**The Arrangement**By Happy  
  
**The Arrangement Chapter 1**  
My name is Jack. There is nothing remarkable about me. I'm just average in all ways. That might explain why I am divorced and living alone in a small two bedroom apartment.  
  
I've been divorced for seven years. My ex-wife is Brenda and she's a looker. The problem was she is also promiscuous. She has two daughters from different fathers. Neither of them is mine. They were aged eleven and thirteen at the time of the divorce. I haven't seen the three of them since the final hearing. But that was about to change.  
  
They showed up at my door unannounced. Brenda pleaded with me to let them stay with me until they could get back on their feet. She explained that she had absolutely no cash and they had been evicted from where they were previously living. Brenda continued by saying that her car outside had less than 1/8 of a tank of gas left.  
  
I invited them inside to talk this out in private. Brenda immediately thanked me with puddles in her eyes. As I was holding the door open for them, I examined each one of them as they filed past each carrying a suitcase. The apple doesn't fall far from the tree. The teenaged daughters were blossoming into beautiful women. Damn, I couldn't have them.   
  
I presented the no-lose ultimate offer (for me). I told them that could stay for as long they complied with my rules. I continued with telling them that if I was paying for everything, they were each expected to take an equal third of all the chores. I told them that means cooking, cleaning, laundry, vacuuming, etc. I told them that they should work out who does what amongst themselves.  
  
Then I dropped the bomb. I explained that females were not allowed to wear clothes while they were here. I added that meant all three of them and any guests they might have. I added that if any of them had a problem with that, all three of them would find their suitcases outside my entrance door.   
  
There was a long moment of silence. The three of them looked at me with a disbelieving glance. Finally, Brenda hung her head toward the floor and whispered, “okay”. The daughters redirected their stare to their mother with a new level of disbelief on their faces.  
  
“Show me”, I answered.  
  
“Please don't make me do this right now”, Brenda answered, “my daughters haven't seen me undressed since they were infants”.  
  
“You have ten seconds to decide whether that's going to change”, I replied. I mentally ticked off five seconds and then moved to pick up Brenda's suitcase.  
  
“No. Wait. I'll do it”, She said with her head redirected to the floor. Brenda then meticulously removed all of her clothing. She was as beautiful as I remembered. She had almost no chest, but the way she carried herself, her perfect posture, told the story that she was a very sexy female.  
  
As she settled back in her seat on the couch, I encouraged her. “Good girl”, I said, “Now uncross your legs and open up your knees. You have nothing to be ashamed of.” Very slowly she closed her eyes and exposed a wide open vagina. It was just like the days of years ago.  
  
It was hard to look away from Brenda's body. But, I made eye contact with the two teenagers and said, “Girls, this is what a beautiful woman looks like. This is one of the big reasons that I married her years ago. Back then, when you three lived with me, I would undress her after you were put to bed. Right in front of the couch. It terrified her. She feared that one or both of you would get up from bed and catch her naked.”  
  
“Now she has no choice. So, the ice has been broken. Brenda will be nude unless I say otherwise. The good news is, so will you.” I said with a smirk.  
  
I got the response that I was expecting. Two gaping mouths and shocked looks from the girls.  
  
I looked back at Brenda and said, “If you still want to stay here, take your suitcase and the clothes you just removed and bring them to the second bedroom down the hall. Then return remaining dressed as you are.” She did as instructed and left the room.   
  
I knew I was sending her to my bedroom, but I had limited accommodations, so she would have to share my bed. I was curious to see if she would rub her naked body against me under the covers.  
  
I then pulled out my cell phone out from my belt holster. I called a local pizzeria and ordered two pizzas so that we could eat this evening. Then I proposed a competition to the girls.  
  
“When is the last time you saw each other undressed?”, I asked. I was greeted by two blank stares. Then they looked at each other with similar facial expressions. Brenda re-entered the living room rubbing her bare chest with both hands. Her shaved pussy was on full display. She sat herself in the recliner.   
  
“Been that long, huh?”, I answered on the girl's behalf, “Grab your suitcases and follow me”  
  
I led my step daughters to the first bedroom. There was only one double bed in that room.  
  
“As you can see by the size of the bed, you two are going to make your relationship a lot more personal. There is limited space on that mattress and you both will be wearing your bare skin every night.”, I announced. “And so here's the deal. I'm going back to the living room in a moment. The first of the two of you that seats herself next to me on the couch completely nude is the winner”.  
  
I continued, “The winner gets to stay on the couch during the pizza delivery. She even has permission to cover her girl parts with her hands until the pizza delivery person leaves. The loser has to assist your mother with answering the door. She doesn't get to cover with anything. Neither does Brenda. If either of you refuses to participate, all three of you are out of here”  
  
I turned and left the room headed for the couch. As I seated myself, I gave Brenda a 'look'. She met my eyes and read the look correctly. She quickly hooked her leg closest to me over the arm of the recliner effectively opening up her crotch for viewing.  
  
The younger daughter, Jillian, was the first to appear. She scampered down the hallway and plopped her naked behind on the couch next to me. I leaned over and gave her a smooch on her forehead. “You're the winner”, I declared.  
  
Jillian is beautiful. She is a slightly shorter version of her mother. Her chest is very small, but her nipples stand up high and proud. After a quick glance, I noticed that she was beginning to grow some pubic hair. Shaving it was inevitable.   
  
I then turned my head toward the hallway and called out, “Sandra?” A half naked Sandra crept out into the hallway. She was trying her best to cover her breasts with her hands. She was still wearing panties, but that was all.  
  
“Come here”, I instructed as I pointed to the spot on the floor between my feet. With some hesitation, Sandra took the position I pointed to.   
  
“You remind me of your mother”, I began, “I had to help her years ago. I will help you too”.  
  
Sandra closed her eyes in shame as she felt my hands take hold of the waistband of her panties and tugged them down. When they were puddled around her feet, I told her to step out of them. She did. I then gently took hold of her wrists and guided her hands down to her sides. This young woman was erotically exquisite. What a body she has.  
  
“Open your eyes and do a slow 360 degree turn right where you stand”, I firmly stated.  
  
She did the turn while all of us watched. When she was facing me again, I said,”There, the worst is over with. We all now know what you look like in your bare skin. It only gets better from here. You've made a big step in getting over your modesty”. I reached back and pulled out my wallet. I pulled out enough cash to pay for the pizzas and a generous tip.  
  
“Time for another step”, I encouraged as I pressed the cash into her right hand. “When the pizzas arrive, you are to answer the door with your mother. Invite the delivery person inside. Then Brenda will accept the pizzas and you will pay for them. Do you understand?”. Sandra quietly nodded. Ironically at that moment, the doorbell rang.

**The Arrangement Chapter 2**  
“Wow, that was fast”, I said. “Ladies, go answer the door please”.  
  
Two or three seconds passed and Sandra hadn't budged from the spot between my feet. My eye level was at her womanly hips. I noticed that on either side those hips were two clenched fists. One was still holding the money. I let my eyes scan upwards from there. Her bare breasts were jiggling ever so slightly and were partially covered by her long mane of sandy brown hair. She was trembling. Her eyes were glazed.  
  
I leaned forward from my seat on the couch and took a gentle hold on her fists. “You are doing so well. You can do this. Reach deep and find some confidence”, I encouraged. I let go of her hands.  
  
Sandra stepped over one my feet and slowly walked towards the entrance door like a zombie. I looked over at Brenda. She had taken the leg nearest to me back off the arm of the recliner. But, Brenda was still sitting and her legs were crossed. There was a second ring of the door bell.  
  
With a stern look on my face, I growled to Brenda, “Sandra is new to this, so I'll cut her a break this time. You, however, know better. I'll deal with you later. Now GO!”  
  
Brenda was looking straight at me when I said that. When I finished, her face turned as pale as the areas of her body that her bikini obviously covered. She sprang up and hurriedly pranced to the door. As I watched her, I thought, 'She is still hot. Her ass wiggles, but it doesn't wobble'.  
  
I briefly turned to Jillian seated next to me. She had one arm covering both of her small breasts and the other hiding the soon-to-be-gone bush. Her girl parts below her fur weren't visible because her knees were slammed together. Her long medium brown hair had fallen in front of most of her cute face.   
  
Apparently, at this moment, Jillian had no intention moving one of her hands to move the hair out her face. So, I softly moved the long locks on my side of her nose and tucked as much as I could behind her ear. Then I reached around did the same to the side away from me. Jillian whispered, “Thank you”. I looked back towards the entrance door.  
  
Brenda turned the knob. Sandra stood close by. As Brenda pulled open the door a man about my age appeared in the doorway. He had empty hands. No pizza. I grinned broadly.  
  
“Hey Jim, come on in”. Jim stepped in a few paces and stopped. Brenda quickly closed the door as Jim took a moment to take in everything he could see. Nobody moved.  
  
“Um... hello?”, Jim questioned.  
  
“I'm sorry”, I began and gestured as I continued, “Jim, I'd like you to meet my ex-wife Brenda and her daughters Sandra and Jillian. Ladies, this is Jim, my friend and neighbor. He lives in the apartment directly across the hall from this one”. Jim bowed slightly and made eye contact with each of them as I introduced them.  
  
I went on to explain that the girls would be staying a while and briefly explained why.  
  
Jim turned back to me and with hesitation asked, “Why are they......”  
  
“Wearing their birthday suits?”, I interrupted.  
  
Jim nodded.  
  
“Brenda, take your seat in the recliner and tell him please”, I instructed. Brenda's jaw dropped. She knew what I meant by that. I pointed to the recliner and gave her a look. She walked quickly to it and sat. Slowly and haltingly, she hooked the leg closest to me over the arm of the chair, but her gaze was pointed straight down. I saw that using my peripheral vision because I was watching Jim's reaction. His eyes were wide as he examined Brenda's crotch from where he was standing.  
  
“Tell him”, I commanded.  
  
“Jack told us that in order to stay, females must be nude in his apartment”, Brenda reported, still looking down.  
  
“Wrong answer”, I immediately replied.  
  
Brenda's head tipped up to reveal a look of surprise and confusion.  
  
“What I said was all females were not allowed to wear clothes while they were here. There's a difference. Right now we are all in my apartment, so right now that is here. There are a lot of other places we could be that could become 'here'”, I said.   
  
I now had everyone's undivided attention. I knew that I was wearing a very sly grin, but I didn't care.   
  
“So Jim, what's up?”, I asked.  
  
Once Jim snapped out of his stare, he answered, “You know that action movie that was supposed to be out on DVD today? The one we both wanted to see?” he asked.  
  
I nodded.  
  
“Well, I got lucky and was able to rent the last available copy. I came to ask you if you wanted to watch it with me”, Jim explained.  
  
I was quick to ask, “Can the girls join us?”.  
  
“Sure”, Jim shot back.  
  
“Okay, we're in. But we are expecting a delivery of a couple of extra large pizzas. Have you eaten yet Jim?”, I replied.  
  
“No, I haven't”, said Jim.  
  
“Then why don't you stay and enjoy pizza with us. Then we will go watch the movie. Deal?”, I proposed.  
  
“Deal. Sounds good to me”, Jim replied as he scanned the room again.  
  
The door bell rang for a third time. Sandra was still standing near the door holding the cash. I glanced at Brenda. She saw me and pulled her leg down and got up to go to the door. When Brenda opened the door, there was a young woman standing there holding two pizza boxes. Her eyes bugged out when she saw Brenda and Sandra and then her eyes gravitated to Jillian sitting next to me.  
  
“Come in”, Sandra invited as instructed.   
  
The delivery girl stepped in far enough so that Brenda could close the door. She stopped and looked at Jim and then myself.  
  
“I've heard rumors about deliveries like this”, the delivery girl began, “It's usually one woman flashes or awkwardly makes it look like an accident when her towel drops. This seems different. What's going on?”  
  
“Tell her Brenda”, I said.  
  
“Jack says”, Brenda started while pointing to me, “all females are not allowed to wear clothes while they are here”.  
  
There was a moment of silence. I broke it by saying, “Very good Brenda. You got it right this time”.  
  
The delivery girl hung her head straight down looking towards the pizza boxes. “Do I have to undress too?, she asked so quietly that it was barely audible.  
  
Oh my, a true submissive. I'd never encountered one in all my years. I had to confirm it. “Are you comfortable being naked in front of a room full of strangers?, I asked.  
  
She lifted her head enough to show watery eyes. “No, It scares me to death”, she replied  
  
What's your first name? How old are you?, I asked.  
  
“Tina and I'm nineteen”, she answered.  
  
“Put the the pizzas down on the floor in front of your feet and remove your clothes. Then complete your delivery.”, I commanded.  
  
Tina set the boxes down in front of her. When she was standing again, there were tears on her lower eyelids. She pulled her red polo shirt with the restaurant's logo on it over her head (no bra, oh my again). She then unbuttoned her khaki slacks and pushed them down to her ankles. Tina had a little struggle removing the slacks as she had a tough time kicking off her shoes and socks as an after thought (no panties either).  
  
Tina picked up the pizza boxes. Brenda sympathized by holding out her hands to receive the pizzas. Tina handed them to her. Sandra then held out the money. Tina took it gratefully and began to redress.  
  
The khakis went on first and she was about to grab the polo shirt when I interrupted her progress. “Stop”, I said. Tina froze with her chest exposed. “You can loosely cover your chest with the shirt for now, but you can't put it on until you get to the driver's door of your car.”, I added.  
  
Without hesitation, Tina sat on the floor topless and pulled her socks and shoes back on. Her hands were shaking as she retied the laces on her running shoes.  
  
The doorbell rang for a fourth time.

**The Arrangement Chapter 3**  
I think that everyone in the room was at a loss for an explanation for that fourth door bell ring. Who could it be? Out of the corner of my eye, I detected movement. It was Tina. She was scrambling to position her shirt to pull it on over her head. I cleared my throat. Tina looked at me. I just shook my head 'no'. Tina lowered her head in defeat and settled for holding the garment against her breasts with one arm. She remained sitting on the floor.  
  
“Answer the door Brenda”, I ordered.  
  
Brenda had a very uncertain look on her face, but she did as she was told. When the door was open fully, there stood a young man wearing a similar polo shirt to Tina's.  
  
“Can I help you?”, I inquired to our newest visitor.  
  
“I came to check on Tina. For safety, we deliver in teams of two. This delivery has taken enough time for me to make sure that she is okay”, The young man replied.  
  
“Fair enough”, I began, “What's your name?”  
  
“Kevin”, he answered while he scanned all the bare flesh in the room. The last one he focused on was Tina. I guess it finally dawned on him that she was holding her shirt instead of wearing it. He stepped in and crouched down in front of her. Sandra closed the door behind him. “Are you alright?”, he asked Tina. With her head still lowered, she ever so slightly nodded in the affirmative. Kevin's head then turned toward me. With some anxiety in his tone, he asked, “What's going on here?”.  
  
I grinned. I looked at Brenda and pointed to the recliner. “This one is all yours”, I said softly.  
  
Brenda rolled her eyes but dutifully took her position on the recliner. She then re-explained the circumstances of her visit and my terms. Then she described the pizza delivery. She kept glancing at me to check my facial expression for signs that she had made a mistake. I was stone faced because she got it right again.   
  
Everyone in the room except Tina noticed where Kevin was staring during Brenda's speech. Brenda's wide open pussy was positively glistening. I took advantage of the situation.  
  
“Brenda, go to the linen closet in the hallway and bring back a bath towel. Fold it and place it on the seat of the recliner before you sit back down”, I firmly stated.  
  
Brenda's face went crimson. I had basically just told a room full of people that her exposed and excited pussy was leaking onto my furniture. As she stood and moved towards the hallway, I grinned again.  
  
I glanced quickly around the room while everyone watched Brenda's firm and muscular hip and thigh muscles alternately tense and relax as she went out of sight. My eye radar zoomed in on Tina. She was still looking down and her upper body was shaking. I cleared my throat again.   
  
Tina looked up at me. Her face was a mess. Obviously many tears had already streaked down her cheeks. Her eyeliner was smeared on her lower eye lids.  
  
“Why are you crying?”, I asked with some concern. Tina's beautiful brown eyes filled with water. I was amazed she could see through it. But her face remained aimed towards mine.  
  
“Do I still have to wait until I am at the car in order to put my shirt back on?” she pleaded.  
  
I had a twinge of conscience. Not a big enough one to help her very much, but it was a twinge. “I'll give you an option”, I began, “You can hand Kevin your shirt and he will stand where he is. You will then stand where you are and not talk. You will not move on your own. Kevin may not talk. He can reach out and move your arms to positions that he sees fit to slide your shirt on”.  
  
I continued, ”Once the shirt is pulled down below your navel, Kevin will crouch again and do what is necessary to lower your slacks to your ankles. He will then smooth out the hem of your shirt so it will properly be tucked in when he pulls your slacks back up”. Tina didn't move.  
  
Brenda re-entered the room. She folded and placed the towel as instructed. But, before she turned to sit, I interrupted.  
  
“Brenda, please go to the wash room and bring back the box of tissues for Tina. Brenda glanced at Tina and immediately realized the reason why. She nodded and headed towards the hallway. Everyone but Tina watched her. I don't know Brenda's complete list of skills, but walking away is one of them.  
  
I turned back to Tina. She still hadn't moved.   
  
I said, “You have five seconds to decide which option you want. After that, you're stuck with walking to the car as is”.  
  
Another tear streamed down her right cheek. Her hand shook as she pulled the shirt away from her bared breasts and without looking away from my eyes, she thrust it towards Kevin's hands. He gently took it from her. The two of them rose to a standing position.  
  
Tina let her arms dangle at her sides. Her cherry red and very erect nipples were exposed to everyone's view. She finally changed the direction of her glance towards Kevin's face.  
  
Kevin wasn't looking back until he had the shirt positioned in his hands to his satisfaction. Then he did look at her and silently mouthed the word 'sorry'. She slightly nodded. The nod might have been to acknowledge his heartfelt concern, or it may have been an unspoken signal to encourage him to hurry up. We may never know.  
  
Brenda returned with the box of tissues. I turned to her and held up my hand like a traffic cop ordering a vehicle to stop. Brenda froze in place.  
  
Kevin reached out and took a gentle hold of Tina's right wrist and lifted it to a level equal to the top of her head. He did his best to awkwardly slide the appropriate sleeve over her hand and forearm. He then then took hold of her left wrist and did the same. It was entertaining watching Kevin trying to maneuver Tina's head through the neckline of the polo shirt. But, he managed eventually.   
  
Tina's arms were still raised and the shirt was puddled on top of her shoulders. Her exposed nipples were now so hard that they had to ache.  
  
Kevin glanced towards me momentarily and smiled. I think I witnessed a very selfish and naughty change in him. He turned back to Tina and grabbed hold of the under side of each of her upper arms down near her elbows to keep her arms raised where they were.  
  
He then leaned forward and began blowing his warm breath on her right nipple for a few moments. Then he alternated and blew softly on the other. He did this a dozen or so times before it got the desired reaction.  
  
Tina scrunched her eyes closed and began to tremble. Her hips bucked back and forth.

**The Arrangement Chapter 4**  
When Tina stopped convulsing, Kevin had to quickly reposition his hands to the upper portion of her ribs under her arms to keep her from collapsing to the floor.  
  
Not a sound was made in the room until Tina slowed her panting to normal breathing and re-opened her eyes.  
  
I told Sandra to take the pizzas and her sister to the kitchen and set the table for five. I added that they should put out a variety of soft drinks and bottled water from the fridge. The girls took their naked selves to the kitchen with Jillian still covering and Sandra carrying pizza boxes.  
  
Kevin looked carefully at Tina's face and asked, “Are you okay now?”  
  
Tina nodded as she redirected her face to looking straight down in shame. Kevin released her ribs and tugged her polo shirt down over her breasts and then down below her naval. Tina suddenly looked back up at Kevin with her eyes wide open and a stunned look on her face. Obviously she just re-acquainted herself with what was going to happen next.  
  
Kevin slowly lowered himself to a crouched position. He reached out and unfastened Tina's slacks. He was teasingly slow at lowering them. When her pussy came into view of all in the room, Tina closed her eyes once more. That may have been a bad move.  
  
Once her slacks were crumpled around her ankles, Kevin took a chance. He moved his face in close and blew his warm breath on her most private place.  
  
Tina re-actively shuddered for a moment and her knees partially buckled. 'I guess she is still a little sensitive', I thought to myself.   
  
I craned my neck up towards Brenda and simply said, “wipe her”.  
  
Brenda looked back at me with bugged out eyes, but no response and no other movement.  
  
“Aw, don't make me spell it out. You can see that she has been crying, so her face needs attention. And because you're an experienced woman, you know where another woman needs to be wiped after she has had the biggest public orgasm of her life. Just do it!”, I declared.  
  
With a lot of hesitation, Brenda crept up to Tina, pulled a tissue from the box. Brenda cleaned up the tear streaks and then Tina's lower eyelids. She put that used tissue in her palm that held the box and took a fresh tissue. She locked eyes with Tina and reached down between the young woman's legs. She dabbed and wiped and dabbed some more without breaking her stare into Tina's eyes.  
  
Brenda then scurried back to the wash room to empty her hands. I could hear water running for a moment. She soon returned to a position in front of the recliner.  
  
I looked over at Brenda and whispered, “That was the first time you touched a strange woman's pussy, wasn't it”.  
  
Brenda nodded slightly. Her chest was heaving in an exaggerated manner with each breath she took as she focused on the young couple.  
  
Kevin had smoothed out Tina's shirt and raised her slacks and refastened them over the hem of her shirt. Tina quickly opened her eyes, reached down, grabbed a handful of the front of his shirt and yanked him into a standing position. She then wrapped him in a tight hug and planted her lips passionately on his.  
  
I glanced at Brenda and quietly said, “I'm willing to bet that is another first”. I looked back to Tina and Kevin to address them. Tina had released Kevin from her hug. He was fixing her tousled shoulder length dark hair.  
  
“You two better get along before you get too hot and the pizza gets too cold. It was a pleasure to meet you. You are welcome here anytime”, I added, “Brenda, please hold the door open for them”.  
  
When Brenda had the entrance fully open, Tina and Kevin slipped out quietly holding hands. Brenda hurried to close the door behind them. I stood.  
  
“Jim, why don't you go join the girls. We'll be right in”, I suggested.  
  
Jim nodded and left the room.  
  
“I'm impressed”, I said to my ex as I took in her beauty.  
  
She looked at me curiously.  
  
“You dried Tina's pussy without looking. I knew that you'd know what to do”, I continued.  
  
Brenda must have been trying to downplay it when she simply shrugged her shoulders.  
  
“Oh don't give me that”, I blurted out. I got the curious look from her again. I went on, “Don't deny that you just had one of the most exciting moments of your life. Do you know why I'm sure of that?”  
  
The curious look went away. It was replaced by a look of apprehension and maybe a little fearfulness. She shook her head side to side just one time.  
  
“It's because the room temperature hasn't changed and when I said the words 'wipe her', your nipples were soft and puffy”, I answered as I started to make progress towards the kitchen. I broke eye contact as I said, “Look at them now”.  
  
When I was just about to go out of sight, I turned around enough to look back at her. Not only was she looking down at her chest, she had the palms of her hands pressed firmly against her nipples. It was as if she was trying to will them to relax.  
  
I interrupted, “Don't bother”.  
  
Brenda's head tilted up very quickly. I obviously startled her.  
  
“That could take a long time. The pizza isn't getting any warmer. If you want to do something practical, bring your towel to sit on in the kitchen”, I said as I began to turn to go out of her sight. But, at the last moment I turned back to face her.  
  
“Oh, by the way, I don't recall giving you permission to cover yourself”, I started.  
  
Brenda dropped her hands as fast as she could.  
  
I finished with, “You don't seem to be very fearful of disobeying me. I'll have to change that. Hurry up”.  
  
I walked out of her sight and took a seat at the table. The first thing I noticed was that Jillian was still hiding her girl parts with her hands. I rolled my eyes.  
  
“Jillian, Tina and Kevin are gone”, I warned while raising my eyebrows.  
  
The young teen put her hands on the edge of the table. At the same time, Brenda had entered and was spreading out her towel on the seat of one the remaining empty chairs. I wondered what she was thinking about , because her nipples were still as erect as physically possible.  
  
“Let's eat”, I announced.  
  
As I began to take bites of my first slice of pizza, I noticed that Jim was concentrating on Jillian's recently exposed small chest. I've known Jim long enough to be confident that he would never do anything inappropriate. But I knew he would be like most normal males and take any opportunity to examine a work of art. We were a lot alike and we had three works of art in front of us. If I had my way, they would stay unveiled as much as possible.  
  
The rest of dinner was unremarkable. Jim and I made small talk. The girls kept to themselves unless they were answering a question directed to them specifically. When we were done, I suggested to Jim that he go across the hall and get the movie ready for us. He agreed and left.  
  
I looked at the girls and said, “Sandra and Brenda, please clean up the kitchen and gather some things to drink while we watch the movie. Jillian, please come with me for a moment”.  
  
I led Jillian to the couch and sat down. I patted the seat cushion next to me. Jillian sat on it.  
  
“A lot has happened today”, I began, “I want to make sure that you're okay.”  
  
Jillian nodded a little.  
  
“Can you describe how you feel?”, I inquired.  
  
Jillian cleared her throat and replied, “Sometimes, I'm really scared. But at other times, I get funny feeling in my gut. It's kinda like the feeling you get when you begin to fall on a long steep drop in a roller coaster”.  
  
I came back with, “Okay, but I want to tell you two things that I guarantee are true. One, for as long as you're with me, I'll never let any harm come to you. And two, you are beautiful. You remind me so much of your mother and you know by now that I enjoy looking at her”.  
  
Jillian nodded again.  
  
“So, you're good?”, I finished.  
  
This time she just smiled at me. I smiled back.  
  
Sandra and Brenda entered the room. Each of them were carrying a plastic grocery bag full of beverages.   
  
“Lets go ladies”, I announced.  
  
Sandra started to walk toward the hallway.  
  
“Where are you going?”, I asked her.  
  
“To get something to cover with”, she answered.  
  
“No”, I answered, “Let's go. Jim is waiting. It is six feet from my door to his. What could happen?”.  
  
The girls reluctantly filed past me into the outer hall. I stepped out as well and locked my door behind me. I was about to ring Jim's doorbell when I heard a rustling noise a little ways off to one side. I turned to look and standing there was the widow that lived in the unit adjacent to Jim's. She was holding a full bag of trash.  
  
I pried on a fake smile and said, “Hello Mrs. Jacobsen”.

**The Arrangement Chapter 5**  
I quickly pressed the door bell button for Jim's place before Mrs. Jacobsen could say anything.  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen set down her bag of trash. Her facial expression and her body language gave the impression of an impending confrontation.  
  
Jim opened the door with a big grin on his face. I took the bag of drinks from Brenda and held it out in front of Jillian. The young teen understood wordlessly and took it from me.  
  
As fast as I could, I made eye contact with Sandra and Jillian. “Go with Jim”, I said, “Your mother and I will be there shortly”.  
  
I looked up at Jim and gave him a directional sideways nod of my head towards the young widow. Jim leaned forward so he could look down the hall. The two naked girls were squeezing past him and into his apartment as he did this.  
  
When he saw his neighbor, he pulled his head back inside and gave me a silent nod of understanding. He closed his entrance door.  
  
I leaned in close to Brenda so that my lips were as close to her ear as possible without actually touching her. I whispered, “Remember when I told you that I needed to work on your level of fear to disobey me? Well, It's time”.  
  
I took Brenda's hand and strode the few yards to where our neighbor was standing with hands on her hips and elbows pointed out in defiance. She had an angry scowl on her face.  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen's eyes met mine as we came to a stop directly in front of her. “Pervert”, she blurted out.  
  
I swallowed hard. With that swallow, went what I instinctively wanted to reply back. But, I took the high road. “Mrs Jacobsen, I'd like you to meet my ex-wife Brenda. Those two girls that just went into Jim's apartment are her daughters. Their names are Sandra and Jillian. They are staying with me for a while”.  
  
“Where are their clothes? Why are you letting them parade around naked in public?”, my neighbor demanded. “I should call the police”, she added  
  
“I don't think that would be a good idea for your sake”, I replied with a straight face.  
  
“Why?!”, Mrs Jacobsen jabbed back.  
  
“Do you remember last New Year's Eve?”, I asked. Before she could answer, I pushed on, “I'll answer that for you. I checked with you on New Year's Day. You definitely don't remember. Let me fill you in. At 11:30 pm you banged on my door. You were very drunk and had run out of alcohol. When I answered the door, you asked in a slurred voice if I had any liquor that you could borrow”.  
  
I continued, “Reluctantly, I invited you into my place while I looked for a bottle of something that would make you happy and go home. It's a good thing I found something and do you know why?”  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen still had her hands on her hips. But her scowl was gone. She didn't respond to my question.  
  
So I went on, “It is because you were dressed just like Brenda is now.... except you had bedroom slippers on. It's fortunate that you didn't continue your quest by banging on other doors in the building.”  
  
Of course, Mrs. Jacobsen's nudity was a total falsehood. The rest was true, including I hoped, her blackout.  
  
A look of suspicion crept across her face. I figured she was questioning my story in her mind.  
  
I answered the look by explaining that if she has any doubts, she could ask Jim. I told her that he had come to his door when he heard the commotion. “At that moment I was ushering you out my entrance door”, I said, “He got a good look at you”.  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen's mouth fell open.  
  
“If that's not good enough to convince you, there are pictures”, I commented.  
  
Her mouth stayed agape, but now her eyes were bugged out as well.  
  
“I was texting a friend when you banged on my door. So, it was easy to switch my phone to camera mode. I've got quite a collection of you from all angles. And I do mean ALL angles. I've down loaded them onto my computer”, I said.  
  
I continued, “So you see, if you call the police, you'll be coming with us. Because our testimony and copies of your photos will be handed over to them”.  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen's face had blushed when I first mentioned Jim seeing her and the existence of photos. Now her complexion was pale white.  
  
“Do you have any ground coffee?”, I asked.  
  
The widow looked back at me. She was obviously confused.  
  
“Well?”, I asked again.  
  
“Yes. But why?” she answered as she let her hands drop to the sides of her hips.  
  
“Well, you never replenished that bottle that I lent to you. I'm out of coffee. It's kind of an inconvenient time for me to go to a store. If you would take Brenda to your kitchen and give her a few scoops in a sandwich bag, I'll call it even. I'll even take your trash down to the dumpster for you while you do it.”, I offered.  
  
Mrs Jacobsen eyed me suspiciously as if she expected there would be a catch to my offer. But before she could respond, I heard footfalls in the hallway behind me. I turned and recognized Tina and Kevin approaching and grinned at them.  
  
Tina looked at the floor as she approached. She whispered, ”As soon as we got back to the pizzeria, we were given a delivery order for an apartment on the ground floor of this building. My shift is essentially over, but Kevin still has two hours to go and he is my ride home. I was hoping that I could wait for him here. Waiting at the pizzeria is boring and awkward”.  
  
“Of course you can sweetheart. Just hand your clothes to Kevin so he can be on his way”, I answered gently.  
  
Tina looked up at me with a hint of question in her eyes.   
  
“Yes, right here and right now”, I replied to her non-verbal question.   
  
Tina looked back at the floor and unfastened her slacks. With several instances of hesitation, she pulled the hem of her polo shirt out of her waistband. She then switched to grabbing hold of the hem with crossed hands and up it went. The sight of her breasts coming into view was a bad thing for those with high blood pressure.  
  
But, when the collar of the shirt cleared her face, that was when the treasure was revealed. The embarrassed sub-missive’s face was crimson. As she pulled the shirt clear of her hair, we all watched as the blush migrated to her neck and then downward to her upper chest and cleavage. My mind came up with the word 'artwork' as we all stared.  
  
Tina handed her shirt to Kevin. He dutifully straightened it out and draped it on one shoulder. Tina stepped on one of her heels and then the other in order to remove her trainers. The socks went quickly. Kevin balled them up and stuffed the ball into one of the trainers.  
  
The slacks removal was the quickest of all. Because she had no panties on, she may have been motivated by how much she was showing when bent at the waist to remove them from her feet. Kevin draped them neatly on his shoulder over the shirt.  
  
“Kevin, we'll see you in a couple of hours. You might want to try both doors when you get back. I don't know whether we'll be at my place or at Jim's”, I instructed. Kevin nodded. “Oh, and will you do me a favor?”, I asked. Kevin shrugged. “Please drop this in the dumpster on your way to your car”, I requested as I offer him the bag of trash.  
  
Kevin nodded and kissed Tina on the cheek before taking hold of the bag. Tina watched longingly as Kevin and her clothes went out of sight.  
  
I turned and met Mrs. Jacobsen's eyes. “coffee?”, I asked.  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen didn't answer. Instead, she opened the door to her place and held it open until Brenda could enter. Mrs. Jacobsen then stepped inside, turned and gave me a glare. Then she closed the door loudly.  
  
Ninety seconds or so later, the door opened and Brenda emerged carrying the bag of coffee grounds and wearing a very worried look on her face. The door closed behind her.  
  
“She's pretty scary, huh?”, I asked sarcastically. But Brenda nodded vigorously.  
  
I put one arm around Brenda's shoulders and with my free hand I grasped one of Tina's. “Come on ladies. Let's go watch a movie”, I said encouragingly.   
  
Jim answered his door He was surprised, but happy to see Tina again. All of her. We moved to his living room. Jim only has a recliner and a loveseat to sit on. Time to be imaginative.  
  
“I got this”, I announced. “Jim, have a seat”, I offered while pointing to the recliner. Jim sat.  
  
The girls were on each side of loveseat. “Jillian, sit on your sister's lap so we can make some space”. Jillian carefully placed herself cross ways on Sandra's lap. Jillian snaked her arm around the back of her sister's shoulders for support. If they were clothed, this picture would be 'too cute'. But this scene was way off the cute chart.  
  
I let go of Tina's hand and sat on the cushion that Jillian had just vacated. As I did, I used both of my paws to pull my ex-wife's nude behind into my lap and my cuddling hold.  
  
Once settled, I looked up at Tina and said, “There's one lap left”. Tina went wide eyed and looked at Jim. “Go ahead”, I encouraged. Tina timidly climbed onto Jim's lap and curled up into a ball against his chest. Jim put an arm around her back to keep her steady. This put his hand in an interesting spot. Tina stared into my eyes as Jim's hand gently caressed her behind.  
  
With his free hand, Jim grabbed the remote and was about to press 'play' when there was series of loud bangs on the door. I looked at Jim. Jim looked at me and shrugged.  
  
“Who is it?”, I called out.  
  
“It's the Apartment Manager. I'm answering a complaint of a bunch of naked women in the hallway. The complainant claims that they all entered this unit. Open up or I'll use my pass key”, the husky female voice said.  
  
'Crap', I thought to myself. Mrs. Jacobsen must have called my bluff. Uh-oh.

**The Arrangement Chapter 6**

I whispered into Brenda's ear, “Stand up quickly but quietly. Take your daughters and Tina to the bathroom. Leave the door half open and the light off. All four of you stand in the tub, pull the curtain closed and don't make a sound”. Brenda clambered out of my lap and I rose too.  
  
“I'll be there in a moment. I'm tending to something in the kitchen”, I announced loudly towards Jim's entrance door. The other four in the room all stood up.  
  
I held my index finger vertically in front of my lips. Then I gestured in an animated way for the four girls to go down the hall. They all began moving. I wished I had more time to watch them because I realized that I like synchronized naked female tiptoeing.  
  
I grabbed Jim's shoulder and turned him towards the kitchen. I ushered him in there at a quick pace. Once there, I grabbed a small sauce pan from the overhead rack, set it in the sink, and began to add cold water to it at full force.  
  
I whispered to Jim, “On '3' you will fling the door open and then get the hell out of the way as fast as possible. I'll handle the rest”. Jim nodded.  
  
I turned off the faucet and followed Jim to the door as quickly as I could without slopping water out of the pan. As soon as we cleared the kitchen I called out, “Coming!”.  
  
Jim turned the paddle to unlock his deadbolt. I whispered, “one”. Jim then twisted the button on the door knob to unlock that as well. I whispered, “two”. As soon as I saw that his hand had a grip on the doorknob I spoke at normal volume, “Three!”.  
  
Jim was perfect. The door flew open very quickly, but he had the presence of mind to keep it from bouncing off of the wall and back in the way. I don't know how, but he did manage a hasty retreat. He was gone in a flash.  
  
My timing was good. As soon as the door was half way open, I was already in full swing to launch the cold water into the open doorway. All the apartment manager could do was audibly inhale just before the mass of water hit her. I will forever remember the look on her face at that moment.  
  
Of course she shrieked loudly. I didn't think I had enough water for a good drenching, but her clothes were stuck to her body from shoulders to mid thigh. For effect, I gently let the pan drop from my side. It made a loud noise on the vinyl flooring at the entrance way.   
  
“Oh, I'm so sorry!”, I said hoping it didn't sound sarcastic. “I didn't think that it would really be you at this hour. I am expecting a friend to visit in a couple of hours and thought he arrived early. I thought he was playing a prank pretending to be the apartment manager, so I decided to beat him to the punch”, I added.  
  
At that moment we both heard a door open in the main hallway. The apartment manager looked down the hall towards Mrs. Jacobsen's unit. It doesn't take a rocket scientist to know what is coming.  
  
I twisted my neck so I could be heard by Jim. “Jim, please bring a towel for this lady”, I requested. I heard his foot falls move away from me as I heard him respond, “okay”.  
  
Jim returned in moments with a bath towel. I swiveled ninety degrees to accept it from him and then turned back and offered it to the husky voiced woman. She took it without acknowledgment and began to pat and dab herself.  
  
Mrs. Jacobsen appeared behind one of the manager's shoulders. “These two are perverts!!”, the widow blurted out, “especially this one!”, she said as she reached over the apartment manager's shoulder with her finger pointed directly at my face.  
  
The manager's expression was emotionless as she looked at me and continued to try to dry herself.  
  
I said, “Hold on here. Look over my shoulder. Do you see any naked females? The manager looked over my shoulder and then back at my face. Her expression didn't change. I continued, “Do you hear anything that would lead you to believe that a bunch of naked women are running around this apartment?”.  
  
Again, no change in expression on the apartment manager's face.  
  
“Okay, I do have some other information to share with you, but I'm not stating it with her here”, I emphasized while pointing at Mrs. Jacobsen.  
  
The apartment manager appeared to ponder this for a moment. Then she finally spoke, “Go back to your unit Mrs. Jacobsen. I will be there to speak with you shortly”. Mrs. Jacobsen had a look like she had just received an offensive remark. There was a pause before she nervously walked away.  
  
When the two of us heard heard Mrs. Jacobsen's entrance door close, the husky voiced woman stared at me again.   
  
I took a deep breath, “The last time that woman knocked at my door, she was very drunk. She asked me to lend her some liquor. I did...... just in hopes to see her go home. You can confirm this with Jim. He saw her leave my unit”.  
  
I continued on, “She has issues. Social issues. She is tough to get along with. Someone in authority, like yourself, should at least make an attempt to straighten her out”. I paused to let her compile this and then went on, “I know that you wouldn't want tenants to start moving out because they can't deal with her”.  
  
The apartment manager broke her stare and concentrated on the towel in her hands. She carefully folded it and offered it to me. As she looked down at my hands that were taking the towel, I finally got a chance to be a voyeur. I determined that she was wearing a bra, but not a padded bra. I know that the water was very cold, so I wasn't surprised at what else was pointing at me.  
  
As she stepped away, I peeked out of the open doorway to watch her walk to Mrs. Jacobsen's door. The apartment manager pressed the doorbell button. The widow opened it right away. She blurted out, “I wasn't naked when I went to his door. You have to believe me”.   
  
“maybe... maybe not, but we're about to get to the bottom of this. For starters, I need some dry clothes. Yours will do”, the apartment manager replied. I then witnessed her pushing her way into Mrs. Jacobsen's entrance way. As soon as she was clear. The door slammed shut.   
  
Wow, talk about wanting to be a fly on the wall.  
  
Soon, we were all settled again to enjoy the movie. We all watched except Tina. I would glance at her every few minutes. Even though she was tightly curled against Jim's chest with her head tucked under his chin, her eyes never left my face. It was eerie and flattering at the same time.  
  
As the credits were scrolling at the end of the movie, I took a more detailed scan of the room. Jillian and Sandra were sound asleep, arm in arm. I felt a stirring in my lap and realized that Brenda was sitting straight up, facing away from me, and had stretched her arms as high overhead as possible.  
  
I have always been a voyeur of a woman’s bare back. The muscle structure and tight midriff waist are always fascinating to me. At this moment, I was also fantasizing about how high her nipples were pointed upward with her arms in this position. I told you that she was a looker.  
  
As Brenda let her her arms down slowly, there was a slight rapping on the entrance door. I leaned forward so that my mouth was just behind Brenda's ear. I whispered, “It's probably Kevin. Please go let him in. But don't wake up your daughters”.  
  
Brenda glanced over at her daughters as she scraped herself off of my lap. 'Tease', I thought. As she walked towards the door, Brenda peeked over her shoulder and admired my grin. When Brenda went out of site, I whispered to Tina that her ride was here. Tina scrambled out of Jim's lap causing him to groan.  
  
My ex returned in moments with Kevin in tow. Tina greedily took her clothes from him and redressed. She then pranced over to me and gave me a hug goodbye before prancing back and planting a kiss on Kevin's lips.  
  
To make a long story short, the ceremony was adequate but not flamboyant. Jillian an Sandra were the bridesmaids. Jim was my best man. Brenda was a more beautiful bride the second time around.  
  
The next day, as we were boarding the plane for our (first) honeymoon, Brenda looked concerned. I tried to comfort her by saying, “The girls will be fine. Jim is right across the hall and promised to check on them regularly. At the very least, you can count on him to enforce my dress code rules”. Brenda glanced up at my face and then slapped me playfully on the shoulder. A moment later, she looked at me and grinned.

**The Arrangement Chapter 7 (The Music Festival)**  
My small two bedroom apartment was a busy place this morning. Everyone was scurrying around trying to get ready for today's event. I told the girls a week ago that I would take them all to the music festival.  
  
They were all excited by the idea. There were seven bands that would be there to perform. Four of them were popular from my wife Brenda's and my young adulthood. The other three were newer. I overheard Brenda's daughters (Sandra and Jillian) tell her that those were their favorites.  
  
So, I guess it would be a good time for all of us.  
  
The venue was a large parcel of farmland located about 90 minutes west of my apartment. The advertisements that I heard on the radio made it sound like a smaller version of 'Woodstock'.  
  
Brenda suddenly approached me. “Could we invite Tina and Kevin to come along?”  
  
I thought about it, but not for long. “Sure”, I said, “You make the phone call. Tell them that I'll pay for their tickets to get in, but make it clear that they're going to have to follow us in their car. So, they'll need gas. Also, warn them that its going to be an extremely warm day, so pack accordingly”  
  
“Okay”, Brenda said joyfully.  
  
While Brenda was calling them, I took my own advice. I went to the closet and pulled out my hiking backpack. I stuffed it tight with a tarp, a thin blanket, a bottle of good sunblock, and some other necessities.  
  
“They'll be here in five minutes”, Brenda announced from behind me. I turned and saw her beaming smile. I realized that she was proud of herself. She had helped make two other people's lives more optimistic. That is why I truly love her.  
  
As soon as Tina and Kevin arrived, we were off on our way. 90 minutes sounds like a lot, but it goes fast when you're on a good road.  
  
The fact that the venue was farmland meant that the parking lot was a field. It was already half filled by the time that we arrived. That meant that we were going to have a considerable hike in and out. The backpack idea was a good one.  
  
We parked and clambered out. I put the girls in charge of each grabbing a handle on the cooler. It was packed with bottled water and ice. It was therefore heavy. But we would need to stay hydrated. Tina and Kevin had a similar cooler, although not quite as large.  
  
Before we left the cars, something caught my eye. A couple in their mid twenties walked by. They were both wearing shorts, but that was it. They were were both nude from the waist up.  
  
I immediately whipped my head around to look at Brenda to see if she had noticed them. She turned her head in my direction and looked at me long enough for me to know she'd seen them.  
  
I slid off my back pack and reopened the car door. I removed my own t-shirt and tossed it inside.  
  
I looked Brenda straight in the eye and said, “Shirt”, as I made a beckoning move with one hand. Everyone in sight knew that she wasn't wearing a bra. She seldom does.  
  
“Please, not in public”, she pleaded  
  
“We're 'here'”, I said in a louder tone and pointed inside the car, “Shirt”.  
  
“You do it. I can't”, Brenda replied raising her hands to the sky in surrender.  
  
Her top slipped up and off easily. She reopened her eyes and quickly realized the world had not come to an end. But, she was topless in front of dozens and soon to be thousands of people. She looked a little frantic. But, she didn't cover herself with her hands.  
  
Her shirt went into the car. The car door closed and locked. I turned and looked at Sandra. She looked back at me with a look of terror in her eyes. I love these girls even though they're not genetically mine. So, I let this one go. I don't want to traumatize anyone.  
  
I then reached into my backpack for the sun block. I took a good smattering on my hands started lathering Brenda's bare back.   
  
“Arms straight out to your sides”, I commanded. She stuck hers arms out.  
When I finished with her back, I turned her around to face all of us. I spent plenty of time on her front. There are few things that are more erotic than a male rubbing sun block into a woman's bare chest.  
  
Then something else caught my peripheral vision. It was Jillian crouching in front of my back pack. She was stuffing her top in the front pocket. She then stood up, looked at me through her upper eye lashes and stuck her arms straight out to her sides.  
  
I reopened the bottle and poured out a big gob of sun block on my hand. I was very tempted to apply it to my step-daughter's upper body. But, that's a line that I don't want to cross.   
  
I treat both of Brenda's daughters as if they were mine. In return, they trust me unconditionally. I didn't want either one to doubt my intentions.  
  
So I held out the bottle to Brenda and said, “Help her out please”.  
  
Brenda took the bottle from me. I used the gob of sun block in my other hand on myself.  
  
I watched as the topless mother coated her topless daughter's back with the slippery lotion. I expected Brenda to hand her Jillian the bottle to do her own front.  
  
But, Brenda told her 18 year old to turn around and keep her hands held out to her sides.  
  
Jillian did so. Brenda continued to rub. She did extra work on the lightest colored parts of her chest inside of her tan lines. By the time Brenda finished, Jillian's eyes were fluttering and her nipples were standing out much more than five minutes ago.  
  
'Interesting', I thought to myself.  
  
Brenda the turned to me and brazenly looked at the lump in my crotch. Then she looked me in the eyes, smirked, and offered the bottle to me. “All done”, she said.  
  
I said in a cracked voice, “Let's go. We've got a ways to walk”. But walk, we did. More like trek.  
  
As we got closer to the stage area, the crowd thickened. One sight really shocked me. By far, most of the people were moving 'towards' the stage area. But every now and then, there was someone going against the grain of pedestrians. They were headed back to the parking area for some reason.  
  
It was impossible not to notice the four girls approaching us. They were all brunettes and approximately 12 to 14 years old with longer than shoulder length hair. One was wearing a white ball cap with a long pony tail pulled through the hole in the back. She had car keys in her hand.  
  
But that hat was the only piece of clothing amongst all four of them. Two of them were flat chested and had very little pubic hair. The other two had budding small breasts and had full bushes on their pubic region. They were barefoot naked.  
  
As they passed by us, they were chatting with each other as if everything was normal. “This not normal”, I said to myself as I looked over my shoulder at them as they continued to walk towards the parking area.  
  
“This is a safety issue”, I thought, I didn't have a problem with the nudity of such young girls, but I did think that, “They should be escorted by someone”.   
  
As I swooped my head around to forward to watch where I was walking, that's when I noticed the boys. There were two of them. They appeared to be about the same age as the girls that had just passed by us. They appeared to be in pursuit of the girls.  
  
They were moving at a jogging pace. Except for athletic shoes, they were also naked. Their male parts were jiggling side to side with each stride. I again looked over my shoulder again as they passed us.  
  
As soon as the boys caught up to the girls, they slowed to match the girls' pace. I wouldn't say that these boys would be my first choice for security guards for the four young girls. But, at least they had somebody. I felt a little relieved for the girls' safety.   
  
Then it hit me. I knew that these music festivals had a reputation for a relaxed dress codes, but there was way more nudity around me here than that reputation. Something was up.  
  
When I turned forward again, I noticed a man with a bright red t-shirt with the word 'staff' printed on it. I approached him.  
  
“Excuse me”, I started, “I'm not offended, but what's with all naked young people?”  
  
The man looked at Brenda's bare chest on one side of me and then at Jillian's on they other side.  
  
He then looked at me with some disbelief in his eyes and said, ”You don't know?”  
  
I shook my head 'no'.  
  
The staffer then continued by explaining that one of the newer bands about to perform was named 'Knude'. They only booked performances on private property like this farm.  
  
He added that most of Knude's music lyrics were about nudity and exhibitionism. They openly encouraged fans to attend concerts naked. The band's staff even circulated through the audience and randomly rewarded the fans who were wearing the least with cash prizes.  
  
“Thanks”, I answered, “That explains a lot.  
  
“You're welcome”, he responded and then turned away to return to his duties.  
  
I then turned to Jillian and said, “You knew, didn't you?”  
  
Jillian searched my eyes, questioning herself how to answer. She finally nodded 'yes'.  
  
“That's why you willingly took your top off and put it my back pack, wasn't it?”, I added.  
  
Again, she nodded 'yes'.  
  
Part of me was angry that she had essentially deceived me. But, I couldn't stay mad at her for long.  
  
I smiled, “Well, if you want a chance at one of those cash prizes, you're still over dressed”

**The Arrangement Chapter 8**  
I looked down past Jillian's bare A cup chest to her brief pair of boy shorts. I felt her glance at my eyes to follow my line of sight. She looked down at her shorts. She had a prominent camel toe where her pussy should be. There was no way that there were any panties under there.  
  
Jillian is a smart person. It didn't take her long to figure out what I meant.  
  
I drew my gaze back up to her face. She saw me do this out of the corner of her eye. She tilted her head back up to meet my stare. There was about a thirty second pause while Jillian stared back at me with a look of indecision.  
  
Finally, she spoke, “Are you serious?', she implored.  
  
“Yes, I am. Go ahead and make yourself a memory that will last the rest of your life. Your family is here to watch your back. I'm not foolish. I know this is what you want. I dare you to look me in the eye and tell me otherwise”.  
  
She did look me in the eye. But, it was with that same look of indecision as before.  
  
So I threw my final pitch.  
  
“When do you think you'll have another safe opportunity to go nude in public? I mean an opportunity where you'll have a really great time and not have anything bad happen to you. I'll tell you what. I'll turn my back so you can have access to the front pocket of my back pack. I think that there is still room there with your top. It's your choice. You decide”.  
  
I turned around. There was about a twenty second pause before I heard the zipper on the back pack open. Then there were a few tugs on my shoulder straps as Jillian squeezed her shorts into the pocket. Then the zipper sound of the pocket closing.  
  
None of the women could see my grin as I thought to myself, 'Good girl'.  
  
“Let's go claim a spot to watch the concert from before all the good ones are gone”, I said as I turned around to the three of them.  
  
What I saw next got my attention. Sandra and Jillian were picking up the cooler again. When they were standing upright, I noticed something was missing. It was Jillian's pubic hair.  
  
I knew that I wanted that gone, but I'd only made a few hinting comments days ago about it and they were only to Brenda. She didn't respond to the comments I'd made until now.  
  
Brenda put her lips next my ear and in a hushed voice said, “We had a pussy shaving party yesterday while you were at work. Tina was there too. Each one of the four of us took a turn at shaving another girl completely clean”.  
  
She must not have hushed her voice well enough, because Sandra complained by moaning, “Mom!!!!?”.  
  
Brenda looked at her oldest daughter and smoothly said, “Relax honey, he was going to find out sooner or later anyway. Probably sooner”.  
  
As she said that, my wife cupped my package through the front of my shorts and gave it a gentle squeeze.  
  
That didn't help me to concentrate on behaving myself.  
  
I took another look at my now nude youngest step-daughter. In order to hold up her half of the weight of the cooler, her posture forced her hips forward as much as possible. This meant that her bare pussy was no longer hidden between her legs. It was mostly visible.  
  
That didn't help me either.  
  
So, I said, “Come on”. I started walking towards the stage again. I had hoped that I had made the decision to move on, quickly enough before I started thinking impure thoughts. But, I wasn't fast enough.  
  
I could see one open space of grass reasonably close to the stage. So, I made that our goal.  
  
Just before we were going to veer off of the main path to go to that spot, we had to make room for two oncoming women to pass by. They were probably in their early twenties and definitely were identical twins.  
  
They both had very long and very straight jet black hair. One had her hair parted down the middle of the top of her head. The other had her hair parted on one side so that she had a swoop of bangs covering one eye.  
  
The twin with the middle part was wearing a scarlet red tiny bikini top. The only thing covering her crotch was her thatch of jet black pubic hair. It wasn't at all curly. It hung down perfectly straight like the hair on her head.  
  
Her sister with the side part in her hair, was wearing the other piece of the of the same scarlet red bikini. It was equally tiny. There was no chance that there was any fur under there. She was topless, but she had her long tresses pulled forward on the front of her shoulders. They reached down past her breasts by at least four inches.  
  
Maybe it was an attempt to hide her breasts, but it wasn't working well. Each time that she took a stride, one or the other of her gum drop shaped nipples peeked out between the strands.  
  
As they walked, they were both concentrating on texting on their cell phones. This distraction gave me a good chance to drink in these visions.  
  
'Damn', I thought, 'I'm getting no help here at all'.  
  
In another moment, we were at our spot. I slid my back pack off and set it on the ground. I unzipped the main pocket to remove the tarp and blanket.  
  
At that moment, the girls let the heavy cooler down roughly. It produced a crunching sound from the loose ice cubes inside.  
  
Jillian said excitedly, “Did you see them!!?”.  
  
As I unfolded the tarp, I answered,” If you mean the twins, yeah, kinda”.  
  
“Those were the lead singers for 'Knude'. I can't believe I brushed naked shoulders with them”, Jillian said enthusiastically.   
  
“See, I told you that you'd make some memories today”, I replied.  
  
As soon as we set up our little area, I heard a squeal from a female nearby. It was Tina. Kevin was busy stuffing her spaghetti strap top into the bag that they brought. He pulled out a bottle of sun screen.  
  
By the time he finished lathering her up, she had a very content look on her face. Then he removed his tank top and Tina lathered him. When Kevin started to make playful tugs on Tina's shorts, she hung onto them for dear life.   
  
Kevin finally relented. But, from his expression, that war over removing the shorts was not over yet.  
  
I then looked past Brenda, who was sitting next to me, and glanced beyond to Jillian who was using her mother's phone to text someone. What caught my eye was the way she was sitting.  
  
Jillian's knees were splayed open very wide so that the soles of her feet were mated to each other. There was a lot of pink showing between her upper thighs. She seemed completely unashamed.   
  
I can't be sure why she has become such an exhibitionist. I can only surmise that she has always been one deep inside. I just inadvertently gave her permission to 'let it out' when the girls came to live with me.  
  
I am very curious as to the content of that text conversation that she's having. Could she be bragging to a friend that she's naked outdoors in front of over a thousand people? Probably.  
  
A loud noise grabbed my attention. It came from the stage. The concert staff were doing sound checks on the various microphones. The show was about to start.   
  
Facing forward towards the stage focused my attention on something I had not noticed before. Ten or twelve feet in front of us were a young couple. Even though they were seated on the grass like us and had their backs to us, I could tell the female was striking and unique.  
  
She has longer than shoulder length ruffled red hair. I already had no doubt that it was her natural hair color. She was wearing a mostly white sun dress, but it has images of red and yellow flowers all over it.  
  
All of the sudden, her male companion started having a temper tantrum. It was directed at the red head. We couldn't hear what he was saying over the sound checks. In the next moment, she pulled the hem of her dress out from underneath her bottom.  
  
She quickly unzipped it and pulled it up and off. She stuffed the dress in the canvas bag sitting between them. She was now wearing a pair of lemon yellow g-string panties and nothing else. I was right about her hair being naturally red.   
  
As she shook her head vigorously to return her hair to it's previous ruffled look, I noticed a wide and very dense pattern of freckles running all the way down her spine.  
  
Her male companion's temper tantrum seemed to explode at that point. Finally, he raised his arm in a threatening way. It looked like he was going to back hand her in the face. She cringed. I leaned forward intending to get up and intervene.  
  
He put his arm down and stood up with the canvas bag in his hand instead. The sound checks suddenly ended. We could hear what he was saying now.  
  
He ranted, “Find your own way home bitch. Oh, and I don't mean my home. You're no longer welcome there”. And he marched off, walking behind her to leave.  
  
As he passed behind her, she turned to see him go. We saw her face for the first time. She had the same dense cluster of freckles all the way across her forehead and down the bridge of her narrow nose. She had high cheek bones and steel blue eyes.  
  
But I couldn't appreciate her beauty right now. I was more focused on the sight of tears streaming out of those eyes and down those cheeks.  
  
I looked next to me at Brenda. She looked back at me. I didn't have to ask her if she had seen what happened. I could see the look of concern on her face.  
  
I pointed at the red head and told Brenda, “You go get her and bring her back here. Console her and do what ever it takes to keep her from following that jerk. Meanwhile, I will keep my eye on 'jerk boy' to make sure that he leaves. If he tries to return, I'm going to get the security staff on his case”.  
  
Brenda nodded once and moved fast. I kept glancing back and forth between watching over my shoulder at the back of jerk boy's head as he left and checking on how Brenda was doing.  
  
Brenda had a chance to exchange a few words with the red head when they collapsed into a sideways hug with arms wrapped around each others bare back. The red head was obviously crying more violently, because I could see her upper body convulsing.  
  
The jerk's head disappeared down the trail to the parking area. I figured he was gone. That's a good thing.  
  
In a few moments the red head appeared to regain her composure. Brenda stood and offered her hand to help her new friend up.   
  
As they approached, I noticed that the red head's dense freckle pattern covered the entire front of her shoulders, down deep into her cleavage, and even on the upper side of her upturned breasts.   
  
What a treasure she was to look at. How could anyone wish to harm her. There's no excuse for it.  
  
Brenda gently made introductions. Her name is Trudy. Brenda made sure to let her know how each of us was related or knew each other. Then she guided Trudy to sit between me and herself.  
  
Brenda then leaned in close to Trudy and said, “After the concert, you're coming home with us. Things are going to be okay. You've got a safe and secure place to stay. We'll figure the rest out later”.  
  
Brenda looked past Trudy to my eyes to try to read if she had over stepped a boundary by inviting her new friend.  
  
I nodded my head in agreement. Brenda looked relieved.  
  
I craned my neck to look sideways at the group of females that made up my entourage. I've been told that heaven is a much better place. But this will do for now. It'll do nicely.  
  
Just then 'Knude' took the stage.

**The Arrangement Chapter 9**  
I looked next to me at Trudy. I realized that her fair skin was in much more danger from the sun than the rest of us. It could cook her tender flesh in a short time.  
  
I asked Trudy, “When was the last time you applied sun block sweetheart?”  
  
She answered, “It was well over an hour ago. Maybe two hours. I'm not wearing my watch”.  
  
“And that was obviously while you were wearing your dress too, wasn't it?”, I added. I reminded myself that her dress departed in the canvas bag with the jerk.  
  
Trudy nodded yes.  
  
I reached into my back pack and pulled out the bottle of sun block. I thrust it past Trudy towards Brenda. Brenda took the bottle from me with a familiar look of concern on her face.  
  
“She's fair skinned and in danger from the sun”, I began while looking into Brenda's eyes. “Coat her with this stuff from the top of her forehead to her toes. Front and back. Meanwhile, I'll work on plan B”, I instructed.  
  
Brenda gave her nod. She crawled around behind Trudy and opened the bottle.  
  
“Trudy”, I began, “Can you tie up or hold up your hair somehow so that Brenda can cover all of your neck and your shoulders?”.  
  
Trudy didn't answer me verbally, but in five seconds, her hair was tied up in a bun on the back of her head.   
  
(How do girls do that? I guess that's something that I'll never figure out. Girls tie, untie, fasten and unfasten a variety of things behind themselves. Completely out of their line of sight).  
  
(They do it fast too. It takes me over twice as long to do any of those tasks for them, and I'm looking at what I'm doing).   
  
(All I do know is that all of that is fascinating for a male to watch. If the female catches the male's eyes during any of that observation, she smirks. That's because she can see that he's fascinated. It's written all over his face).  
  
Brenda began applying lotion.  
  
I began to take stock of our resources. I had to get Trudy covered as much as possible. Sun block was not going to be enough for such a fair skinned girl.  
  
If I didn't come up with a solution soon, we'd be leaving the festival very early. That would be no fun and a waste of money.  
  
My mind raced. Jillian's top was in my back pack, but that wouldn't work. She is a petite girl with a small chest. She wore an extra small sized top.  
  
Trudy was a taller woman. Comparing her to Brenda, they seemed about the same size. I knew that Brenda wore a 'medium'.  
  
Brenda's top was way back in the car. Not an option.  
  
I looked at Tina and remembered that she was wearing a spaghetti strapped top. That would leave Trudy's shoulders exposed. Nope.  
  
'Knude' started their first song. At the beginning they announced the title as “Take Your Clothes Off''. Within the first ten seconds of the song, the two pieces of the scarlet red bikini got thrown into two different places in the crowd.  
  
It was nothing short of two shark feeding frenzies to see who would get the pieces of the bikini as a souvenir.   
  
Then pieces of clothing worn by the audience started to get thrown onto the stage and landed at the twin's feet. In normal conditions, this would have been a distraction to me. I would be using all of my senses to figure out who was undressed and what they looked like.  
  
But, I had a mission to complete. The clock was ticking. And then it hit me. Sandra. Even though she had a bigger chest, she was still about the same size as her mother. She was wearing a full length pink t-shirt with sleeves.  
  
'Best possible solution', I thought to myself. But, as I looked at her watching the stage, I realized that it would not be easy to get that bashful girl to part with her shirt.  
  
This was going to have to be handled del-i-catly.  
  
I crept over and asked Jillian to make some room so I could sit between her and Sandra. Jillian reluctantly brought her knees together to grant my request.  
  
'What a show off', I thought. I might have to put a leash on Jillian's exhibitionism.  
  
Once seated, I leaned close to Sandra so she could hear me over the music without me shouting.  
  
I asked, “Sandra, do you know what the phrase 'taking one for the team' means?”  
  
Her face changed to a confused look and she shook her head 'no'.  
  
I explained, “It's a metaphor usually referring to a sports situation where one individual makes a personal sacrifice for the better good of the group or the team. Do you understand?”  
  
Sandra nodded 'yes'.  
  
“Honey, I need you to take one for the team”, I said while glaring back at her, waiting for her reaction.  
  
I could see it in her eyes that she was processing the idea. Her eyes looked at the ground for a moment and then back at me.  
  
“What do you want?”, she finally asked.  
  
I tried hard not to grin. I was making progress.  
  
“Look past me at Trudy who is sitting next your mother”, I said as Sandra craned her neck around me. I continued, “If you didn't notice, her dress went into the bag carried by the jerk that almost hit her in the face with his arm. The bag left in his hands”.  
  
“Your mother invited her to come home with us so that she would have a safe place to be while we sorted this out”, I added.  
  
I went on, “I'm sure that you've noticed that she is of Irish heritage. She's not like us honey. No matter how much or how often we coat her with sun block, the sun is going to broil her into a hospital situation”.  
  
“Unless and until we get her covered soon, we will all have to leave the festival real early to get her to the safety of the car. You don't want that, do you? Remember, it's not her fault. Trudy didn't ask to be abandoned”.  
  
I could see in Sandra's eyes that she was still processing the information I'd given her.  
  
I interrupted her thoughts by saying, “Sandra, I need your shirt to let Trudy be covered by it. I've eliminated all the other possibilities. Yours is the only one that will fit her and give her significant coverage. I know that you are very shy sweetheart, but take one for the team”.   
  
Sandra looked at me with pleading eyes and said, “I'm wearing a lacy white bra under this shirt. People might be able to see parts of my nipples through it”.  
  
Now it was doubly difficult not to grin. But, I managed somehow.  
  
'Knude' finished the song 'Take Your Clothes Off'. Just before beginning the next cut, they announced the title as 'Shake Your Bare Boobies'. I glanced at the stage and witnessed a new wave of female tops and bras land at the twin's feet.  
  
Apparently, this wasn't just a song. There was a choreographed dance to go with it. The evidence wasn't just the fact that two identical pair of gum drop shaped nipples were moving about synchronously. I was drawn to the number of bare female backs between me and the stage who were moving exactly the same way as the twins were.  
  
I looked back at Sandra. She was bending forward to look sideways at Trudy one more time. I could tell her that she was torn between choices in this decision. She was terribly shy about giving up her shirt. But, she has a good heart and didn't want to say 'no' to helping Trudy in a time of need.  
  
“Do you remember the first day that you came to live in my apartment?”, I asked.  
  
“Yes”, she replied.  
  
“I had to help you. Do I need to help you again?”, I asked gently.  
  
Sandra looked straight forward at the stage. You could see the reflection going on in her eyes just like I could. Suddenly, she simultaneously closed her eyes and threw her arms in the air above her head.  
  
“Take it Dad”, she said.  
  
I moved slowly from my seated position between the two girls to kneeling in front of Sandra. I very carefully pulled her pink t-shirt up and off of her head. By that time there was one tear falling down her cheek. And I could feel one running down mine as well.  
  
I'm sure that Sandra's tear was due to reluctantly giving up her shirt. Mine was for a much different reason. Neither one of my step-daughters had ever called me 'Dad'. It felt good. It felt good enough to make me shed a tear of joy. I rarely cry.  
  
I leaned forward and kissed her gently on the forehead. As I backed my face away, Sandra opened her eyes.  
  
I met her eyes and silently mouthed the words 'thank you'. I hadn't wiped my tear away yet. She had to have seen it.  
  
“You've made a generous sacrifice honey”, I began, “I'm so proud of you and you should be proud of yourself”. “There's just one problem”.  
  
Sandra looked back at me with an expression of curiosity.  
  
“Your bra is see-through as you said”, I continued, “If I can see your nipples, so can the sun. I'm about to send your mother over here to apply some sun block. You need that. The bra needs to be taken out of the way so that your most tender parts don't get burned”.  
  
I went on, “I'll keep it safe in my back pack. You can have it back later”.  
  
Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kevin knock Tina down from seated to laying on her back. He threw himself on top of her and began to kiss her passionately. I was about to say 'get a room' when I realized it was a rouse on Kevin's part.  
  
As soon as Tina raised her arms above her waist with the intention of hugging him back, Kevin made his move. Her shorts and panties went down and off of her toes in a few milliseconds. She didn't even have time to squeal this time.  
  
Tina laid on her back panting as the last of her clothes disappeared into their bag. Kevin then rewarded her patience by continuing the kiss that exposed her pussy in public.  
  
I looked away from this distraction back to Sandra. She was dangling her recently removed bra on one index finger with a coy look on her face.   
  
As I accepted her offered bra, I had to wonder if I had over estimated Sandra's bashfulness.  
  
I nodded to Sandra.  
  
I didn't stand. Instead I started crawling back towards Brenda and Trudy. I stopped in front of Jillian. She was once again, absorbed in a text conversation. I knelt and used my free hand to physically, but gently moved her knees as wide apart as they were before I asked her for room to sit.  
  
She looked up at me and smiled broadly. To hell with putting a leash on her exhibitionism. I'd rather see her be happy as long as she's safe. I gave her a kiss on the forehead as well.  
  
I moved along the ground and made it to my previous sitting spot next to Trudy. I handed her Sandra's pink shirt.  
  
“Put that on. That's not a request. That's an order, because it's for your safety”, I instructed. Trudy started the process of pulling it on over her head.  
  
“Brenda?”, I called out because Trudy blocked my sight of her.  
  
Brenda heard me and curled her head around Trudy to listen to me.  
  
“Sandra gave up her shirt to help Trudy. She needs a lot of sun block. Handle that please”, I requested. Brenda looked towards her older daughter and grabbed the bottle before she crawled quickly towards Sandra. I marveled at how her bare breasts jiggled under her as she crawled.  
  
“She's still hot”, I repeated in my mind.  
  
As I pushed Sandra's bra into my back pack, 'Knude' finished 'Shake Your Bare Boobies'. They announced that their next song would be a cover of the classic rock song 'Love The One You're With'.  
  
I zipped my back pack shut and looked again at my group of females. 'How appropriate”, I said to myself referring to the song title.

**The Arrangement Chapter 10**

Knude's final cut was another cover tune. It was of the classic Rolling Stones song 'Brown Sugar'. I was worried that this was going to be awkward. Competing with an original work by Mick Jagger and Keith Richards was no small task.  
  
But, Knude pulled it off by upping the tempo and having the twins take alternating turns at lead vocals. I'm a big “Stones' fan and this rendition was different, but very good.  
  
When the song ended, the twin with the middle part in her hair announced that they would be having an autograph signing session behind the stage in five minutes. The crowd went wild as the band left the stage. There was a standing ovation with cheers and whistles.  
  
As things quieted, Jillian stood and approached Brenda and me.   
  
“Can I go back stage? I want an autograph from Abbey or Aubrey”, she requested.  
  
“So those are their names”, I began, “Which is which?”  
  
“The one who made the autograph announcement is Abbey”, Jillian replied  
  
I glanced over at Brenda. Brenda just shrugged her shoulders.  
  
I stood up. “It's okay, but I'm going with you to make sure that you get back here safely”.  
  
Jillian suddenly had a look of concern on her face. “You can't”, she confessed.  
  
“Why?”, I asked.  
  
Jillian explained, “I know how this works. Knude only allows people into the line for autographs that are completely naked. That is because they don't autograph objects. They sign the location of their choice on a person's body with a Sharpie marker. It wears off and disappears eventually, unless you take pictures”.  
  
I looked into Jillian's eyes searching to see how genuine she was about her explanation. I had to ask her a question to be sure.  
  
“This autograph means a lot to you, doesn't it?”, I asked  
  
She nodded 'yes' a couple of times.  
  
I glanced at Brenda again. She shrugged one more time.  
  
“Okay”, I began, “Sandra made a generous sacrifice to protect Trudy. I'll do the same so I can protect you.  
  
With that said, I unbuttoned the front of my shorts and shucked them and my underwear down to my feet and stepped out of them. I tossed them to Brenda who was smiling broadly.  
  
I instructed Brenda to keep them safe because the car keys and my wallet were in the pockets. She nodded once, but her eyes sparkled when she did so. I didn't know what, but something wasn't right about that.  
  
I looked back at Jillian who was blatantly staring at my flaccid penis. This was the first time that she has ever seen me naked.  
  
“I gestured towards the stage and said, “Lead the way my dear”.  
  
In a moment, Jillian came out of her stupor and looked up to see me gesturing towards the stage. She turned and started picking her way in between other people seated on grass. She was making progress towards heading to the main path.  
  
I followed. My eyes alternated between watching the subtle muscle movements of her bare back and the swagger of her young tight ass.  
  
I thought to myself, 'some young man in her future is going to make out really well with this deal'.  
  
Then I realized the decision that I just made. I was actually walking around outdoors amongst other people totally nude. There's a lot to be said for the support provided by the brief style underwear that are usually on me.   
  
This was a whole different experience. I could feel my manhood touching each of my inner thighs with each stride. The sun was warming every inch of my body. Why hadn't I done this before? It was exhilarating.   
  
Finally, we made it to the autograph line behind the stage. I felt that we were fortunate. There were only about twenty people ahead of us.  
  
Abbey and Aubrey were seated side by side facing the front of the line on folding chairs. Between them was a small table. On the table was a bottle of water for each twin and a box full of Sharpie markers. They were still naked. Their gumdrop shaped nipples were sticking out hard.  
  
A half dozen men standing nearby with the word 'Security' emblazoned on the front of their shirts constantly scanned the area from behind their dark sun glasses.   
  
As we progressed forward in line, I could begin to see how Abbey and Aubrey were operating. They were being very intimate with their fans. They weren't taking requests as to where on a person's body that they would sign.  
  
The twins concentrated on signing on or near the most private areas of each fan's body. I remarked to myself that I've never seen so much public nudity in my life. Touching was a one way street, with Abbey and Aubrey being the only ones doing the touching.  
  
Eventually, it was Jillian's turn. Abbey called to her to come over and stand in front of her. I was next in line and in a couple of moments Aubrey called me to come over to her. It reminded me of a bank teller line, only sexier.  
  
As Aubrey began her work on me, I looked to the side at Jillian and Abbey. Abbey started drawing with her marker in Jillian's cleavage between her breasts, but finished much lower. From my angle, I couldn't see what Abbey had drawn on my step-daughter yet.  
  
I looked back at what Aubrey was doing to me. She had begun to draw a large circle around my pubic area and package. When she got to the point of finishing the circle on my upper thighs just under my ball sac, she unnecessarily took a gentle hold of my penis with her free hand.  
  
She held it up and out of the way while she finished the bottom of her circle. Lightning shot through my body as a reaction to this foreign touch. With the circle complete, she kept on holding me as she wrote the words “I need a sun tan” just below my navel.  
  
Aubrey then drew a short line from her words to the top of my pubic region. At the bottom of the line, she drew an arrow head pointing at my man goods. She signed her autograph next to the arrow head.  
  
Aubrey then leaned forward and aimed her mouth towards what she was holding. At the last possible moment she stopped with her lips a half inch away and looked up at me.  
  
“Are you married?”, she asked seriously.  
  
“Yes, happily”, I said in a squeaky voice.  
  
“What a shame”, she replied. And she let me go.  
  
An autograph shouldn't be painful. But, this one was. Ouch.  
  
As I stepped away from Aubrey and looked around for Jillian. She was only a few steps away waiting for me. I finally got a look at Abbey's work on my step-daughter.  
  
Abbey had written “I Luv your....”, between her breasts. Then there was a long line drawn from those words down to a fraction of an inch from her clit. There was an arrow head drawn pointing to that sensitive spot. Abbey's autograph was just to one side of the arrow head.  
  
Jillian looked very pleased with herself.  
  
As I approached her, she grinned and said,” I saw and heard that. Because of that I will never say anything to Mom about this. She would question your loyalty. In my eyes, you've just proved your loyalty. You don't deserve to be questioned by Mom. She loves you unconditionally and it should stay that way”.  
  
Then she crashed her naked chest into mine and held me in the tightest clench that I can remember. I embraced her in return. We walked back to our spot in the grass holding hands.  
  
When we arrived, Jillian asked to use her mother's cell phone again. Brenda gave it to her. Jillian then plunked herself down in her previous spot while pressing buttons vigorously. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw her use the cell phone to take a close-up photo of Abbey's autograph.   
  
I thought to myself, “There's no way that she could capture the whole autograph in the shot without including an image of her bare pussy”.  
  
I wondered about who she was sending that photo to. But, in the end I just shook my head. She's eighteen. I'm going to let her learn the hard way. At least her face wasn't in the image.  
  
I crouched down in front of Brenda and asked for my shorts back.  
  
The sarcastic smirk returned to her face. “What shorts?”, she asked while trying not to burst out laughing.  
  
“Now come on, be reasonable”, I tried to negotiate.  
  
“I like this look better”, she said staring at my crotch, “Besides that, there are instructions written on you that the affected area needs a sun tan”, she added as her smirk broadened  
  
“Don't worry, your wallet and keys are safe”, she added.  
  
“I'm going to need a generous amount of sun block applied”, trying to bluff.  
  
The smirk didn't leave Brenda's face as she reached around behind herself and produced the bottle of sun block lotion.  
  
She called my bluff. Brenda rose up on her knees and lathered every inch of me in a very seductive way. She left my most sensitive spot for last. For this, she put a large gob of lotion on her palm.  
  
Brenda stroked me until I was well coated and then kept going until I was rock hard. During this process, I happened to look next to us at Trudy's face. Trudy was laser beam focused on what Brenda was doing.  
  
But, somehow she sensed that she was being watched and looked up at my eyes. Trudy immediately blushed and forced herself to look away.  
  
Brenda let me go right when I was on edge of climax and sat down again.  
  
Oh.... that's not right, I thought. Brenda must have read my mind, because she looked back up at me and silently mouthed the words “we'll fix that later”.  
  
“We?”, I thought, “What does 'we' mean?”.  
  
At that moment, Brenda looked over at Trudy with her smirk still attached. Trudy looked back at Brenda with a similar smirk.  
  
“Uh Oh”, I whispered.

**The Arrangement Chapter 11**  
The next new band to take the stage was named 'Ear Infection'. I thought that it was an appropriate name. They were heavy metal head bangers. What they lacked in talent, they made up for in audio volume. Not my favorite kind of band.  
  
When I scanned the crowd, The younger generation seemed to be enjoying them.  
  
“Oh well”, I thought to myself as I sat back down next to Trudy.  
  
On a brief break between songs, Sandra crawled over to me. I stared at her large bare breasts with pale pink nipples swaying back and forth as she moved. I know that staring at naked breasts is a stereotypical thing for a male to do.  
  
But, I couldn't help myself. I'm a male. Fortunately, Sandra didn't catch me looking at her.  
  
When she arrived in front of me, she changed position to sitting her bottom on the grass with her knees sharply bent so that her heels were pointed towards her hips. She is obviously a very limber girl.   
  
Her breasts jiggled to a stop when she was settled. I had to remind myself, 'eye contact stupid, staring at erect nipples is not appropriate'. I looked up at her face just in time before she began speaking.  
  
“Dad, I'm hungry”, she began.   
  
I saw movement out of the corner of my eye. It was Brenda. She had leaned forward so that she could see my face past Trudy. Her eyes were bugged out. She knew that the name 'Dad' hadn't been used by either of her daughters before today.  
  
I looked at Brenda with an expression of satisfaction. Then, I looked back at Sandra's eyes. Sandra pointed over my shoulder behind me. I turned to see what she was aiming at. I could see that there were a couple of food vendors that were set up at the very back edge the grassy area of the festival.  
  
Sandra continued, “Can we get some lunch please?”.  
  
I swung my head forward again and answered Sandra.  
  
“Sure”, I replied, “But, you and your sister are going to have to come with me. I'm going to need help carrying the food if we are going to feed our whole group”.  
  
A look of concern came over Sandra's face.  
  
“What's wrong honey?”, I asked.  
  
“Can I have my bra back?”, she begged.  
  
I looked down at my naked self and thought about it for a moment.  
  
“I'll make a deal with you sweetheart”, I began my answer, “if you can get your mother to give me back my shorts, then I'll give you your bra”.  
  
Brenda was still leaning forward. So we both knew before we looked at her, that she had been listening in on our conversation.  
  
Sandra looked over at her mother. As soon they made eye contact, Brenda shook her head 'no' in an overly dramatic way.  
  
“Not going to happen”, Brenda began as she pointed to my crotch, “Aubrey wrote that his joystick needs a sun tan and it's gonna get one. Sorry, dear”.  
  
Sandra looked very disappointed.  
  
I happened to glance at Trudy. Her face was pointed down at my package as well. She had a look in her eye that resembled a predator ready to devour food.  
  
“Oh my.... I am in 'SO' much trouble”, I whispered quietly to myself.   
  
“Sandra”, I said in an attempt to change the subject, “Please go over to Jillian and tell her to finish using the phone. Tell her I said for her to give it back to her mother for now. That is because we need her hands to be empty to help carry food”.  
  
Sandra nodded and crawled away. I noted another similarity between Sandra and her mother. Both of their behinds were fascinating to watch when walking or crawling away.   
  
I asked Trudy and Brenda what they preferred to eat. When they gave their answers, I moved to a kneeling position directly in front of Brenda.  
  
“I'm going to need my wallet to pay for lunch”, I said as if it was a dare to show me where she hid it. I was hoping that she would have to reveal where my shorts were.  
  
“I saw this coming”, she said with a sarcastic grin.  
  
She slightly lifted her behind off of the blanket and with her right hand, took hold of my wallet that was being hidden under her most private parts. She offered it out to me, but wouldn't let it go when I tried to take it. I was confused.  
  
That's when she reached out with her left hand and started to cup and softly massage my balls. In a very short time the equipment above my balls was standing straight out. Brenda then turned and leered at Trudy in a sinister way. Trudy leered back at Brenda.  
  
“Oh.... this doesn't look good at all”, I thought.  
  
Then the unthinkable happened. While everyone else was distracted, Brenda let me go with her left hand long enough to grab the top of Trudy's nearest hand. Brenda then wrapped Trudy's index finger over the top of me. Then she curled Trudy's thumb underneath me on my most sensitive spot.  
  
There was a minimum of frictional contact before Brenda pulled Trudy's hand away.  
  
I couldn't breathe for a few moments.  
  
“Oh... I under estimated how much trouble that I was in by a wide margin”, I concluded.  
  
I crawled away before they did something to me that would cause me to make a mess. As I moved towards Tina and Kevin, Jillian crawled past me headed towards where I had just been. She had her mother's cell phone in one hand.  
  
I looked back over my shoulder at Jillian after she passed by me. No words can describe the view of naked female as she crawls away from you. Every bit of her anatomy is visible. Her movements are a seductive slink.  
  
This wasn't helping the ache between my legs.  
  
I knelt in front Kevin and a completely naked Tina. I took their orders for food. Then I addressed Kevin. He could see I was serious, so he got ready to listen intently.  
  
“I'm taking my daughters with me to help me carry the food. I'm counting on you to protect the ladies remaining here”, I began.  
  
Kevin nodded.  
  
I continued, “I think that he's gone for good, but if that jerk that almost hurt Trudy shows up, go get security men double quick. Let them handle it. Don't do anything physical yourself unless you absolutely have to. You could end up arrested for assault. I really can't afford to bail you out of jail right now. Understood?”.  
  
Kevin kept a serious look on his face as he gave me the two thumbs up signal.  
  
I felt comfortable with him keeping vigil.  
  
I looked to the side and noticed that Jillian had returned from giving the phone to her mother. I looked her in the eye and then did the same to Sandra.  
  
“Let's go girls”, I said, “I'm getting hungry too”.  
  
The three of us rose to our feet and began to negotiate our way around various people to the main path.  
  
When we arrived at the line in front of one the food vendor's lines, Sandra audibly inhaled and clasped her forearms across her bare chest.  
  
I saw the the reason for Sandra's apprehension. In front us in line, were two girls that were her good friends and former classmates in school. They were fully clothed. I hadn't seen them in a lot of years, but I still recognized them.   
  
Even though they were constantly turning to each other to chat, they still hadn't noticed our approach.  
  
I stepped behind Sandra, pressed my chest into her back and reached around her on either side to gently take hold of her wrists.  
  
I whispered, “If they happen to turn around and see that you are this intimidated, they might rip you apart socially. If you let me help you guide your hands down to your sides, you'll probably intimidate them. They will envy your beauty and your confidence in it”.  
  
With no forcefulness at all, I started to move Sandra's wrists down to her sides. She offered no resistance. I stepped back in between my daughters on either side of me. As soon I did so, I could see Jillian look over her shoulder and audibly gasp.  
  
I had to turn completely around to notice what Jillian had seen. It was the twins surrounded by three security men. They had filed into line behind us. Abbey and Aubrey were standing side by side working on the buttons of their cell phones.  
  
Two of the security men were positioned at either end of their outer shoulders. The third man was standing directly behind the twins. Abbey and Aubrey were wearing shortened t-shirts.  
  
By shortened, I mean very short. Not only was the bottom swell of their breasts visible, but the bottom edge of their aureoles were peeking out. Four erect gumdrop shaped nipples pushed out the shirts and threatened to show everything if they had to raise their arms for any reason.  
  
The t-shirts were mostly scarlet red like their mutual bikini. But these had a golden colored emblems printed on the front of them with black trim. Of course the emblems said 'Knude'.  
  
Other than the t-shirts, they were only wearing sandals. With their attention distracted to their phones, it gave me the opportunity to compare two identical nude pussies. One bare and one with hair.  
  
I'm still not getting any help here.  
  
As I turned to face forward, I noticed Jillian moving towards the twins. I turned back to follow her with my gaze. Jillian approached Abbey. Abbey sensed her presence and looked up from her phone. The security men were watching Jillian and me warily.  
  
Jillian said to Abbey, “can I ask you a question?”'  
  
Abbey looked at Jillian high and low and recognized her autograph. “Go ahead”, Abbey replied with a polite smile.  
  
“Where can I buy a shirt like yours?”, Jillian asked meekly.  
  
Abbey paused before answering. “They aren't available yet. We have people working on making a Knude website. We only have a few samples of these shirts so far. They won't print more until the website is up and running.  
  
Jillian tilted her head down as if she was crestfallen. Abbey recognized this.  
  
Abbey asked Jillian, “You're a big fan, aren't you?”  
  
Jillian nodded without looking up.  
  
Abbey offered, “I'm willing to give you my shirt under two conditions. One, you can't wear it today. I don't want my art work to be covered. Two, you must spread the word about 'Knudeband.com as much as possible. Agreed?”.  
  
Jillian seemed much more encouraged. She looked up at Abbey's face and nodded 'yes' vigorously. Abbey handed her precious cell phone to Jillian to hold for a few moments. Jillian looked ecstatic at being blessed with that responsibility.  
  
Abbey's shirt came up and off easily because it was so short. She exchanged it with Jillian to get her cell phone back. Jillian draped the shirt around her neck so that she would have her hands free once again. She said a lot of polite and grateful words to Abbey. A naked Abbey nodded back.  
  
“Still making memories?, I teased to Jillian.  
  
Jillian responded by leaping onto my upper front torso. She wrapped her naked legs around me just over my hips. Even though her her arms had a good hold around my neck, I reached around to her nude back to prevent her from accidentally falling.  
  
She leaned into me and gave me a passionate kiss on my right check and backed her head away far enough so that we could have eye contact while still holding tightly onto me.  
  
“This has been the best day of my life. Thank you for bringing me here Dad”.  
  
It had happened again. I fought hard to keep from tearing up this time. No matter how masculine you are. If you are capable of displaying emotions, moments like this will be your undoing. There is something wrong with you if you don't crumble under these conditions.  
  
With wet eyes I gave her a kiss on her forehead and said, “thank you”.  
  
I gently crouched so that she could place her feet on the grass again. After she had her balance and let go of my neck, I let go of her back. We smiled contentedly at each other.  
  
The twins must have been watching and listening. Because, as soon as I let go of Jillian, they offered their standing ovation. Even the security men were smiling below their dark sunglasses.  
  
This had a negative effect in front of us in line. Sandra's two friends turned completely around to see what the commotion was about. Their gazes were greeted by a half naked Sandra and Aubrey and a completely naked Jillian, Abbey, and (gulp)...... my erect self.  
  
One them pulled out her cell phone and held it up as if she was about to take a photo of at least one of us. I immediately stepped forward and gently curled my hand over the top half her phone. That effectively covered her camera lens.  
  
The girl noticed what I did and looked at me.  
  
“Stop what you're doing. It's not right”, I began, “Do you agree that the four women behind me are beautiful?”.  
  
The girl nodded.  
  
I continued, “Well that beauty belongs to them and them alone. To whom they choose to display it to is their choice. Not yours and not anyone else. I'm going to let go of your phone now. I expect that you will put it away. I promise you that this phone will suffer severe consequences if it gets aimed at us again”. And I let it go.  
  
The phone quickly disappeared into the girl's purse. I immediately felt a couple of soft pats on my lower back. I turned around to find the source of the pats. It was the largest of the security men who had been stationed at Abbey's shoulder. “Good job”, he said as he stepped away to be at Abbey's side again.  
  
A few hours after lunch, we were worn out by the emotion and the sun. With one band to go, we decided to leave before the departing traffic got too heavy. When I picked up the tarp, I found Brenda's hiding place for my shorts. The car keys were still in one of the front pockets. We trudged out to the cars. Jillian seemed uninterested in putting clothes on.  
  
Tina begged for clothes from Kevin. He let her have her spaghetti strap top, but that was it. My group of five said good bye to Tina and Kevin. Kevin shook my hand in thanks. I got a bare pussy hug from Tina.  
  
Once we got home, the girls took turns taking showers. I was last. When I turned the water off and started toweling myself off, I noticed that the apartment was very quiet. I investigated. I looked in my daughter's room. They were side by side. Jillian was naked. Sandra was just wearing a pair of panties. Their chests were rising and falling very slowly. They were sleeping.  
  
I went to the living room to check on Trudy. She wasn't there. I looked in the kitchen. No one there. I moved quickly to Brenda's and my bedroom. I stopped in my tracks when I saw Trudy laying in the middle of my bed.  
  
She was curled on her side facing the spot where I sleep. Brenda was in a similar position spooned up behind Trudy with one arm around her clenching one of Trudy's breasts. They were both nude. I took a few steps towards my side of the bed. They appeared to be snoozing.  
  
I dropped my towel to the floor in awe of this beautiful display.  
  
Just then, Trudy's eyes blinked open. She looked at me and smirked. I looked beyond her and Brenda was wide eyed too. Brenda spoke very quietly.  
  
“Go close the bedroom door and then come to bed with us”  
  
As I closed the door, I prayed for help.

**The Arrangement Chapter 12**  
I woke up several times during the night. That was probably because I was not accustomed to having a third person in my bed. Each time that I woke, I looked over at Trudy and Brenda.   
  
On every occasion, they had switched positions from facing me to looking away from me and back again the next time. But, they were always snuggled together very tightly. Either way that they were facing, the woman with her bare chest pressed into her new friend's back had her arm wrapped around her sleeping partner. The hand on that arm would be gently holding her sleeping partner's breast.  
  
From the moment that I slid into the bed, neither one of them made an attempt to touch me. We had all experienced an exhausting day. Out of respect, I kept my hands to myself too.  
  
Finally, at 6:30am, I couldn't manage to go back to sleep. I slipped out of the bed as gently as I could. I looked over my shoulder back at Trudy and Brenda as I quietly opened the bedroom door. They hadn't stirred.  
  
I closed the door just as gently. After a quick trip to the bathroom, I went to the kitchen to start the coffee maker. It was then that realized that I hadn't grabbed some shorts before I left the bedroom. I thought about sneaking back in, but I worried that I would wake somebody.  
  
'Why should I care about being nude right now?', I thought to myself, 'All the women in this apartment saw everything I had for hours yesterday. None of them said a word except for Brenda. She hid my shorts. So, obviously she liked it. I'll get dressed later'.  
  
I poured myself a cup and went to sit at the kitchen table. I almost yelped when I first sat down. My bare behind and ball sack found that the seat was a little chilly. The sensation only lasted for a moment, but my balls quickly retreated to higher and safer ground.  
  
As I sat, I thought about everything that happened yesterday. Then, I thought about possibilities to fix Trudy's predicament. I had several ideas, but I wanted to talk to her about it. After all, the final choice would be hers.  
  
By then my first cup of coffee was empty. I went to the coffee maker to get a second cup. That left my back to the doorway into the kitchen. Just when I was about to pour, I felt two hard nipples press into my upper back slightly below my shoulder blades.  
  
Warm flesh pressed against me all the way to the bottom of my butt. Arms wrapped around me as hands locked together just under my chest, and gave me a squeeze. I received a gentle kiss on the back of my left shoulder. Then I felt a soft cheek, an ear, and some long hair press against the back of my right shoulder.  
  
I could feel and hear an audible sigh that sounded like 'hmmmm'.  
  
I recognized the voice.  
  
Without moving, I said, “Good morning Brenda. To what do I owe this wonderful display of affection?”.  
  
From behind me, she began, “I'm just grateful to have you back as my husband. The way that you handled everything yesterday was masterful. You made sacrifices, took risks, and made good decisions all day. I feel very secure with you”.  
  
Brenda continued, “You didn't get mad at me when I hid your shorts. You could have, but you didn't. Seeing what happened to Trudy, I realized that I'm blessed to be with a good man that doesn't have a problem with his temper”.  
  
She unlocked her hands and let her index fingers trace invisible trails down my abdomen to my pubic region and toyed around.  
  
Brenda blew warm air into my right ear and said, “I really like this outfit on you. I hope that you will wear more often”.  
  
I closed my eyes and told myself that I had married and remarried the right woman for me.  
  
“Can I ask you a question?”, I began quietly as I reopened my eyes.  
  
Brenda let go of my most sensitive areas and relocked her hands under my chest.  
  
“Go ahead”, she said as she placed a kiss on the middle of my upper back.  
  
“How did Trudy end up in our bed?”, I asked bluntly.  
  
Brenda answered, “She had a tough day yesterday. She didn't want to be alone on the couch. I put her in the middle because it was tight quarters and she wasn't familiar with our bed. I didn't want her to fall”.  
  
I put the carafe of coffee down on the counter. With both of my hands, I reached under my chest and gently unlocked Brenda's hands. Once I had her hands in my grasp individually, I carefully turned to face her.   
  
I guided her hands up over each of my shoulders and to each other behind my neck. She got my silent message and relocked her hands there. I reached down took hold her upper legs just below her bare ass cheeks and lifted her until our eyes were at an even level.  
  
Brenda wrapped her smooth thighs around my waist and hooked her feet together behind me. I moved one of my hands up to her middle of her back and pulled her upper body closer to me until the tips of our noses were touching.  
  
When Jillian and I were in this position yesterday, it was for a brief moment for her to express joy and thanks. With Brenda, it was different. It was for romance. She showed no signs of wanting to let me go.  
  
I stared into her eyes and began, “I love you unconditionally and I am not mad at you. I am, however, disappointed that you didn't talk to me about this before I walked into our bedroom last night.”  
  
I took a deep breath and continued, “Trudy behaved herself all night and so did I. But, without communication between you and me, it could have ended differently and badly. That would've caused a lot of mistrust between us. I don't want that”.  
  
Brenda stared at me with puddles in her eyes and blurted out, “You're right. I'm so sorry”. Then tilted her head slightly to one side and planted her mouth on mine and started a long slow passionate kiss.  
  
Because Brenda had tilted her head, one of my eyes could see the doorway. Just then, a very naked Jillian slowly padded in. She was using her hands to wipe the sleep out of her eyes. She put her hands down and blinked a few times to refocus her vision.  
  
When Jillian noticed us, she said,” Eww!!, get a room!”.  
  
Brenda broke our kiss and turned her head around to look at her daughter. She said sarcastically, “If you don't like it, just look away. I love this man. So, affection is going to happen”.  
  
“Dad?”, Jillian asked, “Can I use your laptop please?.  
  
“Go ahead”, I answered, “It's on the little table next to the recliner”.   
  
Jillian left the kitchen to go fetch it.  
  
Brenda turned around to face me. She said, “I can't get enough of my girls calling you that name. Do you know why?”.  
  
I shook my head 'no'.  
  
“It's because no one told them to call you that name. In their eyes you've earned it. They each decided on their own to call you that name”, she finished. Then she kissed me again.  
  
In the middle of the second kiss, Jillian re-entered kitchen carrying my laptop and its power cord. Jillian glanced over at us, rolled her eyes, and turned to walk to the kitchen table. She chose a seat closest to a wall outlet. She plugged the power cord in and began tapping her dainty fingers on the keyboard.  
  
Brenda broke our kiss and moved her head so that the tips of our noses were touching again. She said, “I have something to tell you. While you were in the shower last night, I explained your rule for females while being 'here' to Trudy. At first she looked terrified. I asked her why she looked scared. Trudy said that no one but her doctor had seen her bare pussy since she was a small child”.  
  
Brenda drew a breath and continued, “I asked her if she was a virgin. She answered no. But, she explained that her few sexual experiences had been in total darkness. She woke up this morning at the same time that I did. I think that she's still frightened to come out here totally nude”.  
  
“Okay”, I began, “ I want you to go back to the bedroom and encourage her. Tell Trudy how secure that you feel. Remind her that I could have groped her last night, but I didn't. Tell her that there are no threats to her here. Most importantly, as you talk to her, I want you to sit on the edge of the bed facing her”.  
  
I continued, “Keep your knees wide apart and display your pussy to her. If she won't look at it, ask her to. Tell her that it's okay to show a bare pussy here. Ask her questions about why she is scared. Answer them as calmly as you can. If any question of hers has something to do about what her pussy looks like, ask her to open her knees and show it to you. Then, compliment her”.   
  
I crouched so that Brenda could put her feet on the floor. She did. When she had her balance and let go of my neck, I let go of her back first. With my other hand that I had supporting her bottom, I gave her light spank. Brenda squealed.  
  
I added, “Now go. Trudy is all alone and she needs her friend's encouragement. Don't physically take her hand and drag her out here. Just keep encouraging her until she chooses to come out. Meanwhile, I'll try to rustle up some breakfast for everyone”.  
  
Brenda left the kitchen. I finished pouring my second cup of coffee. I turned around and leaned against the counter. I took a long sip of coffee while considering the breakfast menu. Sandra appeared in the doorway. She paused there to stretch. Her mother's squeal probably woke her.  
  
Sandra reached her arms high over her head and locked her thumbs together. She arched her back and moved her arms behind her head in the raised position. She thrust her chest forward in a deliberate stretch. This effectively flattened her larger breasts to look like her sister's and her mother's 'A' cup size. Her ribs showed their impression behind the skin of her abdomen. Sandra's nipples were so erect. They looked like they were struggling to stay attached.   
  
When a bare chested woman puts herself in this position, it is magnetizing. This position makes men stare every time. It never gets old. As I listened to Jillian continue to beat on the keyboard, I noticed a problem. Sandra was still wearing panties. I set my cup down on the counter and walked to her. I knelt on one knee in front of her.  
  
“I see that you need my help again”, I said as I took hold of both sides of her waist band. I looked up between the twin distractions on her chest and into her face. I suggested that she brace herself in the doorway. She put a hand on each side at about shoulder height. My help brought her panties to her ankles.  
  
I held the tiny garment steady and told her to step out of it. She slowly did so. I raised my head and took a few seconds to stare closely at her recently shaved pussy. She caught me and slammed her knees together. I stood up still holding her flimsy panties. I gently embraced her for a second, then I offered her panties to her. She took them.  
  
“Go put those away”, I instructed, “Then come right back please. I need your help to prepare a big breakfast for five people”. She nodded and left.  
  
I stepped to the refrigerator and cabinets to remove everything needed to make scrambled eggs, sausage, hash brown potatoes, and toast. Sandra returned. I pointed her attention to a large bowl, a whisk, and a carton containing a dozen eggs. “Scramble and cook all of them please”, I requested.  
  
Sandra washed her hands and started her task. I turned on the oven on to preheat for the hash browns. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw movement in the doorway. I turned my head and saw Brenda approaching with a wide smile. I smiled back. I put her to work cooking the sausage.  
  
Trudy's head poked around the corner of the doorway. She had a 'deer in the head lights' look in her eyes. Walked over close to that edge of the doorway until my face was close to Trudy's.   
  
I gently said, “There's no reason to be nervous. Our little group helped you out yesterday. We could use your help now. If you're willing”  
  
Trudy stepped away from hiding behind the edge of the doorway. All of her was now in plain sight to all of us. She looked at my face and nodded 'yes' in agreement. I took a quick look at her entire body. Her small pubic muff was the same shade of red as the hair on her head.  
  
I looked at her steel blue eyes and said, “Your beauty is stunning. I believe beauty should be displayed and appreciated instead of covered”. As I began to turn away, I said, “Lets make some breakfast”. Trudy followed me.  
  
I pointed to a large cookie sheet, a roll of foil, and partially cooked diced potatoes. Then I pointed to a loaf of bread, a tub of margarine,a plate, and the toaster oven.  
  
“Wash up and cover the sheet pan with foil and spread out the diced potatoes evenly”, I began, “Get them into the hot oven with a mitt on your hand. Keep track of the time that you put them in. They should be ready in 15 minutes. While you're waiting, please toast 8 slices of bread. Can you do that?”  
  
Trudy nodded vigorously and went to the sink to wash her hands. Sandra had moved to the stove to cook the eggs. I had room to open the upper cabinet doors where she had been. I started to gather items like plates, paper napkins, and salt & pepper.  
  
“Mom and Dad, can you take a minute and come read this please?”, Jillian called out.  
  
I sighed and replied, “I'll read it if you switch places with me. Get some forks and knives to with this stuff that I've gathered and set the table. Deal?”.  
  
Jillian answered me silently by standing and moving towards me. When we were about brush bare shoulders in passing, she stopped and spoke again. “Knude's website is up and I've been chatting with Abbey”. I nodded that I understood.  
  
I sat down in front of the laptop and read the first few entries.  
  
I looked at Brenda's bare back asked her, “Are the sausage cooked honey?”.  
  
Brenda answered, “Yes. I've just turned the heat setting to the lowest level to keep them warm”.  
  
“Good. Put your spatula where Sandra can reach it. Then come over here please. You need to read this with me”, I requested.  
  
Brenda slid a chair over close to mine and sat down. She reached up with both hands and curled her long hair behind her ears. The position of her arms forced her to arch her back. I love that. For the first time in 36 hours, I felt enough modesty to cover my reaction to my wife's sensuality with my free hand.  
  
Brenda read:  
  
Jillian8teen: Abbey, I'm the girl that you gave your 'Knude” shirt to yesterday. I'm looking for work and I'd love to work for you.  
  
KnudeAbbey: Our Personal Assistant just went on maternity leave for six weeks. We need a fill-in for that time. Is a temporary gig okay with you?  
  
Jillian8teen: Of course. What do I need to do to qualify?  
  
KnudeAbbey: You will have to be interviewed by our manager and our chief of security. I recommend that you do it within the next 24 hours. We leave for the west coast arm of our tour in two days. So, a decision will be made very soon.  
  
KnudeAbbey: If you're interested, my e-mail address is on the website. Use it to give me your contact information and I'll set it up. It would be in your best interest to wear my shirt and some sandals to the interview. Leave the rest of your clothes at home. That will impress our manager that you are comfortable with our band's image. That is important to him.   
  
Jillian8teen: I'm interested, but I have to check something first. Be right Back.  
  
KnudeAbbey: okay.  
  
When Brenda finished reading, she looked at me with a very serious expression. She almost looked scared. This situation involved her youngest daughter going on a distant adventure. There were a lot of unknowns to consider.  
  
Jillian was just finishing her chore when she also saw her mother's face.   
  
Jillian rushed over, hugged her mother, and pleaded, “Please. This is my dream and it may be my only chance for it. Please, please, please”. Jillian started to weep. There was a moment of silence.  
  
I broke the silence by saying, “I'll consent under three conditions. One, your mother agrees. Two, I want to be with you through the entire interview process. That is not just for your protection. I want to listen and observe what these people are like. Thirdly, based on my observations, I decide whether you accept the job or not if they offer it.”  
  
“It's Brenda's call first”, I added.  
  
Jillian obviously heard me because she squeezed her mother even harder. Tears started streaming down the 18 year old's face at a dramatic rate. Her eyes were a mess from crying so hard  
  
“Please mom”, the petite naked girl whispered in cracked voice.

**The Arrangement Chapter 13**  
Brenda pulled a sobbing Jillian's head off of her shoulder. She guided her daughter so that their faces were very close together. The look of seriousness hadn't left her face.  
  
“When you e-mail Abbey to ask for an interview, don't give any personal information yet. Just give her my cell phone number. Your Dad is right. Let's be cautious until we know more”, Brenda instructed while changing her expression to wide smile. She then pulled her youngest daughter into a very tight hug.  
  
Jillian's eyelids closed to mere slits to look through. The tears continued pour out. Her jaw began to quiver. I knew that these were now tears of joy. She would get a shot at her dream.  
  
Through all of her emotion, Jillian manged to get the air out of her trembling chest enough to say, “Thank you” to her mother. When Brenda released her, the young girl ran a few steps over to me to give me a quick squeeze. That gave Brenda time to stand up and get out of the way. Because, as soon as Jillian let me go, she made a focused rush to the lap top.  
  
Even before her cute little behind touched the seat of the chair, her fingers were busy on the keys. I watched her from a few feet away to give her some privacy. When I saw her hit the 'Enter' key, I cleared my throat. She looked up at me.  
  
“Done?”, I asked.  
  
Jillian smiled and answered, “Yes. I am SO happy. Thank you”.  
  
“I felt your 'Thank you' when you squeezed me. You're welcome”, I said while I gave her a kiss on the forehead.  
  
“Okay, tell Abbey that you'll talk to her later. Then please put the lap top back in the living room. We need the whole table for breakfast”, I asked.   
  
A little while later, I put my fork down. 'What a feast', I thought. The others finished soon after me. We all played a part in the clean up. When we were done, I asked Brenda and Trudy to come sit with me at the table.  
  
I looked at Trudy and said, “I've given some thought to your situation. Have you done the same?”.  
  
Trudy glanced at both of us and bluntly stated, “I know what I want to do. Before my brief stay with my ex-boyfriend, I was staying with my aunt and her daughter. I have more clothes and personal items there.”  
  
Brenda and I listened carefully.  
  
“I don't care about what my ex has of mine. He's got a few changes of my clothes and my wallet with a small amount of cash in it. I don't have driver's license or credit cards. My keys and cell phone are at my aunt's house. There's nothing important enough to risk contact with him”, Trudy continued.  
  
“Smart decision”, I interrupted.  
  
Trudy added, “They don't live very far away. If I call them they will come get me. They can bring some clothes for me. I haven't talked to them in a couple of days. They're probably getting worried”.  
  
Brenda got up and went to the kitchen counter. She returned with her cell phone, sat, and offered it to Trudy with a very concerned look on her face.  
  
Trudy quietly took the phone and leaned forward to put both elbows on the table. This position made her bare nipples rest on the very edge of the table. In the next few seconds, I watched them become erect on the cool tiles that ran around the edges of the table.  
  
As Trudy was finishing pressing buttons on the phone I made a point of staring at the freckle pattern on her cleavage, upper chest, shoulders, and face. I planned to do the same to her bare back at my next opportunity. I wanted to burn these images into my memory. I was going to miss being able to drink in her beauty. But, I already knew that she was making the right choice. Obviously, so did Brenda.  
  
My wife and I silently listened to Trudy's side of the conversation.  
  
“Hi Alison. It's Trudy....... I'm fine......I'm with some new friends who rescued me..... Hold onto your questions. I'll tell you both all about it later. I was hoping you and your Mom could come get me and bring some clothes please......It's a long story Alison...(long pause while Trudy just listened).....Was he mean to you? Did he threaten you?.....(another pause that was almost as long).....Please bring the bag. I am anxious to see it........ I'm going to hand this phone back to its owner. Get something to write with. She'll give you the address”.  
  
Trudy held the phone in her open hand and gently gave it back to Brenda.   
  
After introducing herself, Brenda asked Alison if she was ready to write. Brenda gave her our address. Brenda asked which way they would be coming from. Some info on directions was exchanged. Lastly, Brenda read her cell number to Alison just in case it was needed. The call then ended.  
  
Without saying another word, my wife and I glared at Trudy. She knew what we wanted as soon as saw our expressions.  
  
“Alison told me that he came to their door thirty minutes ago”, Trudy began, “She told me that she was only wearing her panties when she answered the door. She had one forearm covering her chest. My ex went on a vulgar rant about my behavior running in the family”.   
  
In the middle of it, he thrust a large bag to Alison and told her it was for the tramp. Even though he didn't threaten her, she said she was beginning to get scared because his tone and angry face. So, she grabbed the bag and used her leg to slam the door in his face and locked it. Alison said that he shouted nasty things from outside the door for another minute and then went away”.  
  
“I like her already”, I quietly commented.   
  
“They'll be here in about twenty minutes. Can I take a shower please?”, Trudy asked.  
  
Brenda stood and took hold of Trudy's nearest hand and guided her to her feet as well. “I need one too”, Brenda announced. Trudy stood and let herself be led out of the room. That gave me my opportunity to memorize Trudy's bare back. At the last moment, I looked at her behind swaying side to side as she disappeared from my sight. What a beautiful creature.  
  
I looked down past my abdomen to what was between my legs. It was standing straight up. I had a silent conversation with it. 'It's probably to your benefit that she is going to live somewhere else', I thought, “You can't have her, so it's better if the tease is gone'.  
  
I decided some shorts were in order. I didn't want to scare our visitors. I stood and made my way to the kitchen entrance way. As I cut through a corner of the living room to get to the hallway, I paused. Jillian was seated at far end of the couch which gave me a sideways view of her. The lap top was straddling her bare thighs. Her small fingers were busy on the keyboard.  
  
Her head was tilted slightly forward and down to see the screen. Accordingly, her hair hung forward effectively creating a blind for her peripheral vision. All I could see of her face was the tip of her nose. She was oblivious to me standing nearby. I lowered my gaze slightly at her nipples peeking out from behind her closest girly bicep.  
  
I looked down at my still erect appendage and thought, 'You can't have that one either'. I took a few steps into the hallway. The girl's bedroom door was wide open. As I passed it, I saw Sandra straightening up their bed from their night's sleep.   
  
She was bent over at the waist with her behind facing the open doorway. All of her treasures were on display. I kept moving. If Sandra knew that I had seen her in that position, she would be mortified. Especially so, because of my state of arousal.  
  
I got further down the hallway. On one side was the open doorway to my bedroom. On the other was the closed door to the bathroom. From behind the closed door, I could hear the shower running and a lot of female giggling. I went to put my hand on that door knob, but at the last moment I stopped my hand.  
  
I thought, 'Leave them alone. They're having fun. My presence could change that'. I turned and walked into the bedroom. I found a pair of shorts and sat down on the bed. I desperately thought of 'cold' things. I was hoping that would help me relax so that I could fit into the shorts easier. After a few minutes, it worked. I dressed and went back to the living room.  
  
When I arrived, Sandra was seated on the near end of the couch. She had the TV remote and was obviously channel surfing. I plunked myself down between my two step-daughters. Within ten seconds, there was a light couple of raps on the door. I jumped back up.  
  
“I'll get it”, I announced.  
  
I opened the door and there stood a young woman about Jillian's age. I greeted her and she said hello back as she switched hands to hold large department store bag that she had. She seemed shy.  
  
She said, “My name is Alison. My Mom is in the car out front. We're here to pick up Trudy”.  
  
I stepped out of the way and invited her in. After she was clear of the door, I closed it behind her. I made introductions between Alison and my step-daughters. I encouraged Alison to sit where I was between them. Alison sat and put the bag on the floor between her feet. In the back ground from the hallway, we all heard an electric hair dryer roar to life.  
  
I looked at Alison and pointed towards the hallway with my thumb and quietly said, “Trudy”.  
  
Alison nodded. Then she looked briefly at Jillian and also at Sandra. Then she turned her attention back to me.  
  
“Why are the girls naked?”, she asked seriously.  
  
“Sandra?”, I began as the twenty year old looked up at me, “Please explain that answer to Alison while I go tell Trudy that her ride is here”. Sandra swallowed hard, but she turned towards Alison and began explaining the first day that they arrived.   
  
I went down the hallway to the closed bathroom door and rapped loudly to over come the sound of the hair dryer. The hair dryer stopped. The door opened a crack. Brenda peeked at me through the crack.  
  
“No boys allowed. Go away”, she said while unsuccessfully trying to hold back another giggling fit. She closed the door.  
  
I rapped again and announced through the door that Trudy's ride was here. I heard Trudy acknowledge that from their side before the hairdryer resumed its noise. I shook my head and headed back to the living room.  
  
There was a big surprise waiting for me there. Alison was sitting nonchalantly with her dress and panties draped over one forearm.   
  
“Are you okay?”, I asked her.  
  
“Yes”, Alison answered, “Sandra says that I'm a guest so I'm following the rule”.   
  
“Have you ever been nude in front of others before”, I asked.  
  
“Yes, but that's a long story”, Alison replied.  
  
“That's true”, a wispy female voice said from behind me.   
  
I turned and saw Trudy approach and walk past me with her gaze intent on the bag between Alison's feet. Alison reached into the bag and pulled out a neatly folded pile of a few pieces of clothing.  
  
“These are clean clothes from my house. We haven't laundered what he returned in the bag so that you could look through it first”  
  
Trudy put the clean clothes on and then reached for the bag and started rummaging through it. I watched her find her wallet. She ran her thumb through the cash. Still holding the billfold, she used her free hand to paw through the clothes at the bottom of the bag. She turned to look at me.  
  
“I'm amazed”, Trudy said, “He returned everything”.  
  
I nodded and we hugged each other goodbye. Brenda appeared and she received a very tearful hug from Trudy. Alison stood and began to redress. As we said our final goodbyes to both of them at the front door, Brenda' cell phone jingled from the kitchen.  
  
Jillian tossed the lap top onto the open space in the middle of the couch and ran to the kitchen like an Olympic track and field athlete. As I closed the front door behind the departing ladies, Jillian appeared in the kitchen entrance way with Brenda's cell held close to her ear. She was doing more listening than talking.  
  
“In an hour and a half?”, she questioned out loud while searching for my eyes. I nodded consent. Jillian answered, “Okay, my Dad wants to be with me. Is that agreeable?”. After a pause, Jillian then said 'goodbye' and ended the call.  
  
Jillian began bouncing up and down with joy. “That was Knude's manager. I have an interview with him and the head of security in 90 MINUTES!!”, she squealed loudly hopping up and down with more energy.  
  
“Where?”, I asked.  
  
Jillian gave me the name of the hotel that Knude was staying at.  
  
“That's an hour of driving time if the traffic is light. We should leave earlier than that in case there is heavier traffic. You and I have ten minutes to get ready”, I warned.  
  
Brenda grabbed her youngest daughter's free hand and literally dragged her down the hallway while she shouted, “Hurry and I'll help you”.  
  
I walked to my bedroom, picked out a decent looking shirt, slipped on some athletic shoes, combed my hair, and declared myself 'ready' to my image in the mirror. As I left my bedroom, I could hear water running in the bathroom and other sounds that led me to believe that frantic activity was going on in there.  
  
But, within those ten minutes, we were on our way out the entrance door. Jillian was dressed the way that Abbey proposed with nothing between the tiny t-shirt and the sandals. Jillian seemed unashamed. When she wasn't looking, I shook my head in disbelief.  
  
Traffic was light. I made good time without bending the speed limit too much. We were a few minutes early. The manager took us to his make-shift office right away. Seated inside was the large security man that had patted my back at the festival. He met my eyes and nodded in approval to show that he recognized me.  
  
I guided Jillian to seat herself in the chair in front of the manager's desk. I sat off to the side to listen. The manager started by praising Jillian for her outfit. He went on to express that they had interviewed other candidates, but announced right away that Jillian's would be the last interview.   
  
The manager said, “The job is yours if you accept its description. That is because Abbey wants you for this job. The twins actually have all the power, not me. But, they usually head my advise. That's why we're here”. You'll be doing a wide variety of tasks from laundry to makeup to answering fan mail”.  
  
“The twins always listen to Shane and his team”, the manager said while pointing to the large security man. Shane made that mandatory in accepting the job. Shane is an ex-Navy Seal and only hires over qualified people to be a member of his security team. The entire team is very expensive. But, they are worth it. The twins are quite valuable right now. Would you like to say anything Shane?”, the manager queried.  
  
Shane stood up and looked sternly at Jillian. He began, “If you accept this position, I will be responsible for your well being. You will travel with the twins in their motor home. The driver will be a female member of my team. A security person will be assigned to you when you need to perform tasks away from the group. For your safety, you will be required to follow instructions from the security team at all times”. Shane sat back down.  
  
The manager said, “That was blunt, but I know that he means it. We don't have much time ,so I need an answer Miss”.  
  
Jillian turned to me with her hands clasped together as if she was praying.  
  
Without looking away from my daughter's face, I quietly said, “She'll take the job”