**The Voice**

by Greatness

**The Voice 7a**
"Daisy what are you looking for?" Shelly asked.

"I'm going to lunch with someone who just doesn't know it yet. We're going to Anthony's. And I need something special to wear."

"That's where gay women go isn't it? Why would you want to go there?"

"Earth to brain. Anyone in there?" Daisy replied tapping on Shelly's forehead.

"Oh yeah. Sorry. I never think of you as gay. Now that I think of it I've seen you hit on every girl you meet but you've never hit on me."

"I know you're not gay."

"How would you know I've never told you I wasn't."

"We have a secret hand shake. You don't know it."

"Really?"

"Wow Shelly." Any Intelligent life in there," Daisy giggled tapping on Shelly's forehead again.

"Oh you're kidding, ha ha very funny." Shelly grumbled.

"Sorry. That was mean. I never think of you as anything but a friend."

"There's my life for you. Every guy shoots me down left and right. Then the horniest girl in the world who even hits on nuns doesn't want me."

"I wasn't hitting on her. I was just seeing if.... Oh forget it. If it will make you feel any better I'll do the big dirty with you right now," Daisy replied pulling her shirt over her head and sitting there topless. "Come on."

"Don't try and makeup with me now," Shelly said with a smile. "I'm doomed to be alone. An old maid who no one wants."

"But you'll be a sexy old maid," Daisy replied giving her a kiss on the cheek.

"Gee, thanks I think. So who are you going with?"

"You remember the girl from the theater?"

"How could I forget. Didn't you blow up one of the pictures we took and make a life-size full-color cut out of her and put one in your room?"

"Maybe I did, maybe I didn't," Daisy replied blushing.

"You're embarrassed? What has this girl done to you?" Shelly teased.

"Shelly stop it. I'm going with her, ok."

"Really? After what you did to her?"

"I'm trying to pay her back for a few things I've kind of done to her lately."

"Like what?"

"Well...." Daisy told her the tale of the gym, the office, work and what happened in her van.

"Kind of? You should be ashamed of yourself. I'd think she'd want to kill you?"

"Well I'd say killing me has crossed her mind a few times," Daisy giggled.

"This is the same girl you're madly in love with right?"

"Oh yes. She's so wonderful," Daisy sighed absent mindedly pulling on her nipples and smiled.

"So the love 'them and leave them' kid is really in love?"

"She's the one I just know it. She really messes with my mind. No one has ever done that before. She's all I ever think about."

"Not sure if that's love or lust. But I'm really glad you've found your true love. You have a kind heart even if it's tied to an evil mind."

"Not evil. I call it playful," Daisy giggled and stuck her tongue out at Shelly.

"Depends on the side of your mind you're on," Shelly laughed again. "If you're going to impress her you can't wear any of the see-through stuff you've fallen in love with. You don't want to seem desperate. Remember hard to get is very sexy. You don't want to scare her off if you haven't already. And from what you're telling me you probably have. I'd think she'd be terrified of you. I know you, and you scare me sometimes."

"Yeah I know. I've really screwed this up. It's just..... Crap, I don't know. Help me. I can't wear jeans or shorts either. Maybe you have something?"

"I'd love to help but I'm a bit different shape then you. I have boobs remember. And I'm ten inches taller," Shelly replied.

"I see your point," Daisy sighed looking down at her chest with a sad face.

"I need something nice that she hasn't seen me in."

"Go naked then," Shelly teased.

"Oh she's seen me in that, Daisy giggled.

"Ooooo. Congratulations, you've been naked with her. I can't believe I'm asking this but is she any good? From what I've heard gorgeous girls are stuck up and are shit in bed."

"Shelly, stop it! She's not like that! And besides I never kiss and tell."

"Right.... What about Tiffany, Sarah, Jackie, Cara, Carol, Seena...."

"Ok, ok I get it. I've sometimes do. But I think she really likes me."

"Why would anyone like you?" Shelly chuckled.

"Because I'm loveable, in a evil sort of way," Daisy giggled.

"That's a nice way of putting it," Shelly laughed.

"Maybe I'll wear what I wore to the prom."

"You mean the micro mini tube dress? Oh yeah that doesn't scream desperate."

"Yeah you're right. Shelly please help me," Daisy whimpered looking like she was going to cry.

"Wow you really must be in love," Shelly replied touching Daisy's cheek.

"I really love her Shelly. Come on please."

"Ok let me think.... what about that outfit you wore to Dan and Shelia's wedding. You looked nice in that. Almost normal."

"Yeah that's perfect! Hey wait a minute! I am normal," Daisy pouted.

"And don't let anyone tell you other wise. You're my special little girl Daisy," Shelly teased pinching Daisy's cheek.

"Stop that. Just help me get dressed."

"Whatever you say Romeo."

"Stop calling me that. And stop kidding around I don't want to be late."

"Ok, let's see what we can do. But you aren't giving me much to work with," Shelly chuckled.

"Shelly!"

"Sorry."

"Let's see panties? no panties?" Daisy questioned looking in the mirror holding a few different pairs in from of her.

"Why not ask, 'desperate, not desperate'?"

"I'm thinking of it as ready, not ready," Daisy giggled.

"You are scary Daisy."

"Sometimes," Daisy smiled, "yes no panties." Daisy smiled at herself in the mirror.

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Connie had just laid her list of questions on Mr Stanford's desk. He'd been out all morning being called away on business and wouldn't be back until about lunch time. That gave Connie all morning to do a few things around her office to make it feel more homely. A plant here and a picture there. But her mind was always drifting back to Daisy.

Even after everything that had happened to her this past week it was Daisy that was bothering her the most. Daisy just had that something she couldn't understand. The thoughts she was having weren't normal. Daisy was nothing more than a girl who was a bit of a touchy feely person. Nothing more. It had to be the damn voice causing those thoughts to happen. "I don't want her naked! She's a girl for God sake. It's not normal. It's this thing in my head not me. Girls don't want to do those things to each other."

'Girls getting naked together is normal Connie. It must be. You're normal aren't you?'

"Yes I am. You're the one crazy here. You're the one who wants it not me!" Connie grumbled.

But her mind wouldn't rest. She'd seen girls kiss all the time. Well not all the time but when they did it was just a show of kindness not love. The way Daisy was always kissing her it felt different then she thought a normal friend's kiss should be. And that tongue had to stop, it was just dirty. "I'm sure she doesn't realize she's doing it."

It was getting close to lunch time and Connie was growing hungry. She picked up a stack of papers, knocking her pen off her desk onto the floor in the process. Leaned down to get it she heard someone entering her office and her heart skipped a beat when she heard, "Hi there!"

"Please no." Connie heard the voice and jumped, hitting her head on the bottom of the desk. "Shit!" She looked up, rubbing the back of her head looking right at Daisy standing there was a big smile on her face.

"How did you get in here?"

"I'm your sister remember?" Daisy giggled.

"You need to leave."

Daisy was standing looking very pretty in a high-waisted double slit maxi skirt and a crop top with spaghetti straps and a simple pair of flip flops. As she walked over the slits in each side of the skirt opened up showing her legs up to her waist. Connie could swear when the skirt opened a bit she didn't see any panties!

'Daisy looks great doesn't she Connie. Looks like she's naked under her skirt. Is she sexy or what?'

"How would I know I wasn't looking" But deep down Connie did and her mind began picturing Daisy standing in front of her wearing nothing.

"I'm here with a gift. I felt bad for what happened in my van. It wasn't my fault but I still feel bad about it."

"It was your fault. It was your van, your speakers and your music."

"I kind of figured you'd say that so I'm here with a gift," Daisy replied showing her what she had behind her back. "It's a new suit."

'A new suit? Why not strip naked right now and try it on? Better yet, why don't both of you get naked.'

"Shut the f...k up and go away."

"Really?"

"Really. It cost me almost all the money I got today but I just had to buy it for you. Besides I'm used to being broke," Daisy sighed.

Connie took the suit and held it up to her. "I love the color. How did you know my size?"

"I guessed on the skirt size but I know your boobs are about this big," Daisy giggled as she held up both her hands and moved them like she was squeezing imaginary breasts.

'Oooo, naked! Wouldn't that be fun right now?'

"Daisy stop that someone might see you and keep your voice down," Connie whispered trembling as she could almost feel Daisy's hands on her tits pinching her nipples.

"Sorry. Powder blue really goes with your eyes."

"The suit is beautiful, I don't know what to say or how to thank you."

'You know Connie. Just do what you're thinking.'

"How do you know what I'm thinking? You don't. Daisy is just being nice, shut up."

"How about a kiss on the cheek."

"Daisy we can't not here."

'And why not. You've swallowed her tongue just about everywhere else.'

"What did you say? I can't hear you."

"Come on just a little kiss right here," Daisy teased pointing her index finger at her cheek.

"Well.... All right. I can't see how that would hurt anything."

Connie's heart was pounding as she nervously looked around then closed her eyes as she leaned down. Just as Connie was about to kiss her, Daisy turned her head and Connie kissed her right on the lips. Daisy's tongue slipped into Connie's mouth and played with her tongue.

"Daisy! What are you doing!" Connie's eyes popped open in shock as she jerked away from Daisy like she'd just been shocked.

"What?"

"You shouldn't have done that what if someone saw us."

"So what. You were just giving me a kiss thanking me for a gift I gave you. Girls do that all the time, silly."

"You're.... right I guess. But you can't do that here. If the wrong people see us I could get in trouble," Connie whispered. Her heart thumped in her chest as she reached up touching her lips. They seemed to still be tingling from Daisy's touch. Connie really needed to get her to stop doing that. The feeling it always caused wasn't right.

"The only trouble we could get into is if you liked it," Daisy giggled running her finger down and touching Connie's cleavage before she ran her finger between Connie's tits."

"Daisy, stop that! And keep your voice down. We're girls. We can't like that stuff with each other," Connie replied blushing just a bit. She needed to get away from Daisy before something bad happened again.

"You're right. I'm sorry."

"Well.... it's almost lunch time for me. So I guess I'll be going."

"Do you mind if I tag along? I'm super hungry too and you did promise to go to lunch with me. I know of a little place not far from here. We don't even have to drive."

'Lunch? Nice Connie. Maybe you can get naked there.' Connie was trying to ignore the voice the best she could. Arguing with it only seemed to make it worse. "Not today. I'm not listening to you. So stop wasting your time."

"well.... Ok. Why not."

"Sweet! Let's go!" Daisy grabbed Connie by the hand and lead her out the door.

Connie couldn't believe what she just said. "Why not!" This could do nothing but turn out badly. But she'd have to make the best of it now. She was hungry and Daisy might be good company. It would also give her a chance to talk to her about all the touching she was doing and that tongue. That would get it straightened out then maybe they might even become friends.

They turned the corner and ran right into Connie's boss.

"Connie who's your lovely friend?" Mr Stanford asked.

Just what she needed her boss seeing her with Daisy.

"She's...." Connie didn't know what to say.

'Tell him it's the girl you get naked with?'

Daisy jumped in, "I'm her sister."

"Really? You look nothing alike."

"You see, we are from two different fathers. The first one died in a car crash. Mom remarried and then had me. I'm the cute one don't you think?" Daisy giggled wrapping her arm around Connie waste and smiling. Her hand got a little to high and touched the bottom of Connie's breast, making her jump.

"I'm sorry to hear about your father Connie."

"Well...." Connie moved away from Daisy giving her a dirty look as she pushed Daisy's hand away.

Daisy cut in, "He died when she was only two weeks old. She never knew him." Connie was truly amazed at how quickly Daisy could make stuff up, she stared at her wide eyed in surprise before finding her voice again.

"Well Mr Stanford we are off to lunch."

"It's Alan remember?"

"Of yes, sorry, Alan."

"I'll look over your list and we can talk about it when you get back. And nice to meet you.... I didn't catch your name," Alan asked reaching out his hand.

"It's Daisy, Daisy Flowers. Yes I know our mom remarried and now I'm a flower. It's...."

Connie cut Daisy off, "Daisy stop babbling. We really have to run."

"Daisy? The girl from the other night in the office? Connie you said it was just a girl why didn't you tell me she was your sister?"

"Well.... You see.... I...." Connie was so screwed.

Daisy once again came to her rescue. "Connie told me and having family coming to work was against the rules. She lied so she wouldn't get in trouble. But don't be mad at her. It was totally me fault. She told me not to come but I did. If you are mad be mad at me for not listening to her. She was trying not to get in trouble because of me."

"Well yes it's a rule. I've found family members in the work place never work well. We'll have a talk about it later Connie."

"I hope I didn't get my big sister in any trouble. I do that sometimes. Our Grand Father is right I don't have the brains God gave swamp water. I'm so scatter brained sometimes. I just brought her the wrong top. It was totally my fault," Daisy giggled.

"I'm willing to let it pass this time. Next time Connie the truth and nothing else. Let's just say it's water under the bridge."

"Thank you," Connie answered looked down at her feet like a kid that had gotten scolded be their parents.

"Well have fun at lunch and nice to meet you Ms Flowers."

"Nice to meet you too," Daisy replied with a sweet smile on her face. She walked over and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"Daisy! Don't do that! I'm so sorry Mr Stanford."

**The Voice 7b**
"Oh he doesn't mind. I'm just being nice. You didn't mind do you," Daisy giggled looking up at him batting her eyes looking so cute it hurt.

"Must run in the family. I've gotten a kiss from each of you now. Who could be mad at getting a kiss from two beautiful young women like you two."

"Beautiful? Me? Connie here is the beautiful one. Who wouldn't love her to death? I'm just a plain Jane next to her," Daisy giggled wrapping her arm back around Connie and giving her yet another kiss on the cheek.

"Have fun at lunch. And I'll see you about two then in my office Connie?"

"I'll be there at two sharp," Connie replied looking over at Daisy and mouthing, "stop it!"

Daisy grabbed Connie's hand and out they went.

When they got out in the hall Connie stopped. "You have to stop doing that. He's my boss. I could get fired you know. And I need this job. I'm not going to have to move back in with my parents because of you."

"I'm sorry. You just do weird things to me. When I'm around you my mind just goes crazy."

'You hear that Connie. You drive her crazy. You're the perfect pair.'

"We are not a pair so you can stop saying that right now."

"Crazy or not. You need to stop," Connie told her.

"I'll try. I promise," Daisy pouted.

"All right then let's go to lunch."

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After a little walk they stood outside a building.

"Daisy this is Anthony's. Only gay women go in there," Connie whispered.

"Who told you that."

"Well.... I heard people talk about this place."

"You have to remember when some people talk it's best not to listen to them."

"I guess so. But I've also heard you need to book like three weeks in advance and then you'll not get in."

"That's true."

"Then how are we getting in."

"Trust me."

"I've trusted you before and...."

"Stop worrying it's fine," Daisy giggled walking up to the hostess. "I have a table for two, name is Abernathy."

"Ah yes you do. Right this way Ms Abernathy. And I must say you two make a lovely couple."

"We're not...."

Daisy cut her off, "thank you."

"Daisy...."

"Quiet I'll explain later."

Connie sat looking around. It was the most beautiful place she'd ever been to. It was much smaller than she had imagined from the looks of it from the outside. Only a handful of tables each seating two. Plants hung in the corners and a huge aquarium against one wall that took up most of it. It filled with lovely bright colored salt water fish swimming about. It was dark but not overly so with music playing faintly in the back ground it felt like a place for lovers not friends.

"All right we're alone now so how did you just happen by my office, hungry and then have a reservation for two here right out of the blue."

"I have a friend who gave me hers for today. She had to cancel because the person she was going with got sick. So I took it. Lucky or what?"

"Yes lucky." Connie began to feel a bit uneasy as she looked around. Was Daisy lying? Everyone around them was female. "They can't be gay. Daisy said this isn't that kind of place." Connie muttered. Thinking it didn't stop the uneasy feeling she was getting when a few of them came in holding hands. "They're just friends just like Daisy and I are." Friends, Connie couldn't help but smile.

'What luck. You have a table right where everyone can see you. Now when you get naked they won't miss a thing.'

"What makes you think I'm getting naked? I'm not. So who's the crazy one now? It's not me it's you. So be quiet."

A girl got up from her table and walked over. "Daisy how are you. And who is this lovely thing. Someone you've stolen from someone else?"

"What does she mean stole?" Connie asked.

Daisy quickly answered, "she's just jealous someone as pretty as you is eating lunch with me. Isn't that right Amy?" Daisy glared at Amy. If looks could kill Amy would have been dead ten seconds ago.

"Oh, she's a virgin isn't she? You were always the lucky one," Amy spat before she headed back to her table, grabbed her friends hand and headed out the door.

"What does she mean virgin?"

"It's your first time here, silly. That's all it means," Daisy replied with a nervous smile.

"And why are you the lucky one?"

"She was a room mate once. She never liked that I had a few friends she didn't have. To her I was always lucky."

"I see."

Daisy breathed easier. Connie believed her. Every time she ran across Amy she was trying to make trouble for her. They never got along. And what happened when they were roommates boiled it over. It wasn't her fault either, after what happened that day she'd stormed out.

"I'm starving we need to order."

"I've already ordered for us. I'm sure you'll love it."

"I never saw you order anything."

"It must had been when you we're looking around. You just missed it."

"Really? Ok. What are we having?"

"It's a surprise."

"I love surprises," Connie answered rubbing her neck with a bit of a pained look on her face.

"What's wrong?"

"I have a nasty kink in my neck. I must have slept wrong last night and when I hit my head on the desk it really caused it to stiffen up."

"Oh! Let me help you with that. I'm studying massage at school. People don't know but it's an art form. It's not just a lot of mindless rubbing." Daisy was up before Connie couldn't stop her and was standing behind her rubbing her neck.

"Daisy stop.... Oh my that feels nice." Connie crossed her arms under her tits not realizing it pushed her boobs up to the delight of Daisy and a few people who caught sight of them.

"See, an art form. Just relax we have about 15 minutes or so until our food comes. I'll work this knot out," Daisy said rubbing her fingers at the base of Connie's neck then down her shoulders a bit. "Let's get this jacket out of the way."

Connie looked around, "we'd better not. People will see."

"Just relax. It's just a jacket, no one will care. Just unbutton it for me," Daisy asked.

"Well I guess there's no harm in it, is there?"

"Of course not."

Connie popped the buttons and let the jacket fall around her elbows, "How's that?"

"Great. Just close your eyes and relax. Massages are best if you let your mind drift. You don't want to be worried about the outside world. You just want to feel what I'm doing and not look around worrying about other things. I've been told I'm pretty good at this," Daisy giggled with a touch of an evil look on her face.

"Hmmmm. Maybe we need you to unbutton your blouse a bit. I can't reach where I need."

"We'd better not. People...."

Daisy cut her off, "Do we have to go over it again. It's just a button. What's the big deal?"

"Well.... Just one and that's it." Connie opened the top button open on her blouse. "How's that?"

"Yes that's better. How does this feel?" Daisy's fingers moved a bit lower pushing right into a extra tight spot.

"Oh my. That is better." Connie closer her eyes and leaned her head back against Daisy's stomach enjoying the feeling of Daisy's fingers working over her sore neck.

'It does feel nice doesn't it Connie. Tell her to massage your....'

Connie cut off the voice, "I'm not telling you again, shut up!"

"Oh you hear that. That's one of my favorite pieces of music."

"That is lovely what is it?

"It's Summertime."

"Are there words to it?"

"Oh yes. I'll sing it for you."

"Summertime, And the livin' is easy. Fish are jumpin'. And the cotton is high," Daisy sang in a slow sexy almost haunting voice.

"You have a amazing voice."

"Thanks. I started training when I was 12 to be a classical singer."

"Really." Connie was amazed at how many layers there were to Daisy. At first glance you would think she wasn't any more than an air headed 18 year old the way she giggled all the time.

"I wanted to be the next Charlotte Church but it never panned out though. I never had enough money to continue my lessons. I fell in love with this song when I heard her sing it in a movie she was in, 'I'll Be There.' The way she sang it, it was so sexy. I don't sing much around other people but I still enjoy singing when I'm alone or maybe with someone I love."

"You should sing more. Your voice is lovely."

"That's sweet." Daisy kissed Connie's neck.

"Daisy! No funny business you promised."

"That was just a thank you kiss for being so nice."

"Well.... Just don't. People can see us."

Daisy looked down at Connie's cleavage being pushed up by Connie's arms and rubbed a bit wider on her shoulder working back and forth inching the blouse toward the edge of her shoulders. "Oh, Your daddy's rich. And your mamma's good lookin'. So hush little baby, don't you cry," She sang softly in Connie's ear.

The room was now filled with couples sitting around the room. They couldn't help noticing Daisy and Connie with Daisy voice filling the room.

"I really shouldn't." Daisy thought. But she couldn't help herself. She changed ears singing, "One of these mornings. You're going to rise up singing. Then you'll spread your wings, and you'll take to the sky." She worked her fingers back and forth again and again. Connie never felt anything odd as Daisy worked the top right to the tip of her shoulders but it stopped and wouldn't go any farther. "She's going to be so mad at me. This is her fault for having those." Daisy mumbled looking down a the wonderful tan cleavage and sighed.

"Oh wow you're so good," Connie moaned as she hung her head down.

"I need a bit more room. Would you mind opening just one more button?"

"If it will help, sure," Connie replied popping another button and her blouse opened up and a lot more of Connie's cleavage spilled out. The way Connie's arms were it looked like she was trying to squeeze them right out of the top. It made Daisy's heart jump as she continued singing, "But until that morning. There's a'nothing can harm you. With your daddy and mammy standing by."

"Oh right there," Connie moaned, "Mmmmmm." Connie was in heaven. Daisy's hands were pure magic and her voice was so lovely.

Daisy worked her fingers down the back of Connie's blouse pressing between her shoulder blades then up her neck and down her shoulders. It took several passes but the blouse finally fell off Connie's shoulders and down her arms a few inches. Daisy looked over Connie's shoulders and couldn't help herself. She let a tiny drop of spit come out of her mouth and it landed right between Connie's breasts and watched it disappeared between Connie's massive mounds. The sight was amazing the way they were pushing upward.

**The Voice 7c**
"We need another button," Daisy whispered in Connie's ear. Connie didn't say a word as she popped another button open.

"Oh God yes. Right there. You're wonderful," Connie groaned as Daisy worked a wider area not realizing Daisy was working her blouse lower and lower.

"Just relax almost there," Daisy giggled.

Whispers had filled the room. No one could take there eyes off the lovely blonde and the cute little redhead who was slowly taking the blonde's top off. It looked like something you would might have read in Penthouse. It was truly surreal.

"You need to move your arms out of the way," Daisy whispered.

"Sure," Connie mumbled leaning her head back against Daisy with her eyes still closed enjoying Daisy's hands running all over her shoulders and neck. Connie dropped her hands into her lap.

Daisy pressed on. Working Connie's neck then down her shoulders pushing at the blouse then back up again. Each time the blouse inched downward. The only thing holding it now was one more button. It had stopped hanging right across her nipples. Daisy looked down and smiled running her hands down and lightly pressing her fingers tips into the tops on Connie's tits. Then back up again. Each time going lower almost reaching Connie's hidden nipples.

"My God you're amazing."

"Thanks," Daisy whispered. "Why don't you open one more button for me."

"Ok." Connie reached up and opened the last button holding her blouse up.

Everyone watched in growing excitement. Each had scooted their chairs closer together and were hugging, kissing or just holding hands but never took their eyes off what was happening. Connie's top fell away and you could have heard a pin drop.

Daisy's worked her way down Connie's back then back up running her finger tips along the sides of each breast. When Connie did nothing but quietly moan Daisy pressed her fingers into the sides of them pushing Connie tits together then back up to Connie's neck. Each pass getting closer and closer to Connie nipples.

"How does it feel," Daisy asked.

"Words can't describe how wonderful it is," Connie replied breathing a bit harder her nipples grew into hard little points as Daisy's fingers were inching toward them.

"Put your arms by your side would you. You need to be more relaxed"

"Ok."

Connie brought her arms down and Daisy went back to work. Moving her hands up and down Connie's arms then back up her shoulders then down again each time pushing on the jacket. It wasn't long before the jacket slid off Connie's arms and onto the floor. The blouse followed sliding down stopping at Connie's waist.

"Connie you need to open another button. I hope you don't mind?" Daisy's fingers went back and rubbed Connie's neck and back down her shoulder's and lower back. Daisy's even tickling the side's of Connie's lovely breasts.

"Daisy stop that, that tickles. This is the best neck rub anyone has ever given me." Connie purred her head hanging down with her eyes closed dreaming of her time when she was young at the Grand Father's farm and the beautiful stream run behind it where she'd had her first orgasm. Connie popped the last button and her top landed on the floor as she dipped her toes in the cool water.

"Oh sorry, I'll be more careful. Just relax and I'll work a touch lower. It seems to be a bit tight too. Would you mind standing up so I can get at it?" Daisy whispered in Connie's ear.

The scene they were all watching grew more erotic by the second. What started out with a simple neck rub was now a girl setting completely topless right in from of them. They couldn't believe what happened next.

"No.... I'd better not."

'Why not Connie? Doesn't it feel wonderful? Wouldn't it feel even better standing up.'

"Well.... I guess."

'There's no harm in it. It's just a simple neck rub isn't it? Just stand up.'

"Sure." Connie stood up and Daisy went to work. Up and down she went giving extra care to Connie's lower back. "We need to lower your skirt a touch. The knot seems to be a bit lower than I thought. Would you mind just opening the button for me and unzip it just a tiny bit?"

"I....."

"Please. We just need a tiny little bit. No one will know," Daisy purred in her ear. She rubbed Connie's neck again and gave her shoulder a few baby kisses. Then lightly ran her fingers along the sides of Connie's tits again. "Just a touch. For me, please."

'You only need a little bit Connie. Think of how wonderful it will feel when Daisy can do what she wants?'

"That would be nice."

"Well maybe a touch." Connie popped the catch on her skirt and lowered the zipper an inch. Daisy's fingers went right to work on the small of her back.

"Sure it is. Just relax and I'll get right here." Daisy's fingers pressed the tops on Connie's butt cheeks and up her back then back down.

"Oh my! Maybe this isn't a good idea."

Connie's mind filled with the sight of Daisy standing naked on the other side of the stream. She was dipping her toes in the water smiling at her. That innocent smile. That lovely pale skin. Those tiny little breasts. It was started as a neck rub and her innocent daydream was not turning into Daisy naked once again. "It's just a massage Connie. Just relax." She wanted to open her eyes but deep down she didn't want anything to disturb the images of Daisy dancing in her head. It embarrassed her thinking what she was thinking but her mind kept filling with Daisy's tiny naked body now wading into the stream toward her.

'You want her don't you Connie. Take her before it's to late.'

"Stop it!"

"You want me to stop," Daisy whispered in her ear working her hands lower.

"No."

"You need to be quiet she can hear you!" Connie mumbled at the voice as she wiggled a bit and the skirt down a few more inches.

"Perfect, now let's get to work."

Just when they all thought it couldn't get better the blond got up and loosened her skirt.

"Connie you have the cutest dimples," Daisy giggled working her fingers into them then lower, working around the top of the skirt them back up to Connie's waist. The skirt inched ever downward again. One, then two, then three inches below her belly button. Soon it stopped on the widest part of Connie's hips.

"Maybe you shouldn't go that low it's.... Oh wow!" Daisy's fingers seemed to touch everything in just the right places. Daisy was now right in front of her standing in the stream with her hand tracing the few red pubic hair she had still smiling sweetly at her. "Maybe we should stop." Connie's head was spinning. Opening her eyes now would make it worse if she saw Daisy.

"It's just a massage. Just relax and think of a beautiful summer day," Connie thought. Trouble was the summer day was filled with dirty things and Daisy naked taking her hands and cupping then together and bring water up and letting it go so it ran down her body.

"Wonderful isn't it Connie. Don't you wish you were both naked?'

"Why do you always make it dirty. Just be quiet." But it was Connie that was making it dirty and she could stop it.

"We're almost done. Just unzip a bit more." Daisy asked kissing each dimple as she lightly traced Connie's ribs with her finger tips. Then up just touching the bottoms on Connie's tits.

"Daisy stop it that tickles," Connie giggled all the while enjoying everything Daisy was doing. Daisy's hands were heaven. Despite everything dirty in her head trying to ruin it, it felt so wonderful. "You should do this for a living. You're amazing."

"Thanks it's a gift," Daisy giggled. "We need that zipper now."

The sight became even more unbelievable. The blonde reached around and the skirt fell to the floor. She was now stand in just her panties.

"That's better."

Daisy worked around and around Connie's hips then back to her waist. "Give me your hands."

"Why?"

"You'll love this, trust me. Just give me your hands you'll see," Daisy asked kissing Connie on the neck.

"Daisy. You promised no funny business."

"I did, didn't I," Daisy giggled. Daisy knew she was in big trouble. Everything had just gotten so out of control. She wanted to stop but couldn't, not yet.

Daisy took both of Connie's hands and placed them on each hip. Cupping each hand she kept rubbing Connie's own hands up and down then into the sides of Connie's panties then out. Then back in again working at the panties with Connie's own hands. What seemed like hours was less than a minute. Daisy slid her hands down which brought Connie's down with it. Their fingers hooked into the waste band of the panties and down they went leaving Connie standing there completely naked.

Daisy's hand seemed to be everywhere now. Tickling this or touching that. It was slowly driver her crazy. Now it it felt like Daisy's fingers were touching her.... It couldn't be her hands were now on her neck again then back on her lower back.

'Cum for her Connie.'

"Don't ruin this for me! Shut up!"

Her mind was telling her a hand was on her breast and other one was cupping her pussy. But it could be. It had to be in her head. The dream was wonderful. Daisy was now sitting next to her by the stream. Her lips touching hers and that tongue dancing about.

Everyone staring not believing what they were seeing. The blond was now completely naked letting the little redhead openly play were her right in front of all of them.

A feeling of being naked filled her mind. Her body simply lit up when she felt something slip into her pussy and begin playing with it. "Just open your eyes Connie," she begged herself so it would break the spell her mind had to be making up.

She was going to cum if she wasn't careful. All she could see now was Daisy on all four in front of her purring like a cat. Giving her the sweet smile then licking her lips. Closer and closer Daisy came to her.... "Baseball, baseball," Connie mumbled over and over. Connie heart was pounding. It was about to happen and she couldn't stop it.

"What are you two doing! We can't have that here!" The waitress shouted.

"What!" Connie opened her eyes and looked around. All she saw were faces looking at her lustfully. She'd seen that look before and swallowed hard praying it was all a bad dream. "Please no, I can't be," She whimpered and looked down at herself. "Stop looking at me! It wasn't my fault!" Connie quickly reached down and grabbed her clothes. First trying to put on her panties but put them on backwards. As she pulled then up the G-string went right between her.... "Oh my!" That's all it took. Connie came with a gush then fell backwards into Daisy's arms and was out like a light.

"I'm in so much trouble. This one is kind of my fault" Daisy pouted.

**The Voice 8a**
"How'd lunch go. Are you now the love of her life?"

"I think I really screwed up bad this time. Really bad."

"I hate to ask. But what did you do?"

Daisy told Shelly about the singing, the massage and her getting Connie naked.

"Jesus Daisy. Was that the best possible choice you could have made?"

"Well.... no. She just gets in my head. And Amy was there, that didn't help."

"Our old roommate Amy?"

"Yes."

"I know you two never got along when she lived here. But was torturing Amy with Connie a good idea? Wasn't it enough she found you naked in her own bed going down on her girl friend."

"They had a big fight. I was there and she was crying. She went and got a bottle of wine. It wasn't my fault. She got me drunk then came on to me. When I sobered up I couldn't believe what I did. You know I get stupid when I drink too much. Remember at the theater? Even you got a bit crazy. I didn't like Amy but I'd never do that to anyone, even Amy. Well I did. But it wasn't my fault."

"Ok I see you point. That really wasn't me. I did feel bad after that. I'm glad we never used the pictures."

"You see."

"All right I'll give you that one. But you're telling me you only get stupid when you drink? You're the poster child for being stupid around a girl with boobs."

"Shelly please. I feel bad enough."

"You choose to strip Connie to show her what?"

"I don't know. I just lost it. The more I rubbed the more her clothes just came undone. I'm not sure. It just snow balled and I couldn't stop."

"Where is she now?"

"I had to leave her there."

"You left her there naked!"

"Of course not. I dressed her."

"Wasn't that nice of you. So what's she going to think of you when she wakes up?"

"I don't know. I wanted to stay. But they kicked me out and said if I ever came back they'd have me arrested."

"Another place you can't go anymore. Soon you'll be stuck at home because you can't go anywhere. Real smart. Sometimes it's impossible for me to believe you have a 150 IQ."

"165 actually," Daisy sighed.

"And that's super smart right?"

"Yes."

"So why is it someone as smart as you, who is working on her 4th masters can act like a complete idiot around every girl with tits?"

"5th actually. I've slowed down. I've been busy with other things you know."

"Stop correcting me, you know I hate that. 6th, 5th, 1st what does it matter. Your brain just turns to oatmeal if a girl showing any cleavage at all and smiles at you."

"No it doesn't. Well not always. Well sometimes. It's never my fault though!"

"Really? What about Elizabeth. She was big if I remember correctly. You two went to a carnival. Somehow she ends up buck naked when the Ferris wheel stops. Christ, Daisy you even had her chained to the cage. Who carries chains to the fair? I don't even want to know where you got those or how you talked her into doing it."

"Well that's simple really. I...."

"Quiet! I said I don't want to know. I don't know how you got out of not going to jail on that one. Children saw her Daisy. You need to think. Sometimes I think you have a dick and it does all your thinking for you when you are around tits."

"Stop being mean. I know I do stupid things sometimes."

"Sometimes? How about every time. Now strap on your thinking cap, get your ass back over there and straighten this mess out. If, in your heart, you truly love Connie you'd better think of one of your super duper lies that you're so quick to come up with to get you out of this mess. I can't see how though."

Daisy began to cry.

"Ah shit, Daisy don't cry. Come here. I'm so sorry I got mad at you. I was sounding just like my mother there. Let's see if we can think of a way out of this mess. This girl has really messed up my little girl's head hasn't she?" Shelly said giving Daisy a big hug.

"Yes," Daisy sighed wiping the tears away. "Why you put up with me I'll never know."

"I'm crazier than you I guess."

\* \* \* \*

"Afternoon Ms Flowers you look lovely as ever and I like what you are wearing too. It makes you look sexy. I hope you don't mind me saying. Are you here to see your sister again?" The doorman asked.

"Thanks. And yes I am." Only a man would think this looked sexy on her or anyone. Men were such perverts.

"Well say hello to her for me."

"I sure will. You're so sweet," Daisy giggled and gave him a kiss on the cheek.

"You're a joy to have around. Come by again soon Ms Flowers," He said was a big smile.

"I'm sure I will," Daisy giggled back.

As Daisy entered the building her stomach turned into one big knot. Not only from having to confront Connie and somehow get her forgive her but what she was wearing was unsettling too.

Shelly had picked it out for her. It was actually an old Halloween costume. That night with the effects of the wine and the atmosphere of the party it was fun, now it looked silly or at least it did to Daisy. Saddle shoes, white knee high socks, a skirt which came down passed her knees and a big fuzzy sweater and even had a bow in her hair.

"I look like one those goody two shoes high school girls living in the 60s," She told Shelly with a pout.

"You look fine. Sweet and innocent and that's the point. And act that way. You've got one chance so don't blow it. No touching, no kissing and no stripping. You think you can do that?"

"I think so."

"You think so? You will so, got it."

"Yes I got it no funny business."

"Ok, off you go. And please think before you do anything to her."

"I will. I promise."

\* \* \* \*

The elevator climbed. She watched the numbers go by while running over and over what she was going to say. The doors opened and there stood Connie waiting to get on.

"You!"

"Wait! Let me explain."

"Why should I? I should have you arrested!" Connie scolded pointing her finger at Daisy.

"Please, just hear me out."

"Ok you have 30 seconds before I call the police."

"Well you see. When I was massaging you I kind of got caught up in the moment. I think I was enjoying it as much and you. I closed my eyes getting into the feeling and the next thing I knew the waitress was there. I was just moving my hands and I guess I pushed things loose. I didn't know your clothes were coming off. Really I didn't. I love you. I mean.... I love you.... as a.... friend. Yes a good friend. See it wasn't really all my fault. Please you have to forgive me."

'Wasn't it your fault Connie?'

"No.... Maybe.... I'm not sure now."

Connie thought about what Daisy had said. Connie herself didn't realize what was happening maybe it was the same for Daisy. The look on Daisy's face was that of a cat caught in the rain. She looked so sad and so sorry. Connie couldn't stay mad at her even if she dissevered it.

"Well ok. But this is the last time. It seems every time I'm with you I end up naked. I can't have that to keep happening. I could lose my job here if my boss ever found out I was naked everywhere."

"Oh thank you! You made me so happy I want to give you a kiss but I know you don't like it," Daisy said with a look that just melted Connie's heart.

Connie couldn't believe she was going to say it. Daisy looked so cute in what she was wearing. Almost like something out of a Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello movie. It made her feel so dirty like she was going to get a kiss from some innocent young school girl. "Well maybe just one. And on the cheek. No tongue this time. You really need to stop doing that. People will talk if they see you."

"Thanks," Daisy raised up on her tippy toes and kissed Connie on the cheek. "You're the best." Connie's heart quickened. "Now me."

"Daisy I can't."

'Sure you can Connie. Just throw her on the floor and climb on her and give her the kiss she'll never forget.'

"This isn't dirty you know. It's a friend kiss nothing more nothing less. So you're wasting your time trying to make it anything else."

"Please...." Daisy looked up at Connie and batted her eyes and raising up and down on her toes. "Pretty please," Daisy giggled.

Connie couldn't believe how fast her heart was pounding just from a kiss on the cheek. She really needed for Daisy to go away until she could figure out why she had such and effect on her. It was the voice it had to be. It liked everything that was wrong. It turned everything into something dirty.

"I'm just kissing a friend. That's all."

'Are you Connie? Do friends think what you think about doing to Daisy?'

"Of course not. That's you."

'Then why do you think it?'

"I don't, you do."

'If she's just a friend then kiss her on the lips. It shouldn't matter to you. You're a friend. Haven't you seen friends do that?'

"Yes but I can't."

'Why is that? Is it because you know it will turn you on?'

"Nothing will happen."

'Prove it and kiss her.'

"I don't want to force you. All I wanted was a kiss on the cheek," Daisy sighed turning away.

"Daisy."

"What...." She never had a chance to finish. Connie grabbed both sides of Daisy's head and pulled her to her and kissed her hard. Daisy's eyes widened with shock as Connie pushed her tongue into her mouth and played with Daisy's tongue for several seconds before pulling away.

"You see nothing!" Connie said aloud. If nothing was seeing stars and having her whole body a buzz.

"Well nothing to you maybe. That was wonderful!" Daisy said completely out of breath. "Wow!"

Daisy lean back in and gave Connie light kiss on the lips, "thank you, thank you, thank you. That was just wonderful!"

'Nothing, really Connie?'

"Just shut your f...kin mouth." It couldn't be her. It had to be the thing in her head, it just had to be.

"Well my two favorite young ladies," Alan said.

Her boss! Did he see them! Connie couldn't wait to find out. "Oh God! Mr Stanford it's not what you think. We...."

"You were getting a kiss hello from your sister. Was there something else I missed? It seemed normal to me."

"Yes that's it. A normal kiss. But it was a goodbye one she was just leaving."

"Daisy I hope you don't mind me asking but what you're wearing is really different from what most young ladies your age wear isn't it? Girls wore that when I was growing up."

"Oh you noticed. I felt a bit nostalgic today. I do all sorts of crazy things right out of blue now and then. Just like at lunch. Remember that Sis?"

"That's enough Daisy. Stop right there. I'm sure Mr Stanford has better things to do than to listen to your boring stories all day," Connie replied knowing she was blushing. She had been lucky about the kiss.

"Yes Connie you're right. As fascinating at it would be hearing about what two crazy sisters do when I'm not around we have to move on. I was going to ask Connie to ask you but since you are here this is perfect. As you know your sister is becoming the new anchor here shortly. She'll need an assistant to help her do things to free herself up from time to time. You might say a gopher type job. It's only part time when Connie it out doing things for the station. You'd be there to help with things she might need. But if Connie becomes as famous as I think she will your job will grow. Since you two are sisters and get along so well you'd be perfect for the job. How would you like to work as an assistant to your sister here?"

"I'd lov...."

Connie quickly cut in, "Oh she has a job. And besides she'd hate working here. I mean not hate. It's boring. Well not boring. She.... What about the rule on no family!"

"Yes we do have that rule. But being a Boss has it's advantages. So I'm waving it in this case."

"But...."

"Connie why don't we let Daisy here answer."

"The answer is yes, yes, yes! I was giving Connie a ride home in my Van. We sort of had car trouble and I was late getting back from lunch so they let me go. So I need a job. It would be a dream come true if this turned into something permanent so I could here every day with Connie," Daisy giggled.

"You remember the van don't you?" Daisy asked looking over at Connie.

"Yes... car trouble... how could I forget." Connie blushed hearing about the van again.

"Good. What do you say Connie?"

This wasn't what she needed at all. Daisy right here in the office. Even though what happened at lunch was just an accident by both of them. Every time Daisy got near her, her clothes just vanished somehow. And what was in her head just minutes ago everyday? I would be a nightmare. Add in the voice day after day telling her about Daisy would drive her insane if she wasn't already. Daisy would cause problems she didn't even want to think of if she got all touchy at the wrong times. But what could she do? If she said no then her boss would think she was some horrible monster for not hiring her own sister. If she said yes.... "Crap." Connie mumbled. She had no choice.

**The Voice 8b**
"All right."

"Wonderful. I'm sure you two will be great together."

"Oh yes. We'll be the perfect pair," Daisy giggled.

"I hate to bother you Mr Sanford. But I need to talk to you," Ms Pinkerton said.

"Excuse me you two. I'll only be a minute."

He turned and talked to his secretary.

"Are you crazy. You can't work here," Connie whispered.

"And why not? It will be so much fun being with you more."

'I think so too Connie. It will be great being naked with her everyday. Isn't that a dream come true?'

"You again! Go f...k yourself!"

"You just can't. Every time we're together something terrible happens to me. I got caught kissing you! And he thinks were sisters! It's one big nightmare! Please Daisy don't." Connie couldn't help but cry.

"Don't cry it will be exciting you'll see," Daisy giggled giving her a quick kiss on the cheek.

"Don't do that! Exciting for you maybe. I can't be naked all the time and around you that's all that happens to me," Connie whispered back.

"Don't be silly. It will work out fine, trust me."

"Trust you? Where have I heard that before," Connie sighed. All she could see was naked flesh, her naked flesh showing up everywhere in front of millions and millions of people. Worse yet Daisy was right there smiling sweetly completely naked helping her suck on a lollypop giggling in her ear. Why that was in her head she hadn't a clue. But it couldn't be good, not good at all.

"Why are you crying Connie?" Alan asked.

"Oh she's just so happy I'm working here," Daisy replied, "Right Sis?"

"Yes that's it. I'm so happy."

"That's good to hear. Sorry we'll have to cut this short. It seems my man about town is sick once again. And we have a show to tape tomorrow."

"What show?" Daisy asked.

"Places To Be. Jerry Fuller does them."

"Can't say I've ever seen it," Daisy said

"That's the trouble no one has. Reruns of the 700 club up against the Super bowl draw higher rates. I believe the idea is sound. We just need a different host."

"Oh! Here's an idea. What about Connie. She's so very pretty. I'm sure she'd be perfect for it. Think of what total strangers would do seeing her on TV? They couldn't help themselves, they'd have to watch," Daisy giggled.

"Daisy be quiet. Mr Stanford doesn't need you telling him what he needs or doesn't need to do."

"Hmmm. Connie I think Daisy is onto something. Daisy I think Connie just might be what the show needs. She'd surely be easier on the eyes the Jerry. What do you say Connie you want to give it a try?"

"Well.... I don't know."

"Oh you'll be fine. All you do is go around and point at things while the camera shoots it. You say something witty and move on. We shoot a ton of tape. We then edit out what we think doesn't work and keep what does. So if you mess up here or there we can edit it out."

"Ok, of course she'll do it," Daisy said with a smile.

"If things go wrong you'll edit it right?" Connie asked weakly.

"Of course. It's settled then. Tomorrow you'll be at a carnival/fair type event that setup just outside of town. Try and wear something catchy. You know, something you might see a young lady wearing to a carnival or fair."

"But I really don't have anything and I don't have a clue on what to wear."

Daisy whispered, "You could wear nothing."

"That's not funny!" Connie whispered back.

"Don't worry I'll help," Daisy giggled to her new boss.

"Perfect Daisy. You'll be Connie's assistant on this one so why don't you pick out something for her to wear. Talk to Ms Pinkerton and I'll make sure she knows you'll need the company credit card to get the things you need. Connie will show you where she is."

"This job is going to be so much fun. Isn't it?"

"Fun isn't actually the word I had in mind," Connie sighed.

\* \* \* \*

"Well how did it go?"

"Perfect I even got a new job as Connie's assistant."

"You got a job too? Unbelievable. They could have you on camera murdering children and somehow you'd come out looking like Mother Teresa. You're just amazing."

"What can I say. It's a gift," Daisy giggled.

"You're not going to screw this up are you?"

"Of course not. I'm turning over a new leaf."

"Why am I thinking that leaf is the same on both sides..."

"Trust me."

"Coming from you that scares me. I hate to think what Connie thinks about you working with her."

"She'll warm up to me. I'm loveable remember," Daisy giggled.

"As loveable as rattle snake."

"Quiet you."

\* \* \* \*

Daisy went everywhere looking for the perfect outfit for Connie. She wanted something that fit what her new boss wanted. And fit what she wanted Connie to wear. The thought of Connie wearing something sexy to the carnival was so exciting.

"Oh my there you are. Connie will look wonderful in this, and this and this. Oh and these too. This will be so much fun!"

\* \* \* \*

When Daisy got back Connie was sitting at her desk. Daisy's heart beat faster watching her. She was truly the most beautiful girl Daisy had ever seen. And soon she'd have her all to herself. "I just need to go slow and not do anything stupid. Just stay calm. I can do this. No touching, no kissing and no stripping," Daisy told herself.

"Here you are. Go try these on and let's see how they look. We need to make sure they all fit. I guessed all the sizes. But I'm sure they're fine. I'm a good judge of these kinds of things. And wear everything it sets the mood."

"Daisy do you really think this is the right stuff?" Connie asked looking at what Daisy brought her.

"Mr Alan wanted you to look like a normal girl. I've seen a lot of girls wearing this stuff. And better yet it fits the theme. You'll look wonderful, trust me."

"Trust, there's that word again," Connie mumbled as she made her way to the lady's room to try the clothes on.

Connie went into the bathroom and then into one of the stalls and locked the door. She didn't need anyone coming in seeing her naked or even trying on the clothes. Some of what Daisy gave her was a bit to sexy for her taste and didn't want anyone seeing her in them.

"Why would anyone wear these," Connie mumble holding a bikini up. It wasn't the tiniest one she'd seen and she was so glad Daisy hadn't picked out one like that. But it was bad enough. Connie put on the bottoms first. She had a hard time tying them. They seemed to be one size too small. But once she got it tied she rather liked the way they looked. "Kind of like sexy panties. I like it." They tied high on her hip and the strings formed a deep V pointed down to the tiny triangle in front. The back was just what she expected when you saw them from the front. Nothing more the a string running between her butt cheeks.

'They look hot Connie. You like them don't you?'

"Kind of, I guess, as long as no one will see them."

The top, like the bottoms, were one size too small. It took some doing but she finally got her breasts to fit into it. It did leave the sides of her tits bare and there was nothing but cleavage on the inside. The triangles seemed just big enough if she got them just right. She tried moving the cups one way and it caused her tits to escape out of the sides. The other way pushed her tits together making her cleavage look even bigger, if that was even possible. "Cleavage would be best I guess." So she tugged the cups a bit to the side then made sure it would stay in place by bouncing a bit up and down. They did jiggle and shake but stayed where they should.

Next she put on a pair of bib overalls. They were the short's version. She looked from the back and didn't see any of her butt cheeks sticking out. Which was good. But from the side they made her very uneasy. They were open all the way to her hip bone. You could even see the ties on her bikini bottoms sticking out and she was showing way to much side boob. The straps crossed in the back leaving her back completely bare, looped over her shoulders and hooked on a panel in the front.

If that wasn't enough, the front wasn't going to work at all. The front panel's top edge was just above her nipples. So you could plainly see her tits being pressed upward by the top and her cleavage looked way too massive.

The shoes weren't too bad. All though they did seem to her to be a bit silly looking. A simple pair of cowgirl boots.

Daisy came in a knocked on the door. "Well?"

"I can't," Connie whined.

"Let's see how I did before you turn it down," Daisy giggled.

"I'm not wearing this. You can stop thinking that right now."

"Come on. You're going to a fair right."

"Yes but I can't see why I'm wearing this."

"The Overalls, cowgirl boots and the bikini are there to look hot... You might have to wear something over it. Remember Mr Stanford said he wanted something eye catching. Wearing that underneath will be eye catching! Come on out and let me see."

'It will be eye catching Connie... And I can see these being easy to get off. So when you get naked it will be quick and easy.'

"Shut up!"

"...all right."

Connie stepped out.

"On my! You look amazing. I patterned it after the dirty country girl line at the store I used to work at. I'd dressed a few mannequins in this stuff but you look much better in it. The best way to say it is everything just sticks out like it should." The sight made Daisy a bit dizzy so she sat on the edge of the sink so she'd not fall down. "Just wonderful."

"That's the trouble Daisy. I'm sticking out. I can't go on TV like this."

"You're right. Silly me. I forgot something."

Daisy went over and put Connie's hair into two braided ponytails on each side of her head and let them dangle in front down against her tits.

"Now you're perfect. I almost wish I was gay," Daisy giggled. "Let's see what Mr Alan has to say."

'Don't you wish she was gay like you Connie?'

"I'm not gay!"

"I'm not going anywhere like this. I look like something out of a perverted teenage boy's wet dream!"

"Oh come on. You look fine. He's right outside. I told him to wait."

"Daisy please," Connie whined as Daisy half dragged her out of the bathroom.

"What do you think? Am I good or what," Daisy asked with a big smile.

"Daisy I must say that's really something. It does catch your eye for sure. But maybe it's a bit much. And I'm a guy saying that."

"You want viewers right? You wanted a theme right? Well if that don't fit both them fire me right now."

"Hmmmm.... Daisy you're right. A good owner knows when their wrong. That will do everything it's supposed to. Maybe a touch much. But we can edit the piece a bit if it gets too sexy."

Connie couldn't believe what she was hearing. They were both insane. "I can't wear this. Have you looked at it. My breasts are sticking out everywhere. You can see the boobs from the sides! And my cleavage is huge, look." Connie wasn't thinking straight and stuck her chest out at her boss. "Look at how much I'm showing. Please I can't."

Connie's tits did look amazing. He wasn't sure they'd be able to use anything they shot of Connie in it. But he had to try. He couldn't believe he was thinking it but even with the worst case scenario he'd still have a little private tape for himself. "It's fine Connie. It's settled. Daisy did such a wonderful job I think I'll let her tag along with you. That way if you need anything she'll be right there."

"She's done quite enough," Connie grumbled.

"I'm going too! This will be so much fun. I've dreamed about this."

"Was it a bad dream?" Connie grumbled.

"No silly," Daisy giggled.

\* \* \* \*

It was a beautiful day. Even if it was going to end up on the hot side. Connie sat in the back of the company van with Daisy sitting beside her. Connie felt seriously uncomfortable. The driver seemed to be looking at her through the rear view mirror watching her tits bounce with every bump they hit.

The overall would work itself down as her tits bounced showing even more cleavage. Connie grabbed the front panel and pulled it back up trying to cover her boobs but that caused them to bite into her pussy. So she was stuck with them where they were, showing way too much on top. Gravity, bouncing and bumps was making a simple drive quite uncomfortable.

With each bump Connie was growing tired of it too. Yet another bump and Connie's tits bounced around again. "I'm sure you've missing a few," Connie grumbled. She stopped fighting with the overall. When she did pull it up far enough it rubbed against her pussy and with each bump that caused an even bigger problem than just showing more cleavage. A few more bumps and the overall had slid down again and the catches on the straps were right across her nipples. Every bounce had them rubbing against her, making them very sensitive.

Daisy watched Connie and smiled. "This is going to be a real fun day," Daisy giggled.

Another big bump and Connie's tits jiggled and finally came to rest. "Real fun."

'Nice ride isn't it Connie. Almost makes you want to cum doesn't it?'

"Quiet you. You have no clue what you are talking about."

**The Voice 8c**
Yet another bump sent her tits bobbing about and her nipples hardened. "Could you please drive a bit smoother?"

"Sorry the carnival is down this dirt road. Can't help it. It's full on potholes."

"Ok but be more careful if you could please."

The bouncing was having a bad effect on her. This was one of those days she hated her tits. Any little movement of them sent ripples through her body. The driver never seemed to miss one bump either. "I swear he's watching me and hitting them on purpose," Connie grumbled as she began squirmed in her seat. She could swear something was rubbing her nipples. She first wanted to blame it on Daisy somehow. But she was sitting next to her looking out the window singing quietly to herself. Connie couldn't quite make out what it was she was singing, but it sounded lovely. "It's in your head Connie."

A series of bumps sent Connie's breasts bouncing happily along and sent familiar sensations shooting down making her a tiny bit wet.

'Won't it be exciting cumming right in front of both of them Connie.'

"Why don't you just shut up. I'm having a hard enough time as it is here."

Connie was trying to get her mind off what her body was telling her. The drive hit another series of bumps and it felt like he was driving over railroad tracks. Connie thought she'd pass out as her tits jiggled and shook out of control and sent shockwave after shockwave right to her crotch as the buckles on the coveralls seemed to be playing with her nipples.

"You're doing that on purpose!" Connie shouted.

"Sorry Ms Lynn there was no way around that one," He replied watching her tits flying about. He was praying for the road to worsen. This was becoming the best day of his life.

Connie wiggled around as he hit yet another bump causing her nipples to ache. She needed to get her mind off what was happening. Maybe she'd talk to Daisy. That might help. "Daisy what's that you're singing?"

"Oh sorry I was daydreaming. Kind of caught up in the moment. What did you say?"

"The song what is it?" He hit yet another series of bumps and Connie thought her heart stopped for a few seconds.

"Shit! Watch where you're going would you!" The feeling was spreading down to her very toes.

"Is a bit bumping isn't it. I'm glad I don't have those," Daisy looked at Connie's tits jiggle, pushing her finger against one and giggling as it sank into it. It doesn't hurt does it?"

"Daisy don't do that. And no it doesn't. It can be uncomfortable now and then is all. What's that song you were sing earlier?"

"Oh sorry. Your boobs kind of distracted me there," Daisy giggled, "It's All Love Can Be, it's from the 'A Beautiful Mind' soundtrack. The whole soundtrack is so lovely. It's the only song I think I sing well." Daisy said, "Being here with you made me think of it."

'Isn't that sweet Daisy is thinking of you. I'll bet you're thinking of her now too. Thinking of her naked and letting you do anything your heart desires.'

"Of course I'm not. Go away." But it was true. She was thinking of Daisy and it wasn't good thoughts either. She was naked, Daisy was naked. Connie didn't need it starting again, not here. "Just stop please!" Connie said out loud.

"Sorry I didn't know my singing bothered you. I'll stop."

"No, no don't. I love your voice. I was saying.... to stop... the bumps. Yes stop the bumping about."

"You like my voice, really?" Daisy couldn't help herself she gave Connie a little kiss right on the lips. "Don't be mad. That's for being so sweet."

"Daisy! Not in front of him. He might see us." Connie looked and he seemed to be watching the road and missed it.

"Oh he's not watching he's driving silly. That was a sisterly kiss anyway," Daisy giggled knowing good and well he was doing his best to watch everything that was happening in the rear view mirror.

He hit another huge bump and Connie's butt came clean off the seat and smacked back down against it. Her tits jiggling insanely for what seemed like hours. She almost came right then and there. "Could you please be more careful!" Connie yelled at him.

"Sorry I'll try," He replied trying to keep one eye on the road and one eye on Connie's bouncing boobs. He wasn't going to miss a single pothole if he could help it.

'Almost there Connie. Just cum and it will be all over.'

"Stop it saying that! It's not going to happen."

Daisy scooted up next to Connie. "You look so tense. Just relax," She whispered and began to sing softly, "I will watch you in the darkness. Show your love, will see you through. When the bad dreams wake you crying. I'll show you all love can do. All love can do."

"That's beautiful Daisy. I can't believe that voice comes out of you." Connie sat back and closed her eyes trying to relax and forget what her tits were causing her body to do.

Daisy ran a finger up Connie's arm then down the top of her tit right to the top of her overalls. "They are so bouncy aren't they. I'll bet it's an exciting feeling."

"Not really. And stop touching me please." That was a lie. This was the worse day she'd ever had with them. It was like they were linked right to her....

"Why? It looks so sexy. Almost like they're alive under there."

"It just doesn't, ok?"

"Oh," Daisy giggled and gave Connie tit a squeeze. "Seems to me it would."

"Don't."

"Why?"

"He'll see us."

"He's driving don't worry about him," Daisy whispered kissing Connie's neck.

"Daisy please I asked you not to do that," Connie squirmed and looked ahead. She could swear she could see his eyes watching her through the mirror. Or maybe it was all in her head she wasn't sure. The only thing she was sure of if he hit one more pothole it might finish her if Daisy didn't do it first.

Daisy ran her finger tips up Connie's leg then up touching the tip of Connie's tit which caused Connie to shake. "I will watch through the night hold you in my arms, give you dreams where no one will be, I will watch through the dark till the morning comes."

Daisy's voice was wonderful almost hypnotic the way she lovingly hit each note. Connie's mind fogged over and it was like she was floating along in the clouds. She felt Daisy's fingers working the catches on her overalls. The panel fell away as Daisy continued, "For the light will take you. Through the night to see, our light Showing us all love can be."

Connie opened her eyes just as Daisy's hand went down and opened the button on each side of her overalls and gently began pulling them downward. "Daisy we can't..." But she couldn't stop her. All she did was float by looking down at her overalls falling around her ankles.

It was a miracle the driver could keep the van on the road. His eyes darting from the road to the mirror. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. And they were two sisters as well! It was a dream come true. He couldn't help but unzip his pants.

"I will guard you with my bright wings, stay till your heart learns to see, All love can be." Daisy pulled the string holding Connie's top up and it fell leaving her topless. Her hands grabbing each breast and gave them a loving squeeze. Connie floated by as Daisy tugged the strings on her bottoms and pulled them free. Daisy spread her legs and her fingers worked between them causing her to cum with a rush. Connie's mind floated away into the darkness.

He looked back at the road then quickly back to them. "Where did they go?" He mumbled turning his head to look. "My God!"

Daisy had pulled Connie down on the seat and had grabbed both of Connie's ankles and had pushed them up to Connie's head. Daisy's had her head right between....

That proved to much for him and he came but his eyes spent too long watching Daisy and Connie and he had crossed over into the other lane and ran off the road. He slammed on the breaks and the Van skidded to a stop in a huge cloud of dust stopping inches from a tree. "That was close!" He was glad for once for the hole in the driver's seat. He got out and used the towel he used to cover it to clean himself off. Then he walked around looking at the Van hoping there was no damage to it. All the while he still couldn't believe what he had just seen.

Daisy had just gotten Connie's overalls back on and finished snapping the catches closed when the driver opened the side door.

"Are you two ok?" He was trying to act as if nothing had happened but he couldn't take his eyes of Connie's tits.

"Yeah I think so," Daisy replied lipping her lips dry and giving him a evil wink.

"Is Connie all right she seems out of it?"

"Maybe a tiny bump to the head. I'm sure she's fine," Daisy answered a bit mad at herself and what she'd done now.

She couldn't help notice the bulge in his pants. "If the van is all right let's get back on the road. We have a remote location to get to. I think if Mr Alan found out you were day dreaming and not watching the road and almost crashed he'd fire you."

"I really need this job. Please don't tell him."

"It will be our little secret. You can pay me back one day, ok?"

"Thanks. If you need anything, I mean anything I'm your man."

As the van pulled back on the road Daisy got more mad at herself. "Shelly is right my brain does turn to oatmeal. I could have killed three people. All I had to do was, no stripping, no kissing and no touching. And I couldn't do it. Stupid Daisy. Just stupid." She could see Shelly now scolding her with that disappointed look on her face. "Use that brain of yours next time," Daisy grumbled. She looked over at Connie and sighed, "but you're so pretty. It's your fault."

Connie opened her eyes and sat up quickly, "You stripped and were.... I can't even say it! You were...."

"Keep your voice down and calm down. Are you naked now?"

"Well no."

"I was singing to you and I saw you close your eyes and you fell sleep. You must have been dreaming or something."

"I...."

"Let's ask the driver he surely would have known if you were naked. Sir, excuse me, but was Connie ever naked back here?"

"Not that I ever saw. I hope you don't take any offense but I would have noticed someone as pretty as you naked Ms Lynn. You are really built," He answered with a weak smile. He couldn't wait to tell all the others what he'd seen. Then he thought, "Why? They'd never believe me."

"I'm sorry Daisy. My Lord that dream was so real... I'd have sworn it really happened."

"Dreams are like that," Daisy giggled. "I had a dream once where I thought I was flying and then crashed when I woke up I had fallen out of bed and I'd bloodied my nose. Weird or what?"

Connie never caught the evil look in Daisy's eye as she leaned in and whispered, "You even put your hand in your overalls. I think you were playing with yourself. I didn't know what to do. I couldn't wake you. You'd be so embarrassed finding out you were playing with yourself right in front of us. I think he was watching you. He's such a pervert isn't he?"

"I couldn't have. Tell me I didn't Daisy? Please." Connie sat back looking a Daisy not sure if she should believe her or not.

"I hate to tell you but you did. It was kind of sexy too," Daisy giggled ran her finger along Connie's cleavage.

"Daisy stop that," Connie's whispered slapping Daisy hand away.

That explained why she was so wet and still quite horny. All the bouncing around of her boobs, the rubbing of the overalls, it had clearly gotten her so turned on she'd reached down when she was asleep and started subconsciously masturbating. "Just what I need. I now play with myself when I'm asleep. Just great," Connie sighed.

"I promise not to tell a soul. You're my big sister. I wouldn't want to embarrass you in front of anyone," Daisy giggled running her finger up and down Connie's arm.

"I'm not your sister and stop that!"

"I'm so evil Shelly is right," Daisy giggled to herself.

**The Voice 9a**
They arrived at the carnival without any further incident. Connie was thankful the road smoothed out and the driver did seemed to keep his eyes somewhat on the road. As for Daisy, she sat next to Connie singing softly to herself looking out the window acting as if nothing ever happened. Even the voice had gone silent for a time. "Maybe this day will turn out well after all."

"All right ladies time to get this show on the road," The driver said as he pulled the van in to the dirt covered parking lot.

"We can't start yet the cameraman isn't here," Connie questioned.

"Ah Shit! I can't believe I left before he got on. I must have had my mind of other things. Mr Stanford is going to kill me."

Daisy smiled and thought, "Two other things." Daisy looked over at Connie's lovely breasts.

"Looks like we'll have to go back and get him," he said.

"I'm not going up that road again so soon," Connie grumbled crossing her arms across her boobs. "I just can't. No way!"

"Well I could go back but it took us two hours to get here because of road construction and the dirt road being so bad. It's two hours back to get him. Then two hours back here again. That would leave us just two hours of filming time. We'd just have to turn around and leave, shooting nothing useful, and we'd be on overtime. Mr Stanford is going to fire me for this one. I've screwed up too many times already."

"Oh don't worry. I can do it," Daisy replied.

"Nah you better let me. I've done it before. Besides I'm the one who screwed up here. If for some reason you messed up doing it, it would all be on me again."

"So you don't think I'm smart enough?" Daisy pouted.

"Of course not. But if something did go wrong why get you fired along with me?"

"Well.... Ok I see your point."

"Ok it's settled then. I'll do it."

The driver wasn't watching where he was going as he stepped out the the van, he stepped on a rock sticking up and the two women watched him disappear from sight. "Oh shit! My ankle!"

Daisy and Connie got out of the van and went around to look. He was on the ground holding his ankle.

"I think it's broken."

"Boy it doesn't look good," Connie said with a worried look.

"Yeah you're right. I'll go get someone to help us."

"I saw what happened let me help," offered a passing man.

"Thanks. I think he needs a doctor."

"Well then you're in luck, I just happen to be one. I'm Dr Schmitt. Let me have a look."

"Oh that's wonderful!"

"It doesn't look broken. But you'd better have it x-rayed to make sure."

"Crap we're screwed," Connie sighed.

"Why's that," the Doctor asked.

"We work for the local TV station KUNA. We're here to do a remote."

"Well this trip hasn't gone as plan. Two of us are new. And screwing up the very first assignment won't be good," Connie said.

"I see. Well I'm going back to town anyway, Ms Goldsmith decided to have her twin boys two weeks early. I was on the way back to deliver them. I could take your friend if you like."

"So you're a obstetrician?"

"Yes I am."

"Daisy that still doesn't help. We don't have a cameramen now."

"Connie have Daisy get the camera. I'll show her how to use it. It's not all that hard."

"Are you are implying we aren't smart enough?" Daisy snapped a bit hurt.

"That's not what I meant. It's just not all that hard is all."

"Sorry, I get a bit touchy at people who think women stupid," Daisy answered.

"I find women a hell of a lot smarter than men. Look at how smart I am. I left our cameraman back at the station and can't even get out of the van safely. Now get the camera and I'll show you how it works," he laughed.

"Thanks," Daisy answered kissing him on the cheek.

It took several minutes to show Daisy how it worked. The zoom, auto record, playback, batteries and focus all seemed simple enough. "I think I got it. I'm sure we'll be fine. Thanks Dr Schmitt you probably saved our jobs," Daisy giggled giving him a kiss of the cheek.

"Glad to help. I remember back when I was in college I screwed up a thing or two. And by what you said this day hasn't gone smoothly so far. I'm sure it will smooth out. Bad days usually do. None of it seemed to be your fault either."

"You heard that, Not my fault," Daisy replied sticking her tongue out at Connie.

"Just help me get him to my car and I'll be off."

"Thanks again!"

\* \* \* \*

"Daisy I don't want to seem stupid but do you really think we can do this?"

"It'll be a piece of cake. I've started a second semester in film making. You know shooting scenes and such. Not sure it will help here but you never know."

"That might help," Connie said with a smiled.

"That's the spirit. Now let's get the mic and get going."

When they got back to the Van they both started looking when Connie found it first. "Ah crap." Connie held up what was left of the microphone.

"What happened?"

"It must have fallen out of the case. I found it under the seat. All the bumping around the van was doing it must have rolled it around and we stepped on it or something."

"Don't worry I'm sure they can do a voice over later."

"What do you mean?"

"You know like a commercial. They aren't doing them live. They dub it in after they make it."

"You're right! I think this is going to work after all."

"Yup a camera and my sexy 'big sister' what could go wrong," Daisy giggled.

"Quiet. I can't have more people thinking we're sisters. It's just too weird."

"So I'm 'weird' am I," Daisy frowned.

"Of course not it's just.... I don't know... weird. Let's leave it at that."

Off they went to start the remote.

'It will be fun failing won't it Connie?'

"Talk all you want. I'm going to have fun despite you. So just run along no one wants you here."

'You two are going to fail.'

"No we're not."

'You've failed at everything else why not this?'

"I just know we aren't."

'We will see.'

"Just shut up!"

\* \* \* \*

"Could she be more wooden and lifeless on camera," Daisy grumbled, "she might as well be Kristen Stewart." The stuff she was getting wouldn't even be good in the trash and that was with Connie dressed the way she was. Connie was trying so hard to not show anything it was killing everything. "Maybe I can make it better." Daisy started showing a lot more of Connie's legs. Then her butt. She even tried zooming in on Connie's cleavage. But she had one arm trying to cover it as she was throwing a ring at the Ring Toss and she never smiled.

"Connie you look like a lifeless mannequin. You need to smile more and loosen up a bit. You're suppose to be having fun, it's a carnival," Daisy told her.

"It's these clothes if I move wrong people can see."

"They can see you now so what's the difference?"

"You know see me, see me. What if they see down the front?" Connie whispered.

"See what? A little cleavage? Look at that girl there she doesn't seem to mind."

Connie looked over a 20 something brunette with huge boobs in a top so low Connie was surprised her tits didn't fall right out of it.

"But...."

"But nothing. She's showing more than you ever could in that. Worse case is we might see a little of your top under your overall. You're wearing a bikini top not even a real bra so what's the big deal here? We need stuff that's going to work. This is TV. It's visual. You need to have fun. You've seen TV right? Sexy sells everything."

"I don't know."

"Just give it a try. You don't need to strip or anything. Just be a normal 19 year old at a carnival. You can be normal right?"

"I am normal! Who said I wasn't!"

"Wow. You're really up tight. Relax and have fun."

"You're right... I'll try."

Slowly Connie began to loosen up. Smiling and even giggling as she was throwing darts at balloons at the next stall. She leaned in and didn't even realize she was aching her back and sticking her butt out as she was throwing them. Daisy was getting a clear view of her tits hanging down through the opening in the side of the overalls. Then did a nice pan out getting her lovely legs in the shot as well. The cute wiggle she gave her butt after a balloon would pop was a keeper. The look of surprise on her face each time one popped one was priceless.

"There we go. Now we are getting somewhere." Daisy thought happily to herself. She panned up Connie's legs, up to her tits and then her face, showing her tongue sticking out of the corner of her mouth as she aimed the dart.

Connie was starting to draw a bit of a crowd too.

"See Connie you're doing much better, you have people watching you now."

Connie looked around and saw quite a few men, young and old, watching her and even a girl or two as well.

"They're watching me, I wonder why?"

"They like how you throw darts I guess," Daisy giggled.

"I did hit quite a few balloons didn't I," Connie smiled quite proud of herself.

"Yeah that's it," Daisy replied rolling her eyes.

"Let's get over to the other side and see what's there," Connie asked as she started toward the west side of the carnival.

"Hold up a sec. The battery is about dead. I left the spares in the Van. Some Einstein I am," Daisy giggled. "Why don't you get something to drink. I'll be right back. Looks like drinks and food were right back there." Daisy pointed back where they came from.

"Sure thing." Connie was getting a little hot, something cool to drink might just hit the spot.

She went over and saw a stand selling Popsicle Red Classics. Connie smiled remembering her visits to her Grand Father's farm every summer when she was young. He always seemed to have a freezer full of them. "I've not had one of those in years." She couldn't help herself and went over and got a strawberry flavored one.

As she walked back toward a small seating area she noticed four teenage boys watching her. "Don't they have anything better to do?" One seemed to be staring at her boobs. Another was staring at her legs. Yet another was looking at her butt and one just stood with his mouth open. "Take a picture it will last longer," She mumbled and went off to find a place a bit out of the way to enjoy her popsicle in peace.

It didn't take long for Connie to find the perfect place behind one of the booths. A small clearing surrounded by trees and thick bushes on one side with a booth on the other and only one opening. "Perfect no one can sneak up on me without me seeing them." Best of all a small stump sat just like it was made for sitting. She could almost hear her Grand Father calling out asking if she'd like another as sat down to enjoy her popsicle. Connie felt all of five again.

"Where did she go?" Daisy stood with a new battery in hand and didn't see Connie anywhere. Then she saw a group of teenage boys standing by two huge trees with bunch of bushes in between them. One of them was pushing the bush apart and they were all trying to look through opening.

"I wonder." Daisy started into the small clearing and stopped dead in her tracks. There sat Connie on a stump with a popsicle. "This might go well with the piece. Connie taking a break enjoying a frozen treat." She began to tape. In less than ten seconds she began to realize it looked quiet different than just a girl eating a popsicle.

Daisy zoomed in a bit as Connie licking up the sides of it then swirled her tongue around the end then nibbled on the tip. "Jesus Connie." She smiled and tipped her head back and put it in her mouth moving it in and out as she sucked. "I wonder if she knows it looks like she's giving that a first class blow job?" Daisy giggled panning the camera out a bit. Connie took it out of her mouth and a few dropping ran down her chin and dribbled down on to the tops of her tits. A few drops even vanished into her cleavage. Connie smiled and wiped it off with a finger before licking her finger clean and then sliding the popsicle back in her mouth.

"Don't you wish that was your dick?"

"My cock wouldn't last 10 seconds having that girl do that."

"You're telling me. I'd cum just licking that off her tits."

"Guys move so I can see!"

For once Daisy was able to do the right thing when it came to Connie. "All right guys run along. The shows over."

"Who are you?"

"Someone with a phone in her bag who has the police on speed dial. Now run along."

The teens grumbled and left.

When Daisy got back to the clearing she had to laugh. Connie was holding just the stick looking like a five year old who just finish a popsicle. It was all over her. Connie had strawberry juice covering her hands and dripping down both arms. She had a circle of red around her mouth and it was dripping down her chin onto her tits. She even had a few drops on her legs.

"Well, well look at you. You really are a mess, I can't take you anywhere young lady," Daisy giggled.

"Daisy! It was hot and it kind of melted faster than I could eat it... I.... Well.... Could you help me. I didn't grab any napkins. I can't let people see me like this so could you go get a few napkins for me?" Connie asked blushing.

"I've left you once and look at you. If I leave again there's no telling what I might come back and find. Nope I'm staying right here," Daisy giggled.

"Daisy please."

"I think you need a good spanking young lady," Daisy said walking toward her.

'A spanking? Wouldn't that be hot Connie. And right out here for anyone to see if they happened along.'

"Daisy you wouldn't?"

The group of boys stopped and turned back around. "I don't care what she does I'm going back to look again. She's too hot to pass up."

"You're right there."

"I'm with you."

"Can I see this time?"

They all headed back, parted the bushes and looked back into the clearing.

"Well I'll give you a break this time and keep those dirty hands away from your clothes. We have more shooting to do. We can't have your clothes stained red."

"You're right. Mr Stanford would kill me. We still have over half the remote to do too."

"Ok let's see what I have in this bag here that might help."

"Daisy please hurry I can feel it dripping everywhere. It's dripping down the inside of my overall too. I can't believe what I mess I made. This is so embarrassing."

**The Voice 9b**
The little common sense Daisy had around Connie quickly vanished in that moment. "I don't want to get any of that mess on my shirt too," Daisy giggled and pulled her t-shirt over her head and flung it behind her.

"Daisy! People could see you!" Connie couldn't believe Daisy had taken off her top so willingly.

"What people silly?" Daisy giggled.

"The one girl took off her top!"

"She's so flat, who cares."

"I do let me see! Come on guys!"

"I'd still do her. She's cute."

"Ah here we are. As luck would have it I have a few handy wipes. Not enough to clean your whole mess. I'll have to save them for your messiest parts. Let's get this out of the way and see where it's dripped," Daisy giggled and before Connie could stop her Daisy had popped the catches on her overalls causing the front panel to fall into her lap.

"Daisy!"

"Relax would you. You have a bikini top on. Look at me I'm the one topless here," Daisy replied as she absentmindedly tugged on both nipples. "If you didn't want this to happen you shouldn't have made a mess of yourself. I don't want any of that on me so keep those hands away from me. You need to stand up for a second, it looks to be dripping down. We don't want it soaking into your overall. It would look terrible having a big red stain right on your crotch wouldn't it?"

"But...."

"Come on, up you go."

Daisy took Connie's hands and moved them away from her. "Now keep those right there. Don't touch anything."

"Would you look at that. Those knockers are huge."

"I'd love to tit f...k those."

"Yeah like you even know what that is."

"I do too!"

"Keep dreaming."

"Quiet down you're making to much noise."

"Can I see now?"

"Did you hear that?" Connie asked.

"Hear what?"

"I think someone's there," Connie said pointing over at the bushes.

"It's in your head. Now stand up."

"But...." Connie looked down at Daisy's tits. They were so cute the way they had that tiny bit of a up turn to them with her nipples being hard little points. "Just look away. You don't care." Connie tried to, but her eyes always ended up looking right at them. She felt a stirring inside and she was heating up. "Daisy is just a girl, just relax. It's just warm out here is all."

'Don't you wish you had one in your mouth Connie?'

"Of course not. Why would I?"

"Come on, up you go. We don't have all day. I could take you back to the carnival and let everyone see what a mess you've made of yourself," Daisy giggled.

"You wouldn't?"

"Try me," Daisy giggled with an evil smile on her face.

Connie looked around again biting nervously on her lower lip. She couldn't see anyone but the bush had moved. Maybe those voices were coming from the carnival but they did sound very close by. She stood up and Daisy popped the buttons of each side of her overall and gravity puddled it at her feet. "Lift your foot. Now the other one." Her overalls were now gone and Daisy tossed it up against the back of the booth.

'I told you Connie. Those clothes were perfect. They are easily stripped off. Don't you wish more people were seeing you?'

"No! That's a lie!" But there were visions of eyes watching her growing in her head. She couldn't stop her mind drifting back to that morning when she'd danced naked in front of her apartment window and the eyes that watched her. Her heart jumped. The eyes at the mall staring right at her with her leg straight up in the air where she could hide nothing. The eyes were everywhere... always watching her undress. "It's the voice! Not me! Don't listen to it."

"Wow! Would you look at that bikini..."

"She sure is built for it too..."

"Come on guys just let me see her once!"

"There's nothing to see just big tits in a tiny G-string bikini."

"Please let me see!!!"

"Daisy can you clean my hands first at least," Connie asked trying to keep her eyes off Daisy's tits.

"We only have a few wipes. We can't waste them. I need to see where the bigger messes are first. Besides you made this mess, I didn't, so hold still. Looks like you have a little on your lip there, I'll get it," Daisy giggled and kissed Connie.

"Daisy! You...." Connie never got the rest out as Daisy kissed her again. That tongue toying with her mind. Fireworks exploded in her head.

"She kissed her!"

"My God that's so hot!"

"Guys I'm begging you, let me see, please!"

"Almost." Daisy kissed the end of Connie's nose. "There that's got it," Daisy giggled.

Connie could swear the temperature just went over a 100. "Oh.... you.... I...." Connie's brain clouded over for several seconds then finally cleared somewhat. "I've.... asked you not to do that. It's just wrong. Normal girls don't do that," Connie grumbled trying to catch her breath.

"Sorry Sis I was just cleaning a spot on your lip," Daisy pouted.

"Sisters!"

"Wow!"

"Move! Please!"

"There it is again you had to have heard that!" Connie tried to cover up and got a few drops on Daisy's shorts.

"Yuck, you're dripping my shorts! Keep your hands away, you're making a mess everywhere."

"Daisy!" Connie's jaw dropped open watching Daisy unsnap her shorts before unzipping them and letting them fall to the ground around her ankles. Next Daisy hooking her fingers into her panties, wiggled her butt a few times and let them simply slide off. She kicked both garments towards the far side of the clearing.

"There." Daisy stood naked in front of Connie in just her sneakers. "Wow it's kind of hot today isn't it?" Daisy giggled running her hand down, touching her pussy before she brought it up to her mouth and licked her fingers. "Yup you got some on me. I hope you're happy. You mind seeing if I have anymore down there?" She pointed at her pussy.

"No, no, no! I'm sure it's fine. I can see it from here."

"Are you sure? Sometimes you can't see it but you can feel it," Daisy giggled looking down at herself.

"Yes.... it's fine. I don't need to touch.... anything." It was over 150 now Connie could swear it.

'You passed it up Connie? You could have touched her everywhere you've ever wanted. She wanted you too.'

Connie's heart raced. She swallowed hard as her mouth went instantly dry. This couldn't be happening not here. "Just wake up. You're asleep in the van. You have to be." Connie closed her eyes and opened them again and Daisy was still there naked with that cute smile on her face. "Nothing is there."

'Just the way you like her, naked.'

"Shut up!"

"She took off her shorts!!"

"She may not have tits but what an ass!"

"Looks like a real red head too!"

"She touched her pussy!"

"Guys please! Move!"

The bush moved again, Connie was sure of it this time. "Just hurry." She could feel eyes on her and it was exciting even if it might be all in her head. "Daisy come on, please. This is embarrassing." But deep down she was hoping someone would find them and make Daisy spank her for being bad. "Daisy I saw that bush move again! I'm telling you someone is there."

"You mean my bush," Daisy giggled running her finger through the few red pubic hairs she had and wiggled her hips.

"Stop kidding around. I'm telling you someone has to be there."

Daisy had gotten down in front of Connie with her eyes even with Connie tits. "Don't look." Daisy had her legs spread a bit while sitting back on her heels. Connie could see everything, right down to Daisy's.... Connie began to sweat.

'Doesn't Daisy look so nice that way. Don't you want to get right down there and....'

Connie cut the voice off, "quiet! I don't!"

"Probably just a dog. So relax would you. Look at that you have it everywhere. It's dripping all the way down here," Daisy giggled. She ran her finger along the tops of Connie's tits then slid her finger into Connie's cleavage. "Yeah it's there too," she giggled licking it off her finger.

"Don't," Connie whined and started to bring her hands in. Daisy quickly grabbed her wrists and moved them back away then gave Connie hard swat on the butt.

"Keep those messy things away or I'll have to spank you," Daisy teased.

"I'm sorry just hurry. I swear I hear people coming. There is it again! That bush, see it?" The heat was building and with Daisy naked in front of her soon there would be no turning back. Connie was already fighting what was running in her head, which was grabbing Daisy, throwing her to the ground and doing things that were so very wrong.

"You're being silly again. You're hearing voices at the booth behind us. I can see a mess here," Daisy giggled running a finger again in between Connie's tits. "That top has to go."

"Please no," Connie whimpered.

"She's not going to take off her top is she?"

"Shhh. Be quiet."

"Guys let me see! Please!"

"Daisy you can't!"

'I think someone is there Connie. I'll bet they are taking pictures too.'

"I told you to shut up." Connie's nipples hardened as a tingle shot through her. It couldn't be happening again. "It's just a dream. I'll wake up soon and be at home." She looked down and Daisy's legs were spread even wider. "She's not real. It's all in my head." Connie's heart was beating like a drum. If lust had a smell it would smell like Daisy. It was driving her crazy.

'Wonderful isn't it Connie.'

"I'm normal please! I can't like it. Get out of my head!"

"Now hold still and keep those nasty hands away." Daisy moved around behind Connie pressing her nipples against Connie's back and gave her a kiss on the neck. "Let's get this out of the way before it's a mess too."

"Daisy stop," Connie whispered so softly no one could hear.

There was a rustle of leaves and she could swear she saw a hand and even heard someone breathing. "It's nothing. It had to be a dog. Wake up! Please wake up." Connie was trying to stay calm but there wasn't a chance of that. With Daisy doing what she was doing, right out in the open, her body was feeling like a ticking time bomb.

Connie swallowed hard as she felt the string pulling loose first around her back then the one around her neck. "There now let's see what we have." Daisy had Connie's top in her hand and dropped it to the ground. "You must be cold your nipples are hard," Daisy giggled looking over Connie's shoulder before she gave her a few baby kisses along it.

Tick, tick, tick! The bomb ticked on.

Connie never felt Daisy's kisses. Her mind was on the bushes and the growing excitement that was peaking inside her. Daisy needed to get done and in a hurry if not it was going to happen again.

'Just let it go Connie'

"No!"

"Just hurry, please." Connie didn't want to look down. It was embarrassing enough as it was and if her nipples were indeed hard she was being turned on by Daisy doing nothing but helping her. "Just clear your head." Connie could feel Daisy's hot breath on her tits. Images of Daisy's tiny nipples danced in front of her eyes. "Baseball, baseball, baseball."

The bomb ticked on, tick, tick, tick!

'85 degrees and you're cold? You're a bad girl Connie. Tell her to spank you for thinking what you are thinking about her.'

"You're thinking it. Just go away and I'll be fine. Please go away."

Daisy had moved around in front. "Just as I thought. It looks like you have it between them too." Daisy grabbed Connie's tits by the nipples and moved them apart and looked. "Yup there it is." Daisy said licking her lips before she cupped both breasts and pushed them back together. "I'd better not waste a wipe there. There isn't much and I do love strawberry. I hope you don't mind." Connie couldn't stop herself from trembling as Daisy ran her tongue through her cleavage, then up each boob and even licked each nipple.

Tick, tick, tick!

"Daisy! Oh my....! Don't do that!" Connie's heart jumped and heat spread from her tits to her pussy.

"Almost got it." She gave both of Connie's nipples a few little kisses. "Perfect, all clean."

The boys were as shocked.

"Did you see that?"

"What's she doing?"

"Sucking her tits."

"Let me see."

"Stop pushing."

"Move! I'm missing it!"

Connie was panting looking over at the bushes. "It moved, I know it. You had to have seen it that time."

"You and moving bushes," Daisy giggled. "Maybe they're little green men too, coming to take you away and do all those dirty things you hear people talking about? They'll strap you to a table and use all those nasty probes on you. They'll all watch as one of them sticks one right up your...."

"Daisy stop it! That's not funny!" Connie looked back over again. Her nipples ached and she was getting wetter by the second and she was even getting light headed. "Shut up about green men. You're freaking me out."

"Take me to your leader." Daisy put two fingers up behind her head like Martian antennas. Your leader must be this way." Daisy ran her tongue down Connie's belly and kissed her belly button."

"That's enough with green stuff! I swear people are watching me that bush keeps moving. You can't tell me it didn't! I'm not crazy you know."

'Are you sure you're not crazy Connie?'

"Why do you love torturing me."

"Maybe they have a ray gun that makes messy popsicle girls all clean." Daisy gave her another swat on the butt and it made Connie jump.

"Ouch! Daisy stop it!"

"Looks like we'll need to see if you're a mess down here," Daisy giggled looking right at Connie's crotch."

"Daisy you can't." Connie was topless and by the look on Daisy's face she'd soon be completely naked right out in the open. She moved her hands again to try and push Daisy away but as quick as a cat Daisy caught her by the wrists.

"I'm not telling you again, keep those away! Or I'll let those little green men over there use their dirty probes on you."

"Don't say that. It's not funny and you know it," Connie whimpered, "That really happens to people you know!"

"Then you better keep them away." Daisy gave Connie's lovely backside three hard swats and the sound seemed to echo out around them.

"Ouch! Ok, ok! Just hurry."

'Yes Connie hurry and cum.'

Tick, tick, tick!

Daisy was wondering if the boys were really watching. If not they were going to miss the show of a life time. Daisy pulled the strings on Connie's bikini bottoms. They fell into her hand and she twirled them by the string before tossing them toward the bush. They happened to hit one of the boys right in the face.

"Shit!"

"Bingo!"

"Shaved!"

**The Voice 10a**
Connie still couldn't believe that what had happened was all in her head. "Some of it had to be true." Daisy, naked with those freckles dotting her pale skin, was right in front of her. It was so clear in her mind even now. Daisy's tiny nipples had hardened before her very eyes, she'd seen it. That faint smell of perfume she could smell when Daisy was pressing up again her was so real she could swear it was still in the air. "It couldn't have been a dream."

The images of Little Green Men were another matter. That was the part that was truly crazy. But she was sure she'd seen them even if it were through a fog filled mind. Even though she'd only seen a blurry image of them for less than a handful of seconds they were right there, two of them both mirror images of each other. They seemed so real that she could have reached out and touched them. Those probes, they were there, she was sure of it. The menacing yellow glow to them. It gave her chills thinking about what would have happened to her if they'd used them on her. Or was it her childhood nightmares of alien abductions she'd had buried for years finding it's way to the surface again? Connie wasn't sure at all now.

It seemed with each passing minute what she thought she was seeing was turning out to be all in her head. She'd read about stuff like this. In the end it drove people mad when they could no longer deal with things their minds made up. "It's not going happen to me!"

But these two things were there, they had to be or she was crazy.

"But I did see them!"

'Listen to yourself. Martians? Who would believe you?'

"I'm not crazy."

'How can you be so sure?'

"I just know. Just because you see something and no one else does doesn't make you crazy."

Connie was following behind Daisy still arguing with the voice and was not watching where she was going.

Daisy was video taping things around her. When she turned the camera back toward Connie it was a second too late to stop what was about to happen.

Connie ran smack into a woman carrying big bucket of old fryer oil. What unfolded next seemed to happen in slow motion as bucket shot straight up into the air and turned over right onto Connie. The oil quickly spilling out soaking her chest and slowly running down to her toes. It was still quite warm but not scalding as luck would have it. But to Connie it felt like it burning right through her.

"Oh my God!" The woman stood in shock staring at Connie for several second then ran off.

"It's Hot! Daisy help!" Connie said in a panic, looking down at the oil soaking into her overalls and running down her legs. "Get it off! Help!"

Connie's screams quickly drew a crowd.

Connie was fighting with her overall trying to keep it away from her skin. "Daisy!" She begged as she tumbled up three steps onto a stage setup for a local band which was going to be playing later that evening. This put Connie on display before the growing crowd.

"What do you want me to do?" Daisy asked trying not to laugh as she panned up and down Connie then zoomed in on her panicking face while walking toward her through the crowd.

"It's burning me!" Connie screamed, "Do something!"

"Quiet down you're making a scene." Daisy panned the faces of the crowd then back over to Connie.

"It's hot! Help me get this off," Connie asked trying to get the catches on her overall open but her hands kept slipping off them.

"That's not a good idea."

"It's burning! Please," Connie began to cry.

"You'd better not you don't have any...."

Daisy was cut off before she was finished, "I don't care! It's so hot! It's burning me! Help me!" Connie was completely covered as the oil started running into her boots. The only thing she was thinking was getting the overall and what felt to her to be scalding oil away from her body.

"Remember you asked for this." Daisy sat the camera down on a table facing Connie not realizing she had it on auto record so it was catching everything on tape. Daisy popped the catches and her oil soaked overall fell away.

You could hear a collective gasp from the crowd which was had gathered in front of the stage. With the sun shinning down on her oil slicked body, shaven pussy, perfect tan and cowgirl boots, the site was more than one old man running one of the booths could take. He passed out and fell back in his chair tipping it over onto the ground. If there was a sexier look than Connie covered in oil most had never seen or could have never been dreamt about.

"It's filling my boots! Help me!" Connie cried as she began hopping around on one leg with the other leg up in the air trying to get her other boot off. That did two things. First to the delight of the men and disbelief of the women they could now see Connie pussy in all it's glory. Second Daisy had done a poor job of tying Connie's top. So the added pressure of her huge tits bouncing about caused the bows to slip free and the top fell to the ground.

The crowd gave out a loud cheers which brought more people to see what was going on.

Connie had no clue that she was now completely naked as she hopped around on one foot. "Daisy help! It's in my boots!"

"But Connie your nak...."

"Just shut up and help me!"

"Ok," Daisy sighed knowing this would end up totally her fault in Connie's mind.

What happened next was even more unbelievable than what they'd just seen.

Daisy grabbed her around the waste to steady her while Connie wrestled first getting one boot off then the other. The oil had made Connie very slippery. Once the boots were off Daisy let Connie go but Connie only took a step before slipping and falling toward Daisy. She grabbed at Daisy and caught hold of her shorts and down they went with Connie to the ground.

"Oh no!" Connie was looked up and Daisy standing in a silly pair of panties with the words written on it, 'If You Can Read This It's Your Lucky Day.' She tried to get back up. But slipped again and grabbed Daisy's t-shirt. It ripped right down the middle, now hung open, showing off her tiny boobs to the cheering crowd. Daisy then tried to cover up but tripped over Connie and ended on her butt with her legs spread wide next to Connie.

Connie trying again to get up but slipped and ended up with her face in Daisy's lap. That brought a huge cheer from the crowd which had quickly grown to 50. "Oh my God!" Connie cried staring straight at Daisy's crotch. As she finally got to her feet they began to slid away from her. Slowly Connie was sinking to the ground with her legs spreading into a perfect Chinese splits. Connie looked down at the moment and realized the only thing covering her tits was a shiny coat of oil.

"No not again!" Connie's hands shot up trying to hide her huge breasts. All Connie had to do was think but she panicked trying to hide her boobs from the crowd who were whistling and cheering. That left nothing to help stop her legs from sliding open wider and wider.

Daisy tried to get up but her feet went out from under her and down she went again. She rolled over on her back and when Daisy looked up she was staring right at Connie's pussy slowly lowering. Common sense quickly vanished. "Well hello there," Daisy giggled to herself as it stopped an inch from her face. She suck out her tongue and she was just able to touch it. Daisy flicked her tongue several times over the lovely folds.

That brought a few gasps which were drowned out by the cheering men in the crowd.

Daisy's tongue was like a cold slap in the face. Connie realized she was completely naked. "I'm naked! Daisy stop that! People can see!" Connie cried as she looked around and the only thing she could see were eyes. Hundreds of them staring right at them. They were everywhere. "This is all your fault!" Connie cried as she finally able to roll over and get away from Daisy's tongue.

'Don't stop now Connie. They're all enjoying the show!'

Daisy got to her feet then quickly tied her torn t-shirt together with a big knot right between her boobs. Then grabbed her shorts and wiggled them back over her butt. That was met with collective round of "boos."

"You did this," Connie whimpering finally able to get to her feet standing hunched over trying to cover up with her arms across her breasts and her hand on her crotch.

"You told me to help you take off your overall," Daisy said with a pout.

"You didn't have to listen to me!"

The lady reappeared and covered Connie with a large towel she brought to help clean Connie but instead found her completely naked. "Oh you poor dear!"

The crowd let out an even louder round of "boos."

"Don't you have anything better to do than to stare at this poor girl. Leave her alone. Come along you two." The lady lead Connie away.

Daisy gathered up Connie's clothes, the camera and followed.

\* \* \* \*

"Here we are. This is my trailer. Wait here a moment you girls are a mess."

They both looked around and saw the crowd had followed them. Connie turned around to give them a piece of her mind. Common sense vanished at a bad time for Connie. Daisy couldn't help herself and grabbed a corner of the towel. So as Connie stepped toward the crowd the towel was pulled free and once again she was naked.

The crowd gave out a loud cheer.

"Shit!" Connie once again found herself hunched over trying to cover up once again. "Help me!"

Daisy couldn't help herself and started to laugh as she handed Connie the towel.

"This isn't funny," Connie grumbled as she grabbed the towel and wrapped it back around herself.

"Well yes and no," Daisy giggled.

The trailer door re-opened. "What are you all looking at? Let's get you away from all those terrible men. Come on inside. I've put a few towels on the floor to keep the mess off things. Once you two get cleaned up just drop them all in the hamper by the shower. I can't tell you how sorry I am. I have to go clean up the mess I made. I'll be back to check on you from time to time."

"Thanks again," Daisy replied.

The lady left closing the door behind her.

"Wow was that exciting or what? I'm kind of all tingly and my nipples are hard, see," Daisy giggled. Untying her shirt and shows Connie her hard little points.

'Daisy is right. It had to be exciting. Her tits are cute.'

"No they aren't and shut up!"

"Stop that! Close your shirt!" Connie replied trying to look away.

"Did you see the looks on their faces? You looked so sexy out there. If I weren't your sister I might...."

"Don't even think it!"

"I tried to tell you to not take off the overall. But you wouldn't listen."

"The oil was burning me."

"If it was burning you, you wouldn't be here, believe me. Scalding oil would have burned your skin right off."

"Well.... It was hot. I panicked."

"I can't believe how many people were watching. I even saw a few of the women looking too!" Daisy giggled giving her nipples a tug.

"What are you talking about, it was terrible! They saw everything! And you didn't help me one bit. This is all your fault."

"Yes I know 'my fault'. It's my fault the sun raises each day. It's my fault the wind blows. It's my fault the sky is blue.... You see a pattern here?" Daisy sighed.

"No I don't. Now you guard the door. I'm going to take a shower and clean this mess off. And don't let anyone in."

"All right I got the door."

"Could you actually help me this time. See if you can get the oil out of my clothes. I can't run around naked."

"Sure you can. Didn't you see yourself out there just now? You were doing great at it."

"That's not funny at all."

Connie got in the shower.

Daisy picked up the camera and detected it was still recording. She opened the viewer and rewound the tape and watched. "Wow!" Daisy couldn't believe it. The whole thing was caught on tape. "This is so sexy." Daisy couldn't help herself and slipped her hand into her shorts and again toying with herself. She looked over and saw Connie's silhouette through the steam covered shower door. Daisy could just make out Connie's hands running all over her soapy body through the steamy glass.

"That looks like fun." Daisy slipped off her clothes and opened the shower door. "You don't mind do you? I'm messy too," Daisy giggled sliding in next to Connie.

"Get out! I'm naked you know."

"Oh I know." Daisy pressed her body against Connie's and look up into her eyes and gave her a kiss.

"Daisy please don't, it's not right."

"Well ok. Then would you minded washing my back for me?" Daisy turned her back to Connie and looked over her shoulder, "Pretty please."

'There she is Connie. Just what you wanted, naked and asking to be touched.'

"Please not now!"

"We.... can't do.... this. I...." Connie was having trouble getting the words out as she backed herself into the corner of the shower as far away from Daisy as she could.

"Oh look at how messy I am. I have oil all the way down here." Daisy looked down at her pussy then grabbed Connie's hand and placed it on it. "I'm so slippery. Maybe you could help me clean it off?" Daisy kissed her again and pushed her tongue into Connie's mouth.

'It feels wonderful doesn't?'

"Oh.... I...." The heat raced from her fingers up her arm then shot right to her brain. The room began to spin and she fainted into Daisy's arms.

"Well poo. That ruins the fun," Daisy said with a pout.

Daisy sat Connie on the edge of the shower up against the corner, finished cleaning herself then washed Connie. Daisy was actually good only pausing a few times to play with Connie's wonderful big boobs and dipped her fingers down below and sighing, "I do love Connie," then gave Connie a loving kiss. She dried both of them, laid Connie on the bed and then went to work seeing if she could get the overall somewhat clean.

Daisy caught the reflection of Connie in the mirror sitting up. "Nice to see you awake. You might be coming down with something. That's twice today you've fainted dead away. I'm so glad I was there to catch you each time."

**The Voice 10b**
Daisy looked over as Connie began to stir. "About time sleepy head."

"I don't know what's happening. It seems to only happen around you," Connie sighed.

"Really? Well anyway I think this overall will clean up nicely. And with the hot weather outside it will dry pretty fast too."

Daisy started on the top as she watched Connie yawn and stretching like an awakening cat on the bed. She got a bit too excited and ripped the strings right off the top and didn't even know it.

"How's the top coming?"

"Oh crap!" Daisy looked down and was now holding the strings in one hand the the cups in the other.

"What happened?"

"Well...." Daisy's mind raced trying to think of something other than she'd ripped Connie's top to pieces while she was staring at her through the mirror. "I.... hmmmm. I think the oil did something to the top. When I tried washing it, it just came apart."

"What?"

"It's ruined, ok," Daisy sigh.

"Ruined?"

"See," Daisy replied showing her the pieces in her hands.

"Now what am I suppose to do. All I have is my overalls and bikini bottoms now."

"Well.... you don't really have the bottoms I kind of lost them," Daisy said weakly lowering her eyes knowing what was going to happen next.

"You did what!" It was getting worse and worse.

"Don't get mad. It was a big mess out there and when I looked for them I never found them." Daisy couldn't tell her the truth, that they were in her pocket. Then she'd have to explain why there was no oil on them. That would lead her back to the stump and everything that happened there. Connie would end up hating her for life! She couldn't have that.

"So now what am I going to do. I can't wear just my overall. They'll know I don't have a top under it. My boobs stick out of it everywhere. This is all your fault," Connie whimpered.

"Well just pull the overall up higher in the front and keep your arms in to hide the sides."

"That wouldn't work. If I pull it high enough it bites into my crotch. And without bottoms it would rub right against.... never mind, I just can't. Hey wait a minute you seem to have clean clothes on now."

"I had an extra set in my bag. You never know when something bad might happen. Be prepared I always say. Well I don't always say it," Daisy giggled.

"What about me?"

"We tried that already a few times. Your boobs don't work in my tops. Remember you have boobs and I don't and you have wider hips. We'd never get a pair of my shorts over those," Daisy answered running her finger up Connie's thigh.

"Daisy don't! So what am I going to do?"

"Hmmmm."

"Is that all you can say?"

"Well.... I have an idea. It'll sound crazy at first, but I don't see why it wouldn't work."

"What?" Connie looked at Daisy with a worried look on her face. Daisy's plans always seemed to end with her naked in front of everyone.

"Well I've been painting since I was seven. I'm even majoring in art in college now. I'm quite good if I do say so myself. So I could probably paint a bikini on...."

Before she could even finish Connie jumped in, "No! I'm not wearing anything like that. A thousand times no! No, no, no!"

"Oh come on. Have you seen SI this year and the painted swimsuits the girls were wearing?"

"Of course not! Only perverts look at that stuff," Connie shot back crossing her arms over her tits trying to hide her nipples that drew hard remembering all the pretty girls she'd seen in it. It even caused the first of many problems she'd had since going to work at the station when she couldn't stop thinking about it.

'It would be exciting wouldn't it?'

"Shut up!"

"Perverts or not it sells. I've played around, I practiced a lot on Shelly. If you think about it, boobs are just a different kind of canvas. I painted a shirt on her once and she took off her sweat top and sat through our American history class and no one knew."

"How could that be?"

"The key is painting something that fits the body type. Shelly boobs kind of stick right out. Not big, not small. Not much of a sag to them. That made it so easy. I painted a simple top. Everyone kind of thought something was different but they never did figure it out until I pointed it out. You had to get real close to tell. The key is painting shadows to give the top depth and dark paint on the nipples. Too light and they stand out to much. Oh and hard nipples are bad you can't hide that."

"How did you talk her into doing anything so crazy?"

"It took a while and a bottle of wine," Daisy giggled. "She was kind of mad the next day when she started to remember what happened. I'm loveable so she forgave me. Well at least I think she did. She was pretty mad and swore off wine for a long time. What do you have to lose if we try?"

"Nothing I guess. I don't know though," Connie replied. But the thought of being topless wearing a painted top was too exciting to pass up. When she first saw SI it even caused her to get wet. "You really think you can do it?"

'Think of it Connie. Topless! It's a dream come true.'

"Can't you go find someone else to drive crazy?"

"Piece of cake. Besides you'll be wearing your overall over it. All they'll see is bits and pieces. If I could paint one to fool a whole class with just a top, then doing one half covered should be a breeze. As luck would have it I even have a few paints in my bag that might work." Daisy opened the bag and looked through it. "Let's see I have some Fluorescent Blue and white colored body paint. It will be perfect. We just have to keep these from getting hard at the wrong time," Daisy giggled pinching Connie's nipples.

"Ouch! Stop that. This is no time to fool around," Connie grumbled. "Why are you carrying paints around?"

"I got them to practice a bit more Shelly. She just doesn't know yet," Daisy giggled. "Now come over here and sit down and just relax. Trust me this is going to work."

"Trust? Why does that word coming from you mean boom."

"Don't be silly. This is going to be so much fun, you'll see," Daisy giggled and set to work on Connie.

Connie couldn't bare to watch so she closed her eyes. Looking at Daisy staring at her tits and her pussy would cause too many problems in her head. It was going to bad enough feeling the brush running over her breasts and nipples. A brush running around down below would surely be a nightmare watching Daisy. "Just think of other things. Like the end of the world," Connie sighed.

"I have to say painting your tits is much better the Shelly's. You have so much more to work with," Daisy giggled lifting them in her hands and letting them fall a few times.

"Daisy stop playing around," Connie mumbled keeping her eyes closed tight. Her nipples hardened and she couldn't stop it.

"Sorry. Hmmmm. Are you cold?"

"No why?"

"Oh nothing. I don't want to embarrass you or anything but you nipples are hard. That's so weird." Daisy brushed across Connie's right nipple and Connie trembled. "You need to stay still."

"I'll try. Just hurry up please."

"They didn't tell Leonardo da Vinci to hurry when he was painting The Last Supper did they?"

"Well no."

"Then don't hurry me," Daisy giggled.

'Yes just relax. Daisy will be done and you can go outside and let everyone see you.'

"You're wasting your time pestering me. This it going to work, you'll see."

'All I see Connie is you naked again.'

"Oh just go die somewhere would you. No one cares what you think."

Connie opened her eyes just once and saw Daisy's face inches from her breasts. Her pink tongue sticking out of the corner of her month as she painted. The top she was wearing fell away from her boobs and she could see right down it. The image of that tongue working it's magic all over her body flashed before her eyes. "Baseball, baseball, baseball," Connie muttered out loud.

"What did you say?"

"Oh, I said.... Ah.... beautiful day," Connie replied trying to breath slowly to calm herself.

Connie felt Daisy blowing on her boobs as she painted. It sent a few ripples through her body. "Daisy stop that!"

"What?"

"That blowing."

"I'm just making sure it's spread evenly. If I cake it, it peels. It a trick I learned." It wasn't a trick. Daisy just loved watching Connie tremble and it kept her nipples nice and hard.

'Tell her Connie. Tell her you need her now!'

"No I don't!"

'Your nipples are saying otherwise. And aren't you getting wet?'

"No! Just shut up!"

Connie was getting wetter with each stroke of the brush. Daisy seemed to spend way to long on her nipples and it was driving her crazy. A few strokes and then that light blowing was maddening. She might cum just from that if Daisy didn't get done soon. What was she going to tell Daisy when she started painting her bottoms and saw down there. She'd be staring right at her. There would be no where to hide.

'Why not think of Daisy's tongue touching yours. That tongue working it's way....'

"Shut the f...k up!"

"Ok the top is done."

"Thank God," Connie thought. Feeling that brush on her boobs a second longer would have been to much.

"Now we do the bottoms."

"Wait! Why can't we asked the nice lady if she has anything for me to wear?" Connie couldn't let Daisy see what had happen down below it was so embarrassing.

"I'm not being mean or anything. But did you see her. She's huge. Anything she'd give you to wear on you would be a tent and a pair of panties would never stay up."

"But...."

"No buts. Stand up. You don't know how much easier this is with you being shaved," Daisy giggle slowing running her finger over Connie's shaven pubic bone. Now spread your legs I'll need to work between them too. And keep you hands away from the top it's not dry yet."

"Do I really have too?"

"Yes. And besides you have nothing I haven't see before," Daisy giggled.

Connie blushed hearing that and took a deep breath and spread her legs a touch.

"A bit more."

"Daisy do I have to this? What if the lady comes back and sees this?"

"If you're worried about that then you'd better spread them now. I'll get done faster."

Connie spread then further, "Enough?"

"Perfect! Oh, that will never do. You're really wet. How did I miss all that when I was drying you off? Not only would it smear the paint it will stop it from setting up. Just give me a minute to dry you."

"Let me do that," Connie quickly answered covering her pussy with her hand. If Daisy touched anything more than she already touched....

"Nah. I can do it. I'll be just a minute. Legs wide now," Daisy giggled pushing Connie legs wide apart. "Just a mess. How I missed that with a towel is amazing."

"Bu..... Oh....." Connie's mind melted away as Daisy ran her fingers over her. She lost count after the third orgasm and never felt Daisy's lips on hers as the room went dark once again.

\* \* \* \*

"Wake up sleepy head, you fainted again. Your really need to have that looked at. That doesn't seem normal to me," Daisy giggled.

"You're telling me. Are you done?"

"Yup. Stand up and take a look."

Connie blinked her eyes a few times and shook her head trying to clear it then looked at herself in the mirror. Daisy had painted a perfect looking bikini with tiny checkered blue and white pattern on them. It was way small thou. The checkered triangles covered little of her boobs, leaving 80% of them bare all the way around them. The bottoms weren't any better just two painted strings 'V'ing down to the a checkered triangle that came up a few inches above her pussy. The back Daisy had painted a tiny checkered heart right at the start of her butt crack it seemed to tied together by two painted bows on each hip. "Are you insane!"

"Well I wanted it bigger but I didn't have a lot of paint. Your boobs are like three times bigger than Shelly's. I think it looks hot. Besides you'll have this." Daisy handed her a huge shirt.

"Where you get that?"

"Betty came back and gave it to me. That's the nice lady's name who helped us."

"Why?"

"She still feels bad over what happened to you. After looking at the overall again it was never going to work. The oil was just soaked in to much."

Connie pulled it over her head and could do nothing but smile. It covered everything! "This is prefect they can't see anything at all. I'm covering right down to my knees. This is great."

"That will never do," Daisy replied with a frown.

"But...."

"We have more shooting to do. So that doesn't look great to me. Let me fix it."

"But...."

"You and buts. Trust me."

"Trust," Connie grumbled.

"Now just close you're eyes and I'll surprise you. You'll love it, you'll see." Daisy grabbed a pair of scissors and went to work.

"Ok done."

"Daisy no," Connie whined.

The once long top was now cut an inch below her butt. Daisy had cut the arms off it and cut it down the sides completely. If Connie thought the overall was bad this was much worse. She was completely bare on each side from her armpit all the way down to bottom of the shirt. The front was cut quite low showing off her cleavage and the painted strings between her tits. It looked a lot like a small poncho.

"No? Oh, I see what the trouble is." Daisy cut a strip off a piece of scrap left over from the shirt and used it as a belt and tied is around Connie's waist. "That will keep it from flapping open when you walk. We can't go from sexy cowgirl to old woman can we?"

"Yes we can... Well I guess not. But...."

"Again with the 'buts'. It will be fine. No one can really see anything. Besides you have a bikini on under it." Daisy smiled.

"Yes a bikini," Connie frowned. "I must be crazy letting her talk me into this." Connie could see nothing but bad things coming out of this.

"Crazy like a fox. I got you out of this mess. Now off we go."

"What about my boots?"

"They're ruined too. I think you look much sexier barefoot anyway. People can see your anklet now. Very hot look when you are showing that much of your legs. I think it will help sell the look much better."

"What look? A tramp from The Benny Hill Show?" Connie sighed.

"Don't be silly. Trust me," Daisy giggled and off they went.

"Trust? Why do I feel like someone in the water and the sharks are circling?"

"Now that's just silly," Daisy giggled kissing Connie's cheek. "You look great"

"Daisy stop...."

"...'Doing that'? I know. Sorry," Daisy replied with a smile.

**The Voice 11a**
As they headed back toward the carnival area they heard a voice, "Connie, Daisy."

Connie groaned hearing the voice. They turned and saw their boss coming up behind them.

"Mr Stanford what are you doing here?"

"It's Alan."

"Alan."

"I wanted to catch you before you left but I was too late. Our camera man called in sick and I was going to cancel this little outing but you'd already left. I've come see how my two favorite ladies are doing and to find out why you'd left without a cameraman?"

"Well.... You see.... I...." Seeing her boss Connie's mind quickly filled with everything that had gone wrong. Bouncing boobs, oil, popsicles, painting, Martians and now doom that her boss was about to find out she had been naked just about everywhere all day, today.

Daisy jumped in, "We thought the driver was the camera guy and he thought the cameraman was in the van already and drove off. We all had our minds on other fun things happening around us. We didn't discover we didn't have one until we got here."

"Fun things?"

"You know a fun filled road trip to a carnival. The sights and sounds are so exciting don't you think?" Daisy giggled.

"Well I've never heard it put quite like that before," He replied.

"Even the gentle movement of the van as it goes down the road can be very arousing if you let it. Isn't that right Sis?"

"Yes, very," Connie grumbled and blushed crossing her arms over her tits remembering the unbearable jiggling about her breasts had gone through on the drive in. Even now her nipples were still alive from all the bouncing and shaking her boobs had done. Connie was not looking forward to the drive home.

"Ah I see. So where's Jake?"

"Jake? Oh yes the driver. Well he was going to operate the camera but he turned his ankle on a rock. It was just terrible."

"So where is he now?"

"We were worried that it might be broken. Luckily a doctor happened by and took him back to town."

"So you've been here and got nothing? Seems like a total waste of company time and money. I'm very disappointed in both of you."

'You're going to be fired aren't you Connie? There is no other way around it is there?'

"Well...." Connie was still at a lost for words. All she could hear was the voice echoing in her head.

"Not to worry. I'm doing it. It's easy enough. My sister here is easy to shoot. The camera just loves her," Daisy giggled giving Connie a big hug. Connie gave him a weak smile and nodded.

"Really? Let me see what you have so far."

"Sure thing."

Daisy handed him the camera. Alan watched the viewer, skipping around to the different parts as he was sipping on a bottle of water. First the popsicle then back to the start and the ring toss, next up darts. "Not bad at all. Connie you're wearing something different now than you are here in the video."

"Well.... We.... ah...." Connie was still totally tongue tied. There was peril everywhere. She was going to be fired when he found out she was naked and covered in oil. The only thing left for her to do then was to get her things out of the office. No one would want a reporter that couldn't keep her clothes on. "You see I.... Well.... It was.... ah...."

'Tell him you were naked Connie. Maybe he'll understand you're nothing but a tease who's only talent is getting naked.'

"It is not! Don't say that."

"It's easy to explain." Daisy cut in. "Connie had a little trouble with the overall. I bumped into her while she was drinking a strawberry milkshake. Strawberry is my sister's favorite favor by the way. Well anyway it spilled all down the front of her and stained it. It was totally my fault, so please don't be mad at her for that. I had this spare shirt in my bag. It was pretty big so I cut it here and there so she'd look like a normal girl at a carnival. I don't think it looks to bad on her either. Well nothing much looks bad on her. My sister is just amazing to look at don't you think?"

Connie nodded and gave him another weak smile.

"Well yes... Connie does have a something I can't put my finger on." He knew exactly what Connie had. But he couldn't tell Daisy her sister was a walking wet dream. And in that simple shirt she looked about as hot as he'd ever seen her. "Nice work Daisy you did a great job fixing Connie up. I believe I like that shirt more than the overall. Don't take this the wrong way Connie but your legs are gorgeous and wearing that the way it splits up the sides they look especially lovely. Very long and shapely and that anklet just adds a pure sexy look to them. You should be proud to show them off. Sorry that really did come out making me sound like some perverted old man didn't it?"

"A little, but thanks." Connie did love showing a bit of leg but this was a bit too much once he pointed it out. Standing in her bare feet made her legs feel even more bare somehow. She blushed tugging a bit on the shirt trying to make it a bit longer, grabbing the sides trying to hide how naked she was from her toes right up to her neck from the sides. Her legs and sides felt way too exposed now that she looked down.

"Now back to the video. The first part was a bit.... What's the word for it? Hmmm."

"Daisy answered, "wooden?"

"Yes that's it wooden, very stiff. Looks like Connie got more at ease in front of the camera as the shoot went on." He pushed the play button again to watch a bit more. "There is a lot of great stu...." Alan began to cough as some of the water went down the wrong way, caught by surprise as his eyes bulged watching as the video played back images of Connie covered in oil and completely naked.

"Are you all right Mr Alan?" Daisy went over a patted him on the back.

"Yes. Fine just went down the wrong way there," Alan coughed. He couldn't believe what he was seeing. Connie was naked! She was covered in oil doing the splits and he could swear it looked like Daisy was licking her pussy. He was lucky it didn't cause him to have a heart attack right there on the spot!

"Good. I'd feel just terrible if something you saw killed you," Daisy giggled then gave him a sly smile as she remembered she'd never erased the part with the oil. By the look on his face he had just see it and rather liked it as the front of his pants clearly showed.

"No, no it's fine. I can see you have a lot of great stuff here. We'll have to do a lot of editing in spots but most of it looks great. Nice work Daisy and Connie what can I say you're more than I could have ever hoped for. I can see you becoming a big star from what I've seen here. Your work on this is amazing! Daisy is right the camera loves you. Some have it some don't and Connie you really do. There are parts here that leave me speechless."

"Oh my God thank you Mr Stanford," Connie replied with a huge smile and ran over and gave him a kiss on the cheek. "Oh sorry, I have to stop doing that. But I'm so happy you liked the stuff we got."

"Believe me Connie this will go in a very special place in my office. Words can't describe how good it will be once we've edited the dead spots out."

"You hear that Connie, you'll have a special place in Mr Stanford's office," Daisy giggled.

"Office?" Connie questioned.

"Ah.... what I mean is.... Ah.... I keep the very special shoots in my office. That way when an advertising agent wants to see what we do I can pull it out and show them the best of the best," Alan answered.

"Is it that good?"

"Believe me I've never seen anything quite like it." And he wasn't lying there.

"That's wonderful!"

"So what's your favorite part?" Daisy asked. She did love watching men squirm when they thought they've seen something they shouldn't and tried to hide it once they were caught.

"Well.... Hmmm.... It's hard to say really. Most is...." For the first time in his life he was tongue tied and he was sure he was even blushing.

Both girls had to know what had happened. There was no getting around that fact. You can't be naked and not know it. By the way it was shot it was obvious the camera was sitting on something. Did they know it was still recording? He was pretty sure Connie had no clue just by her reactions to what he'd said. Daisy on the other hand he wasn't so sure about. There was something about this cute red head he couldn't read. She put on an act that she wasn't that bright. But he was sure that wasn't the case. How smart he didn't know. But she wasn't as dumb as she put on. She knew something about the tape. How much he couldn't tell. Daisy was a cunning fox for sure and very good at knowing how to push someone's buttons.

"I kind of liked the candid part with the popsicle. Just an innocent thing but highly exciting for some reason right?"

"Daisy stop it this instant! Mr Stanford doesn't have to tell you anything. He's our boss. What he likes and doesn't like isn't any of our business."

"You're right, I'm sorry. Do you think we need to shoot a bit more?" Daisy asked.

"I believe you've got more here than we can ever use," Alan said. He was glad Connie got him off the hook. Connie and that popsicle was about as dirty as you could get while still feigning innocence. When he edited that part with the oil, it would be something he'd be using in private for many years to come.

They all headed back toward the parking lot. Connie was quite happy the day was over and she'd gotten away with wearing nothing but tiny painted bikini under her shirt. There was now no chance of anything more happening to her. Connie had gotten away with everything and she couldn't have been happier. She'd make sure nothing like this would happened again ever. Her clothes were going to stay on. If she couldn't do it alone then she'd have Daisy help her stay dressed. "Yes Daisy will help me do it," she mumbled reassuringly to herself.

On the way to the van they passed by a handful of people talking.

"So where's the girl we have lined up to help?"

"Her car broke down and she can't get here."

"Well that sure ruins what we had planned. A pretty girl like her doing it draws more attention. It's going to make a lot less money now than it would have."

Daisy couldn't help but ask, "What wrong?"

"We had a fund-raiser setup to raise money to help fight cancer in children."

Hearing that, Alan chimed in, "So what's the trouble?"

"We had a young woman lined up to help. But she can't be here now."

"My sister would be more than happy to help you," Daisy said.

"No I wouldn't," Connie quickly answered and shot Daisy a nasty look.

"What a wonderful idea Daisy. This will be great for the station. The public will see we are willing to do anything to help out the community. This is too good to pass up," Alan said.

"But Mr Stanford," Connie whined. She could see nothing but disaster coming of this the way she was dressed.

"It's Alan and no buts. Everyone, Connie will be happy to help."

"That's wonderful and she's much prettier than the girl we had for it too. Come this way the dunk tank is over here."

"You hear that? A dunk tank. This is going to be so much fun," Daisy giggled.

"Dunk tank?" Connie asked alarmed.

They got over to an area where they had the tank setup. A large screen on one side with a small bulls eye in the middle of it sat next to a tank about six feet tall filled with water with a ladder up the back and one on the inside so the person could climb back out. The top of the tank was open with an overhanging seat allowing the 'victim' to sit over the water. On each side of the tank sat large speakers connected to a sound system.

"Mr Stanford I don't know about this. Please don't make me," Connie begged looked down at herself and wondered how long it would take for her to lose what little clothes she still had on. A painted bikini would be all that was left. That wouldn't be good at all if she lost her shirt now.

"Don't worry. All we need is a few shots of you getting dunked. A little water never hurt anyone."

"But...."

"It will be fun you'll see," Daisy giggled.

"But...."

"You'll do fine," Alan said.

"But...."

"Connie you worry too much. You look great. You're wearing a swimsuit under that right? You're not naked or anything?"

"No! Don't say that! Who told you that!? Why would you think that?"

"Calm down Sis. Let me talk to my sister, give me a minute," Daisy asked.

"Ok."

The two started whispering back and forth.

"First stop saying I'm your sister, I'm not! And secondly I'm not doing this."

"Why not?"

"Why not! I might as well be naked. I'm not doing it."

"It's for a good cause. And you have a suit on," Daisy giggled.

"I know this seems crazy to you but paint is not a swimsuit! They'll know I'm naked. I'm not doing it!" Connie replied crossing her arms across her chest, standing defiantly and stomping her barefoot each time she said, "No! No! No!"

"Come on. Look they have setup the area to throw from back there and it's even roped off so people can't get too close," Daisy pointed at a line. "That's got to be 20 feet. At that distance you'll be fine. You're wearing a shirt right?"

"Yes. But.... Paint Daisy! I've got only paint on under this. Please don't make me do this, please," Connie begged with her lower lip sticking out like a pouting child.

"You and 'buts'. You're doing it and that's final. It's for children with cancer! Look at you, you're acting like a spoiled child. And you know what we do to spoiled children?"

"What?"

"We give them a spanking right out here in front of everyone until you do want they are told," Daisy answered sternly giving Connie a healthy swat on the butt.

"Ouch! Stop that."

"Then get your butt over there so we can get this done."

There was nothing she could do and no other way around it. Her boss wanted it and she was worried that Daisy just might spank her in front of everyone. "Ok, fine. But I'm not getting naked!"

"Who said you were?" Daisy giggled.

"Well.... No one I guess. But I'm not," Connie replied crossing her arms over her breasts.

"This will be great fun you'll see." Daisy kissed Connie on the cheek.

"Daisy! I asked you not to do that."

"I know, come on." Daisy grabbed Connie's hand and drug her back to the tank.

**The Voice 11b**
"You're doing a great thing here Miss. This is for a very good cause. The children back in the cancer ward when they hear what you've done will be so happy. All you have to do is sit there for an hour. We are donating all the money in that time to the fundraiser. We are even doubling all the money we collect out of our pockets to the cause."

"An hour? But...."

"It will fly by. Worse case is you get dunked a few times. It's a hot day so I'm sure you'll love it. And we play music too. Helps draw a crowd and will help pass the time giving you something to listen to."

"I guess. It couldn't end up too bad and it was for a good cause right?" Connie questioned.

"Yes it is! Nothing can go wrong we've done this thousands of times."

The little evil girl in Daisy came out. "Before you go up give me your shirt. It will be better without it on I think," Daisy giggled.

"No! Are you crazy!" She whispered.

"Daisy's right, Connie. The shirt might get tangled on the seat mechanism," Alan replied.

"Guys come on. This is fine, really it is," Connie whined again, stamping her foot petulantly and looking at Daisy with wide begging eyes.

"Ok let's have a vote everyone. Anyone who wants to see Connie doing this in her super sexy teeny weeny bikini give a big cheer!" Daisy asked.

A deafening cheer seemed to echo through the entire carnival.

"Anyone who wants to see Connie to do this in that ugly old shirt give a big cheer."

You could have heard pin drop.

"Looks like a majority vote for your bikini Connie. Let me have it." Daisy grabbed the shirt and before Connie could protest any further Daisy had pulled it off her. Connie was now showing her painted bikini to everyone.

"Wow!

"What a body!"

"What a set of jugs!"

"I'd love to tap that ass!"

"I'm going to kill you for this," Connie whispered as her heart began to pound and she shivered even as she started to sweat on this hot day.

'You look great Connie! Once you get totally naked this will be perfect.'

"It's fine believe me," Daisy giggled.

"Wow! Connie you look great. Your taste in bikinis I must say is quite daring. It really shows off everything you have. That came out sounding terrible didn't it. But you do look amazing," Alan said almost drooling.

Alan's cell phone rang. "Just one moment."

With Alan's back turned Connie again started arguing with Daisy in desperate whispers, "Are you totally insane? Why did you take my shirt? You know I'm wearing paint."

"It was going to get wet anyway and that bikini sure looks sexy on you. It will help draw more people. More people means more money for the cause you know."

"That's well and good. But this is not a bikini, it's paint! I might as well be naked. This is embarrassing." Connie moved closer to Daisy trying to hide behind her.

"Look at them Connie they don't even know, they're too far away. To them it's a swimsuit and a sexy one too. With your body you should be excited showing it off. If I had your body I'd be naked all the time!" Daisy giggled as she ran her finger up and down Connie's arm.

'She's right Connie. And you love showing off.'

"Please, please, please, let me have the shirt back," Connie begged looking like a five year old who just saw a teddy bear on a store shelf and was pleading her Mother to buy it for her.

"Nope. And don't make me spank you," Daisy giggled. She gave Connie another playful swat.

Connie scanned the growing crowd and even though they seemed to be staring at her. They didn't seem to notice anything wrong with her suit. Maybe this might work after all and she was worrying about nothing.

"Daisy looks like you'll be the cameraman once again. Something has come up, I have to go straighten out a huge mess back at the station."

"Not a problem. I'll make sure I catch Connie in the best possible light. I'm good at that," Daisy giggled.

"I hope you do. Connie I know this makes me sound like a dirty old man but that suit really is something. I've never seen anything quite like it. It looks almost painted on the way you fill it out. It looks very sexy on you. You've made this old man very happy seeing you in that. I'm still stunned at how you look in it."

"Yes paint, good one Mr Stanford," Connie replied weakly still trying hide behind Daisy. Connie could feel her face turning beet red. "I'll never forgive you for this," Connie whispered.

"Yes with her body she does love tiny things. You should see her at home I have a hard time getting her to wear anything at all right Sis?"

"I guess," Connie grumbled. Then a horrible thought crossed her mind. Water and paint, it would wash off.

"Daisy we can't do this. The paint will wash off," Connie whispered.

"It's water proof. Now up you go," Daisy giggle patted Connie's butt.

"Are you sure?"

"Of course." Daisy.

"Trust me. It will be fine."

"Trust." Connie could hear the clock clicking toward midnight. Doom was nearing.

"I'll go tape this over there by those trees. There's shade there. I don't want to stand in the hot sun that long. I burn easy. It's a curse of being a red head. I've never tanned ever. I only burn to a crisp. Not like you who gets all golden and sexy." Daisy whispered and kissed her ear.

"Daisy don't! Are you sure it's water proof?"

"Ah.... Sure it is, trust me."

"Trust," Connie grumbled.

Connie never heard Daisy mumble, "I'm pretty sure anyway."

"Good luck you two. I'll see you back at the office later." Alan couldn't get the image of Connie naked running around at home with Daisy bouncing along behind her out of his head. He really was a dirty old man.

Connie sat down with her legs crossed the ankles trying to look like nothing was wrong. She almost jumped right off her seat when the speaker started booming 'She's A Beauty' by The Tubes.

Step right up and don't be shy,
because you will not believe your eyes.
She's right here behind the glass
and you're gonna like her,
'cause she's got class.

Daisy started taping and yelled, "Wow talk about a perfect song! Can you feel that? Those speakers are great! I can feel it all the way back here!"

Daisy couldn't help herself and began to sing along.

"Great," Connie frowned as the nightmare in the van filled her mind.

It had been days since Amy found Daisy at the restaurant having lunch with one of the most beautiful girls Amy had ever seen. How Daisy kept getting girls like that angered her to no end. In her mind there was nothing special about Daisy. "How does she do it?" If she was buck naked in a crowd of horny teenage boys no one would be looking at Daisy, they'd be looking at her. She's what every man dreamed about. Her mother was a beautiful Italian woman and she mirrored that and then some. Amy had even been pictured on several magazine covers for around town.

'Oh look isn't Daisy so cute.' God how she hated hearing that. "Daisy isn't that cute. She's as flat as a board. She might as well be a guy," Amy grumbled. But girls and very pretty girls at that always seemed to pick Daisy over her lovely set of curves. "They are all idiots!"

Amy had been streaming for days after seeing them together. She needed to get away from it all and decided a trip to the local carnival just might get it out of her head. Maybe she'd meet some innocent wide eyed cutie, take her home and just do dirty things with her all night. That would get her mind off 'Little Miss No Tits'

The parking lot was full but practically every booth was empty. "Where is everyone?" Amy wondered. The only thing she could hear was loud music playing on the far side on the Carnival. "Wonder what's going on over there that has everyone ignoring everything here?"

When Amy got there she had to wade her way through a huge crowd until she got to the front to where she could see what everyone seemed to be staring at.

"No way! That can't be her." Amy couldn't believe what she was seeing. Connie was sitting in a dunk tank. "It couldn't be." She moved a bit closer toward the ropes. "My God it is!"

Amy was shocked at what Connie was wearing. Or a better way of saying in not wearing. The bikini was covering almost nothing at all. It made Amy hate Daisy even more for being able to get her hands on someone who looked like that. It was like she was some make believe girl. She had everything Amy had times ten. "B..tch," Amy grumbled.

"I wonder if she's alone. Someone like her never is. I wonder where that bitch Daisy is. I can't see her leaving this one like that for very long," Amy muttered.

A huge line quickly formed and most couldn't even hit the screen. They weren't close to hitting anything. "This might not be too bad at all." Connie thought, if they were all this bad she'd be high and dry. Which suited Connie just fine since she was wearing nothing but paint.

Twenty throws and no one even got close to hitting anything. Amy was getting madder by the minute. She wanted to see Connie get dunked over and over.

Another ten throws and not one guy could even hit the screen. "Come on! You throw like girls! Give me that," Amy snarled snatching a ball out of one teen's hands and throwing it, propelled by malice, Amy blinked in pleasant surprise as she immediately hit the bulls eye.

Connie saw a girl standing in the crowd of guys and it looked like she was arguing with them. Before Connie could figure out what was happening a throw hit the bulls eye and down she went. Plunged suddenly, completely submerged into the cool water. The crowd cheered as they watched Connie surface, gasping before she climbed up the ladder and sat back down. Connie tossed her head back to get the hair out of her eyes then shook her head back and forth, her blonde hair flew about and water droplets sprayed out in every direction. Her blonde hair was a mass of wild wet curls when it came to rest about her shoulders with water dripping down her body. Daisy panned the crowd then back to Connie zooming in on her face and pulling back showing her body. Daisy noticed a tiny drop on blue dripping down Connie's side. "...Shit! I'm so dead."

'Look at them Connie they have no clue your completely naked sitting there.'

"I told you this was going to work."

'Aren't you getting excited having all those eyes watching you in nothing but a thin coat of paint?'

"Of course not. Why would I be?" But Connie's nipples grew instantly hard. "It's just the cold water," Connie whispered to herself.

'Are you sure Connie?'

But it WAS exciting sitting so close to everyone in just paint. The speakers booming felt nice. They were making her tits shake or was she trembling from the excitement of all the eyes on her? She wasn't sure other than they felt dreamy jiggling in her blue and white checkered top that left little to the imagination. Every eye seemed to be staring right at her boobs and it was intoxicating.

"You see how easy it is," Amy told them. "Now you do it!"

'Their eyes are stripping you naked Connie. Do you feel it?'

"Just be quiet."

Amy watched the pathetic throws the next set of guys were making. One throw wouldn't have hit a barn from the inside it missed so badly. "Oh come on. Haven't one of you ever played three seconds of baseball?"

Connie was trying to figure out who this deadly accurate girl was, and why she was so angry and desperate to see her dunked! She'd seen that face somewhere. She watched as Amy snatched two balls from a shocked teen and hurled the first straight at the bulls eye again. Connie gasped and disappeared under the water. Spluttering she climbed back up and awkwardly re-took her seat. Before she'd had a chance to push her hair away from her eyes and compose herself, Amy hurled a second and hit the target once again.

Connie knew she'd never get used to that sudden drop and plunge, climbing back up she pushed her hair from her eyes and looked for the girl in the crowd again, she was too distracted looking for her that she never noticed as a few more drops of blue and white started snaking down her body. Daisy, watching from the back of the crowd however, did see it. "Maybe I should stop this before it's too late." Daisy panned back to the crowd but never saw Amy as they were standing on opposite sides of the mass of interested people watching the dunking. Seeing how huge it had grown what little common sense Daisy had vanished like tears in the rain. "It wouldn't hurt to let it go a little longer," Daisy giggled.

"You're doing fine! Big smile and blow them a kiss," Daisy yelled as Shakin' by Eddie Money began to boom.

Rosanna's daddy had a car she loved to drive
Stole the keys one night and took me for a ride
Turned up the music just as loud as it could go
Blew out the speakers in her daddy's radio

Now seeing that the girl no longer had any balls left, Connie relaxed slightly and ran her fingers through her wet hair, giving the crowd a wave and then blowing them a kiss. "This is going to be fine." She thought.

That brought a huge cheer from the crowd and a dirty feeling deep down in Connie was beginning to simmer.

Had Connie looked down she'd have known it was going to be less than fine. No one could tell it yet but the paint was starting to wash off her nipples. A few in the crowd pointed and were talking but Connie thought is was just about her in a good way.

"Is that paint?"

"What?"

"Dripping down."

"I thought I was seeing things. But I think you are right."

"Where is it coming from?"

"Her top?"

"You're crazy."

"Then where is it coming from?"

Amy caught it first. "My God Daisy got this one to wear paint! And in water no less. She's even stupider than that idiot Shelly she pals around with."

**The Voice 11c**
It finally dawned on Connie who the girl was. Or at least she was pretty sure anyway. It looked like the girl from Anthony's, Daisy's 'nemesis', she couldn't think of a better word to describe her. That girl had actually scared her that night. She just seemed to have a deep hatred for Daisy and, by association, her. Daisy might do a lot of things that made her mad but she could never hate Daisy in a away this girl did or at least seemed to.

Connie tried to look as innocent as possible and get Daisy to look over and see Amy. She looked at Daisy and raised her leg pointing her toes at Amy, nodding her head in that direction, trying to be discrete. All that got from Daisy was a cute smile and she even pulled her top up and flashed her!

"Ok I'll show you one more time how easy it is," Amy threw yet another perfect strike.

The speakers boomed on and Connie went down again. As she sat back down it was becoming obvious to the people right by the ropes the blue and white was dripping down was from her top. It looked like Connie's top had holes cut around her nipples and they were pointing out right at them.

'It feels great doesn't it Connie. Don't you wish you were naked and touching yourself right now?'

"It's killing you this is working isn't it?"

'All I can see is you ending up naked very soon Connie.'

"Shut up!"

"She is stupid. She doesn't even know what's happening," Amy muttered.

Connie needed Daisy to look. Amy was going to cause so much trouble here. Connie just needed Daisy to look where she was pointing, once she saw her Connie knew she'd be able to save her from Amy's frustrated but deadly accurate throws. Again Connie tried to get Daisy's attention, with their eyes locked she mouthed 'Amy is there' at her over the crowd and nodded in Amy's direction. But what she got for the effort was Daisy doing silly duck faces at her and flashing her again.

Connie looked over and Amy had three balls in her hands. "No, no, no, no, no!" Connie said, eyes wide, watching Amy's evil grin as she wound up with a form which would have been the envy of any big league pitcher and let one fly. Connie went down three times in a row. Each time she got back up a bit more of her tits came into view, the paint deteriorating rapidly. The man left in charge of the tank saw it but couldn't stop it. He, like most who saw what was happening, wanted it to last as long as it could. A beauty like Connie didn't come along everyday. Soon someone would ruin it anyway, why hurry it along.

The Warrior by Patty Smyth began echoing through the speakers.

You run, run, runaway
It's your heart that you betray
Feeding on your hungry eyes
I bet you're not so civilized

Again and again Connie tried to get Daisy to look. Each time she re-took her seat she'd point with her toes and nod her head more urgently. All she got from Daisy was that sexy smile and wiggling hips as she sang along to the music. She had now placed the camera in a low lying branch and had it on auto record. She was playing an air guitar looking more than cute doing it. Singing along having a great time as she watched Connie. When Daisy's eyes met Connie's she gave a little wave and a smile that made Connie's heart race.

Connie came to realize Daisy would never figure out what she wanted her to look at, rolling her eyes she resigned herself to Amy's repetitive dunking's. But they didn't come. Connie looked down and around the crowd in confusion to see that Amy had seemingly disappeared back into the sea of excited faces. Unknown to Connie, with her paint bikini rapidly fading Amy had decided she'd done enough damage and to watch from afar how the poor girl's misadventure unfolded next.

As Connie scoured the crowd for Amy she became increasingly aware of all the eyes staring at her and it was starting to get to her in a bad way. The voice wasn't helping, pounding at her brain, telling her she would soon be naked with nowhere to run. The cold water had made her nipples rock hard she was sure of it. And the gentle vibration from the speakers was starting to feel a bit too good. It gave her body a low tingle that was starting to worry her. Her breasts felt so wonderful free to bounce as they wanted, covered only in paint. This was a dream that had haunted her almost every night since she'd seen the SI issue back in the office. The feeling was starting to make her dizzy. Connie needed to calm down but Daisy looked so sexy singing to the music. That was doing nothing but make her wet down below. Thank God no one would know because of the water running down her body from her soaking wet hair.

"You can make it. Just stay calm," Connie mumbled. But it was building, she could feel it, that tension growing between her legs. It was maddening, she couldn't understand why it was happening again and again, she didn't seem to have any power over her body anymore.

'It's getting harder and harder isn't it Connie? You'll be cumming soon won't you?'

"Quiet!"

One of the guys actually hit the target and Connie went down again. This time, her mind clouding over with embarrassed arousal, when she got back up she absentmindedly sat with her legs spread a bit. The paint had washed off her crotch and it wasn't missed by many who were close enough to see it.

"It is paint!"

"Wow!"

"I can't believe what I'm seeing!"

"She has to know!"

"Quiet! I don't think she does! Don't ruin this!"

The camera caught everything. Connie's once checkered bikini was now only a painted string or two and some blurry patches of blue and white.

Hidden in the crowd, Amy wanted to be here when Daisy showed up to see her new toy naked for the world to see. As much as she hated Connie for looking as she did the girl was so gorgeous, seeing her up there was making her so horny she had to go find somewhere private before she came right in front of everyone. Amy turned and pushed her through the crowd, away from the tank.

The Divinyls, I Touch Myself blasted from the speakers.

I love myself
I want you to love me
When I'm feelin' down
I want you above me
I search myself
I want you to find me
I forget myself
I want you to remind me

All of this was having a crazy effect on Daisy as well. Seeing Connie up there soaking wet and completely naked was really turning her on to no end. The way she was pointing her toes, obviously trying to tease her, had been so hot to watch. Connie looked so sexy and that song was positively her favorite song in the whole world to do the big nasty to. Between the song and Connie it was turning her into a horny little devil. Daisy peaked out from behind the trees to make sure no one could see her. When she was sure it was safe she reached under her shirt and played with her nipples fantasizing it was Connie's hands tugging on them.

No one have moved a muscle. They couldn't take their eyes off Connie and her rapidly vanishing bikini.

'Look Connie doesn't Daisy look hot?'

Connie swallowed hard and tried to look away. But Daisy was more than she could take swaying to the music singing along as if she didn't have a care in the world. Daisy had her hands under her shirt and it was obvious what she was doing. "Please think of something else, oh please. Baseball, baseball, baseball!"

'Touch yourself too Connie. You know you want to.'

"I can't."

'Yes you can. Just reach down and do it.'

"I can't! You can't make me! Don't you understand. It's not normal!"

I don't want anybody else
When I think about you
I touch myself
I don't want anybody else
Oh no, oh no, oh no

Daisy couldn't help but to be swept up in the moment. As Daisy danced and toyed with her nipples she entered her dirty little dream world where she had Connie laying on a heart shaped bed covered in red roses pedals. That golden tan dotted with sweat and that blonde hair spread around Connie's pretty face all wild and crazy begging her to do what she wanted.

You're the one who makes me happy honey
You're the sun who makes me shine
When you're around I'm always laughing
I want to make you mine
I close my eyes
And see you before me
Think I would die
If you were to ignore me
A fool could see
Just how much I adore you
I get down on my knees
I'd do anything for you

The crowd couldn't take their eyes off Connie sexy tan body now just speckled with a few drops of blue and white.

Daisy looked again just to make sure. With the coast still clear and her heart simply ready to explode she pulled her top over her head with her eyes glued to Connie's tits. She tossed it straight up in the air and got it caught high up in in the tree above her head. Daisy quickly brought her hands up and pressed her palms into her aching nipples.

'Look at her Connie you want that don't you?'

"No!" Connie squeezed her eyes closed trying to get Daisy out of her head. But all she could hear was Daisy singing in a sexy voice and it was driving her crazy. Connie almost fell into the water all by herself from the shock of seeing Daisy tossed away her top and dance around topless.

I don't want anybody else
When I think about you
I touch myself
I don't want anybody else
Oh no, oh no, oh no

Daisy wiggled her hips and her shorts fell free. Daisy stepped away from them and gave them a playful kick sending them upward and they too got snagged high in the tree as well. Daisy quickly looked back at Connie. In her mind Connie's beautiful tanned body was just waiting for her to whatever she wanted to it, laying in a bed of silk sheets and rose pedals. They weren't at a carnival any longer they were in her room covered in sweat doing things she'd only dreamed about.

Connie began to drift along with Daisy. Her eyes fixed to Daisy's sexual dance. Watching those tiny breasts topped with raisin shaped nipples proved more than she could take. Connie's hands grabbed her own tits and squeezed them until she screamed out with joy. It was now only her and Daisy, naked and wrapped around each other, doing everything her dirty heart desired. There was no turning back now and she couldn't even if she tried. Her mind was gone, wandered into a fantasy place she hated but couldn't leave until she was done with Daisy.

The crowd now caught sight of Daisy as she'd wandered a bit too far out from her cover. Who to watch? A tiny half naked red head with the voice of an angel doing a dance that could awaken the dead. Or was it Connie, the dead drop gorgeous blonde, playing with her huge tits, her tanned skin, streaked with white and blue and sheened with water from her dunking.

"My Lord!"

"I couldn't have said it better myself, George!"

'Look at her Connie she wants you. Go to her.'

"I can't!" But Connie did look and what she saw drove her hand immediately between her legs, the crowd forgotten. Daisy was slowly sliding out of her panties. They hung of a brief moment on her thighs and then were gone. She was naked, swaying to the music in her own world of lust with Connie's body beneath her. The image wouldn't go away. Daisy was 20 feet away but Connie could still smell her perfume faintly drifting through the air turning her head into a heated mess. It was the smell of sex and it made her body ache for Daisy's touch.

I love myself
I want you to love me
When I'm feelin' down
I want you above me
I search myself
I want you to find me
I forget myself
I want you to remind me

Daisy took her finger and put it in her mouth then drew it out covered in spit then smiled at Connie and just as she was about to plunge it deep within her the music suddenly stopped.

All you could hear was....

"There's the two tramps. You see they're doing it again!" A woman yelled dragging her two children with her.

The bubble burst for both of them. Connie eyes snapped open and she realized she was naked with what looked like 100s of people watching her, with horror she looked down to see one hand pinching her nipple and the other between her legs. "Oh my God!" That pushed her over the edge and she came, body weak, she slipped, falling into the cold water.

A security woman was following the angry woman.

"Arrest them!"

"All right everyone shows over."

Daisy felt like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz after her house just crashed down on the wicked witch. "Oh shit. This isn't good at all." This brought flash backs from her last trip to a carnival. Daisy was just going to have a fun day with her latest love of her life. She was a shy thing with big blue eyes and tits that took Daisy's breath away. They'd gone on the Ferris wheel... but the ride stopped with them on top. Daisy had looked around at all the people down below and got excited. Things got weird and their clothes flew off before they knew it. Everything just spiraled out of control. Nudity and chains. "This is the ferris wheel all over again. I'm such a dimwit," Daisy sighed.

Daisy quickly found her panties but couldn't find her shorts or shirt. Then she remembered what she'd done and looked up. "Damn it!" She tried jumping but couldn't get close to reaching them. They were both hanging high above her on the branches. "You've really done it this time. Stupid, stupid, stupid. Why can't I ever think around her. All I have to do is, no stripping, no kissing and no touching. You're such an idiot!" Daisy sighed smacking her forehead several times trying to knock some sense to her silly brain. She could see Shelly shaking he head in disgust when she found out what she'd done again.

Connie climbed down the ladder, grabbed her shirt and quickly pulled it back on her wet body, but couldn't find the belt to help keep it somewhat closed. She grimaced when she looked down, the shirt had immediately soaked through and stuck to her curvaceous form, the swells of her breasts, her hard nipples, the subtle curve of her naval and the dimples above her ass cheeks were all immediately accentuated by the wet fabric sticking to her bare wet skin. It would have been better being completely naked. It would seem less dirty somehow.

**The Voice 11d**
"Why do girls like you always strip in public?"

"But! I.... You see...." Connie stammered.

"Well you see we...." Daisy was cut short by the security woman.

"Quiet both of you. Come along with me," she told them.

They both said at the same time, "I wasn't my fault!"

"Save it for the judge. I'm placing both of you under arrest for public nudity. You'll have to come with me," The officer said placing Connie's hands behind her back and handcuffing her. "I don't have another set, but you'd better not try anything funny."

"Yes mam," Daisy replied still so mad at herself for being so stupid she wanted to scream. Worse was she failed the love of her life, Connie, again. She was still grumbling under her breath, "stupid." Over and over.

This was the third time this week that she'd had to deal with girls flashing. The others had been surprisingly gorgeous but this girl topped them all. Even the red head had something about her that was sexy in a 'girl next door' sort of way. The others had all been very intoxicated and embarrassed by what they'd done after they'd sobered up. But these two didn't show the signs of being the least bit drunk which didn't fit the profile of these kinds of things.

The officer had never called the police to have any of them taken in. She never could forget a thing from her past. A few beers and a wet t-shirt contest. It was stupid of her and it caused her nothing but grief to this very day. So she always cut girls like this a tiny break. They were just teenage girls doing a stupid thing. It was part of growing up. She just took them to the security tent and rattled their cages a bit. Trying to scare them so they'd never do such a thing again.

It seemed like a waste ruining their lives arresting them for a one time silly act even if that act was against the law. It really didn't hurt anyone. The men surely liked it and some of the women looked like they did as well. They'd have to live the rest of their lives living down what they'd done, knowing the pictures people had taken could show up at the wrong time. Just like it had for her. People at work were always bringing it up and never let her live it down. And it was ten long years ago!

"I'm sick and tired of girls like you."

"But..."

"Quiet! Or I'll tie you up in the middle of the carnival naked for the rest of the day!"

"I'm so sorry," Connie replied looking down at the ground in shame.

"You should have thought before you stripped young lady. Now come along."

The officer grabbed Daisy's bag and camera then lead them both very slowly right through the middle of the crowd. She wanted to teach them a lesson they'd never forget so she left them dressed as she found them. Connie dressed in her soaked, make shift poncho which was covering practically nothing and Daisy in just her panties and sneakers with her hands covering her tiny boobs.

Daisy whispered, "I'm so sorry. You're just so pretty I can't help myself."

"Daisy be quiet. Someone might hear you," Connie whispered back almost too low for even Daisy to hear, "We're both girls, it's not right."

"But oh my God this is exciting wasn't it? My nipples are so hard! You want to feel?"

"No I don't! And how can you say that! I'm almost naked here and your topless in your panties for Christ sake." Connie whispered back fighting back the tears which were forming in her eyes.

'You are excited Connie. You know it and soon everyone will.'

"You can't say this isn't a bit exciting. Look at everyone following us."

"What are you talking about! This is a nightmare!"

"Oh now you're be silly again. Your nipples are hard too. You can't tell me it's not at least a tiny bit turned on."

"It's the cold water. So there. Just shut up! I'm mad at you!" Connie couldn't deal with the thought of being turn on by all this. It wasn't normal. Girls don't like running around naked. "You should have told me the paint was coming off."

Connie was right she should have and that really made Daisy mad at herself. "I am truly sorry. Please forgive me."

Connie thought the better of it but she couldn't seem to stay mad at Daisy. The hurt look on her face broke her heart. It was like she just killed a puppy and it started her crying, "This is the last time," Connie whispered.

"Don't cry. You've made me very happy," Daisy giggled as her face lit up and she couldn't help but give Connie a kiss. "I know... 'don't do that'" Daisy smiled and stuck out her tongue at Connie.

There was a low rumble through the crowd as they watched.

"She kissed her!"

"Wow!"

"That's f...kin hot!"

They walked close to a group of teens and a little girl read aloud what was written on the front of Daisy's panties. "If You Can Read This It's Your Lucky Day. What does that mean mommy?"

"Nothing. We're leaving now!" An angry mother grabbed her kid's hand and dragged her away.

"But mom!"

"Quiet! Let's go."

The officer would stop every so often to talk to someone making the trip as slow as she could. If they wanted to flash then she was going to make sure everyone got a good last look.

Out of nowhere a finger came out of the crowd and poked at Connie's boob. Connie quickly turned to see who poked her. This wasn't the best choice she could have made. The shirt swirled around as she spun, leaving her briefly naked from the waist down. Her tits then jiggled and shook and when they came to rest one was sticking out of the side of her shirt.

The crowd cheered as Connie danced around trying to get her shirt to cover her again without any hands and failing. "Hey! Stop that! Daisy help!"

"My God she's naked under that!"

"I can't believe it either!"

That fact rippled through the crowd.

Daisy had her own problems using her hands as a bra for her own boobs. "I've kind of got my hands full here." she shrugged awkwardly.

"Daisy please," Connie whimpered as her tits were being poked from every which way once people saw them bouncing free so they could see them again and she had no way to defend herself.

"All right everyone cool it. Or I'll arrest you as well. You young lady you didn't seem the mind showing off earlier," the officer said.

"Oh please," Connie begged.

"All right."

"Those have to be fake. Nothing could be that perfect," she thought. Maybe she'd see for herself while teaching Connie a lesson too. She grabbed both of Connie's tits and made a big deal of them being so big and that there was one way they were real. She shook and bounced them and even pulled on her nipples a few times before pushing them back under the shirt.

The crowd cheered the whole time.

"Jesus, they are real," She muttered to herself. It almost made her ashamed to be a women around this one. She had a body that was unreal.

'Thrilling isn't it Connie, having them all watching your tits bounce. And your nipples are so hard. You're a nasty girl aren't you?'

"It's not my fault! So shut up!"

"All right, there, fixed, now let's go." She continued dragging Connie and Daisy through the crowd.

The worse part wasn't her nipples getting hard again or even having them bouncing around in plain sight. It was the moisture running down the inside of her thighs. The hot sun had rapidly dried her shirt and her skin and Connie bit her lip in embarrassment at the source of her new wetness. If this wasn't the worse day of her life she didn't want to see a worse one than this. Connie tried shuffling her feet to try and hide it but that just made her butt wiggled back and forth way too much which brought whistles and cat calls from the guys following behind her.

A bit of a breeze caught her shirt and blew it up around her waist and there was nothing she could do about it. They could see everything. She couldn't hold the tears back any longer. Connie twirled around trying to get her shirt to fall back down. But all she did was give everyone a view of her naked body from every possible angle.

"Look at that!"

"It's true she doesn't have bottoms on!"

"Shaved oh my God that's amazing!"

"Would you look at those tits shake!"

One little girl gave Connie's butt a slap as she went by and ran off giggling into the crowd.

"Ouch! Stop that!" Connie screamed jumping away which set her tits bouncing and shaking leaving them both sticking out of the sides of the shirt.

"All right guys cool it." The officer somewhat pulled Connie shirt back around straight to cover her tits again. "Could you not flash everyone for a few seconds? I'm going to use the ladies room."

'Flashing is what you do best Connie. You should tell her that.'

"I need it too, please? ... I really have to pee," Daisy asked.

"Well all right. But I can't have this one running off while we are gone." She took the cuff off one wrist and then fastened it to a bike rack. "There that should hold you."

"Please don't leave me like this!" Connie begged looking around at crowd which was now more like a pack of hungry wolves than people. "You can't!"

"Just keep your shirt on," Daisy giggled giving her a quick kiss, "We'll be right back."

Daisy and the security woman vanished into the restroom leaving Connie standing there in shock, cuffed and blushing as the crowd cheered Daisy kissing her. This day surely couldn't get any worse.

Amy came around the corner and saw a crowd of guys pointing at something. There was Connie once again. This time cuffed to a bike rack. It was too good to be true, looking around she tried to spot Daisy, but she was no where in sight again. Seeing an opportunity to enact some more direct revenge on Daisy, she pushed her way through the crowd. It was now or never. "Revenge is a dish best served cold," Amy mumbled sensing her opportunity, she walked over and whispered in Connie's ear, "Well, well if it isn't Daisy's new toy."

"I'm not a toy." Connie said defensively, swinging around, her stomach dropped when she saw Amy looking back at her. "You!"

"I can see she's up to her old tricks. Daisy always did love tying girls up, half naked, in public."

"What are you talking about? No she doesn't!"

"She does have a thing for huge tits and you sure have those," Amy grabbed Connie's boobs and gave them a healthy squeeze. "She does have good taste too, you are lovely."

"Don't touch me!"

"Oh I'll touch who I want. I'll bet you're a cold fish in bed too. Pretty girls like you always are."

"I am not! I mean.... Just leave me alone or I'll scream!"

"Go ahead. Look around you. Do you really need more people watching you?"

'There's an idea Connie scream!'

"Shut the f..k up!"

Connie looked around and everywhere she looked there was nothing but eyes watching her. The thought of what Amy might do was scaring her. She needed Daisy to come back before Amy did something terrible to her. Or her filthy mind caused her body to do things she didn't want to do.

'Connie tell her what a naughty girl you are. Tell her you need to be punished for being such a bad girl. Beg her to strip you naked and leave you so everyone can see you.'

"I don't want that! You're totally insane. Stop saying these things."

What Amy could do to her brought imagines that were nasty even to her. Amy could strip her clean and these wolves would devour every inch of her. Heaven knows what they might do to her and how would she stop them! Connie trembled at the thought. Worse were those lust filled eyes staring at her. They were everywhere. She couldn't stop the feeling of them poking at every inch of her and it was exciting her more than even she could take. Connie squeezed her legs tight together trying to hid how wet it was making her.

"So explain how she does it?"

"Does what?"

"Gets girls like you naked and then ties them up in public?"

"I don't know what you're talking about. A security woman cuffed me not Daisy and stop touching me!" Connie whispered back as she felt Amy's hand on her butt, she tried to move away but achieved nothing but to cause her breasts to escape her shirt, baring them to the crowd once again.

"Shake it baby!"

"Hell yeah that's what I'm talking about!"

"So you've been a bad girl, have you? I'll bet you love to be spanked don't you?" Amy whispered.

"Why would you say that! No I don't. Just leave me alone," Connie replied feeling an unwanted bolt of excitement ripping through her as Amy gave her a hard smack on her ass that seemed to echo all around her.

'A spanking? That always makes you cum doesn't it Connie?'

"Of course not! Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!"

But the voice was right. It even knew things she didn't know about herself. It knew of her fear of aliens and she'd never told a soul about it. It knew about her fantasy about being a SI model wearing nothing but paint. It knew her love of short skirts before she did. It knew how wonderful her breasts would feel bouncing about without a bra before she ever tried it. And worse it knew about her lustful feelings for Daisy. How could it have known? She had told no one! Oh how she hated that it knew that one. Poor Daisy was an innocent girl who shouldn't be brought into her twisted mind of filth. It was horrible the things that would run through her mind whenever she saw Daisy. The things she would think made her feel terrible guilt, the thoughts were beyond dirty. And behind it was the voice and its never ending beating at her every thought. Twisting everything into something pornographic.

"I'll bet you're wet, aren't you," Amy whispered in Connie's ear as she rounded the helpless girl, pressing herself up against her back.

"Please don't," Connie whispered back trying to move away as Amy's fingers slipped beneath her butt cheeks and between her legs.

"I thought so. You're soaked. You are a dirty girl aren't you?. I can see why Daisy wants you."

"Please just leave me alone," Connie begged. Her heart skipped a beat when Amy found her sweet spot and began toying with it. "Please don't. Daisy help me please," Connie pleaded weakly. Her voice was broken and quiet, her mind was swimming in arousal, she felt distant, disconnected, weak, all she could focus on was Amy's hand.

**The Voice 11e**
"I don't see that slut anywhere, she'll not be helping you any time soon."

The crowd was dead silent watching the scene unfold in from of them. This was too good to be true.

"You say no but your pussy says yes doesn't it?" Amy worked another finger inside.

The crowd didn't see what Amy was doing to Connie from behind. All they saw was Connie squirming about looking drop dead gorgeous. Those huge boobs popping in and out of view as she danced around on her toes. Her shirt flapping open now and then giving them glimpses of her shaved mound which seemed now to be glistening with wetness.

All their faces had that look of disbelief on them. Their eyes seemed to be glowing watching her every move. All she could hear was her on breathe getting quicker and quicker and the wet sounds of fingers moving. It was going to happened and she couldn't stop it. Amy's fingers found every place that would drive her crazy with lust. She needed Daisy now or it was going to be to late save her from....

Amy's fingers and the voice was pushing her sanity to the breaking point. 'Look at them Connie. They don't even know how close you are to cumming do they? Tell them Connie. Scream it out to them.'

"I can't take you anymore. Just shut up, please shut up!"

"Hey! AMY?! Get away from her!" Daisy ran out of the bathroom toward Connie when she saw Amy standing next to her.

"Why I'm just having a little fun with your toy here." Amy spat as she moved her finger expertly and easily pushed Connie over the edge. The beautiful girl squeaked desperately, her skin flushed pink and her knees buckled as the waves of pleasure crashed through her. Gasping she squirmed and squirted around Amy's probing hand, her wetness sliding down her slender bare legs to her feet as she lifted herself high on her toes and her back arched. Shuddering and mewling like a kitten, eyes closed and panting Connie gasped weakly and then sank to the ground. "Looks like I broke her too..." Amy laughed. "I'll be seeing you around Daisy. And I love your new toy, she's very tasty," Amy laughed licking her fingers as she backed away, just as the security woman reappeared.

The cop looked down and saw Connie out like a light sitting in a puddle of what looked like water. "What happened to her?"

"Must be the sun. It was too hot and she passed out," Daisy replied. Scowling at Amy's retreating form as she'd blended back into the crowd. She'd get even with Amy one day for this!

"Oh no, this is terrible, let's get her out of the sun." She'd wanted to teach them a lesson. She didn't mean to hurt anyone. "Everyone, shows over. Now move along!" she said firmly.

The crowd semi parted as they both carried Connie through and into a small security tent.