**Paige**

**Paige Ch. 20: UPSY DAISY**

"Deborah seems nice. I'm glad you asked her out. I can't wait to meet her daughter Coochie."  
  
"Stop getting ahead of yourself. Just because the waitress and I flirted doesn't mean we're going to be anything serious enough to bring her family into it. Besides that's all I need is two eighteen year old's that act fifteen."  
  
"You should Daddy. Like you said I can't be your girlfriend, and daughter both. I think we're getting past that part don't you? I mean I can't be your lover forever even if we both like the sex."  
  
"STOP! Three weeks ago you wanted nothing more than to be in a relationship style thing with me. We both know that's impossible outside of occasional playing around."  
  
"Almost every day Daddy." She reminded him.  
  
"As long as we agree on it I'm good, but long term shouldn't even be a thing."  
  
"Right! I'm good with now and then Daddy. Personally I can't get enough of you, but you're so right." She hugs him from behind as he sits at his computer. "I understand though. Besides I have lots of sex partners these days. Tender is good to me. So are all your friends."  
  
"The friends need to stop tapping your ass. This is getting out of hand."  
  
"Nooooo! I like Greg's big dick. Uncle Mike and Uncle Andy haven't even had me again. They deserve some."  
  
"Fuck it! Do what you want. You're old enough to make your own decisions."  
  
"You can still tell me what to do. I like pleasing you Daddy. Just don't take away people I like teasing and seducing. You created this Mister."  
  
"Monster more than Mister." He chuckles.  
  
"So can I keep playing with Mister Frank? I likey money."  
  
"We'll see. I told him to call and request time as it fits his schedule and his pocket. He made good offers but you can't tell me he's that rich."  
  
"You haven't seen where he lives. I think he's more than just a Cocktologist. He's a plastic surgeon."  
  
"He doesn't look the type to be into anything illegal. I'd say he's invested money well. Stock market kind of stuff."  
  
"Besides, his nephew is squirrely cute." She giggles.  
  
"Robin was it? Wait! I knew that. For the fiftieth time hearing his name."  
  
"Yesss! He snuck in and masturbated..."  
  
"How many times this week are you going to tell me this story? For crying out loud, I get it. Kid crush."  
  
"He's eighteen like me. Shy like me."  
  
"You're not shy anymore."  
  
"I can be. even when I'm not I like acting like I am. It gives guys a really big hard on."  
  
"Everything about you cries BOING!" He over dramatizes his emphasis of her well played seductiveness, hands fluttering in the air.  
  
"You're so silly Daddy. Can I take Robin's virginity?"  
  
"Truth and you know it. Hold up! What? Take his virginity? You're going to risk your job being Frank's play toy by fucking his nephew? Are you out of your mind?" Shaking off the thought he changes the subject, "So how's school been? We haven't talked much the last three days."  
  
"Nothing special." She turns away gritting her teeth. She couldn't tell him of Brett's scheming which led her to being gangbanged in school. Nor, risk her Economics Teachers job for fucking her after the gangbang, in his classroom. Her Dad would blow up at her. Best to zip it. Unlike her butt zipper jeans, those stayed unzipped.  
  
"One more week. Your Mom texted me saying your Graduation gown came in the mail. You need to go over and try it on."  
  
"I don't want to go to Mommy's." She pouts envisioning her Mother's ruthless, sleazebag boyfriend Mark Rapier. He was trying to blackmail Paige like so many others in her life. Most she wanted. Him no way.  
  
"Well I'm making you today or no Medieval Times."  
  
"Noooo! I want to meet Todd. He sent me a message saying his Larper group was getting together out in the woods for a battle. He said if we hit it off I was invited."  
  
"I'm just now hearing about this?"  
  
"About the Larper invite yes. He asked me yesterday. I just forgot to mention it."  
  
"How many other guys are you forgetting to mention?"  
  
She pouts rubbing her toes in the carpet with a lowered gaze. "Lots!"  
  
"Unbelievable. How can I protect you if you don't tell me everything?"  
  
"Because you have Deborah now. I don't want to take up all of your spare time."  
  
"I'll make time. What haven't you told me?"  
  
"The guys from the bus want me to meet them tomorrow for a long bus ride."  
  
"Medieval Times? You expect to do both in one day?"  
  
"Yesss! We can take the bus to Medieval Times. I googled the routes and how many times we switch buses."  
  
"Oh, so I'm riding along when you're getting groped by the college guys." He puckers considering how fun that might be to witness. "I guess we could do that."  
  
"Yay!" She pats her palms together rapidly. "You can use your cell to record me getting felt up."  
  
"What about that scarf costume you made for this Todd guy?"  
  
"It's not done quite. I plan on finishing it while you go on your date tonight. It will give me something to do."  
  
"Speaking of...I don't want to leave you alone. Too many crazies know about you from Tender. They can track you here."  
  
"Please don't tell me you invited Mommy to stay with me."  
  
"Are you kidding me? Hell no! I don't want Paula even knowing I'm dating. Let alone a black woman. She's just a tad racist, thanks to her Skinhead boyfriend. Why do you think he lives in Skokie?"  
  
"I never thought of that. So who is staying with me? Gerry from next door?"  
  
"No." Lonnie chuckles. "I invited Greg over."  
  
"REALLY?" She bounces around with excitement.  
  
"And Joshy."  
  
"OH MY GOD!"  
  
"And, Bryan."  
  
"NOOOOOOO! OH MY GOD! I LOVE YOU SO FREAKING MUCH."  
  
"So much for your scarf project." He laughs.  
  
"I'll wear what I have done. Might need a girdle."  
  
"Saran wrap around the waist thirty times would do the job."  
  
"Oooo! That stuffs see through. Me likey. You so smart Daddy."  
  
"Tacky but we're on a budget."  
  
"No fair! I just made $5,000 dollars."  
  
"Toward your Graduation gift. Shush, or I'll call the guys back and say you have the measles."  
  
"You're such a meanie weinie." She pouts then realizes he said Graduation gift. "What are you getting me?"  
  
"A nice shiny chastity belt."  
  
"Oh, I'll pick that luck Buddy." She pelts his shoulder goofily.  
  
"Nothing would surprise me. So who else have you talked to and made plans with?"  
  
"My calendar is getting full. Mister Frank said he has my play room painted. With a big canopy bed being delivered on Monday. Did I tell you he's building me..."  
  
"YES! Enough about Frank and Robin. I'll allow you over once I talk to him again. Fill me in on the newer guys."  
  
"The shoe store guys want to take me shopping for a Graduation gift. Can I go after I get my diploma?"  
  
"Yes. Newer I said."  
  
"Well...there's the Magician who dresses up like a Clown. He said he wants to meet me at his brother Ronald's."  
  
"Ronald McDonald?" He laughs. "Sounds creepy."  
  
"He was joking. His name is Byron. He's really cute when he's not wearing make-up. Am I wierd thinking that sex with a clown sounds hot?"  
  
"Hopeless! That visual just ruined my evening."  
  
"Nooooo! Go have fun Daddy. You need a night away from work and being here with me."  
  
"Oh, I'm not canceling. I fully intend to tip the waitress."  
  
"She likes my Daddy. I can tell."  
  
"We'll see. You have ten minutes to fill me in on more guys."  
  
"Okay. There's the guy from the Pet Store."  
  
"NO DOGS!"  
  
"He's not a dog."  
  
"You know what I mean. No bringing home a puppy."  
  
"Oh! I thought you meant I might try..."  
  
"ABSOLUTELY NOT!"  
  
"Ewww! No way." She shivers at the thought of bestiality.  
  
"Anyone else?"  
  
"Actually, there is one guy I feel really bad for. I was thinking of going on a sympathy date."  
  
"Huh? What's wrong with him?"  
  
"He's in a wheelchair. He's a War Veteran. No legs. Nice looking though. He's got muscals." She poses flexing her biceps. "His name is Oscar."  
  
"Wow! Strangely, I'm proud of you for not being opposed to handicaps. That deserves a hug." They share a moment. His hands could never not squeeze her bare ass. She adored it.  
  
"There are more. I can tell you tomorrow. You need to get ready for your date."  
  
"Yeah, I better get showered. Go work on your body scarf while you can."  
  
"Okay Daddy." A swift kiss to his cheek she darted to her bedroom.  
  
As he stood up he hears a text ping on his cell. It was from the Old guy at the mall. The Photographer. "Hey It's Micky. You still interested in having Graduation pics done for your daughter? I have a three hour window on Sunday. 2-5PM. Let me know I'll reserve her."  
  
Shrugging he thought it might be a nice surprise. Texting back Lonnie types, "Sounds good. Shoot me an address we'll be there."  
  
"Great! I live in the country." He reveals a lengthy address. "Tell her to bring a few different outfits. We can have some variety."  
  
"I'll be sure to pack her furs." Lonnie chuckles. "She's on a costume kick. Going to Medieval Times tomorrow. She's wearing a body scarf. LOL."  
  
"You do realize Medieval Princesses offer their scarves to a jousting Knight for good luck, right?"  
  
"Aw hell! I guess she might be sitting naked with a turkey leg in her lap. LOL!"  
  
"HA! See you Sunday. Have fun fending off the Royal Guard."  
  
"Thanks Micky."  
  
"No problemo."  
  
Ending the chat Lonnie hits the shower. After a healthy scrub down, and prepping his attire he settles for a dark grey button down shirt he would leave untucked, and black jeans. Dress shoes of black which he spit shined in a flash. Nothing too fancy. Groomed to perfection, he splashes on the best cologne he had available.  
  
Stepping from his bedroom he enters Paige's. She was sitting on her own bed , needle and thread in hand with a bundle of white scarf like material. Looking up at Lonnie her eyes pop out. "You look very handsome Daddy."  
  
"Thanks Punk." He eyes her stitching. Not a straight line in the bunch. Nice try. "Pretty much transparent Kiddo." He pinches the cloth for a closer inspection.  
  
"I'm Queen Thinavere." She giggles, reaching up for a hug goodbye. He leans in to embrace her when he feels a prick on his neck.  
  
"Careful! Watch that needle. You nearly lanced my neckline."  
  
"LANCE ALOT!" She attempts a deep masculine voice.  
  
"Nice try Anna Faris. You've been watching MOM too much."  
  
"She reminds me of me when I grow up."  
  
"Ummm! You're already done growing." He laughs. "I'm going. The guys should be here shortly after dark. If you...condoms. Enforce it."  
  
"I wasn't planning on sex with them. I was going to have them help me sew up my outfit."  
  
"BULLSHIT!" He rolls his eyes.  
  
"You never believe me." She pouts with a shrill whine.  
  
"Not stupid." He taps his temple. "Clean up after yourself. I know how messy you get."  
  
"GO! I order thee to Go." She points.  
  
"Later Queenie."  
  
Lon got into his car and headed out. He was meeting Deb for drinks, being late was not an option. First, well second impressions meant everything to the man.  
  
The second he pulled away Paige ditched her project and ran to her Dad's closet in search of what she called her lucky tank top. The zero sided tank her Father had her wear on Game night weeks ago. She knew it was sexy, and wanted to be appealing, without just answering the door naked.  
  
Perfume coating every inch of her body, including her ass crack and between her toes, she slipped the shirt over her head and sat back down on her bed. Stitching another length of fabric, it seemed like forever before she heard a motorcycle roar up in the driveway. Excitably she jumps up squealing. A look at herself in the mirror, she decided no more pigtails. Tonight, she wanted to be all woman. Ties removed she quickly brushes out her hair. Grimacing at not doing this sooner she was forced to have a few ratty spots. With a smirk she opts for one last removal. Her large framed glasses were put to rest on her dresser. Eyes slightly blurry she foregoes applying contacts and skips along to the living room. Reaching the front door Greg had already opened it.  
  
"You here Youngun'?"  
  
"Right here." She hops up and down in step, fingers clamped together as if praying, held up to her chin. "Hi!"  
  
"Hey there Princess. How ya been?"  
  
"HUGS! I DEMAND HUGS." Her arms flew up toward the burly giant. As he always does Greg lifts her up by her waist and pulls her in for a crushing hug. Mighty arms around her waist. Slender arms about his neck. After a tender moment, she uses her palms to push her upper body outward, right hand moving in to caress his long beard. "Bushy wushy." He had to chuckle at her expression. Lips puckered as she explores his beard. After thirty seconds her mouth storms his. They stood there in the doorway making out for all to see.  
  
As a big white truck pulls up on the curb she looks out over Greg's shoulder. Greg begins to let her down when she whimpers. "Carry me." He holds on to her turning in step to see Prince Bryan stepping into the night light. As Greg carries her out into the yard to meet him her arms stretch for the Farmboy. Passing her off without setting her down Bryan chuckles.  
  
"Upsy Daisy!"  
  
"Higher!" She goofs off hugging him. He lifts her chest up over his head as she snatches his ballcap putting it on backwards. She leans lower and kisses Bryan as well. Greg stood back admiring her ass cheeks peeking from beneath the tank.  
  
"I remember this rag." Greg huffs, reaching out to tug the hemline. He then proceeds to pinch her ass, making her squirm in Bryan's clutches. He kept her aloft looking up at her chest. She uses her free hand to snatch up the sides of her shirt pulling them between her tits. He then devoured a nipple. All she could do was giggle between both men's tortures.  
  
Car lights arriving another pickup truck parks across the street. Out climbs the bodybuilder colossus Joshua. Even as Bryan feasted upon her right nipple Paige waves at the oncoming Rhino. "Josssssshy! Save me!"  
  
Faking a charge he runs toward the two other men. Bryan getting a face full of shirt suddenly turns releasing her dampened nipple. Chuckling Bryan hurls her unexpectedly at Josh. Screaming in flight Josh snatches her out of the air and lifts her even higher to sit on his left shoulder as if a parrot.  
  
"There's my future sex slave."  
  
"Me miss you Joshy." She leans down hugging his scalp. Her weight nothing to him he swings her down in front of him then back up to his other shoulder. She couldn't stop laughing as Bryan's hat fell from her hair. He picked it up off the ground and put it back upon his own head.  
  
"How's my Cutiepie?"  
  
"HORNY! I NEED DICK." She blurts out loud enough for neighbors to hear her. " I want you all to be real meanies to me."  
  
"Want it rough, eh?" Josh grunts. "What say you fellas?"  
  
After a brief introduction between Greg and Bryan they became buds instantly. Agreeing on two things. Giving her what she wanted...and that fucking tank top needed to go. Tilting her over by her spine with mighty hands under her tank, Greg steps in and tugs that eyesore from her body. She was naked outside. She loved it. In their playfulness Josh lifted her way over his head and sat her down on his mouth. Tongue digging into her pussy deep. She gasps and remembers him doing this stunt in her living room. With no ceiling to touch this time she reached for the stars.  
  
Uncaring of being caught the trio of studs stood their ground. technically Lonnie's ground but that was a moot point. Her squeals of his wagging tongue made her moan louder than ever before. Not just because it felt awesome, but because she wanted the world to know her happiness.  
  
As a set of car lights draw near Paige sees a familiar Pizza sign mounted on top of it. Brett Chenowyth was making a delivery down the block. Once paid Brett was forced to drive by. Looking over at her house his eyes bulge. A cell snapped a pic before the guys could yell at him. Paige waved for the photo. In her thoughts she said, "I'm a poster child." She knew that picture would how up for the school to see.  
  
Feeling a finger teasing her anal pucker she tenses up.  
  
"Lower her some. I'll lick that asshole while you gnaw that fucking pussy." Greg chuckled. Kneeling slowly Greg bent over and pried her cheeks apart. As awkward as it was both men tongued her holes. She yelped and praised their attentions like a hungry child searching for a morsel. In her succulent cries Bryan chose to shut her up by placing fingers between her lips. She sucked on two fingers as if it were a dick. Fucking amazing. Another drive by by Brett captured video this time. He had turned his headlights off to avoid detection. The guys didn't truly care. Of course, this time Paige had no clue he was there recording them.  
  
Regretting his clock Brett drove onward to make his next delivery. He had enough good stuff to share already. A call to others offering up her address might get more footage. All he knew was he needed to prove he wasn't a quick shot artist like earlier in the week. His desire for Paige forcing him to cum in her within three minutes. Not fair! He would get a rematch.  
  
Twelve miles away...  
  
Lonnie took a seat at the seedy tavern that Deb requested. Nothing fancy, nothing trouble. A small Blues bar that was frequented by everybody that loved the Rhythm. Sax players on a small stage proving they were possessed by long gone greats. Ordering a beer he enjoys their story. Fifteen minutes slip away when he feels a warm hand slide across his back up into the hair along his neck. Turning he discovers magic.  
  
"Waiting for someone?" Deborah Johnson smiled with her eyes. Her hair long with extensions that offered her an even more stunning allure. A sequined white dress so high up on her thighs, that one wrong move the band might stop playing.  
  
"Only the hottest waitress in the City."  
  
"Oh! Would that be me?" She smirks.  
  
"FUCK YES!" He dares to plant a kiss on her ruby red lips. She accepted without hesitation. Her bulging cleavage rising and falling with every share lash of their tongues. The bartender, a burly black man resembling the Uncles in Fresh Prince of Bel-Aire grunted.  
  
"Get a back seat." He chuckles tapping the bar with a finger. It took a few extra taps to break the couple up.  
  
"You just give me a margarita Wayne. Get this Diva drunk."  
  
"You know the bartender?" Lon cocks a brow.  
  
"Went to school together back in the day. Jealous?"  
  
"Of every guy alive." He chuckles.  
  
"Good! You should be. Show me how bad you want this." She shimmers her fingers over every curve on her near perfect body. A little booty action as she turned made her giggle. Lonnie knew he was in trouble.  
  
"Have a seat." He motions to a barstool next to him.  
  
"You have a seat." She takes his hands and wraps them around her hips to squeeze her ass.  
  
"Comfy." He puckers.  
  
"Soft but tight. Like every inch of this yummy stuff." She busts up laughing then pats his chest, "You buying into my hoochie momma vibe?" Settling down she takes her seat, dangling her clutch purse to rest on the bar. Wayne, returning with her margarita sets a napkin down with her drink.  
  
"Running a tab Boom Boom?" Wayne snickers.  
  
"Boom Boom?" Lon looks to the bartender for clarity.  
  
"Deb can tell ya."  
  
"No Wayne, you just fill the man in. Tell him the gory details of my being 400 pounds and looking for dessert. Always passed by you though." She flutters fingers with a scowl.  
  
"She was never 400 pounds. I won't even attempt to guess her weight, she might jump over this bar and whoop my ass."  
  
Chuckling Lonnie lifts his hands, "So why Boom Boom?"  
  
"You'll find out when I ride that big ole' cock of yours later."  
  
"Say what?" He couldn't stop grinning.  
  
"She blew up our Science lab our junior year. Acid in water, not the other way around."  
  
"Just how you make your drinks Wayne. For the record that big lug saved this hot body."  
  
"It's true. Scars on my back jumping in front of her. I can prove it."  
  
"Naw! I believe you. Thanks for saving Diva here."

"You gonna be my hero too Lonnie Turner?" She sips her drink, winking over her margarita glass."I guess time will tell."As the band finishes their song, a softer Duke Ellington tune draws the audience toward the dance floor. Smiling at the dancers, Lonnie could sense her desire to join them."Care to dance Diva?""Absolutely Mister Turner." She stands up running her fingers over her skirt smoothing it out. Eying Wayne she points at him. "Don't you micky my drink Wayne. I can pass out on my own."The bartender nods, "I'll keep an eye on your stuff.""That stuff. Not this stuff." She points to her purse, before a direct point at her booty. She knew Wayne would drool anyways. He was a good friend."You're something." He takes her hand escorting her to a free spot on the dance floor. Pulling her close her chest bunches up against his. He couldn't resist looking down at her bulging melon collies."So are you Lonnie Turner." Her eyes sparkled."I'm happy you decided to meet me tonight. To be honest after that craziness at IHOP, I figured you might run like hell.""We really should discuss that sometime. No hurry. " She winks, "That's your business Big Daddy.""My kid..." She kisses him before he could finish his sentence."This is our time Daddy.""You're right. Those lips of yours are juicy.""Oh, you haven't tasted the juicy ones yet.""Can't wait."He glances around them at the couples on the floor. Wincing at his reaction she feels his hands lower to both of her hips. With flaring eyes she concluded that he was checking for panties."Missing in action." She licks her lips."Be right back." He slyly crouches as her hands hover above him. Marveling at his boldness, he lifts her skirt in front and buries his face into her gently hairy puss. Kissing her labia with a single lick up over her clit she nearly falls back in her heels. As fast as he offered her some Homance he rose to reclaim his dance partner."My! My! You lick divinely.""Shock you?""Only if you dip me."Laughing with restraint, he dares to dip her backwards. Swooning her yanks her back up to another awaiting kiss. Fanning herself as they make out the song ends. As everyone leaves the floor, they find themselves alone. With an intimate glare she pats his chest. He parts lips deciding that yep the song was over. A faster song led them back to the bar.Taking their seats, they enjoy each others eyes over their thirst. Sucking on her straw, she strokes it lightly for effect. Licking the hole of his beer bottle he frowns, "Looks bad don't it?""Only if that bottle neck is bigger than you are.""Right! Not even close." Changing the subject he senses Wayne return."Another round?""Of course." She winks at Lonnie without so much as a glance toward Wayne. As Lon stares at her he polishes his beer off. As he starts to sit the bottle down she wags a finger at him. Hesitating he notes her legs parting, giving his a dimly lit view of his kissing bandit. She doesn't even flinch to see if others are watching. reaching over to tap his bottles neck she tilts her chin, eyes never leaving his."Seriously?" He smirks. Unlike her he glances about until she snaps her fingers."Nobody is here but us Big Daddy."Swallowing dryly he lowers his beer bottle toward her pussy, "You sure?""Be glad that beer wasn't a draft.""Whew!" He lines his bottle neck up with her pussy and gently guides it inside her. Her lips howling silently at his penetration she pouts her lips. Focusing he moves the neck in and out five times. Her eyes fluttering, but dedicated, he notes her nipples shred her dress between sequins."Like that Big Daddy?""Should be my cock.""Yes it should." She reaches down and guides it out, the neck soaked in her juices. Nudging his hand upward she leads the neck to his lips. Without being told Lonnie licks the neck of the bottle. "That's the way, Big Daddy.""Christ you taste good.""Nothing better than freaky foreplay."As Wayne returns with fresh drinks they settle down. For the next hour they merely learned about each other. Nothing was sacred. Three drinks later they were all over each other again. Her skirt riding high revealing a shiny bare bottom. She didn't even try to hide her cheeks. Bottoms up.An hour prior, Paige and the Spartans were still waging war. Deciding their uplifting game was fascinating they hadn't let her feet or hands touch the grass since they started her airborne adventure.Each Gent helping the other contort her into various positions, ranging from two men holding her lower half with one hand each, while their other hand held her legs wide. Bryan now fucking her and massaging her clit vigorously Paige was howling.Even in the dim glow of the front porch light they could enjoy her sensual beauty. Bryan amazed at his beast, even with a condom on glowed as it spread her cunt lips wide. In and out, in and out. Her soft vocal pleading making her all the more desirable. Hearing her childlike tone beg, "Fuck me Prince Bryan." the Farm boy recalled his Disney Princess out by the lake. Riding his horse while she rode him. Nothing better than a good blue blooded piece of ass.Shifting positions Greg managed to dangle her upper body down to insert his cock into her mouth. Softly fucking her throat. Her blazing red hair hanging toward the grass. Even it couldn't quite touch the ground. Supporting her entire mid section Josh allowed himself to kiss her chest. Paige turner was in heaven. No seven minutes like the party game.Going unnoticed some peeping toms had snuck up on foot, hiding in the neighbors bushes. Brett's buddies Aaron and Cody had quietly crept in to video the outdoor foursome. In awe they captured every contorted position the bruisers put Paige in. Even when Bryan nutted in her pussy, he moved away letting Greg take his spot. Rolling her over in mid air Greg stabbed his crown deep and hard. She cried out "OWWWW! Then, don't stop in the same breath. Greg was a mighty warrior. Bigger than even Josh. Her pussy lips were stretched at their maximum circumference. He held her hands behind her back as Bryan knelt under her to support her flight. Josh holding her hair up in a ponytail as she sucked his beast. Even her mouth couldn't stretch any wider. The evening air show was simply magnificent. Breasts swaying from side to side, back and forth. The boys really wished they could join in. Their time would come again after Graduation. She had promised them all. It was clearly evident that she was a woman of her word.Forty five minutes into their recording session, Aaron and Cody find a older gentleman tapping their shoulders with a ball bat. With a gruff, "Get out of my yard." The two ran like a bear was chasing them. Hearing his bellow the guys looked over. Greg, a ball of sweat smirked."Evening Gerry." A mumble from Paige he adds, "Paige says hi Mister Benson.""You people are bonkers." Gerry Benson headed back inside to watch TV. He knew the game. Poor girl. Poor Gerry.Back at the bar called BLUES CUES...After seven drinks Lonnie and Deborah were outside the bar in her Van. Both naked with her side door wide open for air. She rode him like a Pony Express rider a day late for delivery. Her butt cheeks twerking hard with each gyration. Lonnie laying back palming her 38's. She was possessed in her mission. Cumming hard on his cock twice already she didn't seem to run out of steam. Lonnie wasn't getting the opportunity to even be in control.Finally, as Lonnie detonates inside the ebony Goddess he hears her cell ringing. Without a lag in her rhythm she reaches to her right and grabs her purse. Cell plucked out she answers her caller."Best be important Coochie." She puts her on Face Time."When you coming home Mommy?"Lonnie's eyes bulged as his thoughts wandered, "Holy fuck. She sounds just like Paige.""When Mommy's date is over. Why are you still up?""It's only 12:30. No school tomorrow.""Little busy Sweetheart.""Are you having sex?""Why yes I am. Is that any of your concern?""Is he cute Mommy?""Ain't bad." She grins at Lonnie. "See?" Deb shows her daughter Lonnie's face. He bulges his eyes and waves at the thin young lady, a spitting image of her Mother, same hair extensions."You're fucking a White Guy?" He hears Coochie giggle."I already broke that to you Coochie. You be nice. He treats your Momma good.""Hi White Guy." She vividly waves back at him. "You're right Mommy. He does look like Michael Keaton. Sorry, Mister Turner, I'm only fucking with you." The girl shocks him with a wagging tongue teasing Lonnie. That was followed by lowering her cell screen to show off her braless titties. Eyes wide, Lonnie snarls."THAT'S IT!" He nudges Deborah back, her slick pussy escaping his girth. He twists her into laying back with her legs dangling out the van door. Lonnie crawling out to stand nude in the parking lot leans in to replenish Deb's pussy with his cock. "My turn MOMMY.""Sweet Lord in Heaven. Fuck that pussy Big Daddy." She forgets Coochie is watching. Lost in her drunkenness and his ferocious pounding. He snatches up her cell and sees Coochie's interest in his savagery."Your Mom's a little busy right now.""That's okay. I can talk to you." Coochie sucks on her index finger taunting him."Your Mom says you're the same age as my daughter. Week or so younger.""I still feel seventeen." She bats her eyes at him."My kid says that too.""FUCK ME BIG DADDY!" Deb loses her sanity."Wow! You must be really good in bed. In our van at least." Coochie giggles. "I've never heard my Mommy scream like she is right now."Coochie lowers her camera toward her panties, dipping fingers beneath it to finger herself.Lonnie was harder than ever, between a daughters teasing and a gorgeous Mother's sweet reality, Lonnie became a beast."You like that Mommy?" Lon rams harder, his available finger massaging Deb's clit."YES BIG DADDY. Coochie go to bed." She exhales moaning loudly."I can't sleep Mommy. I'm bored here all alone." Coochie guides her panties lower to reveal a silky smooth snatch. Lon couldn't believe this was happening. Did Deb know her daughter was doing this? Was she testing him? To see if he had more interest in Coochie than her? Slightly true. Mostly not."Gotta go Kid. Hope to meet you soon." Cell shut off Lonnie destroyed Deborah. People leaving the bar drunk were laughing and whistling at their performance. Lonnie gave them what they wanted. Deb screaming orgasm after orgasm. In their final throes Lonnie pulls out in the Knick of time and ravages his cock to a devastating down pour.The flow of his jizz enough to paint her pussy white. Deborah convulsed all along her van floor. Thank God, she had taken the middle seats out to give them room before tonight.Staggering back he looks across the street in his liquored up state. Eyes finally focusing he mutters, "Huh!" A 24 hour adult bookstore was directly across the street. Patting Deb's foot he gets her attention. Sitting up in the doorway she finally stands and teeters into his embrace. Hand on her ass he huffs. "We should go over there.""Buying Mommy a toy?""Nope. Buying my little girl something.""Freak!" She grins kissing his chest."Alright I have to ask. Did you get more turned on with your daughter watching us have sex?""Didn't you?" She nips his pec with her teeth."Fuck it. I'm too drunk to deny anything. Your kid was teasing me while I was fucking you.""I figured as much. We have a very open communication concerning sex. As long as I know my baby is safe I'm cool with her antics.""She's done this to your past men?""Not really. She was too young with my last few boyfriends.""Your kid is pretty hot. Nothing compared to her Mom though.""You better think that Big Daddy." She kisses him hard toppling him to the side of the opened van door. They roamed each other's flesh as neon lights caressed the area. Finally, he coaxes her to get dressed and take a walk with him.Hearing his own cell Lonnie eyes it. An unknown text led him to stop with Deb on the corner waiting on traffic. She hugged his shoulder as he winces at the number. Opening the text he sees a video."What the hell?"As the video played he saw only a sweet young pussy, with a youthful hand, ramming a vibrator into it. Succulent moans echoed through the air. "Thank you for fucking my Mommy so good." That was it. Quick and simple."That was your daughter. How did she get my number?""She must have been snooping into my cell. Sorry Big Daddy." Deb pouts.He narrows his eyes at her before kissing her on the forehead. "I'm not deleting that.""As long as you play any videos I send you, I'm fine with that." She giggles.Laughing together Lonnie led her across the street. He had some shopping to do.Once more at the Turner household...Josh carried a messy young girl in his arms, her arms circling his neck, legs his torso. She had been exhausted by the mighty three amigos. Taking her indoors Greg drew her a bath. Bryan bathed her, and Josh dried her off. Again carrying her to her bed they lay her down. Stroking her velvety hair she fell fast asleep.Ten minutes later Lonnie came home barely able to walk under intoxication. Walking through the house he looks in on Paige and her bodyguards."What are you fuckers doing?"Josh looks up from her pieced together damsel dress. He was sewing it. "Don't judge."Greg and Bryan snickered at the bodybuilder. Bryan was wearing her Hello Kitty slippers. Greg a Princess tiara. Shaking his head, Lonnie tossed a bag into the room with a drunken stare. Without a word he went to bed.The guys snooping inside the bag found a Medieval looking girdle inside. They crashed on her floor.Job well done.

**Paige Ch. 21: SHORT BUS**

"Wake up Daddy."  
  
Paige Turner had heard her Father Lonnie grumble and roll over in bed three times in her efforts to revive him. They only had two hours before their Bus departed for Medieval Times. She had never seen her Dad this drunk before. Either his date with the IHOP waitress Deborah went well or very badly. She wasn't certain having been asleep when he got home. Well rested she was showered and chipper. Finding her Medieval outfit sewn to her surprise put her in a good mood right out of bed. A purchased girdle from an adult bookstore sent her over the top. She had yet to discover the silly photos that her three babysitters had taken before they left early in the morning. All she remembered was being tucked in and kissed goodnight by all three Romeo's.  
  
"Daddy? We're going to miss the Bus. If we do, Clint and his friends might never talk to me again. I promised them I'd meet them, and I don't want to have lied to them." She pouts at his oblivious snoring. Growling under her breath she chooses a more vicious tactic. This called for a pillow fight. Snatching up his extra pillow she swats him on the back. As the breeze of her recoiling arms preps a second assault she smells the alcohol on his breath. Whining at the thoughts of her day being ruined she pelts him two more times. Jumping on the bed her next strategy, she starts chanting, "WAKE UP. WAKE UP. WAKE UP. WAKE UP." At a total of ten rough disturbances he snaps at her.  
  
"Fifteen more minutes. Leave me the fuck alone."  
  
As he drifted easily back to sleep she hisses, "Fifteen minutes. I'm timing you Mister. If you don't wake up I'm sitting on your face." Her threat normally would be welcomed. As she sits on the side of his bed she hears his cell vibrate. Being nosey she looks to see what it was. Having been unplugged his charge was only at 40%. In hooking it up to charge more she eyes his text message. It was from Deborah. Reading it she determined that his date went well.  
  
"Morning Big Daddy. I had a wonderful time on our date. You better ask me out again before Wayne hits me up. LOL! I scolded Coochie for stealing your number from my cell. Sorry again for her video. I can't guarantee she won't do it again, that girl can be compulsive. Enjoy your day at Medieval Times. Give Paige my best. MWAH!"  
  
"Awww! Wait! Video? I wanna see Coochie." She locates the girls video and grins until she plays it. Once started Paige winces, "Whoa!" Her last audible word as she lowers the volume so that Lonnie didn't hear Coochie moaning, as she fucked her tight little pussy with a vibrator. "Who does that to a perfect stranger?" With an expression of awe she chuckles to herself, "Me." The two girls might just have more in common that she thought. As Coochie had done her Mother, Paige swipes Coochie's cell number, Deb's as well. Two could play this game she giggled to herself dancing in her seat. Saved for a rainy day.  
  
Deciding to go get dressed Paige chooses her attire for not just comfort, but as an easy access to allow her College boys to touch her all over. That was her only true goal for the guys from the Mass Transit Bus. Those that she had met not long ago on her way to school. They requested more after tracking her down on Tender. More than willing to honor their desires, she agreed to make time, if only for an hour, on their journey to Medieval Times in Schaumburg.  
  
A black micro mini skirt made of stretchy material, and a very thin white camisole left very little hidden. No underwear beneath would give the guys a worthy show. She was wet just thinking about them groping her. That is if she could rile her Father from his slumber. Brushing out her fire red hair, leaving it long and flowing she considers leaving her glasses at home. She rarely wore her contacts because they bothered her. She wanted to look beyond beautiful and a lot less nerdy. Regardless, the glasses won.  
  
Touching up her makeup she shuffles back into Lonnie's bedroom and climbs back up on the mattress. Stepping over him she sits down on his torso and begins bouncing as if fucking him. After a good three minutes her Father groans.  
  
"Fuck! Hangover from hell."  
  
"What can I get to help you Daddy?"  
  
"I'll live. How's our time?"  
  
"We have one hour to catch our bus. I'm going to text Clint and let him know we'll be there. It takes an hour to get through the city. That gives them plenty of time to strip me nakie."  
  
"You're going all the way nude on a city bus?"  
  
"If I can. I want them to see me without my clothes."  
  
"That's a huge risk."  
  
"He says he's bringing seven friends to help block the other riders from seeing. Saturday's the buses are usually pretty full. Can we get on separately so you don't scare them?"  
  
"I can do that. Let's just hope I can stay close enough to you just in case things go bad."  
  
"Carry my girdle, dress, and shoes?"  
  
"I told you I would. In my duffle though, I'm not carrying a Hello Kitty bag."  
  
"K."  
  
"Get off me so I can shower up. Go make me some coffee."  
  
"Already did. I'll go grab you a mug." She abandons him in a rush.  
  
"And, some breakfast."  
  
"Pop tart coming up."  
  
Staring at her vibrant wiggle away, he crawls from bed before eying his cell phone. Realizing Deborah had left him a text he smiles, then just as quickly scowls. Someone had read it before he had. He wondered who? Not that it stressed him too heavily.  
  
That is until he recalls Coochie's masturbation teaser. He concluded that Paige had watched it too. At his age he should really learn to lock his cell out, so that only he could use it. Too late now. Certainly no worse than all the things he and Paige were doing. Should he continue seeing Deborah Johnson, he knew their incest secret would get out. As understanding as Deb had been he questioned if she could handle that much. Would she always worry that he might tap her own daughter? The kid was sexy as hell.  
  
"Shit! Get this crap out of your head Turner."  
  
A hot shower cleansed his body and this thoughts. While in the shower Paige brings his coffee and a cherry pop tart to his room, sitting it next to his bed. Leaving it, she goes into his bathroom and watches him wash up. He looked so sexy.  
  
"Did you get some last night?" She asks.  
  
"You know I did. Quit snooping in my phone."  
  
"Sorry. Deborah text while I was sitting on your bed. I couldn't resist. Coochie..." She hesitates. "...did you like her video?"  
  
"Shocked me as much as it probably did you. Deb doesn't seem to mind that her kid does that. Maybe we freaks just met our match."  
  
"Should I video myself masturbating and send it to Deb?" She joked.  
  
"Are you nuts? There's a huge difference between Coochie doing that to me because I'm a guy, than you doing that to a grown woman."  
  
"Deb might like it." She teases.  
  
"You do it you might as well move in with Frank."  
  
"Visit yes. Live no. I'll probably only do Mister Frank a few more times."  
  
"Easy money."  
  
"I know but, I don't want to feel like a Mistress. It's fun for now. Maybe after I take Robin's virginity I'll move on. Other guys on Tender. I'm at 2,416 date options." She giggles.  
  
Stepping out to dry off Lonnie frowns. "That's too many guys Paige. Pick and choose maybe 2% of those."  
  
"No way. 25% maybe."  
  
"What have I turned you into?"  
  
A nympho?" She responds, not letting on that Brett and the boys at school were calling her that. To be honest she hadn't put any emphasis on a title. Not slut. Not nympho. Certainly not whore. Fun was fun, pure and simple. Her soul shined when guys found her erotic. She wanted nothing more than to assist them in fulfilling fantasies. The more the merrier. Of late she was discovering that it was much more rewarding to be in the presence of more than one man at a time. Blame Lonnie and his friends.  
  
Since that fateful game night her desires were increasing, shyness for the most part an act these days. Last night incredible, as she was fucked in her own front yard for all to witness by three gentle giants, for over an hour. Living dangerously was becoming a major turn on.  
  
"You look comfy." He sets about combing his hair.  
  
"I dressed for easy access. I can change at Medieval Times. Oh, coffee." She pivots in step before returning with his coffee and the pop tart. He frowns at the pastry.  
  
"You can eat that."  
  
"Yay!" She immediately begins nibbling at it while he sips his brew. "I don't know who I'm more excited to tease. Todd at Medieval Times, or Clint and his friends."  
  
"Don't go getting too messy on the bus. It's gonna be a long day."  
  
"I packed wet wipes, and body spray." She giggles.  
  
"Keep in mind the bus ride might not goes as planned. Not everybody is okay with your nudity and lude acts. Kids and Older people might be watching."  
  
"Clint's friends will block things. I'm not going to let them down." She pouts while chewing.  
  
"White polo shirt. Grey slacks. Go." He points toward his bedroom as he slaps on cologne. She scurries about in his closet for his choices. Laying them on his bed she sits on the mattress kicking her left leg back and forth while finishing off the pop tart.  
  
Observing him get dressed she notes him going commando as she often does, today especially. It amused her. Looking over her own cell she snaps a selfie and sends it to both Clint and those friends of his that she knew. Same photo fired off to Todd. Then, Frank. Joshy. Bryan. Greg. Uncle's Mike and Andy. The shoe store boys. It kept her busy. Two final sends went to Deborah and Coochie. Let Coochie see who she's messing with, she laughed. Paige was gorgeous with her red hair, long and silky. It was no wonder every guy in sight stopped cold to stare. No more nerdiness. All sexy. Unless she wanted to be nerdy. Different story.  
  
"Everything you need in my bag?"  
  
"Should I take my toy?"  
  
"The teddy bear stays home." He unpacks Fuzzy with a scowl. "Come on now!"  
  
"I tried Fuzzy." She lifts the stuffed animal to her lips and kisses it. He was laid to rest on a pillow. "There! You hibernate."  
  
Lon lifts her dress from the bag, "This Medieval outfit is gaudy as fuck Paige."  
  
"The girdle helps. Thank you for buying it."  
  
"I couldn't let you wear Saran wrap around your waist." He chuckles.  
  
"If Todd and I hit it off and I end up going to his Larpers battle, I want to invest in a real Medieval gown."  
  
"Better see Frank as often as his wallet allows then."  
  
"So you think I should become his Mistress long term?"  
  
"Not forever no. Couple months maybe. If you don't piss him off by fucking his nephew."  
  
"I'll tease Robin a month before seducing him." She wags her shoulders playfully/.  
  
"I'm ready when you are Short Bus."  
  
"Short bus? I'm not mentally or physically challenged."  
  
"You're short and we're riding a bus."  
  
"Oh! Okay." She pats her leg laughing.  
  
Packed up they head out. Two blocks away they sat and waited on their ride. Paige never once crossed her legs, her skirt offering a sight line straight up to yumminess. Other riders drooled hard. Lonnie couldn't be more proud of his little girl.  
  
As their bus approached Lonnie stood up and stepped away from her. "Show time. Try not to look my way."  
  
"I hope they like me." She fidgets with her skirt. Lonnie merely rolled his eyes. Bus halting in front of the small plexiglass enclosure the eight people waiting entered first. Then, Paige. Lonnie after one other person. Making their way to the back after paying their fare Paige was greeted by Clint standing in the crowded rear. Lonnie managed to get past them and take a crowded seat between two other men. Mostly everyone here looked to be the age of Clint. Observing the attention on Paige who now stood with Clint, Lonnie concluded, "8 friends my ass. Try an entire Fraternity." He mentally counted 12 guys in their 20's. Another few questionable. Others closer to his age. This might get interesting.  
  
As Clint introduced his so called 7 other friends, he intentionally left out the rest of the guys. Let them have their fun Lon thought. The more guys cloaking her the better. Of course he himself wasn't getting a very good visual as she quickly vanished behind the herd. Only her feet were now in sight.  
  
"You fucking look hot today." Clint spoke up as the bus departed. She shifted into him as the bus bounced about on the road.  
  
"I did this for you guys. See? Short micro mini skirt." She tugs it up to show off her butt cheeks. Dangling her camisole's shoulder straps, her top fluttered over her cleavage, stopping at the fullness of her breasts. She winked at Clint's friends encouraging them to edge closer consuming her space. She loved their eyes checking her out.  
  
"Long bus ride to Schaumburg." Clint chuckled.  
  
"I'll keep you occupied." She giggles.  
  
"Don't worry about anything. We can keep you from being busted." Speaks up a heavy set friend.  
  
"I'm not worried." She shyly looks up at him. Clint behind her begins rolling his hands over her shoulders, then guiding her straps lower on her arms. The camisole slipping down to her nipples. A single finger of encouragement from a third boy tugs the shirt over her tits letting them become fully exposed. She blushed with an expression of devious awe. Palms quickly caress her chest, tantalizing her nipples. Her eyes sparkling with excitement at how swift everyone moved in for the kill. She studied their emotions closely, awe and desire filling their reactions with their deepest darkest wish. She knew they wanted her naked, that was her own fantasy in the moment.  
  
Clint hugged her from behind, closely guiding her skirt up to her waist. Shirt and skirt were now a tangled belt in appearance. Outside of her shoes, Paige Turner was 95% uncovered. Hands groping her from all angles. She loved it. Praise murmured from the midst of eight individuals.  
  
"Fuck you're gorgeous." leads to, "Most beautiful body I've ever seen." From there, "Kiss her nipples." Lifting her breasts for them she offers two men a sample. Her erogenous zone prompting thick juicy nip nips. Clint rubbing her ass, moves his arms around her to frolic amid her wet little pussy. She whimpers at their consumption.  
  
"Do you all like me?" She asks in her sweetest tone. Her answer obvious, but she wanted to hear it.  
  
"Delicious." remarks one, leading to another's, "Godammit! I want to fuck you." Three others concurred. Her body was now licked from four separate angles, their hands caressing her legs and thighs. Exhaling soft moans she realizes that in bending down to challenge her, the guys weren't hiding her from the front of the bus as well as they could. Men that weren't a part of their pack were catching on. Seeing curiosity in their eyes she flutters her fingers at them. As long as a smile returned she felt comfortable.  
  
Lonnie not so much. Concerned he grits his teeth which made the boys seated to both sides of him eye his behavior. For now he sat back shaking his head and pointing at her. To avoid suspicion he chuckles, "You don't see that everyday. Unless of course you live in Japan." Obviously Lonnie watched too much porn.  
  
"Maybe I can visit you in school, and let you fuck me. I'd love that. Would you love that?"  
  
She returns their enthusiasm.  
  
Their eyes brightened up over her exuberant offer. The man who initiated the wish was certainly all for that. Most of them were up for a less risky adventure with this amazing redhead. Regardless, they wanted what they could get away with now.  
  
"Guys?" Clint advised as his hands continued to rub her clit. "People can see her over you."  
  
"It's okay." She became daring, "As long as the Driver doesn't see me. Or, those old ladies up front." She flirts again with those not part of Clint's comrades. Clint uncertain of their safety motioned to his friends seated around Lonnie to join them.  
  
Spotting Lonnie himself made Clint edgy. It wasn't until Lonnie gave him a thumbs up that Clint felt obligated to offer a nod. Abandoning Lonnie in favor of standing in front of those bending over, he caught glimpses of guys kissing and licking short little Paige. Lon had to laugh.  
  
"Nooooooo!" Paige frets tilting her head back at Clint, "I want them to see me."  
  
"FUCK!" Clint gnashed his teeth. Another nodded message, the guys parted and returned to their seats. In doing so her midsection audience livened up. They were grateful for her yearning decision. Crotches were being rubbed as they watch her being pawed up. Kissed all over. Obviously fingered as Clint showed them wet digits. He even went so far as to share his glossed up hand toward Lonnie. Lon offered a silent howl at his daughters actions. Joining the crowd let him blend in as a perfect stranger.  
  
Mesmerized by her outer audience, Paige lifts her tits away from her greedy gauntlet and licks her own areola for the midsection to view her. They ate it up. Between Clint's 12 allies and the six toward the middle she was giddy. Her curious mind wanted to push her limits, while she had this opportunity. Peering back at Clint she whimpers.  
  
"Strip me nakie."  
  
'Seriously?" He witnesses her erotic nod. With a shrug he hisses, "What the hell."  
  
He guides her shirt up over her raised arms. A guy in front of her slid her micro mini skirt to her feet. Stepping out of it she procures both garments. Tossing her shirt out at her midsection viewers brought on a frenzy to capture it. Before Lonnie could realize it her skirt came flying back at him. Unlucky, his neighbor to the left jumps up and snatches it from the air. He sat down sniffing it. Passing it in front of his buddies nose, then Lonnie's. Lonnie felt like having a nervous breakdown. His kid was naked. Fuck! There went her shoes.  
  
"Dammit Paige." He resisted ending her show. Smothered he barely saw her though. Reluctantly he let it go on. Even as every stop added more people, most tended to be guys. Lucky day it appeared.  
  
"Share me." Paige looks up at Clint. He hesitantly relinquishes her to his friends. Mouths were devouring her entire body. Clit licked. Nipples sucked upon. She giggled and moaned at the same time. After a few minutes of ecstasy she seconds her words, "Share me." This time she attempts to guide those in front of her into stepping back in the aisle way. Following closely Clint's crew kept her camouflaged from overly curious eyes.  
  
Reaching the midsection she gives those fans holding her shirt a show of guys kissing her everywhere. They were delighted by her desire to let them in on her escapades.  
  
Lonnie was ready to piss his pants at her unexpected journey forward. Teetering back and forth nervously he is again left alone. Clint's entourage had stepped forward to peer over Clint. Clint maintained her back every step of the way, not wanting to lose contact over her. After edging forward six feet they were clustering way too much. Guys standing, having not noticed her were now zeroing in. Thankfully, guys were guys. Interest in her accumulated. As did her blockade of testosterone.  
  
A feeding frenzy made Paige cover her mouth to prevent loud squealing. Fingers in both her pussy and ass drove her insane. Eyes wincing at her delight she removes her hand to smile to both sides at her viewership. Reaching hands out to both sides of her, she let them touch her fingers. Shivering at their greedy approach to just partake in even that little, proved to her how much she was wanted. In that moment her thoughts reminded her of Joshy's desire to let 25 of his friends enjoy her. That memory jumping over to her senior class saying every guy graduating wanted her, a calculation doubling Joshy's ownership fantasy. Doing this today gave her the final bit of confidence she needed. She wanted them all. So much for being the shy redhead.  
  
"Share me." Again she relates to Clint and his feasting compadres. Some needing a breather relent in favor of allowing others to take their turns. As they offer room Paige does something unexpected. Bolting left she crawls into the lap of the man holding her shirt. Shocked he discovers her desire to grind over his erection. Falling back against him she palms his cheek with an innocent gaze. "Touch me." That he did. Tits squeezed by mighty hands makes her nibble her lower lip. His neighbor next to him daring to finger her. She moans lightly in the lucky man's lap, as the bus stops again. Spooked for her safety Clint grabs her hand and yanks her back into the aisle way. A few of her fanbase forced to get off having reached their destination.

Lonnie sitting alone with only three other men, not of Clint's college buddies, chuckled amongst themselves at those lucky bastards. Lon nodded, "Some guys have all the luck."  
  
From there he checked his cell GPS to see how much longer they had. Thirty minutes yet. How much further could this go? Wouldn't the driver get suspicious of so many guys hogging the aisleway? Obviously Chicago traffic kept his eyes on the road. Smart man.  
  
Ravaged further in the aisleway Paige endured more of Clint's buddies, some just now enjoying her milky white flesh. As they did Clint pulled her head back by her red hair and kissed her. She loved kissing. She felt like Mary Jane Watson kissing Spiderman upside down. Her balance unsteady, she felt someone grab her left hand. Pulling her hand down he wraps her fingers around his cock. One of Clint's associates had gotten bold. She strokes him off as he makes others aware of his perversions. Every damned one of these fuckers wanted to be him.  
  
As Clint ended their kiss she sighs, "I'm giving a hand job." He was taken by surprise until he looked to his left.  
  
"Holy shit Carver." He chuckled.  
  
"I have another hand." She flirts waving at them playfully. Zippers flew down, dicks flopped out. Awestruck she moves from one dick to the next giving each a thirty second jerk fest. Guys seated, leered around the backs of her barrier boys. Wanting to see her better they began pointing. Word was getting out amongst the bus. As she moves from side to side she notes the area of the bus that she hadn't given as much attention to yearning for their own notice. After stroking twelve dicks in Clint's party she once again looks up at Clint.  
  
"Share me." Crept in that kiddy like voice which made dicks harder than anyone believed possible. Purple crowns show her how badly they wanted her. If she gave in here and now, she was certain half the bus would fuck her.  
  
Easing past ejaculating studs she straddles a man in his fifties. Arms around his neck she gyrates over his tented jeans. Giddy eye contact met between them she whispers, "They all wanna fuck me."  
  
His response a huffed, "I can understand that."  
  
"Do you wanna fuck me?" She offers a pouty expression.  
  
"Oh sweet Hayzeus YES!"  
  
"I thought so. Did I tell you I'm on Tender?" She winks with a childlike nod.  
  
"No. I'll be sure to look you up."  
  
"Yay! I'm going to go say hi to the guy next to you now."  
  
A peck to the man's cheek she extends her hands toward his lusty neighbor, as if a child wanting her Mother. He embraces her yearning reach, and drags her into his lap. Once straddled she hops in his lap five times hard.  
  
"Rocky horse. Rocky horse." She rambles as he watches her tits dance about. After another repeated kiss to this mans cheek she departs. Two other laps merely sat on she observes Clint's bro's jerking off. At this point Paige was hardly hidden. Touching her clit she lays back on her horsey and sighs. "Can I see your dicks too?" She begs from her lap dance toward her seated leftovers. Two of four complied. The guy she sat on lifts her enough to unzip and pull his willy out. She sits back down as his erection pops up between her thighs. She looks down with amazement and strokes him as if she were a guy. Everyone chuckled under their breath. Too cute.  
  
"I better go toward the back. Those guys haven't touched me yet." She softly exhales, then kisses her ride goodbye.  
  
Like the Pied Piper she leads her herd of rats toward her Father. He and the few stragglers in back bulge their eyes at her boldness. She skipped carefully and hopped into Lonnie's lap. Acting shocked he notices Clint's group still jerking off, only very close to their vicinity.  
  
"Hi." She melts Lonnie with her charm. The other men huffing at his newfound luck.  
  
"Hey there Beautiful. That was some show." Lonnie greets her with a rub over her back.  
  
"They all want to fuck me." She repeats to turn him on. She knew her Father had a raging hard on beneath her ass cheeks. "Do you wanna fuck me?" She teases his neck with a pinky.  
  
"Ummmm! I don't believe I could say no to you." Lon plays along.  
  
"Do you guys wanna fuck me?" She stretches a bit to share eye contact with those still seated. Lonnie swallows at their hunger. Her childlike voice exciting every damned one of them into at least rubbing their erections while still concealed. She curls up in Lonnie's lap and lays her head in the quick of his neck. Smiling as she counts visible cocks. "16 dicks want me."  
  
"I'm sure more than that." Lonnie shudders at the thought, eying his seated passengers staring at her tits. Groaning was becoming noticeable. Guys were reaching their peaks. It was only a matter of time now. As the army of testosterone waged war on their frontline she waited until the beasts were dying inside. Sitting up she arches her back to grin like the devil.  
  
"I'm going to get on my knees and let them all cum on me." She flutters her fingers, "You can join them if you want." She escapes Lonnie's grasp. Eyes bulged wide as she drops to the rubber runway, looking up at them in her amber rimmed glasses.  
  
Unable to contain their voices guys leaped in front of her four at a time jerking off until exploding over her face and shoulders with scalding white lava. Her glasses spotted by droplets, she wipes them with her finger, licking cum off of her like sucking a straw. Four more jettison on her neck and chest.  
  
Seeing this unfold without interference Lonnie snarls "FUCK IT." Rising to the occasion he unzips his pants and drags out his own beast. Joining the jerk fest as he watches five more coat her, Lon suddenly didn't care. His daughter was a slut. His slut. Not to be outdone he waits until the last of Clint's boys painted her. Clint himself ready to finalize his commitment motions her to turn around. In compliance she pivots in her awkward stance, looking back at him. He wanted to decorate her succulent heart shaped ass.  
  
Realizing her Dad was jacking off too, she grinned from ear to ear. Darting her gaze between Clint and Lonnie she wondered which would finish first. Dueling like a Western gunfight they jerked as the remainder of the crowd cloaked them. She marveled at the strain in their expressions.  
  
"Feed me." She yelps.  
  
Without warning Clint rains hard over her ass cheeks, droplets peppering up her spinal column. Kneeling, he strokes feverishly and shoots one last magnificent load up close to her butt pucker, pooling it up for all to see. She shivered with delight.  
  
Lonnie growls nearing his own detonation, reaching down grabbing her by her hair. Dragging her face abruptly under his beast, she stares up at him with her mouth wide. Eying her tongue wagging he smirks with mischief. Expressing an I'll brag about this later move he looks toward the groupies.  
  
"This is how it's done."  
  
Ramming his dick down Paige's throat he grabs her skull with both hands and face fucks her hard. Her gurgling noises the loudest audible since this whole show began. Face beet red under her Daddy's assault she nearly vomits at his persistence. Breathless she finds a flood of cum engulfing her mouth. Frothing all around her probing lips before Lonnie pulls his penis from her pucker. Slapping his wet beast over her face he nods.  
  
"Who's your Daddy?" He chuckles.  
  
Showing off her mouth full to Clint she swallows every drop. Why hadn't they done this to her they all thought, feeling left out. Zipping up Lonnie peers out the buses windows. He had lost track of time.  
  
"SHIT! This is my stop." Grabbing Paige by her shoulders he pulls her to her feet, ignoring her stickiness as their bukkake dried upon her. "Where's her clothing?" Shoes found, shirt slipped over her head. Skirt? "What happened to her skirt?"  
  
A mass search finds it under a seat. She got lucky this time. Pulled up she finds herself fully dressed and giddy. As the bus door opens Lonnie grabs his bag and barges past her lovers. Waving goodbye to everyone in passing, Paige blew kisses.  
  
"I'M ON TENDER." She rebelliously calls out. Moving past the final set of seats she stops before her departure. Turning to the elderly bus driver she stares at him until he looks her over. While absorbing her messy appearance she smiles at him warmly. Without any warning she leans in close and kisses him on the cheek. He could smell cum. The man was old, not stupid.  
  
"Bye!" She softly pouts, then scurries down the steps to the curb. Lonnie had moved on ahead of her giving her space. As the driver shut the door she waved at her window greeters. All of them wore stunned expressions, concluding that she and Lonnie were together.  
  
Turning her back to them, she skips away, lifting her skirt up for a final farewell to her sexy ass. She had eyes on her the second she hopped past people. Guys just had to admire a fine young thing. Paige Turner new one thing, she needed another shower.  
  
"Daddy wait for me." She races to catch up as he heads down the block. Medieval Times was still two more blocks away. Catching up to him she yanks the back of his shirt. "Are you mad at me Daddy? Did I go too far?"  
  
"You fucking tell me?" He drags her along hoping she didn't rip his shirt.  
  
Racing in front of him she throws her entire body weight of 110 pounds in stopping him. She nearly fell over her feet backwards in doing so. Teary eyed she manages to halt his advance. "Daddy! I'm so sorry. I just wanted to make them all want me."  
  
"All? The entire fucking bus?"  
  
"Yes." She pouts heavily.  
  
"Well you succeeded." He chuckles dropping his bag to yank her into a hug. Unsure what was happening she went with it. Holding him tightly she expelled a series of whimpers. As he strokes her hair he discovers dampness even there. "You're a fucking mess. Do you plan on meeting this Todd guy looking like this?" He lifts her chin lovingly.  
  
"I can wash up in the bathroom. I brought wet wipes remember?"  
  
"No. You know what? I think you should just spray on some perfume and go in wearing dried cum on you. Brush out your hair."  
  
"Noooo! I want Todd to desire me. He might not if I look like I've..."  
  
"Been unloaded on by 20 guys on a bus?"  
  
She giggles, "Yessss! That was so much fun. You're not really mad at me are you?" She clings to him.  
  
"A little. Pretty fucking hot though." He rolls his eyes shaking his head with a negative scowl.  
  
"Daddy?" She winces up at him.  
  
"Yeah?"  
  
"I'm really horny."  
  
"Good. You can torture yourself while we're eating."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"I jest." He laughs. "Should have wore my Jester outfit."  
  
"My medieval gown is nearly see through." She teases.  
  
"So tease the Knights."  
  
"You know I will." She giggles.  
  
"Come to think of it you didn't really get off on the bus, did you?"  
  
She snorts, "Nooo. Can I get off here at Medieval Times?"  
  
"After you Princess." He releases her to bow with a sway of his gentlemanly hand.  
  
"Thank you Sir Daddy."  
  
Paige cleaned up her face at the very least. After all a fair damsel needed to look her best.  
  
She certainly did look a Royal mess.

**Paige Ch. 22: JESTER SIGHS**

"MEDIEVAL TIMES, DADDY! This is sooo cool. Look at all the costumes."  
  
Lonnie Turner wasn't as entertained as his daughter who herself wore a costume that he called one big set of scarves made into a dress. How she found time to put it together amazed him even more. Of course, having help from her burly Tailor Joshy didn't hurt. What he didn't know was that she had gone behind Joshy and had snipped threads with a devious intent. A secret mission that only her date Todd knew about. Paige Turner knew how to keep her men interested.  
  
With Graduation coming up Lonnie knew that she should be focusing on that, but no she would rather whore it up and tease guys than concentrate on what's important. Of course, her being on the Honor Roll gave her a lead way into doing as she pleased, smart girl with no objectives once school was out. Grimacing at his own concerns on the subject he knew he wasn't helping by instigating his own sick perversions upon her active sex life. Her earning five grand from Dr. Frank Martinbaum had given him too many ideas on how to make more. Yet, for every bit of greed came an equal amount of conscience. He felt like her pimp. Maybe he was. She didn't seem to mind. With heavy thoughts he decides reality was the here and now.  
  
"They actually have guys on horses here? Who wants to eat dinner smelling manure."  
  
He catches a brief whiff. Even if the horses did wear butt bags to capture their droppings, it was not real appetizing. Looking around at the people dining he discovered they didn't seem to object.  
  
"Get over it Daddy. The point is this is what life would have been like in those days. I wonder where Sir Todd is? I'm kind of nervous to meet him. I shouldn't be." She giggles with a newfound confidence, "My shyness is pretty much gone unless I fake it."  
  
"Says the girl who just stripped naked on a city bus and got body painted by 20 guys." He rolls his eyes, body paint being a mass transit bukkake. "You just keep doing that. Acting shy and awkward can be a turn on."  
  
"I know. Trust me I know." She smirks and hugs his arm. "You had fun don't deny it." She lifts up on her toes and exhales in his face, "Does my breath smell like Daddy cum?"  
  
"Stop that." He waves a hand between them to alter the path of scent. "Yes you do. Before you meet Todd you need a breath mint. Did they wear the kind of clothes you're in? You look like a big hanky."  
  
"I worked hard on my dress. I call it Peasant Pretty." She twists in step modelling her atrocious looking dress. "Todd said he wanted to see me in something like this."  
  
"Good thing you doubled up the material over your private parts. The rest of you is see through, even with your white ass skin."  
  
"If you hadn't spent money on a corset it might have looked worse."  
  
"All I do is buy you clothes. You think that five grand is gonna last long?"  
  
She pouts, "I earned that money."  
  
"I'm aware of that. You do realize I've funded every dime I made on you for 18 years right? Therefore, I wouldn't get too lippy."  
  
"You're right. I'm sorry Daddy. It's just nice knowing I can make money like that. Can I keep some of the next money I get from Mister Frank?"  
  
"If there is a next time. I'm not sure how I feel about you hooking yourself."  
  
"You said I could visit him more. He believes we're doing it a lot more. he's even making me a special play room that I designed. It's my body Daddy. I don't mind as long as I'm treated nice."  
  
"Special room? I'm just now hearing about the Stalker Suite? Maybe you should just call it what it is. Escort service career?"  
  
"I can do that." She giggles nibbling a fingernail slyly. "Except I want to actually date other guys not just get paid by them."  
  
Frowning at the whole argument Lonnie growls. "Text Todd. Let's meet your career Larper."  
  
"K." She digs inside her clutch purse for her cell then sends a text. Luckily they had lockers to stash their duffle of clothes. Keeping out only her necessities of perfume, makeup, and cell.  
  
"I'm here sexy Todd." She types.  
  
Looking around the arena of galloping horses in colorful trappings, less ornate riders holding large flags circle the area, giving Lonnie plenty of options in case Todd was among them. It was a safe bet that he wouldn't have his cell in his armor. Of course he could be wrong. He did spot a knight checking his cell while parading the sand filled arena. Nope! It wasn't a cell after all. Go figure it was an iPod, the man doing a drum solo to mock the boredom.  
  
Her cell rings instead of getting a text, as a Waitress leads them to a table right on the wall of the arena. After telling the Waitress they had reservations under Todd Falkner she smiled and confirmed his arrangement. Falling behind them while answering her cell she dances in step. Tables of Camelot's dining denizens eye her almost wanting to laugh at her attire. A young boy even asked his Father if she was a Jester. Shielding the boy with his own bulkiness he told the lad no. She was a stable girl.  
  
"Hiiiiiii! Where are you?" Paige listens, then looks out over the arena toward the massive gates leading in to the circle of sand. There were battle knights prepared to make an entrance. He was one of them. He sat holding his helmet in order to make his call. Waving to each other she rushes to her table, where Lonnie had already taken a seat.  
  
"There he is Daddy. See?" She points toward Todd, Lon twisting in his seat to look behind him. He waves at Todd to be courteous. Todd was a large man of 25 with short brown hair and dashing good looks. "You look handsome in your armor Todd." She couldn't stop dancing. Her tits jiggling about for him to notice. He was hardly the only one catching on to her tempting freedom. His fellow soldiers spying on his attention getter.  
  
"Can you see my fellow Knights checking you out?" Todd chuckled.  
  
"Yesssss! Should I behave?" She ignores the Waitress admiring her makeshift gown. It was hardly Medieval looking, save for her girdle. Rather trashy looking she thought. The redheaded girl was gorgeous though, in a kiddy sort of way. Pointing out the fact there was no traditional menu she waved a servant boy over to offer them chalices of mead. It was tea.  
  
"Are you kidding me? Don't you dare. In a few minutes they're going to sound a trumpet. We knights ride by and claim handkerchiefs from the maidens in the crowd. Did you design your dress how I asked?"  
  
"Yes. You can't tell it even up close, but I made alterations just for you."  
  
The waitress was unimpressed, lingering while Lonnie let Paige ramble, she questions what the redhead had meant by alterations. Her outfit was nearly transparent as it was. How did she even get in the door? Was nobody even observing this skank? Shrugging, the tall skinny, yet shapely waitress took her leave.  
  
"Oh man! Megan looks pissy." Todd exhales laughing.  
  
"Who is Megan?" Paige pouts.  
  
"Relax. Your waitress is my ex-girlfriend. By now she knows who you're talking to."  
  
"We did mention your name on the reservations."  
  
"No brainer then. She presumes correctly that you're my date."  
  
"I don't think she likes my dress, she's giving me the evil meanie eye." She fidgets.  
  
"Love that voice. You might just melt my chainmail on the ride by." He laughs.  
  
"I'll make your ride by memorable."  
  
"Make all the Knight's ride by just as memorable."  
  
"All? Looks like a lot."  
  
"Twenty. We're supposed to symbolize an army."  
  
"I might not have enough alterations for twenty." She frets.  
  
"Improvise Milady."  
  
Hearing his zest for life she nods, "Yes Sire"  
  
"I like that. Sire Todd has a ring to it."  
  
"There's our cue. Gotta go. Make Sire Todd proud." He ends their conversation abruptly. Seconds later as they prepare themselves with last moment once overs of their garb, a trumpet rallies the attention of the Kingdom.  
  
Her cell on the table by her purse she claps excitedly. Lonnie amused by her giddiness. "Sire Todd? Isn't it just Sir Todd? You don't want the King over there getting wind that he's out to steal the keys to the Kingdom do you? Might not be as handsome without his head. Either of them."  
  
"Be nice Daddy." She beguiles him with her stare. His daughter was laughing inside, not hard to tell. "Their ride is starting." She points directing her Father's attention away from her. As she steps to the wall facing the arena, she discovers the waitress Megan next to her.  
  
"Make that dress yourself?" Megan sneers.  
  
"Yes. I need more mead." Paige spills her tea over the side of the arena staining the sand. Handing Megan the chalice the waitress winces bitterly. Stepping aside Megan raced away to find a tankard of fresh tea. Paige felt pride in herself for that move. As the riders circled the theater they stretched out gathering cloth after cloth from many a young lady. Okay, even old ladies in for a good chuckle. It was all in great fun.  
  
Nearing Paige she eyes her Father, who seemed more interested in other things. As he looked away Paige reaches between her legs and lightly tugs at tufts of sheer material. With minor threading in certain areas cloth comes apart quickly. With each Knight in passing she hands off a portion of her dress. Todd being the seventh rider in line gets closer. His visor lifted he reaches out toward Lonnie for a fist bump of fist to gauntlet.  
  
"Nice to meet you Sir. I'm Todd." Lonnie seemed impressed bumping fists. In passing him Lonnie looks now toward his daughter's reaction. noting large amounts of material in her hand his eyes bulge. The merest of thoughts led to a mental, "Oh shit!"  
  
"Thank thee Fair Paige." Todd receives his handkerchief of sorts. Ignoring Megan the waitress who had returned who was holding out her own...thong. Todd smirks and claims it only to toss it over his back. The Knight behind him captured it and held it to his nose. Having a fit knowing the other Knight was a weaselly nerd named Edgar, she stomped her foot. Paige after handing Edgar his own tuft of her dress passes one toward Megan.  
  
"Blow your nose?" She mumbles shyly.  
  
"Fuck you..." She wanted to call Paige a bitch but her job might be on the line. It was then that Megan faked spilling her new drink all over Paige's front. As the material grew moist over her tits, flesh became visible. Nipples spiking high for other Knights to see. Refusing to cover up Paige continues removing and passing tufts to the remainder of the twenty Knights. Awestruck Megan looks out toward Todd who pointed at her threateningly. Tantrum ensuing, Megan took her leave.  
  
"Dress is getting a little thin there." Lonnie scowled toward his kid.  
  
Paige sulks taking her seat. "I hope we don't get kicked out."  
  
Once seated Lonnie drops his napkin in favor of looking under the table. Sure enough, bare pussy with a thin arrow of fire pointing down at it. Her legs wide knowing he was checking her out. Eyes closed as he rises up Lonnie groans, "Are you crazy?"  
  
"Maybe." She shrugs with her left cheek on her shoulder. Mesmerizing she was.  
  
Finding a new fleshy tone across her left boob revealing her entire nipple he tosses his napkin at her. She uses it to dab at her tit. Hopeless at the moment she merely folded her arms over her chest.  
  
"How are you planning on walking out of her with your puss out in plain view?"  
  
"I just need to make it to the restroom. I can change back into my micro mini skirt."  
  
"Wow! And, I was hoping to get a picture of you with Sir...Sire Todd."  
  
"Good idea." She dances her shoulders from side to side.  
  
Food coming to their table, a platter was sat in front of each of them. The waitress Megan no longer in the picture, a new waiter delivered their meal. This waiter dressed as a gaudy looking Jester. One that took immediate interest in Paige. Leaning next to her she giggles, reaching her fingers up to jingle tiny bells attached to his Jester cap. The guy laughed at her then gazed down at her cleavage. She had uncovered her damp breast giving him a peek. Eyes bulging wide he was tempted to flick her own tiny little bell. More of a door bell but still.  
  
"Oh my!" He huffs turning blood red in the face.  
  
"Sowwy! I didn't mean to startle you."  
  
Trembling heavily the Jester drops a pouch to the stone floor. Kneeling to pick it up Paige twists in her seat devilishly. The Jester saw her pussy in better light and nearly faints. Forced to look up as Megan returns, Paige swiftly covers her lap.  
  
"Get up Niles. Stop being an oaf." Megan huffed playing the part of the era.  
  
"Sorry Milady." Jester Niles bows before Paige with a wink. Paige blew him a kiss then slyly flips off Megan. Niles spotting her sneakiness nodded with a left sided smirk. A flower emerges from Nile's pocket like a Magician and hands it to Paige. Shyly sniffing the unreal rose Paige bats her eyes at him. The lad's legs nearly buckled out from under him as she chose to caress the rose along her leg, over her tufts of dress before laying sweet red petals along her pink little pussy. She blushed along with him, even if it was conceived by lust.  
  
Lonnie noted her reaction thus rolling his eyes. "Great! Now she flirts with the Court Jester. What's next? King's bed chamber?" Nodding he knew that could be a possibility. He chose then to take pictures of the Knights and send one to the new lady in his life Deborah Johnson. Lonnie didn't want to think any further on his daughter's devious mind.  
  
"Are you done flirting with Todd's date?" Megan snaps at Niles. Instantly the boy panics. The merest mention of Todd Faulkner's name made the Jester cringe. Megan loved how guys feared the man. Megan found that quality very sexy. It was at that moment another trumpet sounded. A speaker dictating that War had come to the castle. It sure had.  
  
The crowd roars to life as a barbarian horde enters the arena. Knights leaping from their horses move into foot formation to safeguard the royal family upon their parapet. It looked so very real. Well rehearsed indeed. Even the horses gathered away from battle by lowly Squires were plausible.  
  
"Look Daddy. Todd's going to fight." Paige jumps up clapping. Megan fumed at her baby like attitude. It consumed her that Todd could want such a girl. As her Manager eyes her from afar Megan went about her duties. For the moment. She would return.  
  
Lonnie took more pictures as the true battle waged. Swords clashing, shields banging in defense. It was pretty cool he thought. Discovering his turkey leg he set aside his cell in favor of a feast. It wasn't before long that Todd and his combatant had made their way across the field to impress the girls. Reaching the dining perimeter his fight became improvised. He pelted the opposition vigorously. The resistor finding it hard to stay on his feet. With a last ditch effort he hurls himself into Todd and the two collide just below Paige. Leaning over the stone rail Lonnie heard something that made his heart chill.  
  
"KICK HIS ASS TODD!"  
  
"Settle down over there." Lon observed her clenched fists. Leaning over she even swung her rose at the opposing Knight, as if that would be of any assist. Her tits very nearly escaped their loosely disguised cleavage. Guiding the battle back toward the arena Todd waves at Paige with an armored kiss farewell. He was so gallant. Lon merely smirked and took another bite of Turkey. This was going well.  
  
For the next ten minutes a battle worthy of the times subsided at a round of dueling horns from both sides. A truce was called and further competitions were arranged. A jousting match is called upon to define the winner.  
  
"Yeah, this really happened." Lonnie grunts coughing into his hand.  
  
"Eat your dinner." Paige winces coldly.  
  
"I remember telling you that like ten thousand times over the years. You still won't eat broccoli."  
  
"Ewww! Green stuff."  
  
"You eat salads."  
  
"But, I like that green stuff."  
  
"Smothered in God knows what."  
  
"Ranch dressing. It reminds me of your..."  
  
"Don't you say it." He boasts his turkey bone defensively.  
  
"COME on..." She sticks her tongue out at him.  
  
"I did that on the bus ride here."  
  
"Now I just need a salad." She giggles returning to Todd on the field. "There's Todd. He's getting ready to joust one of the other meanies."  
  
"That's a really big Lance."  
  
"That's what Guinevere said." She bubbles with giddiness.  
  
"Oh my God!"  
  
"She probably said that too."  
  
"You're killing me Punk."  
  
"I know. Now for some real killing." She rubs her palms together viciously.  
  
"Calm the blood thirsty attitude Hanibelle Lecter."  
  
"You know what I mean Daddy. Now you be quiet." A droll expression sent his way.  
  
"Zipping it! Silent as a Lamb." His brows peak with a sense of worry.  
  
On the field Todd upon his steed circled about with his javelin poised high. A ride around the lot drew cheers of support. Trotting up to Paige, Todd lifts his visor to greet her.  
  
"Having fun Milady?"  
  
"YESSSSSSSSSSS!" She bounces up and down. In her enthusiasm she pulls her cleavage down to show him her tits. It was brief but encouraging. With a chuckle Todd rears his horse up on its hind legs for a resounding whiney.  
  
"I shalt win this competition for Thee."  
  
All around Paige girls were holding their hearts at this charming Rogue. Including a certain Waitress. One of many waitresses if the truth be known. Megan Trudeau fumed at her ex-boyfriend's attentiveness in swaying the naïve little redhead. She knew him too well. Todd Faulkner was a cad to be sure. A very charming cad at that. Of many a damsel had he swooned. Aggravated Megan moves in beside Paige to grimly whisper.  
  
"He's really not that good in bed."  
  
Paige fidgets before scowling toward her own adversary. "You must be a spy for the other side."  
  
"What?" Megan winced in shock. "Yeah, that's me. I work for the French." She was born in Canada if that counted. "Where did you meet Todd?"  
  
"He found me on Tender. We were very compatible." Paige huffs with a dedicated nod.  
  
"Everyone on Tender is compatible." A frown with rolled eyes intends to dissuade the redhead. "He found me on Tender too. Of course I already worked here with him. He and I dated for a year. His dick isn't even that big." She measures an estimated with her hands.  
  
"LIAR!" Paige raises her voice then giggles, "It's this big." Another few inches added to Megan's estimate was made known for neighboring tables to view. The waitress turned red at being put on the spot. Lonnie nearly spit out his mouthful of food.  
  
"As nerdy as you are, maybe you should date the Jester."  
  
"If he asks me out I might."  
  
"So you're not dating Todd?"  
  
"Today I am. I'm a free damsel."  
  
"What's with the tablecloth dress? Steal your Grandmother's curtains?"  
  
"I made this especially for Sire Todd."  
  
"Sire?"  
  
"For today Todd is my lord and Master." She proudly lifts her chin.  
  
"Right! He won't call you after today. Mark my words."  
  
"That would be his loss then."  
  
"He might lose his jousting match." Megan points slyly. "Last month his horse threw him off before the lances even impacted."  
  
"Awww! You kiss his booboo's all better?"  
  
"Every single one. It took hours."  
  
"I have all night." Paige sticks her tongue out at Megan. Together they watch the duel come to pass. Todd the victor raises his arms in triumph as the fallen is assisted in getting up. Yet, another ride around the arena found applause gratifying. Circling toward Paige Todd notices Megan talking to her. Reaching the two Todd speaks with his visor down this time to mask his emotions.  
  
"I hope that I have honored you Milady." He lifts Paige's tuft of dress.  
  
"HERE!" Megan bends behind Paige without warning and tears off another seven loosely threaded pieces of her skirt. Tossing the cloth over the wall at Todd, the Waitress storms off with, "HAVE SOME MORE!" Paige instantly felt a breeze. Her entire bare ass was in plain view. Men were drooling. Women felt sorry for Paige having seen Megan's cruelty. Mother's scurrying their children out of her sight lines before ever seeing skin. Lonnie jumped to his feet and became a human shield behind his daughter. Sad that he was getting a hard on in the process.

Sir Todd climbs down from his horse and nudges it aside. Struggling in his confining armor he procures the tufts of cloth and raises them up for Paige to receive. In bending over to obtain them her ass presses against Lonnie's erection. For once the Father stood red in the face. Bad enough Paige wiggled her ass over his tent. Evil little bitch.  
  
"You should probably go patch yourself up before they ask you to leave. I'll deal with Megan." Todd informs finally lifting his visor.  
  
"NOOOOOOO! I want to stay here with you Sire" She pleads. Ego emerging he nodded. He had her just where he wanted her.  
  
"I got this." Lonnie waves down at Todd. Opting to rejoin his ranks Todd told his fellow Knights of his adventure. They would keep an eye out for Megan. As well as Paige. Especially her bare bottom.  
  
The Manager now aware of Megan's treachery swoops in with a tablecloth. In her hurry that was the first thing she could think of to mask the poor girl from gawking patrons.  
  
"I'm soooo sorry. You must be mortified." The manager emoted.  
  
"I'm fine. Wasn't Sir Todd awesome?"  
  
"He sure was Sweetie." A closer look the manager stressed over the girls age. This could be far worse if...  
  
"She's eighteen. Don't panic." Lon informs Donna Calhoun, the manager. A sigh of relief led to a huff in cheeks.  
  
"Would you like to leave Sweetie? I can offer you a free admission for another day."  
  
"NOOOOOO!" Paige pouts. "I'm not leaving."  
  
"She has..."  
  
"Nothing else to wear. All I have is this dress." Paige beats her Father to his revelation of her change in clothing.  
  
"Right! We should have considered a change of clothing. Hurry to get here earlier." Lonnie alters his course. "Table cloth it is."  
  
"NOOOO!" Again Paige stomps her shoe on the concrete.  
  
"We can't allow you to stay dressed as you are Sweetie." Donna frowns with a sympathetic expression.  
  
"Needle and thread anywhere?" Lonnie enquires.  
  
"Actually, Yes we do. Our wardrobe department can fix her dress before our second show. If you would follow me?"  
  
"You stay here Daddy. I'm a big girl now."  
  
Lonnie felt nauseous at the thought of her abandonment. What was she thinking? As she hugs her Father goodbye he feels her hand pinch his erection beneath the draping tablecloth. Yep! Up to no good.  
  
As Donna escorted her through the crowd Paige spots men winking at her, tongues wagging to which she returns their favors. So much fun. Donna had no clue. Taking Paige below the dining area they travel a hallway that leads to a costume department. It was directly next to the Men's changing room. Seeing signs of designation Paige bit her lower lip with enthusiasm.  
  
"Right through here Sweetheart. I'll have out Tailor Tristen fix you right up." Guiding her inside Donna locates the portly elder man who reminded her of Danny DeVito smoking where he shouldn't be. Scolding him Tristin steps on his cigarette putting it out. Hearing of Paige's dilemma he motions her to step behind a fancy room divider to undress. Eying the torn away tufts that Paige had set on a table he grimaces at Donna. Hands in the air defeated Donna expels. "I'll be back to get you Sweetie. I'm going to find Miss Trudeau and remove her from the premises."  
  
"Nooo!' As she often whines Paige leans around the divider showing off her bare shoulder as she hands the dress toward Tristen. "Please don't fire her. She was just jealous of me and Sir Todd." She knew it should have been Sir Todd and I. She just enjoyed playing naïve.  
  
"I'll talk with her. If she can apologize to you I won't fire her. Deal?"  
  
"Deal!" Paige fidgets slightly, "It's really nipply in here."  
  
"I'll get you a robe." Tristen waves Donna out. He then snatches up a silky robe for her from a hanger of women's attire. Smirking he grabs the shortest robe he could find, one without a sash. Of course, at 5'1 and a half, the hem still drooped low on Paige. Just his luck. Dirty old man.  
  
Stepping from behind the divider Paige shuffled over to Tristen who set about examining her dress. Grumbling at her sewing technique the jolly short man frowns.  
  
"Not much of a dress here."  
  
"I designed it to look like a bunch of handkerchiefs. I wanted to be the ultimate Damsel."  
  
"That you are." He winks at her as her cleavage splits at the top of her robe due to her decision to sway her arms nervously. Catching herself she feigns a blush stopping the robe from a full frontal exposure.  
  
"Nakie under here." She tilts her gaze shyly.  
  
"I hadn't noticed. Quite daring you are."  
  
"Very daring." She dances up and down on her toes. Her shoes kicked aside behind the divider. "I like teasing Sir Todd."  
  
"I'm quite sure he appreciates it my Dear. This stitching might take some time. You can take a seat over there behind me if you like."  
  
"Okay." She softly exhales. Dancing away Tristen looks over his shoulder. In the silky fabric of the robe every curve she owned was transparent. Teeth gnashed the man found his penis long overdue of activity. It had been awhile.  
  
Positioning a small circular mirror for spying behind him he began threading tufts to the back of her dress. It wouldn't be long before he realized the front was missing too much as well. Unaccounted for he would get even harder.  
  
Bored by waiting Paige notices a curtain ruffle a bit, a barely audible jingle caught her ear. Eyes wide she lifts her glasses at the bridge and smiles. Hiding behind the curtain stood a certain Jester. Niles reminded her of Mister Frank's nephew Robin. Sneaky but cute. Acknowledging him with a flutter of her fingers she fans her robe open playfully. Showing off one tit then the other. The curtain ruffles as she sees the Jester's pants fall to curled shoes. She fought laughter. Nibbling her lower lip Paige eyes Tristen, realizing he had a mirror poised at her. Her hormones went crazy then. Both of them were spying on her. She would play naïve, something she was quite fond of. Propping her right leg over the recliner arm she opens her robe for a full exposure. Perfectly angled to let both men enjoy themselves. Teasing Niles with a lifted breast she licks her nipple. Fingers rubbing at her clit.  
  
"FUCK!" Tristen stabs his finger with a needle. She quickly straightens up her robe in case he turned around. She knew she had been the cause of his wound. Let him believe she had no idea he was a peeping tom thumb. As he sucked his finger of blood he dried his finger on his slacks. Returning to his sewing she grew bolder. That robe was coming off. Laying there she taunts Jester Niles further, prying her pussy lips wide to offer a juicy tunnel of lust. Seeing the curtain dance she was pretty sure he was jerking off. A vivid smile she blew him a kiss. In touching herself she eyed Tristen with an evil grin.  
  
Fingers enter her pussy for a steady entrance, exit, entrance, departure. The Oldman faked his sewing just to watch her finger herself. He dearly wanted to jerk off himself. It wasn't often, okay never that a sweet young girl masturbated in front of him. Behind him even.  
  
A round of trumpets sounded forcing Tristen to lift his gaze.  
  
"First show is over. The actors will be coming down to shower." The Tailor sighs.  
  
"Right next door?" Paige softly asks, not bothering to cover herself this time. Fingers still frolicking within.  
  
"Yep! Nobody should bother us. Maybe I'll lock the door just in case." He takes the short stroll without looking at her. Locking up one door he begins to head behind the curtains for the secondary door. This one leading directly into the locker room showers. The door that Niles had snuck in through.  
  
"Mister Tristen?" She halts him. Deciding to turn he found her standing right behind him, her robe closed. "Can we leave that door unlocked?" He discovered her lustful gaze could make an old man stupid.  
  
"Sure!"  
  
"And, open wide?" She holds a beguiling chin to her left shoulder.  
  
"If you wish."  
  
Swallowing harshly he opens the door and kicks a chock under it for support. Returning to his alterations he watches her curiosity grow. Nibbling a fingernail she lets her robe filter open. Growling at the tightness in his underwear Tristen dedicates his mind to finishing the job at hand. Niles the Jester following suit, his palms delightfully destroying his seven inch pecker. Paige had now taken a walk toward him seductively, still nibbling her nail. Reaching his concealed area she looks around to see him jacking off feverishly. Nerves killing him. With a whisper she shatters his fears.  
  
"I think the Jester wants to fuck me."  
  
Nodding without waver Niles agreed. Haunted by her flirtations he stroked like a mad man. His tiny bells jingling made Niles grit his teeth. By now Tristen knew something was up. He ignored it in hopes to see more of this luscious little redhead.  
  
During his brewing nut Niles hesitated, hearing the Knights returning from battle and shedding armor. Boasting of swordsmanship she hears Todd and dances in step. Leaving Niles with a kiss to his crown out of excitability she hides behind the choked door to witness the men stripping down. There was Sir Todd in all of his magnificence. The man was built like a linebacker. Paige played with her pussy behind the door. Niles jerked. Tristen pricked his finger a second time. GOOD GOD ALMIGHTY!  
  
Inspiration prompts Paige to remove her robe and bundle it for a toss. Awaiting Todd to pass by nude toward the showers she throws it at his feet. Nearly stepping on it Todd kneels to pick it up. Eying the door he sees Paige between the hinges, waving at him with damp fingers. Eyes wide, Todd stands up and faces her, stroking his cock smugly. Seeing him, other disrobed Knights tease him until they see Paige. A gathering of testosterone leads to Todd curling a finger to call her in. The Knights verbally expelling their disbelief.  
  
"Hi." She stands shyly in the doorway. "Is this where the damsels are distressed?"  
  
"Kneel." Todd points at his feet boldly.  
  
"Yes Sire." She shuffles forth with her hands held behind her back until she drops carefully to her knees, looking up at him with puppy dog eyes.  
  
"Holy Fuck Faulkner. Who's this?" A Knight gets the jitters.  
  
"Servant girl. We all need a little service don't we? After a long grueling war."  
  
Before they could huff any approvals or declaration of stupid moves, the hear a loud snarl. Within the fitting room Niles had shot his load. Three Knights took it upon themselves to investigate. Discovering Niles they roughly escort him into the locker room, pants dragging beneath him.  
  
"That was the Jester." She softly admits.  
  
"Nerdy Niles." One guy goads him. "Jack off in a box?" He looks to other Knights. Gruffly they pick him up and toss him in a dirty towel bin. Paige felt badly for him until Niles jumped up quickly removing towels with a disgusted expression. She had to giggle. Masking her mouth she apologizes silently for Niles to witness.  
  
"Gallant Knights? Hear me! This fair maiden I hath found from a far off kingdom known as Tender. She has heard my call to bear...charms. Bare everything else." The door to the costume department shuts behind them. Tristen wanted no part in this going forth. That and he needed privacy to jerk off on his own.  
  
Laughter filled the room as Todd wags his eight inch stallion in front of Paige's yearning gaze.  
  
"Tell yon Knights of the Table Round what you want of them."  
  
"I want what Sire Todd wants." She expresses shyly teasing her nipples.  
  
"What do you want Bro?" A Knight invades his space.  
  
"Twenty handkerchiefs were offered to us, were they not?"  
  
A congregation of "Yeah!" echoed briefly.  
  
"A promise kept. Is that not correct Milady?"  
  
"I want a 21 lance salute." She yelps proudly. The chosen reaction. "WHOA!"  
  
"Round the table Noblemen." Todd motions as five men circle Paige encouraging their towels from their waists to reveal their weapons of choice. Paige brightened her eyes at six poised yet very dull swords. Each closing in on her head. Hands went to work stroking two men to her sides. Todd nurturing his cock toward her mouth to be greedily accepted. For the next ten minutes she went from cock to cock sucking and jerking them off. As they shoot loads more men replace them. Nearing time for their second show an echoed countdown was overheard via loud speaker. Todd was far from done. She still had dicks to suck, Paige not remotely tiring of her admirable efforts. She was as bubbly as ever.  
  
Hearing a knock on the side door they hear their Manager Donna Calhoun speak out. "What's going on in there?"  
  
"Just getting dressed Queen Donna." Todd chuckles. "Might need some help if you wanna volunteer." On the other side of the door Donna Calhoun even in her mid 40's found her hormones escalated by testosterone. If she could she would. Cougar that she was. Not today, she had a missing customer without a dress. FUCK IT!  
  
Hearing the door unlock from the other side Todd bulged his eyes, swiftly helping Paige to her feet. Passing her down the line she gets tossed in with the prisoner Niles, still captive in the dungeon of towels. Landing on Niles Paige smiles at him. Her hand immediately went down the front of his pants. The poor boy was getting in the last laugh.  
  
Costumed Knights move in formation to block their nudist Brotherhood, those already serviced and showered. Entering Donna looks about, knowing this was not her brightest move. Sexual harassment in the workplace was a demon in heat. Seeing only bare butts behind the blockade she scowls.  
  
"Anyone here seen...of course not."  
  
"One of these?" Todd moves between his partners to show off his cock. Donna lowers her gaze then fans herself.  
  
"NO! NOT ONE OF THOSE! FOR GOD'S SAKE TODD."  
  
"You barged in on us Chief. To arms Brothers." The Knights part ways letting Donna see ten rock hard cocks. She nearly fainted. Covering her eyes she retires slamming the door behind her. It was then Donna heard Tristen snarl. Rolling her eyes she shook off her dilemma and headed back upstairs.  
  
In passing a certain Waitress who had been hiding sneaks behind her and enters the Costume Department door. Catching a glimpse of Tristen zipping up she winces, "Ewww!" From there she barges right into the locker room.  
  
"Todd? We need to talk."  
  
Megan is yanked inside by Todd as the door slams behind her, eyes wide as he kisses her hard on the lips. Shocked she cups his cheeks and devours him. She had missed her Knight. As he rubbed her back she felt the zipper of her dress lower, revealing her bare back. In her enjoyment of his lust she withdrew into her own private ecstasy. Her dress tugged down over revealed 36C's led further down to her hips. She was felt up instantly and whimpered into his mouth her pleasure. Quietly, most of the Knights escaped the locker room giving their Leader time to himself. She knew they were there, then gone. It was then that he encouraged Megan's uniform to the floor. In only her slippers she jumps up into his mighty arms and clings to him. He carries the brunette beauty further into the locker room and guides her on to a bench. Not the most comfy of beds but she stretched back to gaze up at her Sir. Todd stroking his beast to life poised a finger for her to wait. With a sly wink he goes to his locker and brings out a blindfold. Teasing her by dangling it over her nose she giggles. She used to play these games when they were a couple. She lifts up allowing him to blind her, tying it behind her head.  
  
"I've missed you Megan." He whispers.  
  
She shivers as he stands up, "I love you Todd."  
  
In her emotional retreat Todd looks over at the towel bin spots Paige and a grinning Niles peeking up over it. Todd quickly lifts Paige out standing her on the floor without a sound.  
  
"Todd?" Megan stirs.  
  
"Sit tight. Looking in my locker for something."  
  
"Okay!" The brunette smiles and teases her clit.  
  
Niles carefully climbs out as Todd snatches him up by his shirt. The hat's bells faintly jingling. Gritting their teeth at the unexpected noise Niles and Paige duck behind lockers. Todd swiping the Jester hat just as Megan lifts her blindfold. Acting disappointed Todd scowls.  
  
"Don't ruin the moment."  
  
"You're going to make love to me wearing a Jester's hat?"  
  
"Shits and wiggles." He winks.  
  
"Fine! Get over here Kind Sir." The blindfold lowers. The second she can't see Todd snatches Niles up and whispers into his ear. The Jester brightened up and hesitantly disrobed in front of Todd. Encouraged in wearing only the hat Niles admired the gorgeous Megan. She had always been his young Anne Hathaway. Kneeling in front of Megan he began eating her pussy. Todd wanted to laugh but his attention swiftly went toward Paige at his hip. Motioning for her to follow him he took her into a secondary locker room. Lifting her off her feet he primed his cock into her pink little pussy.  
  
"I've wanted you since the day I watched your video on Tender." He whispered.  
  
"I've wanted you since the day you messaged me. Fuck me Sire." She nibbles her lower lip with a yearning expression. That he did. He had to muffle her moans with the first piece of cloth he could find. Realizing what it was that he stuffed into her mouth he nearly died. It was Megan's thong that she had tossed at him in the arena. The taste in Paige's mouth seemed pleasurable regardless. He fucked her hard. In his carrying of her 100 pound body they nearly knock over a rack of shields stored there.  
  
From the other room they hear Megan howling at the wolf's feasting. Niles was obviously talented. They could still hear the tiny bells jingling. Megan had a screaming orgasm never knowing it was Niles. Not even when Niles pulled her up and held her by the hips as he fucked her doggy style. She was too naïve to notice his dicks curvature was different than Todd's. Girth similar helped. Niles was relentless.  
  
Whimpering as her eyes rolled back, Paige Turner was ready for an orgasm of her own. Todd's hand clamped over hers and pinching her nose she squeals and trembles like a leaf. Her pussy clenching around his mighty steed for every lasting sensation. He knew he needed to pull out before he lost control. Forcing her to uncurl her legs about his waist he silently brought her to her knees. With a maddening ejaculation he storms her face with catapults of cum droplets. He made a mess of her for a second time today.  
  
Calming her as he hears Megan have a second screaming orgasm they tiptoe into the other locker room as Niles prepares to fire off his own arrows of lust. Motioning Paige to the side door found open suddenly, Todd creeps behind Niles giving him a giddy thumbs up of respect. Motioning him to finish quietly he allows the Jester to cum on Megan's tanned little ass. Todd growling out loud for Niles for effect made Megan coo. The second Niles finished peppering her anal cavity Todd snatches off his hat and pushes him away.  
  
Joining Paige in the doorway the two scurry out. Once outside the locker room, Niles leers at Paige with her mouth still full. Pinching a dangled string on the thong he removes it with an expression of awe. Her eyes bulged too. Niles uses it to wipe Todd's cum from her face. Giggling they hurry out to find Tristen holding up her new dress. He had added tufts everywhere in his alone time. She got dressed and admired herself in the mirror. A burst of enthusiasm she gives the Tailor a hug. A pinch to his still bulging erection made him sigh.  
  
"Thank you." She makes the portly man melt.  
  
Dressed now both Paige and her Jester leave the Costume Department, leaving Tristen Megan's soiled thong. Poor guy sniffed it not knowing of Todd's jizz. Niles asked her out on a date. Of course she said yes. After graduation of course.  
  
Five minutes earlier, back inside the locker room Todd Faulkner removed Megan's blindfold and let her turn around to feed on his cocks leftovers, knowing damned well she was going to taste Paige Turner all over him. The bitch was just plain dumb. She loved it. He was one smug Knight. Luckily, he didn't get fired for not showing up for the second performance. Donna the manager knew that after waltzing into the armory that she had no say anymore. Todd was the SIR. He might let the other Knights fuck Megan just like Niles had. Faulkner was just that evil. He would text Paige later. Of course, she wanted more. The redhead was insatiable.

Returning to her table upstairs Paige found her Father kicked back, arms folded. People were leaving in masses.  
  
"You done finally?"  
  
"Best one knight stand...ever." She giggles.  
  
"Uh huh! I saw you kissing the Jester."  
  
"He makes me laugh."  
  
"That's his job."  
  
"Nice patchwork job." He stands to examine her dress. "At least you aren't walking out of here with your ass showing."  
  
"I can lift my skirt." She teases him with a brief moon.  
  
"We have free passes for another time." He waves coupons in front of her.  
  
"I've had enough for one knight." She winks.  
  
"Other knights."  
  
"Oh yeah! Okay, we can come back."  
  
"It is called CAME ALOT isn't it?"  
  
"You're so goofy Daddy."  
  
"Let's go home Gwenarear."  
  
"It's Guinev--ohhh, I get it. Daddy likes my ass. Daddy likes my ass." She wiggles mooning him a second time, a slap on her bottom ends her chant with a gleeful squeal. Rubbing his chin as he follows her out he nodded in agreement.  
  
Yes he did. No joke.  
  
Even as they passed the Jester.

**Paige Ch. 23: PAPARAZZI**

"Wake your ass up."  
  
Lonnie Turner crept into his daughter's bedroom as she lay nude atop her covers, her rose colored pedestal fan blowing over her succulent body. It had turned out to be a warm night last evening. A hard swat on the ass, she yelps jumping into a defensive roll, feet poised to kick at him.  
  
"DON'T DO THAT." She stares up at him fearfully. "That was mean."  
  
"Damn! The only time you don't sound like a little girl is when you get woke up like that. Got a surprise for you. Haul your ass out of that bed and get pretty. Prettier...you know what I mean."  
  
"It's Sunday. I want to sleep in."  
  
"Alright then. I'll just call Micky back and tell him we're not coming to see him. So much for Senior pictures."  
  
"WHAT? I GET TO POSE FOR GRAMPA MICKY?" She leaps from her bed dancing about her room as if not knowing what to wear. Panic mode was highly entertaining. Just watching her titties bobbing about made his morning. She must have been dreaming of someone due to her nipples in full bloom. He loved the floral arrangement.  
  
"Grampa? Since when is that guy your Grampa?"  
  
"Since he rescued me at the mall from creepy Mark."  
  
"Your Mother's Mark?"  
  
"Uh huh!" She frets, "I didn't tell you everything about the day Mom took me shopping for a new dress. Mark was being mean to me. I mean MEAN. M-E-A-N!" She giggles faintly under duress adding, "MEN and MAN are both in Mean. Awesome."  
  
"Howso?"  
  
"Nothing." She sulks, "Bossing me around is all." She didn't want to tell her Dad that her future Stepfather wanted to perform freakish bondage on her. She had no intention of that happening unless she had no other choice. Mark was scum in her eyes. He threatened to do all sorts of things to prevent her from Graduating. She really hoped to just avoid him.  
  
"I'll have a talk with him later when we stop by for your cap and gown fitting."  
  
"No Daddy. Just let it go. I can handle Mark."  
  
"We've been through this. The guys a Skinhead. There's no reasoning with a freak like him." The thought then occurred to him just how much grief the guy could give him over dating Deborah Johnson, her being of color. He didn't really give a rats ass what he thought but if that N word slipped he was going to wage war on Mark Rapier.  
  
"Please Daddy? Don't make a scene before Graduation. I want everything to go smoothly."  
  
"You have seven days until you hold that diploma. I think you should behave all around. No more crazy dates until after the big day. Promise?"  
  
"Okay." She meant it until she had to break her promise. That was obviously going to happen. Brett Chenowyth and the guys at school would see to that. Possibly Mark. "Can I bring those furs you bought me and pose in them?"  
  
"Sure. Micky's a decent guy. I'll let you have fun. Behaving starts after today."  
  
"Can I pose nakie?"  
  
"He lives out in the country. I guess that's alright."  
  
"Yay!" She claps softly. "I need to shower again. I can still feel the cum on me from yesterday."  
  
"You took two showers last night."  
  
"And douched. My clittycat smells like springtime." She beams her pearly whites.  
  
"Did I need to hear that?"  
  
"Yes. You might want to eat me out later." Sheepishly spoken with a hopeful grin.  
  
"Good point." He chuckles. 'Get beautiful. I say we leave your glasses out of the Senior pics. No pigtails, no ponytails. Hair long, red, and sexy. It's time you looked like a real Senior not a Freshman."  
  
"I can do that. I wish Todd would have loaned me a sword so I could pose like Sansa or Red Sonja. I could send Dillon pics of what I might look like for Comic Con. Even if I am going as Black Widow now."  
  
"Right! Nerd comic guy. I'll figure out a sword. Red Sonja? Man I haven't seen that movie in years."  
  
"The comic book version is the only Red Sonja Daddy. Here!" She swiftly Googles Red Sonja showing off the warrior's chainmail bikini. "Cool huh?"  
  
"That is indeed. I'm shocked Conan didn't tap that ass."  
  
"She would have killed him for taking her virginity."  
  
"She's a virgin? Come on that chick got raped ten times a day wearing that get up."  
  
"Help me figure out a metal bikini while I shower."  
  
"Aluminum foil and chewing gum."  
  
"Seriously?"  
  
"Quick and easy."  
  
"Noooo!"  
  
"GO ALREADY." He points toward her bathroom. She bounced away with a glorious butt cheek dance recital, pinning her silky red locks up into a tail, complimented with a shower cap, before getting soapy. As the water cascaded over her curves Lonnie slapped his face twice to break his trance before taking his leave of watching her. Paige pointing away from her with a grim glint in her eye helped in that decision.  
  
Stepping out to the garage he took a lengthy look around for costume ideas. Not much would satisfy her needy imagination. Then it dawned on him where he might get a sword. It had been ages since talking about any of it with him, but their neighbor Gerry Benson, a war aficionado, collected weapons of all types. . Whether he had a broadsword remained to be seen. Lonnie's luck she would have to pose with a butter knife. Making a quick call to Gerry he found her weapon of choice. He had actually picked up a Conan the movie replica sword from a flea market a few years back. Asking him on ideas for the bikini he offered up a section of chainmail. The guy had it all covered. Who knew? Good thing she had no clue of Gerry's hobbies or yesterday he might have had to carry an arsenal into Medieval Times. Most likely they wouldn't have got the armaments through the door. Of course, Todd of the Round Table might have found a way.  
  
Heading next door to gather up her arsenal Lonnie discovered just how invested Gerry Benson was. He had an entire basement full of antiquities, included a large oak table with a Civil War battle being waged by tiny hand painted armies. A second table with a Dungeons & Dragons motif caught his eye.  
  
"I thought I knew you Gerry. This is certainly some mancave."  
  
"I'm proud of it. Took me years. Thank goodness Wanita had no interest in these toys. When she divorced me I figured I'd lose it all. Greedy witch."  
  
"Yeah she was always pretty bossy."  
  
"Her new man saved my ass. Phil has money and luckily different hobbies. Country club kinda guy. Golf clubs over swords. Bet my nine irons can take his nine iron." Gerry chuckled.  
  
"Swords look huge up there on the wall. I'm not even sure my kid can lift any of them." Lon takes a better look with both hands in his pockets. Gerry moving beside him points at the Conan special.  
  
"That swords probably taller than she is."  
  
"Would make for a funny pic though." Lon mused.  
  
"So you're letting little Missy model for some guy you barely know?"  
  
"Micky's a decent guy. Mid to late 50's. He has a photography gig out at the mall part time. Must be doing well for himself, supposedly he owns a big piece of countryside outside the city. Mostly going for the free graduation pics. I figure let her have some fun."  
  
"Fun seems to be running rampant. Pics too. Couple nights back I ran off some school boys taking pics of your kid getting screwed by the Gargantuan Brothers. Front yard no less."  
  
"I heard. Too drunk to complain. How long were those boys out there?"  
  
"Long enough. Used my shrubs to hide behind. All I know is they got footage Lon."  
  
Scowling Lon rolls his eyes, "Great! More blackmail pics."  
  
"Don't get offended Buddy, but you started this."  
  
"I know. Trust me the guilt is welling up."  
  
"HOLY CRAP!" Gerry's face went white. "You said that Photographer's name was Micky?"  
  
"Yep." Lon grew curious as to where this was going.  
  
"Hang on a minute." Gerry stepped away into an adjoining room which was a memorabilia library of sorts. Returning with a photo album he flips through page after page until he locates what he was searching for. "There it is. Is this Micky?"  
  
Following his finger Lonnie peaks an eye brow, "You know him?"  
  
"Not really. I know of him. He used to be a Paparazzi out in Cali back in the 90's. Celebrity stuff. Took pics of Angie and Brad. Baywatch babes. Anyone who sold rags paid him good."  
  
"National Enquirer kind of rag?"  
  
"That's right. He got the pics everybody wanted. Made a small fortune I hear, then moved back here to Chicagoland. I'm not saying he's a bad guy, but he did take risks that probably should have got his ass tossed in jail."  
  
"How do you even know about this guy?"  
  
Gerry shrugs, "Come on, I'm a nerd. This guy also spent some time working for Hustler. If you get the idea."  
  
"So he knew Larry Flynt?"  
  
"Yep. You might wanna get the negatives if he's shooting Paige porn."  
  
"Huh!" Lonnie puckers, "My kid the next Hustler Honey."  
  
"Surely you don't want that for her...do you?"  
  
"She's already on her way. Probably has enough pics out there to start her own magazine."  
  
"Don't give her any ideas."  
  
"Hey! I'm her manager." Lon winks.  
  
"Wonderful. I just put ideas in your head instead."  
  
"Thanks Buddy. I'm thinking she should make a calendar for next year. I'll get you an autographed copy."  
  
"Fuck it! I'm a supporter."  
  
"Good man. So, Conan leg shaver, chainmail, dagger over there?" Lon points out his choices.  
  
"Shield?"  
  
"Sure. That round one with a crest in the middle. How about that spiked ball on a chain?"  
  
"Please don't let Paige swing this thing? We don't need her in the ER today."  
  
"Right. She would too. Skip that."  
  
"You can borrow anything here, just be careful for safety reasons. Not just Paige or one of us. My babies here not coming home scratched or broken would be appreciated. I love my armory."  
  
"Guard it like it's my own Buddy." He holds the shield in a battle stance jokingly. Gerry laughed yet almost regretted his decision to allow them out of his home.  
  
"Mind if I tag along?" Gerry scratched the back of his neck reluctant to ask.  
  
Straightening up Lonnie pondered his request. "I planned on stopping by Paula's right after the photo shoot. Paige needs to try on her cap and gown. Besides that I need to have a talk with her man Mark."  
  
"Ah! I understand. Just bored on weekends."  
  
"Out of the way coming back here between Glen Forest and Skokie. Long day."  
  
"No problem."  
  
"Unless you want to follow us to Micky's. Maybe he'll sign your photo album." This made Gerry pep up.  
  
"Great idea. We can pack up whatever you want from down here in my SUV."  
  
"Let's get to packing then." Lon pats his neighbor on the shoulder. Gerry was in a much better mood knowing his possessions were one step closer to home. They packed up way more than they probably needed. Gerry even broke into his Hustler collection to find photos shot by Micky. Busy morning indeed.  
  
Over the next hour Lonnie finally stepped back inside his own home to check on Paige. Finding her in her Graduation dress that her mother Paula had helped pick out, he whistled.  
  
"More flowers. Still looks stunning on ya Kiddo."  
  
"I feel really pretty Daddy. I'm going to take my glasses just in case. I had to touch up around the bridge of my nose due to the nose pieces. My contacts are in can you tell?"  
  
"You do good makeup work. I can't even tell you're wearing contacts. You have the most beautiful green eyes Daughter of mine." He looks deeply.  
  
"I love you Daddy." She smiles vibrantly, "Now quit flirting before you get a hard on."  
  
"Yeah, I better." He turns heel and runs. "Grab your furs and let's get moving. Mick's probably set up and ready."  
  
"To Westeros." She casts a finger east. Go figure. "Wait! Mister Benson is going?" Shrugging without getting a response she giggled and gave chase.  
  
Forty minutes later the two car convoy made in to the Glen Forest countryside. Following GPS coordinates Lonnie led them into some beautiful landscapes. Lots of trees, a stream with a stone bridge over it, even horses in a pasture not far from Mick's estate. Excited to see the horses Paige hops in her seat.  
  
"I wish I could get a Red Sonja pic on a horse. They're so beautiful Daddy. I love the white horse with brown freckles."  
  
"Should just call Bryan and use his horse another day."  
  
"Do you think Grampa Micky knows the owners of those horses? Maybe he can set me up."  
  
"We can run it by him. Oh, I was just thinking over at Gerry's...how do you feel about making a calendar?"  
  
"WHOA! Are you serious?" She bulges her eyes with an expression of joyous awe.  
  
"Sure! Why not? If it's sexy enough you could sell some online maybe."  
  
"I love how your mind works Daddy." She settles down thinking about the flyers that Brett and the boys at school made of her, each of them having a nude pic in their lockers. She was wet without even trying.  
  
"We'll run that by Mick too. There's his mailbox, we're here." Turn signal provided for Gerry, the cars turn down an equally scenic gravel drive with a row of pine trees aligning it on both sides. A two minute drive in they came upon a large Victorian style farmhouse bordering the property which had the horses. Her hopes grew even higher of posing on that white steed.  
  
Parking in front of the house Mickey Polanski made the journey from his front door to greet them. Paige ran ahead and hugged the man tightly, followed closely by Lonnie and Gerry.  
  
"Hey Mick, I hope you don't mind my bringing my friend Gerry here. I found out something about him earlier. May I present your biggest fan." Lon casts a thumb toward Gerry.  
  
"Oh really?" Mick winced from surprise.  
  
"Gerry Benson. It's an honor to meet you Mister Polanski." A handshake of seismic proportions was abused. "I have a collection of Hustler magazines. I remembered your name as the photographer."  
  
"That's impressive. Nobody ever notices the photographer over a naked lady." He chuckles. "Welcome to Casa Mi Casa. I have my cameras set up inside and out back. The creek runs behind me and heads off into the horse pastures. I figured it would make for a good backdrop."  
  
"Do you know the owners of that pretty white horse?" Paige brightens up with a hopeful set of praying hands.  
  
"Ohhh you must be talking about Widowshaker."  
  
"WHOA! Widow? I'm going to Comicon soon dressed as Black Widow. So cool."  
  
"Ironic huh? I bet you want pics on that horse." Mick squints with a smirk.  
  
"YESSSSSSSSS! Please make it happen."  
  
"Anything for my precious little Granddaughter. " He laughs, "Sorry Lonnie I couldn't resist. I hope that our unconventional adoption of one another doesn't offend you." He pauses Lonnie's reply with an insistent finger. "Honey? Why don't you and Gerry take your things down near the tire swing in the back yard. Maybe sit everything about twenty feet from the tree out of camera range."  
  
Once Paige and Gerry head back to his SUV Mick allows Lon to finish his sentence. "Naaa! She told me she calls you Grampa Mickey. Said you got her out of a bad situation with her Mom's man."  
  
"He looked as if he might be trouble. I wasn't sure what was happening, but, listen if it helps I do have a sneaky bit of proof that she's on to something." Mick reaches into his sweater pocket for a photograph and shows Lonnie the picture he took at the mall of Mark viewing Paige's Tender website.  
  
"I blew the photo up as much as I could without disproving quality. He does know of her dating site. Forgive me but I checked her out on Tender myself to verify what the photo suggested. I believe you might want to at the least check with this guy on his motives."  
  
"Already planned on it. I appreciate you looking after my kid. Can I keep the pic in case I need to show my ex-wife?"  
  
"It's yours. Why don't you help them unload and I'll call about the horse. I'm pretty sure Winslow would have his grandson's bring the horse in with a saddle for an hour. They take care of his ranch now that he's getting up there in years. He raised the boys after their parents died about ten years back. Car crash out on the interstate one winter. Sad day."  
  
Nodding with a glint of respectful admiration for this Winslow, Lon stepped away and gave Mick the time needed to make the call. During the time away Paige had discovered the chainmail and was awaiting to show her dad the lengths over her chest. Gerry had another bundle he held up to her backside.  
  
"Pretty sure the links won't be too much or too lil." Gerry cleared his throat after touching Paige's butt accidently in holding the piece up for Lon to view. "Cutting these wouldn't be easy."  
  
"Do with what we have. First things first. Get the respectable shots in your dress. Once the graduation pics are out of the way go to town."  
  
"I'm going to be a really sexy Red Sonja." She dances from side to side.  
  
"Never had a doubt She Devil."  
  
"I love you Daddy. You too Mister Benson." She backs up into him and takes Gerry's arms around her body and makes him hug her tightly. She could feel a stirring in his loins. A giggle later she rubs her ass over him before stretching in step to offer him a kiss on the cheek. Lon smirked at Gerry's awkward discomfort.  
  
"Get used to it old man. The kid's a ball of fire these days."  
  
"Devil's daughter Lon?" Gerry chuckled accusing him.  
  
"Guess I am." Her father uses his fingers atop his head as if having horns.  
  
"He's always horny." Paige giggles and breaks free of Gerry to snatch up the chainmail and carry it back toward the tree. Gerry watched her wiggle away using his shield to mask his erection. Lon grabbed the sword and the box of a few other items like the dagger. Once unloaded they stand around waiting on Mick.  
  
Returning shortly the ex-Paparazzi smiled brightly. "Luke and Randy will bring Widowshaker over in thirty minutes or so. They just have to coax him in and saddle him up."  
  
Returning Paige brightens up, "Who are Luke and Randy?"  
  
"Owner's grandsons." Lon beats Mick to the revelation.  
  
"23 and 25 I do believe. Handsome bucks for sure." Mick winked at Paige.  
  
"Yay! They're bringing money." She claps.  
  
"Chill out stripper. Bucks doesn't mean money out here." Lon laughs. "Greedy I swear."  
  
"I was only teasing." She pouts then whispers toward Mick with her hand blocking her lips from her Dad, "I bet I can get them to tuck money in my chainmail panties."  
  
"I have very little doubt in your persuasion skills." Mick whispers back.  
  
Smug at her confidence she bubbled with brilliance. Not one of the grown men could keep from staring at her youthful exuberance. Nor her jiggling tits. Nor her shaking ass. Knowing they were checking her out she slyly lifted the back of her skirt and mooned them. "Add that pic to my calendar."  
  
"Calendar?" Micky turned with interest.  
  
Lonnie chuckled massaging his chin, "Something we've been discussing. Any interest in helping make a 2020 calendar of Foxy Loxy there?"  
  
"Absolutely. I won't even charge my services. Just pay for the film and the printing costs. I can even tell you the best place to go that won't cost you an arm and a leg."  
  
"Or boobies?" Paige shyly crushes her breasts with her forearms.  
  
"We wouldn't want that." Mick laughed. Let's get the graduation photos out of the way. I was going to suggest sitting in the tire swing but i don't want to get that beautiful skirt dirty. Black shows off dirt upon touch."  
  
"We can wash it before next Saturday." Lonnie approved it, "Just take those photographs last."  
  
"Well alright then. To the backyard Princess."  
  
"I so am aren't I?" She twists on her heel and dances away. Three hard ons followed closely behind.  
  
Assigning poses Micky snaps an arrangement of stunning pictures. Next to the gnarled tree. Bending forward over a table with her chin on her folded knuckles, her smile was contagious. As she held her pose she heard a pair of horses gallop from the pasture behind her. Looking over her shoulder at two of the sturdiest cowboys around she switched gazes back toward Mick Lonnie, and Gerry with a drooping jaw, "OH MY GOSH. They're gorgeous."  
  
"Horses or the boys?" Gerry chuckled.  
  
"Both. Mostly the boys. Can I moon them Daddy?"  
  
Looking to Micky with a speechless reason to deny her Mick shook his head snickering, "The boys will just laugh it off. Go for it."

Instantly her black skirt rose up right as the cowboys Randy and Luke reached the fence line. Seeing her perfect ass both men blushed and grinned at one another. She wiggled her bottom then dropped her skirt turning to face them. Giddy she held her wrist behind her back so her chest could pose for their approval. Finally, Mick with his lowered camera moved in beside Paige to perform introductions.  
  
"Morning boys. Thanks again for bringing Widowshaker over. Paige here fell in love with him the second they drove up."  
  
"Them too..." She whispers, "When they rode up."  
  
"Fellas? This shameless young lady is Paige Turner. Paige? Randy on the right. Luke on the left."  
  
She batts her eyes and releases her wrist to flutter her fingers playfully. A sudden shyness crept over her leading the boys to remove their cowboy hats with a respectful "Howdy Miss Paige." Instantly her jaw dropped again, "Catch me Grampa Micky." She feigns fainting falling back into him. Whispering to Micky as he holds her aloft she says, "Tell them I need CPR."  
  
"Not going to do that. Nice try Missy."  
  
Pouting she laughs it off with, "And...I'm back."  
  
The boys laugh at her silliness, dismounting to lead their horses over and tie the reins to the wooden planks of the fence. Leaning on the top plank the boys wink at her. She melted in their gaze. Sheepishly she points at Luke and says, "Girlfriend?"  
  
"No ma'am." He shook his head.  
  
Her finger swings toward Randy, "Girlfriend?"  
  
"Nope."  
  
"OH MY GOD! YOU CAN BOTH DATE ME." She squeals creating a rash of laughter.  
  
"She's of age. No worries." Lonnie felt the need to make them more comfortable.  
  
Luke smirks, "We'll keep that in mind."  
  
Randy shakes his head at his brother, "Snooze you lose Brother of mine. Just say when, where, and I'll be there."  
  
Eyes flaring she points at the ground, "Here. Now. Pleassssse come over to this side."  
  
"Calm down." Lonnie approaches from behind and grips her shoulders from behind, "Sorry guys. She's a handful these days."  
  
Nodding at them she palms her breasts squeezing them for their viewing pleasure. Once Lon realized it he swatted her hands, "Knock it off before you chase these guys away."  
  
"No worries Sir. We're not going far." Luke blushes.  
  
"Says you. I'm switchin' property lines." Randy throws a leg over the lower plank and slips through, brushing himself off before walking over to Paige with hat in hand. Pointing at the ground he grins, "You said here?"  
  
Whimpering she bites at a fingernail while nodding. He kneels before her on one knee. She couldn't even blink. Strangely Micky snapped picture after picture. He had no shortage of film. It was priceless.  
  
"Hold that pose." She giggles before looking over at Luke, "What are you waiting for?"  
  
"On my way." Luke slithers through and joins his brother, swatting his shoulder with a hat for leaving him behind. "She did say both of us Romeo." He too knelt down beside him arm to arm as Paige pointed to the grass. Once there she trembles, "I want a ride."  
  
"Horses are back there Ma'am." Luke adds.  
  
"Nooo! I wanna ride you guys."  
  
Lonnie threw his hands in the air, "I'm out. No taming my kid."  
  
As soon as Lonnie released his grip Paige turned and backed in between the boys and sits on both sets of shoulders. They chuckled looking around her then both rise up to their feet and carry her aloft. She patted her palms vividly, "Yay!" Mick shot their picture as the boys carried her around the yard. Randy passed off his cowboy hat for her to wear. Being large in size half of her face vanished beneath the hats brim. Everyone had a good laugh.  
  
"Thanks for being good sports Fellas." Micky halts his snapshots as the boys start to lower her to the ground. As they do she hops to her feet turning swiftly to kiss Randy on the lips. Astonished by her sudden boldness he abandons him to do the same to Luke. She then lets them stand. Her eyes lower to their crotches. Admiring erection she fans her face before looking up at them.  
  
"I agree. Thank you for sporting." She nods feverishly as a sly point of two index fingers toward their boners prompt the boys to shake their heads at her perusal. This was certainly entertaining. At least her Dad wasn't getting pissed. Their nerves calmed a bit seeing him smiling. She giggles and dares to place her palms on each of their abs. "I'm going to change into some really revealing outfits. Wanna see?"  
  
No words could define what their reaction was. Mere blushes lead to a sweaty brow. She turns away with her hands moving behind her back. While walking she unzips her black skirt and wiggles out of it. Hitting the grass she steps out earing zero panties. Lonnie realized that she must have removed them at home. Who was he kidding. She probably never put any on to begin with.  
  
Unbuttoning her blouse she stalked toward Micky as he took picture after picture. Years of photo shoots of Pornstars flooded his head. This kid however...FUCKING GODDESS. Tossing her shirt at her Father she at least had a bra on. Two seconds later even that was abandoning her. It flew into Gerry's hands. He felt faint.  
  
Hands in her hair like a dancer she wiggles her bottom at Luke and Randy. Hearing both men whistle loudly made her twist in step. Covering her chest as if shy she let them see her side profile. Her eyes were pure lust. So were theirs. So was Gerry's shamefully. Yep, Lonnie had a hard on too. Hiding her full frontal she steps over to a cardboard box that had her furs in them. Bending over to put her boots on she offered them an unrestrained clam. Both cowboys were beaming. Her short coat covering half of her upper body left her belly button in prime view should she turn. Tying the coat together left plenty of exposed cleavage but her nipples at least were hidden. Studying the contents of the box she crouches down with her legs wide. Micky snapped pictures of her vibrant arrow pubes and pink little pussy.  
  
Finding the chainmail she looks to Gerry and whispers, "Help me Mister Benson." Her childlike voice stimulating as all get out. Swallowing dryly he passes her bra off to Lonnie and moves to face her. The chainmail lengths were in two sections. Clipping one side together on her left hip he crouched next to her hip in order to line her cloaking effect up. Her pussy was staring him right in the face. Smiling down at his nervousness she shivers, "The chainmail is cold Mister Benson." Her expression innocent and seductive. She knew how to play the game. The little wench had perfected it. The other clip tightened to hug her hips he pats her leg and clumsily stands up.  
  
"Do I look sexy?"  
  
"YES YOU DO. I'm going to my SUV to take my blood pressure meds now." Gerry Benson lied. He needed to rub one off in privacy. DEAR GOD IN HEAVEN. She was sad to see him leave.  
  
Posing for Micky away from the boxes she acted like a stripper on a stage. Finally, she turned facing Luke and Randy. Their eyes absorbing her animalistic appetite to attract her prey. She succeeded. Marching toward them she fanned her hands over her tummy and down to her bare hips. Only the thin straps hid miniscule flesh. Reaching them her hands return to their abs exploring. Her eyes trembling at the muscles hidden away she sighs, "Warriors never wear shirts in the movies."  
  
Thirty seconds later both Luke and Randy had their shirts off. There was no denying this girl. She was a definite puppeteer. Lonnie observed her expectations with amazement whispering, "That's my girl." Theirs at the moment.  
  
Fawning over their chiseled chests she nibbles her lower lip while looking them in the eye. Exploring their emotions made the studs tremble at her touch. She knew they wanted her. They had a hunch she wanted them. The only thing stopping them was Micky's camera and Daddy hovering. Seeing their hesitant glances Paige pats their chest to get their attention.  
  
"Don't worry about my Daddy. He's seen me do worse things. I'm eighteen so he can't stop me. I'm going to show you my boobies now." Her fingers slide over their abs and down further caressing their shiny belt buckles. With a creased brow of wanting to run her fingers over their erections she chose to bypass them. Instead her fingers leave them behind to untie her fur coat. Instantly the material parts revealing her chest. A sly fan of both sides of her fur offer them glimpses of both pink nipples. Their eyes zero in with interest.  
  
"Warriors wear only loin clothes." She yearns with her eyes.  
  
Luke growls and staggers back to remove his boots. A careful balancing act leads brother Randy to push him over. Dropping to the grass Luke busts up laughing and calls Randy an "Asshole."  
  
Hearing this Paige shyly whispers, "I like it up my asshole."  
  
Randy looked o her with an expression of awe. Seconds later even he was hopping about to remove his boots. Uproarious laughter made Luke trip his brother until both cowboys were on the ground removing boots. Looking back at Micky Paige winks at the control over them. It was then she noted her Father gone. Not only that but Micky was rubbing his own erection. Smiling with a lowered jaw Paige plants her chin on her shoulder, "Grampa Micky. Bad Grampa."  
  
"Can't help it Kid. You got it."  
  
"Not yet I don't." She razzes him just before wagging her tongue. "Keep taking pictures. We might get a good shot for the month of May." Interesting considering it was the month of May. She turned back to the fumbling cowboys who were standing now and unfastening their pants. Clapping at their performance Paige giggles, "Wanna ride. Wanna ride." while bouncing in step, her tits dancing a hoedown. Seconds later both boys stood in their boxes. Reality now sank in. Both men stared at Micky when Randy asked the important question.  
  
"You gonna keep taking pictures Mister Polanski?"  
  
"I can stop." He clears his throat. Paige wouldn't stand for that.  
  
"Noooooooo! I want him to take our pictures. Pleasssssssssse?" She begs both men who study each other for a final decision. "I wanna ride." Her pouty face made them uneasy. With a glare of uncertainty the boys begin to lose confidence. Seeing this Paige stomped her feet and removed her coat entirely. Seeing her topless in only her chainmail skirt and ur boots they rub their chins. Behind her Micky looks around to see if Lonnie or Gerry were around before saying what was on his mind.  
  
"I think the boys need to see all of you Sweetheart. Isn't that right Lads?"  
  
She brightens up and grins, "If I get a ride."  
  
"The horse?" Luke seemed confused. Shaking her head no she also shook her big titties. They were licking their lips at her playful nature. Another conclusion led Randy to risk it first. Down came his boxers and a good sized seven inch cock wagged in the wind. She again clapped and looked to Luke for the same response. Aiming to entice him she admires Randy with interest.  
  
"Randy is really big." Her kiddy like voice made his already stern cock turn purple. He was battle ready. Snarling at her comment Luke grumbled, "I'm older and bigger." His boxers hit the grass without another thought. Her expression priceless she whimpers, "Oh my gosh. You're both huge. Yay! Can I touch them?" The subtlety of her exquisite tone led both men to murmur, "YES MA'AM." at the very same time.  
  
"Should I take my skirt off too?" She taunts them for another, "YES MA'AM." She giggles and steps between them looking up at their stature with innocent eyes, "I might need help unclipping it. One for each of you."  
  
Both gents drop into a crouch feeling their dicks dangle in the grass. They quickly unclasp her skirt and it falls away. Their hands instantly caress her hips and legs. "I'm going to leave my bootsy's on." They nod tilting their Stetsons in honor of her.  
  
"God almighty you're purdy." Randy hissed.  
  
"You sure you wanna ride Little Filly."  
  
"Uh huh!" She nods rapidly, "But first I wanna touch...those."  
  
Standing tall between they she faces Micky waiting for a good shot. As both boys use their hats to cover their faces Paige giggles and reaches to her sides to kneel and stroke their cocks. Instant groans out of both men leads Micky to take shot after shot of her mischief. After three minutes of stimulating them she winks at Micky before saying, "I bet they taste really yummy." The boys swiftly move closer to her sides. Shivering at their eagerness Paige flicks her tongue on Luke's mushroom. After feeling him tense up she moves her mouth over to Randy and does the same. "Mmmmm! I love hard sweaty men."  
  
"We love you too Ma'am." Randy's knees quake at her touch. Watching her look up at him with her tongue beneath his crown looking hungry for affection he says, "Fuck it." He put his hat back on his head and stood proud for the camera. Another flick to his urethra made his brother give up as well. There was a new Sheriff in town. Her name was Paige.  
  
Hats hanging low on their forehead they study her next move. Her fingers move down to squeeze both of their balls at the same time. Wincing she holds them firm and moves her mouth from one dick to the next. Taking them in for a minute at a time to keep both of them in check. Deeper and faster she sucked them off as the cowboys reeled back to enjoy her lips. Micky was getting good pics. Even though it was difficult to focus with his own erection begging to be abused. Even as she sucked them off her eyes checked out Mick. She knew he was struggling. Poor Grampa.  
  
After a nice lingering stimulation she looks down at her fur coat. It was within reach enough for her to spread it out in front of her. In doing so Randy and Luke realized she had let them go in order to do so. Shyly she looks up at Randy and pats her fur. "Like a bearskin rug."  
  
He dropped down on the fur and held his upper body while she crawls between his legs and over his hips. Reaching beneath her she guides his cock into her soaking wet pussy. His girth stretching her wide. Gasping at his penetration she shares a combined look of both awe and pouty stress. Randy knew she loved his cock. Once positioned to ride him she moved up and down. Her chest bobbing about for everyone's pleasure until Randy chose to reach up and squeeze them. Sighing at his touch she looks over her shoulder at Luke jerking off.  
  
"I think I need to hold the reins so I don't fall off my horsey." She softly lures him in until she could stroke his beast for him. It became a challenge to ensure that both got what they felt was required. Seeing Micky massaging his crotch more she pouts. It made her miserable that he was refraining from jerking off in favor of taking pictures. A deafening "YEEHAW!" out of Randy drew her attention back to the boys.  
  
"Ride that cock Filly." Randy became bolder. This made her moan louder trying to give him what he desired. Luke feeling cheated watched her from behind. Seeing her pink pussy ripple at his brother's girth made him grit his teeth. He wanted some of her badly. Eying her ass he recalled her whisper earlier about liking it up the ass. Something she had just acquired a taste for after fearing it for a spell. Leaning over Luke fingers her hole making her yelp. Leering back she smiles at him and forces herself forward over Randy. Accepting her offer Luke dropped to his knees and spit on her ass then his dick before priming it up for anal insertion. Slowly he slips in as her body tenses up. Randy hugged her close to accommodate her quivering limbs. Her nipples felt incredible on his chest. After a better stance Luke began a deeper more intimate thrust as Randy paused his thrusts. Once ready Luke called out, "LET'S RIDE BROTHER."  
  
That they did. She moaned loudly and watched poor Micky snap photos of their performance. Awkwardly he circled them capturing every angle, every penetration, every emotion presented on their faces. Her red hair drowning Randy below made him gather it up and hold it in favor of enjoying her ecstasy. She was amazing. Their seesaw effect was driving her insane.  
  
As Micky shaded them Lonnie returns talking on his cell, halting in step after seeing the DP trio. Sighing he said, "Deb I think I need to call you back. My kid is in...a pickle." Hanging up he slowly moved in for a better view. As he stood there watching his daughter's screaming orgasm his cell rang again. Studying the caller he discovers it to be Deborah's daughter Coochie. Groaning he decides to risk answering it.  
  
"Coco?"  
  
"Hi. Miss me?"  
  
"I thought your Mother scolded you for sending me that video."  
  
"Are you watching a porno? I hear fucking."  
  
"Something like that."  
  
"I can make you a porno real fast."  
  
"You need to behave before your Mom takes your cell away."  
  
"She wouldn't do that. My mom's a freak just like me. Daaaamn boy! That's some porno you're watching."  
  
"You're telling me." He rolls his eyes. "I'm gonna hang up now. Try and keep it clean."  
  
"My pussy's always clean. You can taste it when we come to dinner next Wednesday." She snickers knowing her effects on all men. Like Paige Coco "Coochie" Johnson had that childlike sexy voice.  
  
"Probably not. I'm not going to ruin a good thing with your Mother over your mischief."  
  
"I'll change your mind...Daddy."  
  
"Good grief! I have one daughter already."  
  
"Two if you marry my momma."  
  
"Let's not get carried away. I barely know your mom. Even less you. I need to go. See you both Wednesday." He quickly cuts her off. Huffing his cheeks he hears Paige crying out "FUCK ME." at the top of her lungs. Shaking his head he hears his cell ring again. This time presuming it to be Coco again he growls, "WHAT?"  
  
"Lonnie?" He hears a familiar voice. His eyes bulge as he covers the speaker and races back around the house to the front yard.  
  
"Paula? Hey! Sorry I had to turn the TV down."  
  
"I thought you were taking Paige to get her senior pictures taken."  
  
"I did. I mean I am. They're outside. I just came into Micky's house to take a piss. We'll be headed your way in another hour tops."  
  
"Is that photographer the creep from the mall?"  
  
"He's not a creep. He used to be a professional Paparazzi out in California. I heard about that mall situation. Paige is really freaked out by Mark. I think he and I need to sit down and chat about it."  
  
"What did Mark do? He always speaks very highly of our daughter."  
  
"To you maybe. To Paige not so much. We both know our kid is honest to the bone so I need you to keep an open mind toward whatever is said."  
  
"You drive a woman to drink Lonnie."  
  
"Stop using that as an excuse. You need to stay sober. Don't waste that year chip on stupidity."  
  
"I'm fine. I don't want to ruin my life anymore. We'll talk about Mark more later. He's coming in from the garage now. I don't want him asking questions. See you when you get here."  
  
"Bye." Again he hangs up and starts toward the backyard. He no sooner than sees the trio continuing their DP adventure he spots Micky jacking off. "Ohhhh shit." Before he could intervene his cell pings with a text. Rolling his eyes he checks it to find Coochie had sent yet another video. "Fuck! I need to change my number. This punk just won't stop." Hesitant to open the video he turns the volume lower, as if anyone could hear it. Shame made him open it regardless. There she was a full frontal video of the thin black beauty as barely legal as his own daughter riding a Sybian saddle on the floor of their kitchen. Eyes glued he turns the volume up just in time to see her pinch her nipples as she rides the big black toy. Hearing her moan and talk seductively at the same time gave him chills. The kid was definitely sexy.  
  
"Fuck me harder Mister Turner. I love your cock inside my sweet little pussy. You know you want it." She touches herself and shows him her wetness before licking her fingers. "This should be your cum on my tongue." Coochie licks her lips. "Mmmm! I'm yours Daddy." Laughter made her stop cold and give him a close up of her eyes, winking she finishes her video with, "My momma and I can share you. Think of me Daddy." The video ends as Lonnie grumbles.

"Who was that?"  
  
"HOLY SHIT! Gerry don't sneak up on a guy like that. I might need one of your BP meds."  
  
"So who was the chocolate hottie?"  
  
"Christ. That was Deborah's daughter. Same age as Paige. The kid's infatuated with me and I haven't even met her."  
  
"Tough. I'll be in my SUV if you need me." Gerry turns tail and runs. Yep! He needed to jerk off again after watching Coochie over Lon's shoulder. His ex wife Wanita was African American so any young gal of color excited the man. Too much.  
  
Having had enough Lonnie shuts his cell off to prevent further distractions. Rounding the corner of the house he hears both Luke and Randy nutting loudly. Paige had at least had sense to let them jerk off over her instead of inside her. Good girl he thought. Micky was no where in sight. Oh, wait! There he was hiding behind the gnarled tree with the hanging tire. He must have decided to hide before finishing himself off.  
  
Noting Lonnie's arrival the brothers looked busted until Lon put his hands up, "Relax. I'm not here to bust your chops. We need to get that horse pic if you're going to do it. Your Mom just called wondering where we were."  
  
"Okay Daddy." Paige stood up with cum on her face and looks around for Micky. "Grampa Micky?" She called out as the boys began getting dressed. Lonnie pointed to the tree and she immediately skipped around to catch the elder man jerking off with his eyes closed. Sneaking up on him she kneels beneath his cock and tries not to make a sound. In two minutes of abusing his tripod Micky Polanski fired off a massive load. Snarling and wheezing at the same time he opened his eyes to locate Paige covered in the cum of three men. She whimpered like a lost puppy and lifted a bit to rub her face on his crown, spreading his jizz as if a paintbrush on a canvas. With a soft consent she begs, "Take my picture."  
  
Smirking he took several shots of her cum coated features. Just before lowering his camera she swallows his cock whole and makes him hold the tree to keep balance. "Dear Lord. "slipped from his lips. She snapped her fingers up at him and he took photos of her devouring his entire seven inches of blue pill thrill. Once done she licks his dick and smiles up at him. "We need to take my warrior pics."  
  
For the next thirty minutes she got her wish of parading the pasture on Widowshaker. Poses of combat stances in her chainmail, holding sword and shield were brilliantly hilarious but she was a born actor. Even if the sword took both hands to lift. Too funny. Further pics standing in the creek barefoot and touching herself while sitting on a large boulder, Widowshaker drinking from the creek behind her. Very sexy indeed.  
  
Calling it a wrap Micky shyly spoke to Lonnie about what he had just done with Paige. Lonnie brushed it off with a pat on the back. "If it made your day to have my kid suck your cock who am I to give you grief. Just remember this when we do the calendar."  
  
"I didn't plan on her...my...well shit. Give me a call or text me later how things go with the bald guy. You ever need me I'm there."  
  
"Thanks buddy. I look forward to seeing those pictures in top quality."  
  
"I'll have them before her Graduation."  
  
Giddy Paige races across the stone bridge aligning Mick's property. Her chainmail bra slipping away to dangle as her turbulent breasts told them they needed air. She didn't bother to hide her topless beauty. Even as she drops her shield and trailing sword in the grass to be boxed up, Paige just couldn't stop being frisky. Hugging her Father she sighs heavily.  
  
"Do we have to go to Mommy's?"  
  
"You know we do."  
  
"I'll be in the car." She peels away pouting.  
  
"Hey! Take some boxes with you Red Sonja." She listens groaning as she takes her chainmail off and hauls the box around the house nude. Reaching Gerry's SUV without him seeing her she notes him reclined back in the drivers seat. Stepping quietly to the opened window to peer in she finds him jerking off again. With awe in her eyes she bites her lip and offers up, "Need help?"  
  
"CRAP! Sorry punk. I didn't hear you sneak up."  
  
"Neither did Grampa Micky." She wags her tongue and huffs her breath at him. That did not go over well. Growling Gerry Benson put his dick away for the day. The smell of cum on her breath ended his desires. Helping her load up, the group were ready to hit the road in ten minutes time. Micky took the time to sign a few autographs for Gerry offering him a beer to encourage him to stick around. Mick felt like going down memory lane.  
  
Lonnie and a now dressed Paige, back in her dress headed out for Paula's. Moods were bouncing from joy to depression. Looking over at his daughter he caught wind of her scent. Hitting his brakes Lonnie turned around and headed back to Mick's.  
  
"You need a shower."  
  
"Can you all three watch me?"  
  
"Fucking nympho."  
  
She got her wish.  
  
Lon needed a beer too.

**Paige Ch. 24: BIG BAD WOLF**

"After having so much fun at Grampa Micky's why do I need to go to Mommy's?"  
  
"KNOCK IT OFF!" Lonnie snaps, "I'll deal with her man Mark."  
  
"Noooooooo! You said you would let me deal with him."  
  
"You don't have what it takes to resist him. I do. Skinhead or not, that guy will NOT ruin my daughter."  
  
"DADDY!" She yells with tears developing in her eyes. With casual glances across the car at her he winces. Hiding her eyes by looking out her passenger window she sobs relentlessly. There was more to this than Lonnie envisioned.  
  
"Hey! What's this really about?"  
  
Afraid to look at him she admits her worst fear, "He said he would destroy Mommy. Make her start drinking again."  
  
"That mother fucker. Is he trying to have sex with you by blackmailing you into believing he would do that?"  
  
"You know he is. He wants to tie me up like he does Mommy. Punish me for telling him no."  
  
"That bondage stuff bothers you that bad? I guess I should never have bought all that stuff last month. I didn't realize it would hurt you. I mean you did write in your diary about that kind of thing. Donnie had you in some pretty tight situations."  
  
"That's different. I would love for you to do that stuff to me. I'd even let Joshy. Just not creepy Mark."  
  
"He isn't going to do that to you I promise. If I have to get Joshy and your other boy toys to back me up I will."  
  
"What about Mark's friends? They're like bikers. You...they could get hurt."  
  
"Don't you worry about any of us. Let me just sit and talk to Mark alone. I'm sure this won't move into any violent territory. Most days he's been pretty cordial toward me. He knows why Paula and I got divorced and he's been somewhat reasonable toward our past. If he has changed drastically or been lying to me all along, I'll sort it out and deal with him as needed. You just stay with me or your mom while we're at their house. Try on your gown, show off your graduation dress, and tell mom about your pictures." He snaps his fingers to make her look at him, "ONLY the innocent pictures. Not the calendar potential. We can't let Paula know about those."  
  
"I'm eighteen now. It's not like she could suddenly fight for custody of me."  
  
"No, but you are protecting her from drinking again right?"  
  
"Oh! Right. I'm just upset and not thinking straight. Sorry Daddy."  
  
"Don't be. It's just better that your mom never learns about...us."  
  
"Mark might prove that to her if he doesn't get his way. He said he knows someone who has had me. I just cant figure out who that might be. Nobody that I've slept with is anywhere near what Mark is like."  
  
"He's probably just bluffing."  
  
"I hope so. I like every guy I've been with."  
  
"Ah, my tender soul." Lon reaches over to caress her hair, "Just relax. We only need to be there at most an hour. Then we can go get ice cream."  
  
"Rocky Road?" She brightens up.  
  
"Sure." Hearing her choice he considers that the road ahead might just be rocky. Turning the radio up he let her sing as he pondered the future. He wasn't ready to stop playing with his daughter, even though he was beginning a possible new relationship with the waitress Deborah Johnson. He really liked the woman. Even if her own daughter Coochie was becoming clingy without even having met him. Dinner on Wednesday would tell the tale. This might become more of a hassle than it was worth. So why was he thinking about the cute young African American barely legal? Lonnie Turner was fucked up in the head. He truly needed to sort out right from wrong. That would be a topic for another day. He had three more days to iron out his emotions.  
  
Fifteen minutes later Lonnie crossed into the village of Skokie Illinois. Once upon a time this area was marshlands. He just hoped that no quicksand still existed for him to sink any lower than he had to. Even he was slightly worried about dealing with Mark Rapier. Not only was he a skinhead affiliate he was a tried and true biker. Tattoos and all. What his ex-wife ever saw in the man was beyond him. He was beginning to realize just how much he didn't know about Paula. Who knew she was into that hardcore bondage stuff? Looking at her she was fucking Betty Rubble from the Flintstones, only a redhead. He was certain that Paula would think the same of Lonnie should she ever hear the truth about how he had changed.  
  
Reaching their street Lonnie slowed up long enough to emphasize something, "Whatever you do don't mention my dating Deborah. Not just because your Mom doesn't need to know, I don't want to hear Mark's racist bullshit because Deb is black. Understood?"  
  
"Yes Daddy. I promise not to say a word."  
  
"Good girl. Let's do this." Pulling up to the curb he shuts off his car and looks over to see Mark with two of his friends tinkering on a Harley in the driveway of his garage. Lon's bravado sank the second he spotted Mark's friends. Both of them were burly men with shaved heads with the exception of goatees. Trying to keep strong for his daughter, Lon sighs, "I wonder how I'd look bald?"  
  
"Noooo! I like your hair. Don't you dare shave it off."  
  
"I'm joking. Stop getting your thong in a twist."  
  
"I'm not wearing my thong."  
  
"Of course you're not."  
  
Opening their doors, the two stepped out and headed up the sidewalk toward the front door of the older, less than appealing single level home. On their journey Mark took time away from tinkering to smile and wave at them. His friends were a bit less social outside of eying Paige. Both men rubbed their goatees cleaning off a place for her to sit. They were gentlemen at heart. Sure they were. Paige tried to avoid direct contact but even in her distaste for Mark Rapier her appeal for men in general allowed her curiosity to drift. Lonnie didn't see her smile. She really didn't want to. Dammit!  
  
Waving back via a military style hand salute Lonnie kept on his journey when Paula opened the inside door to their home. A yelping lap dog had given away their arrival. As the screen door creaks open, out bolts a blond colored Pomeranian, which darted directly toward Paige. Instinct took over to kneel and pet the pooch.  
  
"Hi Captain. How's my lil' buddy?" She picked him up and cuddled him in her arms.  
  
"And, there goes the hair infestation." Lonnie scowled, "Black skirt, blond leftovers. Now you know why I won't allow you to have a dog."  
  
"Don't be mean to my Captain. He keeps a tight ship." Paige then whispers, "He's the only good thing about coming here."  
  
"I hear you. Still not getting a dog. Borrow Paula's dust buster before you leave."  
  
"Lint roller."  
  
"That too." He smirks before looking up to see Paula stepping outside in her bathrobe. It was easy to tell she had just taken a shower. Her hair was still wet. Not only that but Mark's two friends were glued to Paula's short bathrobe with interest. All Lonnie could think about was them tag teaming Paula while Mark watched. Knowing of their penchant for bondage and Mark's dominance Lon suspected that she had been shared. Who was this woman these days?  
  
"About time you two got here. I was beginning to think you stood me up." Paula waved them toward her. "Get over here." She lured her daughter in with a smug wave of calling arms.  
  
"Aye Aye Captain." Paige giggled to the pooch before resting him down on to the walkway.  
  
"Sounds like the dog's a drunk too." Lonnie frowned at his own mental jest. Sadly, Paula caught on to her daughter's unintentional cruelty too.  
  
"I do not take my dog to meetings. I am however getting another Pom soon so that Captain has a playmate. I intend to call him Chip." She surprised her daughter with a giggle. Paige merely shrugged and let it go over her head as she accepted her Mother's hug. Lonnie however puckered at his ex-wife's tease. It was pretty amusing for an A.A. joke. At least having a dog named Chip would be a constant reminder to leave the sauce alone. In a way Lonnie was proud of her.  
  
"Let me look at you." Paula releases Paige to look at her Graduation outfit. "It looks better on you now than it did in the store."  
  
"Better without the hair follicle's." Lon chuckled.  
  
"Have the dress dry cleaned before Saturday. I have coupons for 30% off. If you wash it the hair will linger, even after a rolling brush. Let's go inside." She seemed apprehensive about being outside in front of Mark and his buddies. In his release Captain ventured into enemy territory seeking attention. Eying the piranha with fur, one of Mark's buddies seemed tempted to kick the poor pooch. Seeing his thoughts, Paige darted from her parents and dared to face them head on. As both Lon and Paula watch her retrieve Captain by kneeling on the ground to lift him up Mark chuckled aiming for best behavior.  
  
"Hey Kid. Your dress looks nice."  
  
"Thanks. Don't try and sweet talk me, I still despise you." She fidgets as the man who seemed intent on kicking the dog crouched in front of Paige to pet the dog. That and aim for a look up Paige's skirt. In her own lowered stature she hadn't been so lady like, her knees parted wide. He definitely saw her fire arrow pointing at a deliciously moist pink pussy. Once she realized her error she closed her gap and stood up with trembling eyes.  
  
"Hey Mark. Maybe you should adopt a cat too." Berkley Hobbs chuckled. Paige knew he would never have said cat if he hadn't seen her puss. As haunted as she was, her hormones shot lightning bolts toward her thighs. Having any man acknowledge her gave her a thrill, even gross burley bikers. Before rising she notes the other standing biker attempting to steal a glance. He missed out.  
  
"No cats. Stroke one you've stroked them all. Skin them all I say." Mark mused playfully. "Besides my Pitbull Hawg would eat it for breakfast. I'm shocked Paula's toupee with a tongue hasn't gone missing."  
  
"Meanie." Paige winced as she felt a presence behind her, Paula moved in with a protective motherly stance of folded arms. She wasn't certain if she was defending her or her lapdog.  
  
"We don't need any stinky litterbox Finch. I'd be the only one to clean it." Paula shook her head with a creased brow, as she informed the standing biker Donovan Finch. He merely offered an expression of "Dumb bitch", only watching his tongue due to Mark instructing his friends to keep things cool.  
  
"Let's go try on your Graduation gown." Paula encouraged her daughter by reclaiming her pup to keep him safe. Lord knows what these barbarians might do to it when she wasn't looking. They might go so far as to hide him in the oven from her. Reaching out behind Paula, Mark proves his uncouth dominance by pinching Paula on the ass, his hand rising up under her short robe. Tempted to swat his hand, she resisted with a glare that immediately lowered. Paige noticed her reaction and shivered. Her Mother used to have such fire. Now, she masked her emotions. This made her very sad.  
  
Lonnie finally joining the party gripped Paige by both shoulders, "Rocky Road remember?"  
  
"Icee cream." Paige flare her eyes utilizing her childlike voice in an exciting fashion. It made both bikers hard just hearing her. The comment however shifted Paula's attention to her kid.  
  
"Rocky Road sounds yummy." Stepping away didn't sit well with Mark who cleared his throat loudly. Paula froze in step at his guttural proclamation of control.  
  
"While you're hovering over my tools hand me a socket wrench. Three eighths. Hex head." Mark prodded.  
  
Bending over in front of Finch and Berk allowed them to see Paula this time. She too was only wearing a cute little thong beneath her robe. Even Lonnie felt strangely aroused by her swift reaction. While holding her dog the woman lingered, deciding which socket head was a three eighths. Once discovered she passed it over and stood up. Her face was blood red knowing that her ex had seen her obey Mark in such a display. Especially in front of his friends.  
  
"Can I visit with my daughter now?" Paula dared to ask. Mark merely smiled and motioned for her to go. Lonnie didn't know what to do. His defense mechanism wanted to rally, but this part at least wasn't his business. Protecting his daughter was his sole driving force. Thus far, not much was being said about Paige to warrant a direct confrontation. Still, he did need to talk to Mark alone.  
  
"Hey Mark?" Lon grew some balls, "Before we take off can I talk to you about something? Graduation stuff." He kept things less suspect as to where his thoughts really were.  
  
"Sure thing. Drop back out when you guys get done. Take a picture in her gown for me in case I don't make it to her actual ceremony. Not really my kind of..."  
  
"Gotcha." Lon nodded and nudged his daughter forward. Paula hesitantly followed them after an ever so subtle eye contact with her man Mark. Just daring to share a glance made Mark growl. It was evident that even since the last time Paige had seen her Mother, her actions were more restrained. Kind of sexy, kind of daunting. Eerie even.  
  
Inside the house Lonnie let Paula do her thing. Going to her spare bedroom closet for Paige's graduation cap and gown. Peering through the doorway Lonnie noted that the small room look lived in. Feminine things were everywhere. Paula used to be quite the housekeeper even when she was drunk. Did they have a roommate? Lon needed to know.  
  
"Someone staying with you guys?"  
  
Paula holds up the gown in front of Paige sizing up the height issue that she worried about. Trying her best to ignore Lonnie only led to him asking again. Now, even Paige was curious after noticing hygiene products on the dresser and claiming the gown from her Mother to avoid her using it as a shield. Finally, with the curtains open they discover a skulking Finch just outside drinking a beer.  
  
"Spill it." Lonnie moved to close the blinds on the window as if Paige were going to change. Paula immediately reopened them and offered a whisper.  
  
"I...I'm staying in this room. After our conversation over the phone about...Mark, I confronted him. He scolded me by forcing me in here. He told me that he wasn't going to listen to my bullshit and that I should believe him over...my daughter. This is only temporary, the guest room that is."  
  
"Are you leaving Mark?" Paige bulged her eyes trying not to smile over the possibility.  
  
"Oh no. We're just...giving each other...well...room." She swayed her palms around the atmosphere of the tiny bedroom. Lonnie glanced about exploring while he digested her words. On the bedposts were leather restraints, the foot board as well. That looked entirely too conspicuous. Regardless, seeing them directed Lonnie's eyes to Paula's ankles and wrists. Gently reddened rings encircled all four limbs, nothing overly abusive. It was bad enough that tender bruises were evident around Paula's neckline. He concluded that it was just their chosen sex acts, not anything to be stressed over. That again, was their life, not his. As long as it didn't involve Paige he could really care less. Untrue, but he did try to believe his own thoughts on the matter.  
  
"Is he tying you up at night?"  
  
"No nothing like that." She tried her best to lie. Lonnie knew her too well having been married to the redhead. "Try on the gown. If it's too long I still have time to get it hemmed up."  
  
"Nobody measured her height before they ordered it?" Lon narrowed his eyes at the school's stupidity.  
  
"They do, but mistakes can be made." Paula fidgeted. "Go on sweetheart see if it fits properly."  
  
Eying the reopened blinds Paige shied a bit. "I guess. It's not like I'm getting undressed." She then, with the help of her Mother removed the outer plastic. Mom being overly protective of the gown assisted in pulling it over her head and guided its flow over her clothing. Lonnie again mentioned dog hair to which Paula swore she would make certain there would be no stray hairs inside or out by Saturday night. Once the gown draped full length over Paige's bodacious body the hemline halted perfectly over her ankles. Plenty of room without tripping over it. With the cap placed on her head, both parents stood back and absorbed the beauty, albeit hidden maturity of their baby. Looking fifteen was not in service of said maturity. Still, she was now a fully grown woman and ready to begin her new journey as an adult, released from eighteen years in a scholastic prison.  
  
"Isn't our daughter just darling?" Paula melted patting Lonnie on the bicep, "Take her picture silly man." Lon did just that. He would keep it on his cell wallpaper to admire. As he and Paula stared at the picture, the timing could not have been any worse. An incoming call revealed the caller as Deborah. Snatching it from her view Paula looked surprised. Biting her tongue Paula knew that her ex must have had a girlfriend he was hiding. In a sense she was happy for him. Lon merely scowled and declined the call...for now.  
  
"I told Mark I'd show him a pic of Paige in her gown." Lon frowned at what was coming, "You two stay in here and babble about the future or something." After a kiss to his daughters cheek followed by, "You're beautiful Punk." He took his leave.  
  
Paula swallowed dryly while Paige looked toward her Father's departure. Once gone from sight Paige attempted to remove her gown and have her Mother hang it back up. Plopping on the mattress Paige Turner made her Mom sit down. It was time to talk. Neither would be truthful about what was really going on behind the scenes.  
  
Sweating bullets but trying his best to contain his fears on the matter at hand Lonnie took a moment to text Deborah with, "Bad timing. Dealing with my ex and her ole' man. Call you after we leave their house. Miss you Gorgeous." Giving her a minute to reply with her understanding she replies back with, "Miss you more Big Daddy." He followed that with one more text, "Radio silence. This could get ugly. I'll explain later. No reply needed." He added a kissing Emoji to mask how it sounded. Hopefully she obeyed. Obeyed? Where did that word creep in from? Lon shook it off before heading over to Mark and Berk. Finch was obviously still overseeing the women.  
  
Berk noting Lon's walking toward them grunts to let Mark know. He had heard the screen door so merely continued removing the Harley's carburetor.  
  
"How goes the autopsy Doc?" Lon attempted humor. Mark winced up at him and shook his head.  
  
"Nobody's dead. Yet. It's always more fun depriving them of body parts, while they still have spark." Mark Rapier liked his reply. Changing the subject he headed straight for the soul. "Here to talk about your kid's bitterness toward me?"  
  
"You asked for a pic in her graduation gown." He lowers the cell to show him. Drawing back a bit to avoid the glare on the cell he puckered his approval.  
  
"Sexy as ever."  
  
"I'd prefer your compliments over my daughter to be a little less erotic." Lon grew some balls, "What's this about you trying to get my kid involved in your bondage crap?"  
  
Mark grins as he chose to snatch up a rag to wipe his hands before standing tall. He hovered over Lonnie by three inches. "Bondage crap? Are you putting down my lifestyle Lon Wolf?"  
  
"Only if it draws in my daughter. She's barely legal and still impressionable. If she's uncomfortable in your discussions of it, I'd prefer you just keep it to yourself. What you and Paula do is between yourselves."  
  
"My decisions NOT Paula's." Mark calmly informs Lonnie.  
  
"Whatever. Speaking of Paula...you're punishing her for defending her own daughter? It's easy enough to tell that you've isolated her to the guest room."  
  
Behind them Berk chuckled, then chose to swig his beer before letting out any further expressions of amusement. Lon ignored Berk in favor of direct eye contact with the hulking Mark. So far so good.  
  
"Only proving I can live without her if she's going to believe anyone other than her Master."  
  
"Master? I don't see any collar on Paula."  
  
"I can fix that. Berk? Go grab Hawg's collar off his neck and bring it to me. Don't lose an arm while you're doing it." Mark sneered coldly. Berk wasn't certain if Mark meant it so hesitated.

"Knock it off Rapier. I'm not scared of you. All I want from you is that you leave my daughter alone. She's an innocent in all of this."  
  
"Innocent? That's worth a chuckle. Paige is more grown up than most girls her age. You know that as well as I do. should I show you just how much I know about sweet innocent little Paige?"  
  
"I already know that you're aware of her Tender account." Lon produces the photograph which Micky gave him, only putting the picture on his cell so as to keep the original safe. Looking at it Mark shook his head.  
  
"Sneaky old fart from the mall. I might have to pay him a visit."  
  
'Leave Mick out of this. He's only looking out for Paige. You and I need to get past this."  
  
"Do we?" Mark takes his own cell out and shares over a dozen pictures of Paige either nude or in a sexual act. A few of them clued him in on a rogue suspect in Mark's league. One that he hadn't counted on. One that he thought was his friend. He would worry about that later. Ready to speak Mark shared one last photo that made Lonnie pause.  
  
"Fuck."  
  
"Looks like you fucked ole' Paige pretty good Pop."  
  
"How did you get...?"  
  
"I have my ways. How do you think Paula will react if I would show her you penetrating your spunky little rugrat?"  
  
"Not good. I prefer it you didn't. I don't so much care about myself, I just don't want Paula to screw up her long term sobriety. You guys drinking around her can't help either."  
  
"She stays inside when we drink. What happened earlier was her choice to expose herself to our influence. You may not believe this Lon, but I do my best to keep her mind off the hard stuff. If anyone is gonna drive her to drink it's you."  
  
"How can you be supportive one second then threaten to show her that picture? Rather two faced isn't it?"  
  
"I only plan on doing that if I don't get what I want Poppa Turner. I WILL get your approval by Paige's graduation night to fuck that kid silly or I show Paula. Double up that fist toward me again you won't be jerking off for a few months. You might need the Princess to do it for you." Mark grits his teeth, until Lonnie releases the compression over his white knuckles digging down at the threat. Nodding his satisfaction that he was winning Mark looked back at a returning Finch. "Took you long enough to water my weeds."  
  
"Sorry. Keeping tabs on..."  
  
"My kid?" Lonnie improvised, "Stay away from her."  
  
"Fuck you Wimp. I'm gonna jizz on that little cunts face one of these days." Finch rallies until Mark throws up a hand to calm his friend.  
  
"Nobody gets her before I do." Mark snarls.  
  
"Oh, so now you plan on sharing my kid with all of your biker buddies?"  
  
"Of course I do. You gonna try and stop me?" Mark leans in to breath heavily over Lon's face. In response Lon joins him with a growl of his own.  
  
Behind them Berk laughs even harder. "Huff and a puff a lil' more, we'll see which wolf blows the house down first. Should I still grab Hawg's collar? For one of the other piggy's."  
  
Mark ignores Berkley's jest and continues his intimidation toward Lonnie, "Produce the kid by next week or I destroy Paula. Go to the cops if you want. I'll just say I heard you were tapping your underage daughter and got them proof. I wonder who they might believe?"  
  
Lon eases away, but maintains a squint of bitterness. He truly didn't know what to say defensively. He knew that Mark undoubtedly had friends on the police force that might back him up. Corrupt cops were in the news daily. Keeping his daughter safe might mean shipping her to stay with family if this kept up. It was certainly not something Lonnie wanted. Yet, giving his approval to this dickhead was never going to happen. He needed time to think. Finding a solution would not be easy. Keeping this knowledge from Paige was going to be difficult enough. With her graduating she didn't need the pressure of this shit shrouding over happier days. Finally, Lon poses a counter offer, one that he would never truly agree to. He needed to buy time.  
  
"Give me one month. The only reason I'm delaying the inevitable is because I planned on taking her on a surprise trip as a graduation gift."  
  
"Where?" Mark grew curious.  
  
"Tropical. If you must know...the Bahamas. She's never been anywhere other than Chicago, and once to Texas to visit family. She deserves it. I'm not fighting you over this Rapier, just let the kid smile after twelve years of hell. Give her that month to feel alive."  
  
"One month Turner. Fuck me over, I'll get you fired from the Distillery too. I'm sure your bosses would love a sexual predator working for them."  
  
"I'm not...Paige was eighteen already. Fuck you Rapier."  
  
"How would they know that? Let me share one last thing with you." Mark brings his cell back out to again show the photo of Lon and Paige together sexually. Enlarging the picture to emphasize something he had overlooked, made Lon want to puke. Pale as a ghost he realizes that behind them on a wall in Paige's bedroom was a calendar with Unicorns on it. A two year old calendar at that. One that if provided by Mark to the police would make them question when it was taken. That could either make things worse or go in his favor. Potentially, if the cops believed Mark it would look as if Lonnie had tapped his daughter when she was sixteen. Yet again, Lon thinking as logically as he could under the circumstances knew that he could just as easily show the cops the calendar still on her wall. He would prepare a counter attack over the next week. One that would save himself from having to face a Judge and registering falsely as a predator. He knew he wasn't one. Sadly borderline, knowing that at the stroke of midnight on her eighteenth birthday he had seduced his daughter. Regardless, she was officially legal.  
  
"You win Rapier. Just give me that one month."  
  
"Done. You can watch us fuck her if you want." Mark prods him further. "I bet she will love being hogtied and gangbanged."  
  
Lon knew she did enjoy a good gangbang, but on her terms. Her school boys had made her realize just how much. Not to mention Lon himself sharing her with his closest friends. So he thought. That might change here soon. Breath taken away at the prospect of being forced to watch, Lon shied away, withdrawn. Taking a deep breath he raises his hands out of defeat. Nearly dropping his own cell as he backed away, Lonnie left the wolf den behind. So why was Lonnie Turner grinning behind their backs?  
  
Stepping back inside, he found Paige and Paula still in the guest room. Paula had her laptop out and was trying her best to explain her lifestyle to an inquisitive daughter. Once Lonnie realized what they were watching he shook his head, "After what I just had to deal with, you're giving Paige pointers?"  
  
Paula offers a dumbfounded glare then replies, "I'm only showing her that it's not as bad as it sounds. She asked me to explain it better."  
  
"I did Daddy. Blame me. I'm not watching Mark and Mommy. This is two strangers. It's actually interesting."  
  
"Virgin ears. LALALALA!" He covers his own ears trying to deflect Paula from any suspicions after she and Mark obviously discussed Paige, even if he probably had denied everything. He was certain of that.  
  
"Calm down Lonnie. At least our daughter is coming to us for the birds and the bees talk."  
  
"Birds and the bees? Try Vultures and the Hives. Our daughter needs to learn things on her own. She and I have had this talk before. Boys are just now..."  
  
"Finding me hot and sexy?" Paige snickered.  
  
"Adorable too." Paula hugged her daughter enjoying their personal moment.  
  
"Mostly, hot and sexy." Paige wrinkled her nose.  
  
"I remember those days well." Her Mother looked toward the ceiling, "Your Father once thought of me that way. Back in the day as they say."  
  
"You're still sexy Mommy. You're like me you look way younger than you are. You could easily pass for twenty five."  
  
"Bless you. If only that were true. It's the palates. I work out religiously."  
  
"Between all the OH GOD'S MARK?" Lonnie had to roll his eyes. "Or is that OH MAS..."  
  
"You hush Lonnie. Virgin ears remember?" Paula shyly grinned.  
  
"I was going to say OH MASSEUSE."  
  
"Of course you were."  
  
"Why are you both hiding the word Master?" Paige offers a queer expression, "I'm not dumb."  
  
"Grown up talk Kid." Lon winks at her without Paula seeing. It wasn't as if He and Paige hadn't goofed off about that whole Master/ slave thing. Even her boytoy Joshy had sought ownership of Paige after she was graduated. The talk was out there for temporary fun. Lon had second thoughts about that more and more as the bullshit of late was dogging their tails. For now, it was far safer that Paula didn't know of anything that Paige was experiencing. Including her desires. Enough was enough. "You ready to hit the Rocky Road?"  
  
"Yesssssssssss!" Paige excitably throws her arms around her Mother for a tight hug. Lonnie tried not to look but in their contorted embrace he found himself admiring Paula's thong exposing from beneath her short robe. She did still have that sexy youthful look, Paige was spot on about that. Good times rally within of their own younger days. Although back then, Paula was a lot less openminded. Sexy none the less.  
  
Hug released, Paige hops up and dives into Lonnie's chest wrapping her arms around his waist. Chin burrowed into his chest she looks up at him, "I love you guys."  
  
"We love you too Punk." He allows Paula to join their hug from behind. Paige sighed at their closeness. It had been far too long since they had shared this kind of family closeness. In the embrace Paula found herself staring into Lonnie's eyes. He had to offer a friendly wink. She merely let out a deafening sigh of past failures.  
  
"I will see you both on Saturday." Paula steps back. "Oh!" Going to her dresser again she provides a lint roller, "Take it with you. I have one in every room."  
  
At their feet Captain wagged his tail. Paige claimed him one last time for a bit of puppy love. As she did Lonnie motioned Paula to join him in the hallway. Out of hearing range he whispers, "Be careful. Mark's..." She places fingers to his lips to halt his words. A glint of acceptance in her eye was enough. Before she could remove her fingers Lonnie kissed them while pressed over his mouth. She smiled briefly and winked back. She owed him that.  
  
Walking past their moment, Paige and a snuggling Captain shuffled out into the living room. Dancing in circles with the dog in her arms she giggled blurting out, while pointing at something that caught her eye, "Dancing with Wolves." She acknowledges a DVD on an ottoman. Paula wondered how that got there. She hadn't watched that in years. Beside it rested something even more troubling.  
  
"What in the world is Hawg's dog collar doing in here?" Lon instantly knew it was left there for him.  
  
"We have to go."  
  
"Deborah?" Paula smirked turning away from the strangeness on her furniture.  
  
"Oh my gosh." Paige grows excitable, "Coochie's mom is actually going to let my friend have a sleepover? FINALLY!"  
  
"Her friend's mom. From school. Lunch lady." Lonnie improvised.  
  
"If you say so." Paula knew better. She was happy for Lonnie. Letting it go she showed them the front door and waved goodbye. Captain was let out to go pee. Just as Lonnie pulled away Paula heard the Captain yelp and come running to the opened door. It was obvious that someone had either stepped on him or kicked him aside. Eyes lowered Paula rests her forehead on the storm door as the pooch ran inside. Cheeks puffed, she abandons the doorway and moves back into the living room. Kneeling on the carpet with her knees wide and her palms limply to her side she, bows her head.  
  
Resting in that position for ten minutes, Mark finally joins her and procures the large collar. Applying it he locks it on to Paula's neck and examines her reaction. She sat emotionless. Lifting her chin he expects her to look at him, her eyelids remained low.  
  
"Who am I?"  
  
"My Master." She mumbles.  
  
"What are you?"  
  
"Your bitch."  
  
"Who's the Big Bad Wolf?"  
  
"You are Sir."  
  
"Damn straight. Now get that robe off and bring us fresh beers." He had lied to Lonnie about drinking in front of Paula.  
  
In stepped Berk and Finch taking seats on the sofa. They observed Paula remove her robe. Mark snatched it away from her and used it to wipe the grease from his hands. Paula crawled away on all fours and let the three men enjoy her nudity. Thong her only savior. Even that would be taken away upon her return.  
  
Twenty minutes later, and an entire burb away...  
  
Lonnie sat with Paige at an ice cream parlor eating Rocky Road from waffle cones.  
  
"Did you and Mark...?"  
  
"We did. Don't you worry your pretty little head. I resolved things just fine." Not entirely, but he was a few steps closer to regaining the upper hand. Tapping his cellphone as he ate he pondered on what he had just done. Taking a cue from a stunt that he had secretly pulled a few weeks back with young Brett Chenowyth, Lonnie had used his cell to record every word that Mark and he had shared. His threats. Lonnie's admissions. His friends sexual comments about Paige. Even what Mark planned to do to Paula. At the very least he could save face some should the law ever become involved. He would make copies for security. Something that couldn't be erased so easily. For the moment...  
  
"Who's the Big Bad Wolf now?"  
  
As if Lonnie had heard those words himself.  
  
Great minds obviously think alike.  
  
Time would tell.  
  
"Wolf that ice cream down. I need to mow the yard. Wednesday's gonna come quick, and I wanna make a good impression on Deb."  
  
"Coochie too."  
  
"You can pull weeds."  
  
"I can get on Tender and find a sexy guy to do our lawn care." She licks her ice cream playfully.  
  
"You're capable of getting your paws dirty Pup."  
  
"Be nice or I'll dig up the backyard and hide your boner." She snorts.  
  
Standing up from their outdoor table he finishes his last bite of cone. Grinning at her slyly made her shiver and join him in standing.  
  
"Why are you looking at me like that?" She frets.  
  
"Gotta riddle for you. What did the dog do when she saw a big ole bug chasing her?"  
  
Pausing to think over the riddle she bulges her eyes, "I don't now. What?"  
  
"She yelled...FLEE!"  
  
Paige dropped the remainder of her cone and bolted toward their car laughing. He caught up with her and tickled her without mercy. Once the fun subsided he hugged his kid lovingly.  
  
A wolf ALWAYS protected their young.  
  
And HOWL.  
  
( Beddum drum )  
  
===============