been gentlemen all week long. Why now?" She conceals her thoughts, staring up at her Teacher, writing on the chalk board. Finally, necessity struck.  
  
Scribbling on her notebook, she shows Hector, one of her momentary lovers, the note. "Why are you guys doing this in school?"  
  
He shuts his cell off, in favor of writing his own message back. "We want more."  
  
"No." She shakes her head with a pale expression.  
  
With a scowl Hector returns with, "We show Principal Dewey what someone showed us, if you don't."  
  
Her jaw drops. "Did Brett get to you guys, and you up to this? I thought you guys had my back."  
  
"We do, as long as you give us what we want." Other boys looked smug at her, expecting her to cave, and say yes. She loved sex, including with them, it was her first official gangbang away from her Dad, but not more so soon. At least not until after graduation.  
  
"After we graduate, I'll do as you want." She jots down nervously, looking about at active videos still playing. Boys without cells were not peering over shoulders to watch with interest.  
  
"Bigger party. More guys." Hector writes back.  
  
"Okay. I'm good with that." Paige nods shyly. She intended to do Joshy's 25 friends as it were. What was another 20 she concluded. It actually made her smile. The guys ate it up.  
  
"Wear those butt zipper jeans tomorrow. No underwear." Hector added ink.  
  
Shrugging, she nodded yes. Play along she thought. As long as they lowered their cells, and didn't tell Principal Dewey. A temporary truce at best. She knew things would get worse before the day was out. For now with the class over, she was saved by the bell.  
  
With Chance Henry concluding his lesson, he excuses his students. Leaving with her books hugging her chest, Paige shuffled toward her locker, down at the end of the hall. Noticing her friend Beau at his own locker, a few down from hers, she skips to his side acting care free.  
  
"Hi Beau." Her eyes were bright and full of life. Regardless, of her situation.  
  
"Hey Paige. Wassup?"  
  
"The guys are being meanies toward me now." She changes her tune quickly, void of expression.  
  
"Huh? How? Who?"  
  
"Everyone from the party that was in my Biology class. Some guys who weren't even there know everything. They were all showing off video of me having sex with them. Five guys in class showing me at once. They want more."  
  
"No brainer. You had to see this coming." He frowns, trying not to look her square in the eyes.  
  
"Do...you want more of me?"  
  
"You know I do Paige." Now, he stares with trembling eyes. "I'm different though. I really like you. If you would be my girlfriend, I'd jump at the chance."  
  
"Awww! That's really sweet. Maybe after we graduate, I'll date you more. For now I like being single. That okay with you?"  
  
"Sure! Sloppy seconds it is."  
  
"That was mean too." She pouts.  
  
"True isn't it?"  
  
"I guess. I can't help it Beau. I like teasing guys. Sex is awesome. I'm so new to this, I can't help myself."  
  
"I'll be around." He stammers, "Except tomorrow. Cough! Cough!"  
  
"Hector wants me to wear my zipper jeans tomorrow, no underwear. Should I risk it?"  
  
He rolls his eyes, "You know that zipper will come down, all day long."  
  
"Is that a bad thing?" She giggled.  
  
"Only if you get busted I suppose."  
  
"I know I'm being stupid if I do wear them, but I want the attention."  
  
"Oh you'll get plenty of that."  
  
"We only have a week and a half before graduation day. I shouldn't do, it but I want to."  
  
"Then go for it. I can't stop you."  
  
"I fucked in Oz Park yesterday." She brags, "People watching me. It was freaking awesome. I was naked all day long wherever I went." Keeping Frank's day long date at his home her secret for now.  
  
"You're bonkers."  
  
"My date liked showing me off." She didn't go into details, concerning Frank's nephew Robin.  
  
"I'm sure very guy in school, wants to show you off. Did your Dad really think he was going to keep these assholes from talking, or letting other guys see your pics and video?"  
  
"No. I'm pretty sure Daddy figured it would happen. He just has his fingers crossed I can graduate before it comes out."  
  
"Good luck with that."  
  
As they jabbered away Sean and Drew make their way over to them. Paige embraced them cheerfully. "Hi."  
  
"Wanna see what we're putting up in our lockers?" Sean seemed friendly.  
  
Drew then shows her a piece of paper with her picture on it. She was totally nude and smiling. Her jaw dropped. "I take good pictures. You're making me into a poster?"  
  
"All of us have one. That's how much we love you Turner. Hell, I blew this pic up and hung it up in my bedroom. I jerk off to it every night before bed." Drew casts an arm over her shoulder which dangled over her chest. He intentionally squeezes her right tit with a smirk. A bra today shocked him.  
  
"Awww! I love you guys too. I feel really special now that I'm on your bedroom wall next to some bikini model. I'm honored you want me in your lockers. Just don't stuff me in one. I know I'd fit." She snorts holding a hand over her mouth as she blushes.  
  
Sean offers Beau a picture for his locker, he declines and shies off. "Keep it. I don't want one."  
  
In response Paige pouts, "But, I want to you to see me every time you open your locker. I can pose for a better picture just for you." Beau rolls his eyes and forces himself around the trio. Ignoring them he heads for the restroom. Next class fast approaching Paige fills Sean and Drew in on Hector's scheme. "Are you guys in on this too?"  
  
Drew smirks, "Hell yes. Wear those jeans, and some kind of revealing shirt. Leave this damn bra home while you're at it." He unsnaps it with practiced ease. She drops her jaw, feeling her bra loosen up. Shyly nodding, she agrees.  
  
"I can take this one off and leave it in my locker."  
  
Puckering Drew rubs her back, "Take it off before the bell rings."  
  
She swiftly looks about for safety before pulling her arms inside her t-shirt. It was a simple job of slipping her arms out of it and putting her T-shirt back on properly. They enjoyed her bit of escapism, her belly button cute as all get out. Once her arms were outside she reaches under and drags out her lacy white 36C. Drew puts his opposite hand out as his other arm returns to dangle over her breast. A soft squeeze makes her blush.  
  
"Much better. I'll just hang on to this waste of fabric."  
  
"Can I have it back later? I don't own very many bras as it is."  
  
"We'll see. Doesn't this feel better?" He squeezes her tit a second time. Sean looking closely as her other tit's nipple, as it grows right before his eyes. She nods twice with a thin smile to confirm her freedom. As the bell interrupts them, she hurries to grab her Economics textbook. Drew releasing her, inhales the interior of the bra, sharing the second cup with Sean. Guys in the hall grinned from ear to ear. Girls grew jealous. Since Paige had began her new life, the other girls were feeling ignored. No matter if they were more popular in the inner circles, or not. For the moment, none of the girls created trouble.  
  
Loitering a bit both Sean, and Drew pinned their flyers inside their lockers. The bra locked up inside Drew's for now. They stood fist bumping, while watching Paige wiggle away.  
  
"Dude!" Sean opened up, "I think I'm skipping class to go beat off."  
  
"She's taking this pretty calmly. I wonder how she's gonna react when Brett corners her tomorrow?"  
  
"She might have a nervous breakdown."  
  
"We have to get her naked here in school again. Tell the guys to put their heads together, let's make it happen."  
  
"Tomorrow?"  
  
"It will be easier when she's wearing those hot ass jeans."  
  
"Right on."  
  
Both boys skipped class. Bathroom stalls were occupied for the next 40 minutes.  
  
Entering her Economics class she discovered similar boys goading her with video, before she had even taken a seat. Boys she didn't even know, other than in appearance. That scared her, yet thrilled her just the same. She was most certainly wet between her thighs. This class, only the boys Mike, and Matt were from the party.  
  
Nonetheless, both were torturing her by patting their crotches, making her blush. Other boys noticed her protruding nipples and used their own pecs to mimic pinching hers. She shyly giggled, but hid her expression.  
  
As class began the Teacher Drake Burrows, a middle aged, middle build, black man, bald, with glasses decided to go easy on his class. Joking around with the students, he catches a cell phone in use, squinting his eyes at Mike. Instead of saying anything he gets up and walks around his classroom, asking questions concerning business, marketing, etc. He casually sneaks up behind Mike peering over his shoulder to see him watching porn. He didn't get a solid look at who was in the video but he knew exactly what it was.  
  
"Care to share with the class Michael?"  
  
Mike's eyes bulged hiding his cell against his chest. Matt busted up having put his own cell away before being caught. Paige whined nasally knowing that Mister Burrows might look more closely and realize it was her. It was then that certain girls, those who had chastised her in the restroom the day Brett Chenowyth got expelled, grinned at her. Paige turned blood red.  
  
"No Sir." Mike swallowed dryly until a hand poised over his shoulder. Fingers snapping lured Mike into handing the Teacher his cell. Paige nearly fainted. This was it. No Graduating for her. Breathing heavily, Paige put her head down on her desk, awaiting a verbal "Come with me, Miss Turner." Her life was over.  
  
Burrows instead pockets the cell, "You can have your phone back at the end of class. Anyone else want to use their phones?" Everyone muttered, "No."  
  
Returning to his desk he encourages a reading assignment. Kicking back he slyly looks at Mike's cell, playing the video, and knowing it was muted. He had it in a drawer. Fiddling in the drawer he didn't let on what was truly happening. Burrows was too curious not to examine the porn. He caught on very quickly. Paige was impossible not to recognize. Seeing her being screwed made him flare his eyes. Lifting his glasses, he pinches his eyelids. Hiding his interest as it continued to play he realized that more than one boy was involved. He had counted four so far. Amazed, he has to shut it off, his dick was coming to life. Any longer he would have a raging hard on in class. Closing the drawer he sits back glaring at his students. He could tell how stressed Paige was, she sat there nearly ready to cry. Looking up at Burrows, he shares a warm smile. With a sly wink he put a finger to his lips, she took it as him saying he wouldn't tell anyone. With a hand to her chest she sat up straight mouthing a soft, "Thank you." It was then he saw her nipple hard on. His expression quickly changed. Hunger crept in at the sight. She realized his gaze upon her breasts and looked down at herself. Eyes popping out she folds her arms over her nipples hiding them. Burrows frowned at their loss.  
  
"Oh my gosh! Mister Burrows looks so sad. I...think he likes what he sees." She scans her surroundings making certain nobody was looking and lowers her arms. Sitting up straight she lets him see her nipples, now harder than ever. Her thin peach colored T-shirt left little to hide. A blush his way led to him sitting forward, elbows on his desk. Nodding at her he winks once more. "Gosh! He likes my nip nips. From his reaction I don't think I need to worry about him telling on me. Whew!"  
  
For the remainder of the class she teased him. He embraced it with style. As the bell rang Mike claimed his cellphone and bolted out of the class. Paige waited until everyone had left before stepping over to Burrows at his desk.  
  
"Thank you Mister Burrows."  
  
"No! Thank you Miss Turner. Some show there." He taps his own cell on the desk informing her he had seen more than just her shirt tightening up.  
  
"You...saw everything?" She cringes.  
  
"Not here to judge you Miss Turner. You've been an exemplary student. Just be careful out there."  
  
"Did you...like it?" She melts him with her childlike voice. In response he turns facing her in his swivel seat. Her eyes instantly captured a big tent revival. His pants were rearing tall at the crotch.  
  
"You tell me."  
  
"Oh my gosh." She giggles turning red. "You should really take care of that."  
  
"It will go down during my next class."  
  
"Are you sure?" She looks behind her at the open doorway. With no one in sight she sits her books on his desk, then in a bold move lifts her T-shirt to show him her bare chest. With a smirk she drops her shirt and snatches up her books. Twisting she darts out of the room.  
  
"No, I am not."  
  
He would excuse himself from his next class to go to the restroom, There he ferociously beat off in the same stall that Drew had earlier. Her secret would be kept. Paige was high on herself the rest of the day. Ignoring whispers at every turn until it was time to go home. She had been noticed by other Teachers as well. None spoke up. She couldn't stop grinning.  
  
At home, she related nothing to her Father, hoping not to scare him into reading her the riot act. This was something she just had to do on her own. For better or worse. After dinner she and her Dad Lonnie curled up in front of the computer. Naked as always they shared tender caresses, and warm kisses.  
  
"Oh! That Dillon guy wrote you back."  
  
"Was he mean to me?" She pouts.  
  
"Read it for yourself." He opens up the message, rubbing her back as she leans forward to read.  
  
"HOLY FUCK!" Dillon begins, "THAT'S INSANE. Do I want to meet you still? HELL TO THE YES. I've never met a girl like you before. Maybe you should go as Red Sonja to Comic Con. The more skin the better. LOL. I'll make you chainmail pasties and a thong. I have a big ass sword you can use." Paige was glued to every word, her eyelids refusing to blink. "I have a question though. After all those guys, what could you possibly see in me? I mean it's flattering that your gangbang was meant to impress me, all those superheroes having sex with you, but...would I ever be enough for you? Do you want more of that kind of thing? I guess I'm okay with it if you do. I have a lot of geeky virgin friends who would love to meet you. LOL! Can we discuss this before Comic Con? It's a month away. Maybe meet for pizza? Let me know. I really want to meet you. Bye for now."  
  
"Wow! He wasn't scared off." She settles back against her Father. His hands roaming her full frontal lovingly.  
  
"Write him back. You can go for pizza with him right after Graduation."  
  
"Won't I be really busy with Joshy, and Mister Frank?"  
  
"We'll find time. Write him back."  
  
"Okay." She raises forward to type. "Hi Dillon. I'm sooo glad I didn't scare you off. I would love to get pizza with you after I Graduate in a week and a half. I'll let you know when I'm free. I'm happy you took that video so well. I did it for you."  
  
"No you didn't." Lonnie chuckled.  
  
"You hush." She wiggles her ass over his erection. Continuing her message she adds, "You have a lot of virgin friends? Yay! If you want me to meet them I will. Maybe they can dress up as super villains this time. LOL. You can swing in like Spidey and save me. I'll be in touch. Thank you for wanting me. Bye Dillon."  
  
Sending the message she falls back into her Dad again. Taking his hands she cups them over her breasts. Her thoughts immediately envisioned Mister Burrows. He was kind of cute. Lonnie picked her up and took her to his bed. They made love for two hours straight. He allowed her to sleep with him this time. Paige fell asleep in his arms. Hand around his dick.  
  
The next day...  
  
Paige wore her butt zipper jeans as requested. No panties beneath them. Her shirt was a low cut powder blue pullover with no sleeves, thin straps holding it up to reveal a good amount of shoulder. Taking the risk of no bra, her nipples stabbed outward in her exhilaration. The boys wanted this, so she wanted this too. Her long, fire red hair whipped about, as she walked through the school halls. Her tits bobbing graciously, joined in on the adventure.  
  
Eyes were glued to her. Even girls took interest. Paige merely smiled, and kept on walking. Her stride kept her breasts active, regardless who chose to stare. Whispers heard, she ignored them, and headed for her locker. Reaching it she recalls her combination and pops the door open to place her book bag within. Without realizing it Hector, Matt and a few others from Drew's party shrouded her. A couple boys not from the party, as well.  
  
"Good morning Sunshine." Matt chuckled and looked down her cleavage.  
  
"Hi Matt." She looks around her at five others. "Can we talk about the videos yesterday in Biology?"  
  
"What about them?" Hector winced.  
  
"I agreed to another party, I just don't need to risk not graduating guys. If Dewey sees those videos, I'll be expelled before I get my diploma. I swear, you can all have me again after school is over."  
  
"Whole senior class wants you."  
  
"Wow!" Her eyes flare wide. Lifting her glasses she timidly smiles. "We have a big graduating class."  
  
"65 guys 70 girls." Billy calculated for her.  
  
"Even the girls want me?" She shivers.  
  
"Maybe. But, the guys want you all to themselves."  
  
"All 65?"  
  
"At least 50 of them." Billy adds.  
  
"That's a lot of dick." She innocently nibbles her lower lip thinking about it.  
  
More boys show up around her. Including a few real jerks. From behind them, Brett Chenowyth rears his ugly head, nudging Hector aside. He along with his buds, Aaron and Cody do as they had not long ago, moving to both sides of her locker with folded arms.  
  
"I told you I'd get even with you Turner. I have those pics of you now. It took some persuasion but I'm baaaack."  
  
"Welcome back. Do you have a poster over your bed like Drew does?" She attempts to be chipper.  
  
"Three of them. All pics of you and I together. Where were we?" He ponders dramatically poised. "Oh yeah! You were gonna blow me at lunch."  
  
"Okay. I'm not afraid of that. I'm ready when you are." He appeared shocked by her submission. As did his friends. "I've had lots of time to think it over. I'll do whatever you guys want me to do. Just don't ruin my graduation."  
  
Brett prods her further with, "That was some gangbang I hear."  
  
"Another one coming after I get my diploma. 50 guys Billy says. Yay!"

"Damn, Turner."  
  
"You all have to wear condoms though. None of you want to be a Daddy."  
  
"Speaking of...how is Daddy?" Brett chuckles. "Still tapping your ass?"  
  
"Best I've ever had. Yes we are." She nods with glee.  
  
"Dang! No denial? No pleading for mercy? You suck Turner." Brett snickers.  
  
"I suck really good." She nods with a timid smile. "You'll see."  
  
"How about right here, and now?" Brett strives for smugness. She looks around her for onlooking teachers, finding none. Kneeling down she reaches for Brett's crotch, only to find him not quite as confident as he let on. Not even he wanted expelled again.  
  
"Hold up. Not here. You're right, we all want our diplomas."  
  
The group of boys groan at his chickening out. Paige was hoping he might change his mind this way, she knew that pushing him might bring on his own bit of insecurity. With a pouty expression she turns to face Aaron, prepared to blow him. He too moved away. As did Cody, anticipating that he would be her next target.  
  
"You guys are no fun." She puffs her lower lip with a disappointed expression. Brett moved in behind her, "There's that zipper." He swiftly unzips her own, to the triangle at the spot where ass cheeks, and upper thighs part ways. Rubbing her bare bottom he sighs.  
  
"Oh, were game Turner. Just not right out in the open. What say you meet us after school in that weight room you posed in for my boys?"  
  
"I can do that."  
  
"Beautiful. I might just fuck you up this cute little ass hole."  
  
"Be gentle. Still new to me." She smiles.  
  
"None of us can wait until after Graduation." Matt admits. "We can still do that too."  
  
"Can we play more Three Minutes in Heaven?"  
  
"Ohhh no. Long as we want in Heaven."  
  
"That might take a week." She giggles, feeling Cody rubbing her bare bottom too. His finger teasing her pussy. She shivered with a bright red blush.  
  
"Let's see these titties." Matt lifts her shirt up in front to reveal her breasts. Guys sighed at their perkiness. "Fucking A! Those are gorgeous Turner."  
  
"Fucking A- or Fucking A +?" She snickers.  
  
Brett reaches around fondling her left boob, she trembles as other students walk by watching. The girls flipped her off, they wanted the attention Paige was getting. With a shrug, the tiny redhead overlooked their bitterness. Each of the boys graded her A+. That made her giddy.  
  
"Alright, Turner..." Brett twisted her to face him. "I think you're going to tease the fuck out of all of us today. Teachers too."  
  
"As long as I don't get into trouble." She fidgets, looking over the wide frames of her glasses at Brett.  
  
"Anything we want, or we show Dewey the posters in lockers. Video on cells. Are we clear?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"You should act really kiddy like you do sometimes."  
  
"I do that all the time. I can't help it."  
  
"You know what I mean." Brett hisses, "Don't talk like you're really smart. Act...ditzy."  
  
"Okay!" She shies a bit.  
  
"SHIT! Here comes Dewey." Aaron blurts out, turning away.  
  
"Act natural Turner." Brett insists, moving her in front of him.  
  
"Everything alright over here? Are these boys bullying you, Miss Turner?"  
  
"No Sir." She pouts with her kiddy voice, appearing as if scolded.  
  
Brett unzips her pants in back all the way down. His finger teasing her anal button. She whimpers slightly. Principal Dewey admires her shirt, nipples stabbing hard. Scowling he mumbles, "Dress code."  
  
"I don't have anything else to wear Principal Dewey."  
  
Frowning heavily he clears his throat, "Today only. Try not to let those be seen."  
  
"These?" She points at her nipples. The gathering held their breath.  
  
"Yes, those." Dewey swallows trying not to stare. Behind Paige she feels her button unclasp on her jeans. They loosened up a bit as Brett continued rubbing her ass. Dewey attempted to change his tactics, "So? Is everyone here ready to graduate?"  
  
"Heck yes." Most of them concurred.  
  
"And, you Miss Turner?"  
  
"I'll miss you Mister Dewey." She makes him melt. Rushing him, she throws her arms around his waist with an unbreakable hug, right cheek pressing against his pudgy stomach. His hands rubbed her back, dangerously close to her unfastened jeans. Her perfume stirring emotions that were unbecoming of a man in his occupational standing. Still, he subjected himself to her adoration. The thoughts of those tiny little nipples on his abdomen made him lower his eyelids. Trembling eyelids at that.  
  
"You are very kind Miss Turner. I will most certainly miss you as well."  
  
Brett had dipped fingers up inside her pussy. When she made the leap toward Dewey his fingers pulled away drenched in her juices. Poising them for his friends to see Brett felt evil.  
  
"I want to shake your hand Sir. It's been an honor." Raising a hand from Paige's back, Dewey accepts Brett's gesture. Wetness felt with ease, Dewey chalked it up to sweaty palms. The gathering of boys were blown away.  
  
"You should all get to class." Dewey breaks away from Paige, turning to walk toward his office, swallowing at a discomfort in the seam of his suit pants.  
  
Immediately the boys applaud Brett for his ballsy improv with silent reactions. Triumphant fists share in their disbelief, that he had just done the unthinkable. Brett was the man.  
  
"Fucking A, Dude!" Matt was blown away.  
  
"Only the beginning my bitches." Brett circles in step ever the braggart, arms high in accepting their praise.  
  
"Turner deserves some of the badassness, she hugged him with that zipper down to her freaking cunt." Sean points out. "Unbuttoned even."  
  
"It's getting a little chilly down there." She fidgets moving her hands back to zip up. Brett wouldn't have it.  
  
"Ohhh, no." He swats her hands. "You're not done showing off Turner."  
  
"I'm not?" She offers an expression of awe.  
  
""Not even. Let's see you crawl down the hallway on your hands and knees."  
  
"There's still lots of people watching."  
  
"So fucking what." Brett huffs. Pointing at the tile floor she glances amongst her gathered flock. Every one of them daring her to do it.  
  
"How am I going to carry my books?" She eyes her bag next to her locker.  
  
"Aaron's got them." Brett snatches them up, shoving them into his buddies hands. Paige made another scan of her surroundings as people began heading to class. Slowly dropping to the floor she begins her crawl. Bare butt wiggling from side to side with every advance. She observed people watching her crawl toward them. Some laughed. Some acted as if they were unzipping their flies in expectation. Others bent over acting as if they were coaxing a puppy with a snack in hand. For fifteen feet she crawled, other boys easing behind her to capture a view of her goodies. Brett feeling evil follows along, reaching down to tug her pants even lower. More of her clam crept out in the maneuver. Guys chuckled. Even her shirt drooped low, her breasts seen if looking hard enough, both dancing in her journey.  
  
Finally, at a door to her first class she's allowed to stand. Her jeans exposing her tummy more than expected. She fidgets as Brett circles her with an inspection. "Stay that way. Anyone here share her class?" Three raise their hands. "Awesome. See that these jeans stay unzipped, and riding low. Sneak pics and save them to show me later."  
  
"Scared Turner?" Sean questions her.  
  
"A little."  
  
"You know you want to tease all of us." Brett points at her.  
  
"Uh huh!" She nods.  
  
"Get in there." Brett nudges her with a slap on the ass. Smiling where the boys couldn't see her, Paige entered Economics. Teacher Drake Burrows too busy at his desk to notice her this time, she pouted. She loved his reaction to her yesterday, when she showed him her tits. This class at least she felt confident in what she might get away with. Others not so much.  
  
Following her in, Mike, Matt, and another boy Rudy whom had claimed her bag from Aaron, made certain she sat in a seat where they could gather around her. Matt had the best view, sitting behind her chair. Beet red Paige looks about at other students. Boys and girls alike saw her bare bottom earlier. Those that hadn't been so lucky were catching on fast. Mike with his cell made a crude video of the class as they were staring at Paige with amusement. Drool flying everywhere as boys pointed her out without sympathy. Girls with agitation, and envy in their eyes, yet none spoke up. Shockingly, Brett Chenowyth was just that worshipped by the girls. If this was something he instigated, they wouldn't disrupt his plans. Even if it was sick and perverted. If anyone felt empathy it was the girls. Paige Turner had never once done anything to deserve this. Other than being the shy, reserved nerd, with a childlike demeanor, she was respected. As rumors spread about her, seeing leaflets of her nude, now the girls were just downright miserable. A good number of them would have posed for such flyers. In their minds all Paige needed to do now was sign autographs. She was a quiet hit. This late in the school year though, they knew she was playing with fire.  
  
"Gosh! My heart is racing so fast. Everyone knows. I'm sooo toast." Paige cringes in her seat, feeling faint, yet excitable. "Daddy is going to kill me. Me so dumb."  
  
Matt, like Hector yesterday, produces a notebook to convey inaudible messages to her. Penning a direct order from a text sent by Brett. "Pull your shirt straps off of your shoulders."  
  
Eyes bulbous and trembling Paige looks down at her already impressive cleavage. Her shirt being a loose fit already concerned her. Not that she worried about Mister Burrows, he had seen her tits close up already. The rest of the class had not. Well, except for Matt and Mike from Drew's party.  
  
Before she could consider the demand, Teacher Drake Burrows began his class. Bringing up Macroeconomics and asking for current examples. Students lacking interest leer toward Paige, the smarty pants. In this case the smarty depantsed. She swallows and removes her right strap from her shoulder letting it dangle over her upper arm. Definition of her cleavage dipped instantaneously, as the soft cotton fabric slipped. Jaws dropped, only her left strap kept her top from falling dangerously low. Arm raised to answer Burrows question kept it higher. With a cleared throat from Matt she switches arms. A smirk led Paige to realize her mistake. Bulbous cleavage it was.  
  
"Miss Turner." Her Teacher points, just before realizing her chest level. If a black man could turn white in a single breath, Drake Burrows would be sailing at sea. A gust of wind in his sails.  
  
"Economic output, unemployment, inflation, savings, and investments."  
  
"Very good. At least someone remembers. This is only a refresher people. Call it a mental Pop Quiz." He attempts to overlook her chest. Not easy after thinking about it all night, from home. The poor man jerking off in his apartment for hours, picturing Paige flashing him. Standing up and pacing near his desk he chose to sit on it facing his students.  
  
Hearing the term Pop Quiz, two boys made a popping noise with their fingers in the corners of their mouths. Chuckles were a following of the guard. Using his hands to calm the laughter Drake continues. Ignoring Paige he yearns for other responses.  
  
"Examples of Negative Macroeconomic Factors. Anyone?"  
  
Again all eyes journey toward Paige. She swallows noting Matt brush his left shoulder. A cue to remove the other strap. She swallows complying. With both straps drooping her cleavage dropped to the point that only her nipples were clawing into the fabric to keep it up. Everyone in the class panicked for her. Eyes darting between Paige, and Burrows like watching Wimbledon.  
  
Hand returning to the air dramatically, Paige felt her nipples rubbing against the cotton, sensations feeling ticklish. Burrows scowling at his class removes his glasses, knowing his eye sight would be blurry as he cleaned them with a handkerchief. Squinting at Paige he allowed her in. "Again Miss Turner."  
  
"Negative macroeconomic factors include events that may put a national or international economy in jeopardy." She takes a deep breath, "A sense of political instability caused by a nation's involvement in either civil or international wars will cause economic turbulence." Shaking her tits without warning her audience makes them fight bursting out in hysterics. Her tits struggling to be free shocked them. She was using Drake's bad eye sight to her advantage. "This turbulence could be due to the reallocation of resources. "Slyly she points at her tits winking. "Which is common in war-time economies, or it could be caused by damage to property, assets and livelihoods."  
  
She goes on as Drake nods with a pearly grin, "Continue." Everyone agreed. She had a captive audience.  
  
"Unanticipated events. "Another point at her nipples reels in viewers. "Such as the debt crisis that began in the mid 2000's within the United States and had cascading implications across the globe." Lifting her right tit up as Burrows looks down at his cleaning process, she frees her right boob and flicks her nipple with her tongue. A sweet Globe indeed. "That would qualify as a macroeconomic factor along with significant national disasters such as earthquakes, tornadoes and flooding." A massive jiggle storms both tits free of her shirt. Proudly, she arches her back and shows off. No laughter, merely awe. Mad respect. With a finger to her lips for silence she puts her boobs away without pulling the straps up. Hidden for another moment. Mike had recorded her actions on his cell. This shit was pure gold.  
  
"Beautiful Miss Turner."  
  
"I know." She makes a smug nod. Knowing the class caught on to her twist of words, via compliment. Chuckles couldn't be contained.  
  
"How about examples of Neutral Macroeconomics?" He puts his glasses back on glancing about at lowering heads. Nobody had a clue. It was no wonder that 90% of his class had nothing higher than a C- grade.  
  
Hand lifted once again Paige awaits his notice. With encouraging palms to entice other students unsuccessful, even after calling upon three students in a row, that found shrugs, accompanied by, "I don't know Sir." Burrows shakes his head. By now Paige was hopping in her seat. Tits bouncing, shirt barely clinging. Noting her enthusiasm Burrows finally realizes her cleavage. Freezing in time he swallows.  
  
"Might as well inform everyone just how intelligent you are Miss Turner."  
  
"That's me. I'm a smarty pants." She giggles playfully. Boners were rising all around her. Unrealized, so was Drake Burrows. Girls were noticing their Teacher's bulge as he stood from his desk to lean on it. They were impressed.  
  
"Yes you are." Burrows teases back playfully pointing both hands at her. His tone of voice almost childish, just as hers was. That brought on snickers.  
  
"Economic shifts are neither positive nor negative. Instead, the exact implications are determined by the intent of the action." She tugs the hem of her shirt allowing the fabric to gradually lower over her breasts. Eyes all around her studying its decline. She offered a devious eye contact with the class. Mesmerized by her behavior, they were like deer in her headlights. Mike recording her every intention, utilizing another student to block his cell from Burrow's attention. "This can include trade regulation across state or national borders." Her right hand turned sideways slips beneath her lowered shirt, and up between both breasts. it gave everyone the fantasy of titty fucking. Upper arms squeezing her tits into tight little melons. "The nature of the change, such as enacting or rescinding a trade embargo, will have a variety of effects..." The fingers on her hand acting as if an explosion, channeled visuals of cumming on her chest, "...depending on which economy is being examined." She removes her hand to tug her entire front out as if inspecting a mess. Shyly, she returns to normal, save for the straps.  
  
Having witnessed Paige's performance Burrows sat stunned. All eyes returning to the tennis court of tension. Cracking his neck at the situation Burrows played dumb. Hands clasped before him with a resounding slap, he fires away.  
  
"Examples. Examples. Examples. Come on Paige...I mean people. Use your heads Young Men." His strange behavior busted the students up. As he deciphers their laughter, and his own words he turns pale. The young men seriously wanted to use their heads. Just not the one containing their brain. Burrows still hadn't noticed his tented slacks. It was getting rather congested in there. Circus must have been in town, and Burrows was the Dumbo.  
  
"Maybe it would sink in more if it was written on the chalkboard Mister Burrows." Matt smirked.  
  
"Perhaps. Care to give it a shot Matthew?"  
  
"Love to." He winks at Paige. "I think Paige should do it though. To be honest I'm pretty stupid."  
  
Everyone agreed nodding, which offended Matt, even though he chuckled at himself.  
  
"How do you feel about showing off Miss Turner?" Burrows grits his teeth at another bad choice in words.  
  
"That's an awful lot of writing." She pouts. Matt glaring at her with a scowl. "I...can try."  
  
Now her nerves were riling up. Her pants unzipped in back would be visible to everyone, including Burrows. As Drake motions her to the board.  
  
Afraid to blink Paige eases out of her chair, her shirts hem dropping to cover her belly button after being lifted earlier. Upon standing her jeans at least in the front still hugged her as they should, if not the unzipped, unfastened, back of her pants. Shuffling at an angle, every student in the room held their breath. Titties jiggling under her loose top, stressing an eventual tumble made Paige very afraid. Seeing her reluctance Burrows recalled her shyness over the past year of knowing her. This sudden change in her behavior, switching back and forth was like Jekyl and nothing to hide. He decided to take his seat before she reached the blackboard, stepping around the far side of his desk. Flopping into his swivel chair he turns to face her. It was then he noticed her picking up a piece of chalk. Trembling Paige pondered what to write. Her hips tilted away so that Drake couldn't see her bare bottom.  
  
"Examples of each?" She whispered toward Drake.  
  
"Positive/ normative, negative, neutral."  
  
"K." She raises her right hand scrawling words on the board. "Positive example...Facts. Price levels and trends. Normative example...government has a duty to pay for healthcare. Negative...If you drive a car, it creates air pollution and contributes to congestion, costing people more money. Neutral...goods whose demand is independent of income such as drugs." She halts her lesson plan and without think wipes her chalking hands on her shirt. Her right nipple highlighted with a hand print. Burrows winced at a tightening in his lap, realizing his burgeoning erection.  
  
"Very good Miss Turner."  
  
"I don't get it still." Matt coughs up.  
  
"Me neither." Mike adds.  
  
Paige looks back at Matt who turns in his seat informing her that her backside needed to be shown to Burrows. Her expression emotionless she does just that. Picking the chalk back up with shaky hands she drops it with a clatter on the linoleum floor. Bending over Burrows saw everything. Eyes bulging he bellows, "SWEET LORD IN HEAVEN." There it was, her juicy little clam and adorable bottom button. In a panic Burrows jumps from his seat racing to mask her from the class. Snapping fingers escort Paige to an upright position.  
  
"Zip those pants up." He flares concerned eyes at her. She nods and does just that. Leaving the button undone.  
  
"They made me do it." She whimpers gently, looking up at him with trembling eyeballs.  
  
"Take your seat. For God's sake don't do that again." He knew he should have drug her out of class and to the Office but, sympathy struck. As she bows her head returning to her seat he points at the students with a threatening demeanor. Everyone fell silent. As Paige sat down she sulked.

The remainder of the class she pouted. Matt, and the boys keeping to themselves. As the bell rang everyone stood to walk out. As Paige gathers her bookbag she begins to join Matt, and Mike waiting on her. Before she could vacate the classroom Burrows clears his throat.  
  
"A word Miss Turner?" A dark stare forced the boys to leave them alone. Standing up Drake steps to his classroom door shutting it for privacy. "What are you doing?" He directs a whisper to the gorgeous, yet nerdy redhead.  
  
"My best?" She stares up with doe like eyes.  
  
"You know what I mean. What was that all about?"  
  
"All of the boys wanted me to tease them. I like teasing Mister Burrows." She maintained an innocent posture, "Do you like my teasing? It sure looks like you do." She points at his bulging crotch without looking directly at it.  
  
"You...You know I do. I..." He dares to attempt brushing the chalk off of her shirt to little avail. All he succeeded in doing was jostling her breast. Realizing that he had gone too far he sighs. "Go! Behave yourself."  
  
Shaking her head negatively she winks, "Positive incentives seek to motivate others by promising a reward, whereas negative incentives aim to motivate others by threatening a punishment." She slyly plants a cheek on her left shoulder. "Am I punishing you Mister Burrows?"  
  
"I wouldn't say that. You certainly threaten my job should this get out."  
  
"Then let's be positive...here's your reward." She reaches behind her and unzips her pants all the way down. Turning her backside to him she leers over her shoulder. "You can touch my tushy if you want."  
  
Without so much as a hesitation he palms her butt, caressing it. She giggles lightly as he rubs his crotch before her lowered inspection.  
  
"Detention?" She expects.  
  
"In my bedroom maybe." He growls.  
  
"I'm on Tender." She loved to brag about it.  
  
"Go on, before I get any stupider."  
  
"That's not a word." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
Shaking his head he opens the door for her to leave. Out she went, butt wiggling as her jeans loosening in her stride. She would have to tug them up every ten feet. The guys loved it. Burrows? Lunch hour couldn't cum too soon.  
  
Managing her other classes less dramatically, yet performing sneak peeks, Paige reaches the end of her school day. From her locker she was escorted with a sizable entourage toward the weight room. Discovering Coach Garvin working out ruined their plans. Brett holding Paige's hand as she skipped along giddily, grew worried that his strategic idea was going to go bust. There were still students lingering in the gym, too many underclassmen. Bad idea.  
  
"Maybe we should postpone this Cheno." Cody his buddy hissed with disappointment.  
  
Paige hearing this huffed, "Noooooooo! Fuck me."  
  
Ten boys popped instant erections at her soft, yearning request. Greeting Brett with her free hand entangling his grip on her other hand she pouts heavily. "You said I had to."  
  
"Damn Turner. You're turning into a nympho on us." He looks stunned by her neediness calling him out.  
  
"You don't want me to be a nympho?"  
  
"YESSSSS!" Nine other boys choke up as one voice.  
  
"Yay!"  
  
Drew chuckles, "We could always send her in to tease the Coach."  
  
"I don't have all day to kill waiting on a wet dick." Chenowyth scowls. "I work in two hours."  
  
"We don't." Matt sucker punches him vocally.  
  
"I have to get home before my Daddy." She informs them, "Beau called in sick today, so I'll need a ride home."  
  
Hearing a cellphone ring forces their silence. Coach Garvin receiving a call from his older daughter needing his assistance ends his workout. Marching out of the fitness room sweaty he continues his talk with his daughter. Noting the boys he winces.  
  
"Grabbing a quick workout Coach." Brett nods. Garvin listening more to his daughter Janie's distress of a fender bender leads Garvin to merely offer a thumbs up. As he heads out, he forgets to lock his office. Mike noticing his negligence whispers it to Aaron. Brett the final ear. "Ohhhh, Yeaaah! Go get in a quick sweat boys. I'm gonna christen Garvin's desk."  
  
Dragging Paige to his office he opens the door and leaves the lights off. Locking it behind him he snaps his fingers. "Why are you still wearing clothes?" She was naked in three minutes flat. As she stood in front of him with bright eyes she had to frown, teetering nervously.  
  
"Why are you still wearing clothes?" She giggles, pointing at him with a dose of his own medicine.  
  
"Right! Fuck Turner. You've got my brain in a headlock."  
  
"Wrestling with your emotions?" She sticks her tongue out as he begins undressing. She bites her fingernail watching him drop his boxers. Not as well endowed as she envisioned, but six inches was enough to please her.  
  
"Bend over Garvin's desk."  
  
"K." She does just that. Looking over her shoulder she whimpers, "Condom?"  
  
"Shit! Hold on." Digging for his wallet he produces a green condom rolling it on. That made her smile.  
  
"Thank you." Her soft voice destroying his restraint. Closing in for the kill he penetrates her from behind. Her tits dangling above the Coach's desk, nipples actually moving papers about in an unguided shuffle.  
  
"Told you I was gonna tag your ass Bitch."  
  
"I wanted this all along. Daddy just didn't trust you."  
  
"He shouldn't trust me." Brett laughs. "I'm gonna pimp his baby girl out like Barbie over Ken's best friends lap."  
  
"I'm more Strawberry Shortcake." She moans seductively. Her youthful mumbling encouraging him to pound her little cunt hard.  
  
"Whip cream topping coming right up."  
  
"Already?" She whimpered with a disappointment.  
  
"Fuck you Turner. I've wanted this so long I can't hold out." Instantly, he growls like a she wolf and jizzes hard into his latex muzzle.  
  
"Noooo! Mooooore!"  
  
"I can't. Shit!" He pulls out and takes his condom off, lifting it with an expression of nausea. Brett the stud was a wimp at heart. She felt really cheated. Stomping her foot as she stands up, she abandons her wardrobe, unlocking the office door and barging right out into the hallway. The weight room twelve feet away, she dares to parade without looking for unwelcomed scrutiny. As the other nine boys goofed off lifting weights, and joking about their misfortune, Paige enters in a dramatic huff. As they marvel at her perfect little body the shorty flops down on the bench press, stretching out. Rubbing her clit she pouts, "Nobody wants me."  
  
WRONG!  
  
Matt, Mike, Drew, Sean, and newbie Rudy drop their jeans and begin fondling themselves to a favorable erection. She smiles at their hurried enhancements. As Matt preps to penetrate she blurts out, "SKITTLES!"  
  
Pondering her outburst Matt realizes her meaning. "Sheepskin up!"  
  
"I like riding the rainbow." She taunts them. Everyone but Rudy came prepared. Groaning at his loss he starts to put his pants back on. Seeing his sadness Paige exhales, "Unicorn! Unicorn!" She points at her opened mouth. Rudy took the hint and raced over to hover at her left, pushing his penis down toward her mouth. She kissed his urethra with a loud, "Mwah! Me wuvs Unicorns. Especially well hung unicorns."  
  
"Christ!" Matt snarled and knelt a bit to plant his beast in her soaked pussy. Fucking her hard, she yelped as she sucked off Rudy. Brett in his embarrassment returns to the scene, trying to look smug and triumphant. Noticing shoes cast everywhere he gets a devilish idea. Unlacing four shoes he moves around the guys, passing one lace off to Rudy. Seeing Brett take Paige's left hand, tying the shoestring around her wrist, then tethering the other end around a barbell, Rudy does the same to her counterpart. Tied up even as his cock was treated to warm wet lips. She was so absorbed in her feast, and Matt's stuffing, her bonds went unnoticed until she felt the need to stroke Rudy's cock. Releasing him from her throat she looks at her predicament. As Matt nuts in his container he pulls away to let Drew in. Giving up on her hands she finishes Rudy off, as he jettisons warm milk over her tongue. She swallowed every drop whining, "More!"  
  
Taking too long to get their chances at her pussy, Hector, and Sean share her mouth from two sides of her face. She did her very best to enjoy both of them, recalling the double BJ from Drew's party. These two larger than those at the party made that tedious. Regardless, three men blow gaskets at once. She loved it. Her face spotted in liquid joy.  
  
Another twenty minutes of tearing her up the guys finished with her, one by one taking their leave, some without shoelaces. With Drew and Brett eying their cells for the time, they kneel next to her coated face for a selfie with the slut. "Say Cheese!" Paige giddily smiled.  
  
"Another poster for your bedrooms?" She softly grew curious.  
  
"Damn straight." Brett smirked. Another idea in his desire to get even with Paige he unties her hands. Guiding her to her feet he turns her in step and ties her hands tightly behind her back.  
  
"We aren't done?" She wheezes.  
  
"Nope. One more little side trip." He tosses her over his shoulder. Carrying her up through the gym as Aaron and Cody wave him on, they scouting ahead for safety. She complained about her clothing still in Garvin's office. Drew racing back to gather her things for safe keeping.  
  
The school was quiet. Only a hand full of Teachers and Faculty were still grading papers or chatting. Brett stealthily avoided the Teacher's he knew might kill their Graduation. Others he boldly carried her in full view right past opened doorways. It was fast enough not to let anyone get a good look. Waves from Cody and Aaron distracted any curiosity.  
  
Reaching Drake Burrows class Brett stands her up and points at the floor. She kneels down on her knees awaiting further orders. Motioning her to stretch out on her back she carefully does so. From there Brett poses her legs wide. Aaron and Cody with a brilliant idea tosses an unopened condom on her belly. With a brisk knock on the Economics door they bold and run. Paige was on her own. Eyes wide she remains in her seductive toe wiggling contortion.  
  
Door opened, Drake Burrows looked straight ahead first, noticing no one. A pouty yet audible, "Mmm!" of attention getting he looks down at Paige. She had a yearning expression on her face.  
  
"I want an A+!" She whispers.  
  
Nearly tripping over his nerves he looks in all directions. Heart pounding he grabs her by the ankles and drags her into his classroom. Door shut softly prevented any inquisitive eyes. Lights off, and door locked, Drake Burrows was a wolf in sheep's clothing. A clear colored lamb at that.  
  
Paige Turner got an A+ for extra credit.  
  
A for Anal.  
  
She got a ride home later by Drake, in his hybrid electric car.  
  
It was more economical.  
  
FUCKING A!