**The Voice**

by Greatness

**The Voice 15a**  
"I'm back!"  
  
"In here Shelly!"  
  
"How was your trip?"  
  
"Oh my God it was so hot. I met this guy and we...."  
  
"Yuck! I don't want to hear about any sweaty hairy guy. That's just so gross."  
  
"Are you sure. He had the biggest...."  
  
"I can't hear you. La, la, la, la," Daisy replied covering her ears.  
  
"You know if you tried it once you might discover you'd like it."  
  
"La, la, la, la."  
  
"All right. What about you? How did your little trip to see Connie go."  
  
"Well...." Daisy looked down.  
  
Shelly knew that look all to well. "You did something crazy didn't you?"  
  
"Yes," Daisy tried to not look Shelly in the eye.  
  
"What did you do?" Shelly asked.  
  
Daisy told her what happened.  
  
"Good Lord Daisy. How do you expect to attract this girl if you keep stripping her in front of everyone and making her cum?"  
  
"I don't know. It's just I go crazy around her. You should see her Shelly."  
  
"I've seen her remember."  
  
"But she has these wonderful huge tits!"  
  
"What is it with you and tits. You have tits."  
  
"No I don't. I have these," Daisy frowned pulling up her top looking down at her flat chest.  
  
"And they're so cute. One day they'll grow into big girl boobs don't you worry," Shelly teased giving Daisy's cheek a little pinch.  
  
"Oh you're sooooo funny. You have tits. So it's no big deal to you."  
  
"Ok let's not go into your deep rooted problem with your own breasts again. You need to start using that brain of yours when you're round her. Think before you do anything. Or is that head of yours actually empty?" Shelly questioned knocking on Daisy's forehead.  
  
"Ouch! Stop that."  
  
"Then think silly!"  
  
"I'll try."  
  
"Well I'll not hold my breath."  
  
"That's not very nice. I said I'll try."  
  
"Daisy you trying not to do something stupid around a pretty girl with big boobs is like trying to hold sand in a strainer."  
  
"Very funny. Help me," Daisy asked.   
  
"What are you looking for," Shelly asked looking around Daisy's room which looked like a tornado had just ripped through it throwing cloths into the most impossible places.  
  
"I need your help," Daisy asked.  
  
"Sorry I'm not a mental health professional."  
  
"Ah, ah, very funny. I'm serious. I need your help picking out just the right outfit," Daisy asked as she looked through another pile of clothes.   
  
"You know if you actually put stuff away you'd be able to find it when you wanted it."  
  
"Yeah, yeah, just help me please," Daisy replied looking at a blouse while wrinkling up her nose then throwing it over her shoulder.  
  
"So who are you raping today so I know what look you're going for," Shelly laughed.  
  
"Oh you're soooooooo funny. I have an important job."  
  
"You?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Daisy Flowers?"   
  
"Yes me! I'm helping Connie. It's for the station she works for. I need to look important," Daisy said proudly.  
  
"Connie? Isn't that the pretty blond girl with the huge tits?"  
  
"You know it is. So stop fooling around!"  
  
"You're going to help her?  
  
"Yes."   
  
"You?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Daisy Flowers?"  
  
"Would you stop doing that!"  
  
"We've went over this 100s of times. You don't have any cloths that will make you look like a normal girl."  
  
"What's that suppose to mean?"   
  
"Daisy your the cutest girl I've ever seen. Sometimes I hate you for it. But dressing normal isn't something you do."  
  
"Normal? I dress normal," Daisy answered with a pout.  
  
"I'm all for dressing to show off an advantage. If you got it flaunt it I always say. But you wear things that would make a stripper blush. To put in bluntly doesn't everything you own leave you pretty much naked?"   
  
"Noooooo!"  
  
"Oh really. What would you call this?" Shelly held up a top.  
  
"A tube top."  
  
"Daisy it might as well be a wrist band."  
  
"No it's not," Daisy grumbled snatching it out of her hand.  
  
"And this?" Shelly held up swimsuit.  
  
"A bikini."   
  
"Looks like a few pieces of string to me," Shelly laughed.  
  
"Very funny," Daisy growled snatching it away.  
  
"And this?" Shelly held up skirt.  
  
"I guess aren't as smart as you think you are. Can't you see it's a skirt."  
  
"A skirt? Isn't this the matching head band that goes with this?" Shelly picked the tube top again then held up the two together. "Tell me these wouldn't leave to practically naked."  
  
"No they wouldn't," Daisy grumbled while ripping them out of Shelly's hands. "If you're going to be this way you can leave. I don't want your help anymore."  
  
"Aren't we sensitive today. You must really be in love with this girl?"  
  
"Shelly she's everything I've ever wanted in my whole life. So pleeease help me pleeeease."  
  
"I don't see what I can do. I'm telling you. I've not seen anything you own that would be so called normal cloths on you or any girl outside of a porn star."   
  
"That's not very nice."  
  
"Ok then find me something. Just one piece," Shelly asked.  
  
"Porn star my ass. I have a lot of normal clothes here somewhere," Daisy mumbled weeding through another pile and frowning at each piece she looked at while throwing them this way and that making even a bigger mess. "Ok what about.... Forget it. Oh here.... Sh..t. Wait what about.... No." Daisy grumbled on looking through pile after pile.  
  
"I'm waiting," Shelly teased.  
  
"Give me a minute," Daisy replied throw cloths everywhere as she weeded through the endless piles covering just about every inch of Daisy's room.  
  
"Remember a women's life expectancy in the US is only 81. So let's hope I don't die before you find something."   
  
"Oh you're a laugh riot today," Daisy grumbled as she looked under her bed. "Ah here.... crap. Maybe.... No."   
  
Shelly knew all to well the path of every relationship Daisy ever tried to be in went down. They would all start with a mad crush that would leave Daisy so scatter brained she didn't even know what day it was. Then came the wild plan to get her dream girl into bed with her. Shortly after that it would quickly end caused by the bizarre plan Daisy would dream up. It would leave her in room curled up in a little ball in the middle of her bed for weeks afterward completely broken hearted. Maybe she could stop yet another disaster from happening. So even if it was against her better judgement she decided to help. "Ok tell me what's this job so I know what I'm looking for?"  
  
"Thank you."  
  
As they looked Daisy explained what Connie was going to be doing Shelly couldn't help but laugh.  
  
"What's so funny?"  
  
"You being an expert on first person shooters."  
  
"I am!"  
  
"You?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Daisy Flowers?"  
  
"Stop doing that. I'm very good at them," Daisy said proudly.  
  
"You?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Daisy Flowers?"  
  
"I said stop doing that!"  
  
"Aren't you the girl who gets killed every 30 seconds while she's cursing at the screen? Doesn't everyone call you Little Miss Dies a Lot?"  
  
"Don't call me that and they cheat!" Daisy grumbled with a pout.  
  
"Do they? Or are you just bad," Shelly poked at her.  
  
"Are you going to pick on me all night or are you actually going to help me?"  
  
"Help. So Little Miss Dies a Lot is going to help how exactly?"  
  
"I said don't call me that. You know I hate it. I have a plan. I'm going to help Connie and after we're done it will be the night I've been dreaming about my whole life!"  
  
"One of your plans? Oh I don't see anything going wrong there," Shelly said rolling her eyes.  
  
"What do you mean by that?" Daisy replied in a huff.  
  
"Daisy I think you must be related to Wile E Coyote," Shelly chuckled.  
  
"Why would you say that?"  
  
"Because you always think you've come up with the perfect plan to catch the Road Runner. But in the end it always blows up in your face and the Road Runner gets away."  
  
"Very funny. Tell me one time when that's happened," Daisy asked with a pout.  
  
"Ok. Remember your little plan with Sammie. You got her to wear a bikini that washed away in water. Of course you didn't tell her. You were going to come to her rescue after it was gone. So what happened exactly?"  
  
"Well she got arrested for being naked in public and spent the night in jail," Daisy mumbled looked down at her feet.  
  
"Did she ever talk to you again?"  
  
"Well no but...."  
  
"But nothing. What about Jessica. You baked her brownies which you laced with some drug you found online that you said would make her horny just for you. It was the perfect plan I believe you said and what happened exactly?"  
  
"Well she had a reaction to it and ended up in the hospital."  
  
"And?"  
  
"All her hair fell out," Daisy mumbled.  
  
"Did she ever talk to you again?"  
  
"Well no but...."   
  
"I don't want to hear it. What about Tiffany. If I remember right you told me you had yet another perfect plan. Let me see wasn't that the dog that was going to attack her? You were going to show up just in time to save her. And how did that turn out?"  
  
"Well she got bitten."  
  
"And?"  
  
"She had to get rabies shots. But that wasn't my fault."  
  
"Did she ever talk to you again?"  
  
"Well no but...."  
  
"Quiet. What about Taylor and the water gun? What was that plan exactly?"  
  
"It should have worked," Daisy frowned crossing her arms across her chest.  
  
"Daisy you can't swim so how was it ever going to work. It was so powerful you knocked her out with it and before you could turn it off it pushed her right off the dock. Then a boat just missed hitting her and she almost drown! My Lord Daisy you could have killed the poor girl."  
  
"The water gun had a bad pressure valve. So you see it wasn't my fault."  
  
"Did she ever talk to you again?"  
  
"Well no but...."  
  
"But, but, but nothing. Let's not forget Connie. You took her to a lovely out of the way Café for a romantic lunch. Seems like something even you couldn't screw up. But somehow you f..cked that up. In that twisted brain of yours you thought stripping her naked right there at the table and masturbate her in front of everyone was romantic. Then you end this romantic get together by leaving her passed and completely naked I might add right in the middle of the place."   
  
"I covered her up," Daisy grumbled.  
  
"That was big of you."  
  
"Why are you being so mean today?"  
  
"Because I trying to get through the thick skull of yours that you always screw it up. Time and time again. Do you think I enjoy coming home and finding you in your room crying your eyes out after one of your break ups? Daisy despite your boob problem you're a wonder person. Be that person around the girls you're always falling in the love. You'll be surprised just how well that wonderful Daisy person I know would be attractive to them. I could fall in love with that Daisy and I'm not even gay."  
  
"I'll try. I can see that things never seem go right but this plan can't fail."  
  
"You're doing it again. But I'm game tell me what this wonderful plan of yours is Miss Coyote," Shelly joked.  
  
"That's not funny! I'm giving her a remote controlled vibrator."  
  
Shelly couldn't help but laugh. "Oh my Lord. I have to hear how that is going to help you get Connie in the sack?"  
  
"It's so simple Miss Smarty Pants. She's going to have it on during her news story," Daisy said proudly.  
  
"And that's going to help you catch the Road Runner how Miss Wile E?"  
  
"Don't call me that!"  
  
"Ok sorry, go on."  
  
"Remember all the computer programing classes I took last quarter?"  
  
"Sure."  
  
"Well I've hacked the program that runs the vibrator to work off the video game. So when she shoots stuff it's going to vibrate. After we're done she'll be so horny. I'll swoop in and be her knight in shinning armor! Good plan right?"  
  
"I can hear the Road Runner now, beep, beep!"  
  
"Oh ha ha! Enough of your smart mouth. I need just the right outfit. I need to look like an assistant."  
  
"You mean a nerd?"  
  
"Well I guess, but a smart nerd."  
  
"What do you think I am a miracle worker?"  
  
"Shelly please stop fooling around. I'm desperate," Daisy whined.  
  
"Every time you see a pretty girl with big tits you're desperate," Shelly chuckled.  
  
"Shelly stop it. I really need your help. Pleeeeese."   
  
"Ok but remember it took God 6 days to create the earth and at least he had a giant rock to work with. I only have four. That's not a lot of time and I only have you to work with. A rock would be easier I believe."  
  
"That's why I live with you. You're a laugh riot 24/7," Daisy grumbled.  
  
"You live with me because I'm the only girl you been around for more than two minutes that you haven't gotten arrested, poisoned, bitten, half drown, strip naked at lunch, almost killed, chain naked to a....."  
  
"Ok, ok I give up! Pleeeeeease!"   
  
"All right let's look through this mess you call a room and see what we can find."  
  
"Your the best friend I've ever had!"  
  
"I'm the best friend you ever had that you've not gotten arrested, poisoned...."  
  
"I mean it stop it!"  
  
"All right. I'll be serious."  
  
"It's the perfect plan," Daisy told her with a happy little giggle.  
  
"I'll be here when your world comes crashes down around you once again."  
  
"Not going to happen. This plan is fool proof."  
  
"Would you be the fool or is Connie?"  
  
"Oh you're so funny," Daisy grumbled. "I don't see how this can turn out to be anything less than the greatest night of my whole life!" Daisy beamed.  
  
Shelly just rolled here eyes and muttered, "Beep Beep."  
  
"What?"  
  
"Oh Nothing. Now when you go over to help her get ready nothing stupid. You got that!"  
  
"I'm not some two year old you know that right?"  
  
"Daisy a two year old would have more common sense than you."  
  
"That's not nice at all."  
  
"You're right I'm sorry. But listen to yourself. You're doing it again. So just don't. I know you'll not listen to anything I'm telling you but try just holding her hand. Take her for a walk and hold hands. Holding hands can be very romantic."  
  
"But...."

**The Voice 15b**  
"No buts! Don't do this crazy vibrator thing. Don't masturbate her. Don't kiss her in front of other people if it makes her feel uncomfortable. And for God's sake don't strip her. Don't do anything crazy at all. If you want someone to fall in love with you those things aren't the best choices are they?"   
  
"Yes I Know."  
  
"Listen to me now. Just be that sweet loveable Daisy that I know."  
  
"I can do that. I promise nothing crazy."  
  
"You're not going to do this vibrator thing then?"  
  
"Of course not," Daisy replied was a sweet smile of her face.  
  
"Why don't I believe you?" Shelly questioned.  
  
"I'm hurt. I said I wouldn't," Daisy answered putting her hands behind her back then crossed her fingers.  
  
"So I shouldn't be worried?"  
  
"Of course not. Cross my heart and hope to die."  
  
"So what's your favorite flower?"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"So I know what flowers to bring to your funeral," Shelly chuckled.  
  
"Oh ha ha!"  
  
"Wait a minute! I can't believe it. Look what I found. Something normal," Shelly smiled holding up a dress.  
  
"Shelly no. Not that, please."  
  
"You wanted me help right?"  
  
"Yes but not that," Daisy sighed.  
  
"Nope this is it. It will make you look like a normal girl. Well normal as it gets for you."  
  
"But I'll look like a total dork."  
  
"I know in that brain of yours you think girls should be running around totally naked. But normal girls don't. They wear stuff like this," Shelly told her show her the dress.  
  
"Are you sure?"  
  
"Trust me maybe we'll even put a ribbon in your hair."  
  
"No way! I draw the line there."  
  
"We'll see. Let's see if it fits."  
  
"But...."  
  
"Go on."  
  
"Shelly...."  
  
"Don't Shelly me. Now go."  
  
"All right." Daisy grabbed the dress. "But it's going to look stupid."  
  
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Connie sat at home trying not to cry. Friday at work had been nothing short of a nightmare. Her boss had seen her topless and bottomless as well! She'd actually masturbated right in front of both Daisy and him! The only reason she still had a job somehow Alan didn't see it. And when she came he thought she'd just passed out instead of having an orgasm. She even squirted when she came and he thought she'd wet herself. Somehow that was worse than cumming. He thought she'd wet herself like some child!  
  
It was all the voice's doing and Daisy's. Had her mind not been filled with naked images of Daisy she'd have never touch herself in the first place. Then everything that happened after that would never had happened!   
  
Then there was Daisy. Her hands were everywhere. If they weren't running up and down her legs they were wandering over tits. If that wasn't bad enough she kissed her right in front of him then stuck her tongue in her mouth! But the worse part of all was Daisy putting her bare foot right on her pussy and didn't even seem to notice and if she did she didn't seem to care.  
  
The voice would have gotten her to do the most unspeakable thing to her. Had her boss not come back when he did her tongue would have been.... Connie didn't even want to think about that part now. It made her out to be some horrible sick pervert.  
  
Through it all it excited her to no end and she couldn't understand why. Connie needed to be normal again. Be that person who liked feeling a tiny bit sexy. When masturbating didn't leave her feeling dirty. Not this thing she was now.   
  
Connie walked toward the laundry room with a basket full of dirty laundry finally deciding she was completely through with Daisy after what she did. She couldn't even let Daisy come near her anymore. What if those dirty things happened again? What if they happened in front of other people? What if her boss actually figured out what going on? She'd be back on the street and have to go back home and tell he parents they were right all along that she was a total failure. Connie couldn't bare to face them and tell them that. It was over as of today. All Connie had to do was figure out how to tell her boss Daisy was gone. And it wasn't going to be easy with him thinking she was her actual sister. How was she going to explain her not being around anymore?  
  
As she walked through her living room on her way to do her laundry the door bell rang.  
  
"Who it is?"  
  
"It's me."  
  
"Daisy! Go away. I never want to see you again after would you did."  
  
"Connie I'm so sorry. I was just having fun. I didn't mean any harm."  
  
"Fun! You opened my top and showed him my breasts! Now go away."  
  
"Well technically you had already shown him."  
  
"I.... well.... That's not the point!"  
  
"Ok I'm sorry. But I was making a point. I was showing him what a perfect Lara Croft you'd be."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Of course it wasn't dirty."  
  
"You kissed me in front of him!"  
  
"Oh that? You looked like you needed a good morning kiss. Now open the door please. I have something for you."  
  
"I.... What! No I didn't! Now go away!"  
  
"Oh come on Connie. I said I was sorry. Open up."  
  
"You put your foot on my pussy," Connie whispered through the door.   
  
When Daisy heard that she knew she was in trouble. How could it have been anything else. Maybe she could put a twist on the whole thing. Connie did seem way out of sorts that day so it was worth a try. Lying wasn't something she liked to do. But if she didn't all was lost. Daisy would lose her chance of having the girl of her dreams!   
  
"I don't know what you are talking about. I'd never do something like that. Now open up please."  
  
"You didn't? But...."  
  
"Of course not."  
  
"But.... You.... Well what about you putting my hand on yours then? I can't be making that up?"  
  
"Connie I didn't. Again you were imagining things. I'd never do that. You have to believe me."  
  
"But.... It.... I.... you...." It had looked and felt so real. Was Daisy right? Was it all in her head? Daisy would have never done those things to her would she? Thinking about it now it would have been crazy. The voice had her thinking insane things that day. Not only was she now hearing a voice she was seeing and even feeling things that weren't there too. How long before she went completely insane? A day? A week? A month?   
  
"Ok I'll give you that I guess but I wasn't imagining you making me show him my butt."  
  
"I wanted to show him your legs. But before I knew it you were pulling up your skirt. I was totally shocked when you did it, believe me!"  
  
Connie was so positive it was all Daisy but now she wasn't as sure as she was two minutes ago. "Me.... I.... It.... You...." She was so confused. Maybe she did do everything and Daisy was just being, well, Daisy?   
  
It was working! Connie seemed to think it was all in her head. Her chance to having them both naked and doing wonderful things together was still a reality. "I wouldn't Connie. Please believe me."  
  
"I can't be making this all up. He was holding me legs open and looking right down at me! And you were.... Daisy you were.... I came and...."   
  
"Listen to yourself. Wouldn't that be totally insane. Why would I ever want to do that. I was just trying to clean you up after your little accident. Mr Alan was helping me is all and I swear he wasn't looking at you. It took longer than I thought because you had another. I didn't want to leave you all messy. It wasn't my fault. There was nothing else to it, believe me." Daisy told her as she held her breath praying Connie would believe a story.   
  
"But.... I.... It.... Your tongue was...." It was so real. Connie could of sworn she saw Daisy's tongue down there. "Daisy you licked me," Connie whispered through the door.  
  
"Licking another girl?"  
  
"Yes!"  
  
"Yuck! That's just gross."  
  
"Daisy I saw you."  
  
"No Way! That's just plain crazy talk. I'd never do that. Connie I swear I didn't. May lightning strike me dead where I'm standing right now if I'm lying," Daisy replied quickly moving from where she was standing while looking to the heavens praying God wouldn't strike her dead.   
  
'Connie you'd better open the door.'  
  
"I don't want you anymore. Go away. You have me so confused. I'm seeing things that aren't there now! You need to go away before you drive me completely crazy!"  
  
'Connie you know that's not true. I'm just trying to help you. Now open it.'  
  
"Why so you can get me to strip naked in front of her again? What's next me stripping her and having sex with her!"   
  
'Is that what you want Connie?'   
  
"Of course not!"  
  
'Are you sure?'  
  
"Connie Pleeeease," Daisy begged.  
  
"I can't. Go away!" Connie yelled. If she opened the door the voice would have her doing something horrible. Somehow she'd end up naked and have a orgasm right in front who knows who again.   
  
"I said I was sorry. What else can I do?" Daisy continued to beg.  
  
'Open the door Connie.'  
  
"Why? She's been nothing but trouble since I met her." Connie was starting to lose. Between the two of them they were beating her down.  
  
'She said she was sorry.'  
  
"I don't care!"  
  
"Pleeeeease open up, I'm so sorry," Daisy begged.  
  
'Connie you heard her it was all you.'  
  
"I don't care! NO!"  
  
"Come on Connie open up, pleeeeease," Daisy begged on.  
  
'Why? Are you afraid?'  
  
"Of course not."  
  
'Then open the door.'  
  
"All right! But she's not coming in so don't even ask! If I let her in you'll have me doing something terrible in front of her again." Connie opened the door and there stood Daisy with that beautiful smile looking as she always did so adorable, bare foot, in her cut off jeans and wearing t-shirt cut off baring her mid-drift.   
  
'She looks sexy doesn't she Connie?'  
  
"Don't start up with that again. Not today!" She wasn't going to fight with it today. "I'm not dealing with you today. So you might as well go away."  
  
"Ok, what do you want?" Connie asked.  
  
Daisy's heart skipped a beat when she saw Connie. She was wearing a power blue night shirt that came down to just about mid-thigh and a pair of huge pink fuzzy slippers on her feet. The shirt was big and baggy but somehow it showed off just enough to give anyone dirty thoughts. Daisy could swear she could see somewhat through it. By the looks of it she couldn't be wearing anything under it! She could see Connie's nipples and the outline of Connie's breasts. Down below she could just make the wonderful curve of Connie's hips and the faint outline of her belly button and even lower just a hint of that wonderful shaved pussy.   
  
"Don't you look wonderfully today!"   
  
"Don't change the subject. What you did to me was wrong," Connie replied embarrassed at what she was wearing now. The voice had gotten her to wear the thing. It wasn't a bad as the first thing it had picked which was a completely see through and might as well have been nothing more than a large single sheet of plastic wrap with arm holes. She just really needed the voice to be silent. It had been endless since her nightmare at the office. It just went on and on. Connie couldn't even sleep. So she gave in because it was the only way it would shut up at all.   
  
She never intended to open the door with it on. Let alone have someone see her wearing it. And certainly not Daisy of all people. But there she stood in her doorway in front of Daisy and anyone else who'd happen by. She tugged at the hem trying to make it a bit longer then crossed her one arm across her chest and put the other down as innocently as she could to cover her crotch. Connie was sure Daisy could see things she shouldn't.   
  
"You're right. I shouldn't have showed him your breasts. And I shouldn't have kissed you in front of him. You forgive me don't you?" Daisy reached out and touched Connie's arm looking up at her looking like a love sick puppy.   
  
'Look at her Connie. Are you sure you won't let her in?'  
  
"All right I forgive you. But there will be no more kissing or touching. Now get in here before someone see me," Connie told her looking around but saw no one but Daisy.  
  
"Oh goodie!" Daisy practically ran in the door and gave Connie a big kiss.  
  
"Daisy what did I just tell you?"  
  
"Oh man I'm sorry I just couldn't help it. Here's a gift," Daisy looked up with dreamy eyes.  
  
Connie looked at the package. "What is it?"   
  
"It's CD silly. I'm going to help you with shooters remember?"  
  
"Right," Connie sighed.  
  
"Now let's get this installed! You have a computer right?"   
  
"Yes but...."  
  
"But nothing come on. We'll have a great time you'll see!" It worked! Connie believe she was completely innocent of the whole thing back in the office. Daisy couldn't have been happier. 'No more crazy stuff!' She begged herself as she happily bounced her way passed Connie looking around for it. Daisy was just a few days away from the night of her dreams! No kissing, touching or striping was all she was thinking. "You can do it Daisy," Daisy whispered.  
  
"Ok where is it?"  
  
"Over there. Mr Stanford got it for me so I could work at home if need be. I'm not good with computers. I'm not sure where the wires go and they completely confuse me with all those icons on the screen," Connie sighed as she pointed over at the computer still sitting in a box by a small computer table. "I can't seem to get them to do anything so I never use one. They scare me too. People can watch you through them."  
  
"No they can't, silly," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Really?" Connie replied looking a bit embarrassed.  
  
"Well they can but not if you don't want them to. Now don't worry I'll help you. Computers are only what you want them to be. Nothing to be scared of, I promise. Now you go sit down and I'll have this working in no time."

**The Voice 15c**  
Even with Daisy reassuring her she was still worried. She'd heard all the stories about girls being spied on through their computer. She's read about websites filled with videos of girls sitting in front of them being taped not knowing people were watching. They were real she was sure of it! Connie didn't need a computer watching her now that had this voice in her head. No telling what it would have her doing if it found out she had one that was working. Would it have her dancing naked in front of it? What if she couldn't stop her hands and they all watched her doing dirty things? What if her boss saw her?   
  
"Daisy you'd better not."  
  
"Better not what?"  
  
"Hook up the computer. It.... People can see you.... and.... well.... I've read about it them spying on people." Connie couldn't think of any other way to say it.  
  
"Trust me. Computers are fine. No one can see you if you don't want them to. So just sit back and relax. I'll have this up and running in no time. You'll see computers aren't some boogieman."  
  
"I guess." Connie was still unsure. When Daisy was gone she'd put the thing in the closet and lock the door so it couldn't see her just to make sure.  
  
"I'm going to go get dressed."  
  
"Why? You look great."  
  
"Daisy I can't run around wearing this when you're here," Connie replied.  
  
"Nonsense it's just us girls. Now go over there and sit down. I'll only be a few minutes. Now scoot," Daisy giggled giving Connie a little kiss.   
  
"Daisy what did I say about kissing?"  
  
"Oh that was just a don't worry kiss. Girls do that all the time."  
  
"Maybe so. But please don't. People will talk if they saw you kissing me on the lips." Connie knew girls didn't run around kissed each other on the lips for anything other than sex. But it really wasn't really a kiss, kiss. So maybe she shouldn't have said anything.   
  
"Let them. People are such prudes or perverts. They think if they see one girl giving another a kiss they're seconds away from rolling around on the floor naked. That's not true. Well most of the time anyway."  
  
"What!"   
  
"You're so easy. I'm kidding. A kiss doesn't mean naked girls," Daisy giggled as she gave Connie another kiss. "You see we're not naked are we?"  
  
"Oh very funny," Connie replied blushing.   
  
"Let's try it again. And this time I'll give you a kiss that would mean naked girls. Ok there's nothing sexual about it between us. I'm just showing you the difference between the two." This time Daisy got up on her tippy toes and wrapped her arms around Connie's neck and gave her a longer kiss that seemed to last hours. Daisy's tongue even darted into her month toying with Connie's as they kissed. Connie dropped the basket as she stood there more than a little shocked at what Daisy was doing. He heart beat faster and she felt her nipples harden. Just when Connie was about lose control it was over.   
  
"You see we still have cloths on. Now go sit over there and I'll have this up and running in no time."  
  
Connie watched Daisy turn and walk away like nothing had just happened. Connie could hardly move as her legs were all rubbery and her lips all a tingle. Even Connie's tongue seemed to be tingling. The kiss had her in such a daze she even forgot what she was wearing. All she could do was blush as she staggered back and sat down on the couch trying to calm heart.  
  
'That was some kiss wasn't it Connie?'  
  
"Not really. I've had better," Connie answered taking slow deep breaths trying to calm down.  
  
'Looked pretty sexy to me Connie.'  
  
"Well it wasn't. Now go away," Connie whispered touching her still tingling lips.  
  
Daisy scooted the desk into the middle of the room. Next she got down on her knees and started opening the box. As she worked Daisy's shorts seemed to be creeping up showing a good deal of her butt cheeks. After several minutes Connie couldn't help but wonder if Daisy even wearing panties? By the looks of it she couldn't be. The crotch of her shorts were sliding right between her.... "Yup we just need to plug this in here and tighten it down." Daisy told her with her head behind a computer monitor connecting up a wire with her butt pointed straight at Connie.   
  
As she watched she never realized she had licked her lips as she stared at Daisy's ass.   
  
'Go ahead Connie.'  
  
"No. I can't," she whispered quickly looked away trying to hide from the voice that she had been watching Daisy's ass. But the damage was done. The voice lit up in her head and her mind started to wander. She closed her eyes trying not to think of her but there Daisy was completely naked working on the computer. "Stop it!" She told herself and opened her eyes. It was even worse now. Daisy was now down on all fours with her elbows on the ground which had her butt sticking up high in the air. If that wasn't bad enough Daisy had her legs spread just enough so Connie to see everything. Her shorts had now slipped deeper. Daisy's pussy lips seemed to be puffing out around the crotch of her shorts now. "Sorry it's taking so long. I'm having a little trouble with the connection going into the computer. Seems there's a bent pin. Just a few more seconds."   
  
"Ok," Connie's replied biting her lower lip as she watched Daisy's bottom innocently waving back and forth as she worked.   
  
'Go ahead Connie. You know you want her.'  
  
"No I don't!"  
  
She was having trouble breathing and her heart was beating a mile a minute. "Please don't start with me again."  
  
'Me? It wasn't me thinking about grabbing Daisy's ass Connie.'  
  
"Oh crap! You have internet right?"  
  
"Yes. Mr Stanford got it for me for work." Connie was trying not to stare but the camel toe was just so obscene. How Daisy didn't feel it she didn't know.   
  
"Mr Alan is such a nice man and very helpful but you know that already," Daisy giggled as she connected the last wire while still innocently wiggling her butt back and forth.  
  
"Yes," Connie replied blushing as watched Daisy butt wiggling about.   
  
"Where's the cable," Daisy asked as she jumped up and looked around the room. "Never mind, I see it."   
  
Connie loved watching Daisy walk. Nothing you could say was dirty about it but to Connie it screamed f..ck me with the way Daisy's hips would sway ever so slightly back and forth as she walked with a child like bounce in her step. When Daisy bent over to grab it her shorts once again creeped up sinking deep.  
  
'Would you look at that! Nice isn't it Connie?'  
  
Quickly Connie turned away but couldn't help but give another quick glance before Daisy straightened back up.  
  
"This goes right here and I believe that's got it."  
  
When Daisy turned around Connie couldn't stop from staring this time. The shorts were so deep!   
  
"What are you staring at?"  
  
"Your.... ah.... shorts are..... well...." Connie quickly looked away but couldn't stop her eyes wandering back looking at the front of Daisy's shorts. "There up...."  
  
"My shorts? Wow would you look at that! Boy I'm glad it's just you and me. This would be so embarrassing other wise," Daisy giggled running her finger along the front of her shorts. "That's one major camel toe isn't it? I guess Shelly is right I can get a bit scatter brain sometimes ignoring the obvious and boy you'd think this would be obvious." Daisy slipped her hand down the front of her shorts getting things back to normal. "Better?" Daisy asked putting her hands on her hips and turn to the side giving her butt a little shake.   
  
"Yes," Connie blushed trying not to stare.  
  
"Ok while we are waiting for the game to install we can to dye that hair of yours. Blond just wouldn't do."  
  
"I don't think so."  
  
"But you have to. Lara Croft isn't blond."  
  
"I don't care if she's bald. I'm not going to dye my hair. I like my hair!" Of everything about herself Connie always liked her hair best. Her long blond locks she always thought was her best feature. She spent an hour on it every day. Brushing and clipping every split end to keep it looking beautiful. All thou most were argue differently that her hair wasn't even close to being her best feature.  
  
"So what are you going to tell Mr Alan when you show up blond and it ruins the whole thing?"  
  
Daisy was right. Connie sighed, "all right. But I'm not happy about it."  
  
"Don't worry I bet you'll look totally hot."  
  
Actually Connie was relieved when Daisy began working on her hair. It was giving her time to calm down after the kiss and Daisy's shorts. She could feel a wetness between her legs. But nothing she couldn't handle now that the voice was strangely missing.  
  
Daisy stood behind her talking and giggled away with her hands working on Connie's hair. She was going on and on about things that no one would ever be interested in. But hearing Daisy's giggly voice was so nice without the other echoing in her head. Even with the odd smell of the dye she could still smell Daisy and that wonderful scent of hers. At least now the thoughts it caused weren't dirty. The scent made her happy for once now that the voice wasn't warping it into some perverted thought.   
  
When it was done Connie looked in the mirror. The dark hair with her green eyes wasn't bad at all.  
  
"Oh man you look so hot," Daisy beamed looking up a Connie.  
  
"Well it's not bad. But I still like my old color."  
  
"Yeah, me too," Daisy just couldn't stop herself and gave Connie a quick kiss.  
  
"Daisy!"  
  
"Sorry," Daisy sighed giving her a so sorry look.  
  
"I mean it no more," Connie ordered.  
  
"I promise."  
  
Connie almost laughed. Daisy was about as good at keeping promises as a politician. As long as Daisy didn't get to carried away she could live with a kiss now and then.  
  
"Why is this room so dark?"  
  
"What do you mean?"  
  
"You aren't a Vampire are you?" Daisy giggled.  
  
"Of course not!"  
  
"Then let's open this up." Daisy went over and pulled the curtains open.  
  
"Stop! You can't men will...." Connie caught herself. How could she tell her she always kept them closed now because she was sure men spying on her. It would make her sound totally insane.  
  
"Stop, why?"  
  
"Nothing. Go ahead." Connie did feel a bit uneasy but Daisy was here so she'd be safe enough. After she was gone those curtains would be closed once again to protect her from those eyes that were always there at the window watching her every move.   
  
"There. I love the sun don't you? I think one day we need to get our bikinis on and go out to the park and lay out under it and work on our tans."  
  
"Sure...." Connie closed her eyes as a wonderful vision of Daisy all shiny cover in suntan lotion wearing a tiny bikini filled her mind. Each triangle barely covering just her nipples and pussy. The back only a tiny string running between her.... Daisy's hands were running all over her body rubbing the lotion everywhere.   
  
"I'm going to hold you to that. Are you in there? Connie?" Daisy asked snapping her fingers in front of Connie's face.  
  
"Of course! I was just.... Never mind." Connie opened her eyes and shook her head trying to shake the image from her mind.   
  
"Ok let's get you started. You sit right in front. We'll make you your own account later. Since I already have one setup for me we'll use mine. First we need to pick you a character that fits you."  
  
Connie watched the screen as Daisy scrolled through the character models. "To small. To big. To skinny. To fat. To ugly. Oh my to tall!"  
  
"Daisy what does it matter?"  
  
"It's going to be you!" Daisy told her with a shocked look on her face.  
  
"I see."  
  
It had to be a man who designed the game by the looks of all the female characters. All of them for the most part were nothing but shapely curves and with breasts which were rather large. If you wanted to change things a little more to your liking there were sliders to make some of the body parts bigger, smaller or even a different color. The designer had to have been a total pervert!  
  
"Finally, there we are! Now were darken the hair a bit and make it longer with a single long braid. Next we need the eyes a little smaller and green. Lips a bit more kissable." Daisy couldn't help be giggle. "Legs are about right but a touch more at the lower calf and around the ankle. You such don't have those skinny ankles that's for sure. Now we need the boobs a lot bigger don't you think?"  
  
"Daisy stop it," Connie replied turning beat red.  
  
"Ok maybe not to big. Now we add a tight-fitted tank top and cargo shorts. Hmmm? High heels? Nope. You look like a Gothic boot kind of girl. Now we add 2 black tactical leg holsters and there was have it Connie Lynn aka Lara Croft!"  
  
If that's what she'd would look like as Lara it was way to sexy. It didn't show off anything but yet it seemed to show off curve.   
  
"Seems a bit to sexy to be me don't you think?" Connie asked.  
  
"Have you looked in the mirror ever? You're what sexy is silly," Daisy giggled.  
  
Connie blushed. "I guess."  
  
"Now put this on."  
  
"What's it for?" Connie asked holding up a head set with a mic attached Daisy handed her.  
  
"Oh it's simple. It's so you can talk to the other people while you play."  
  
"Why would I want to do that?"  
  
"In shooter games you can play in teams. That way you can tell the others what you're doing and they are tell you what they are doing as well."  
  
"Seems silly to me."  
  
"Not really you'll see soon enough why it's important."  
  
"Now this button opens to mic all the time. And this one only turns it on when you hold it down."  
  
"Got it!"

**The Voice 15d**  
"Ok now your name, Lara Croft." Daisy typed in the name then pushed the start button and the world loaded up.  
  
"Hey guys Little Miss Dies a Lot is back!"  
  
"They're talking about some person called Dies a Lot. I wonder who that is?"  
  
"Ah.... I wouldn't know. Just ignore them," Daisy answered with a huge pout on her face.  
  
"But...."  
  
"Just ignore it. Asked the stupid guys to read your name, you're Lara Croft," Daisy grumbled under her breath.  
  
"But I'm not."  
  
"It's the world of make believe. Not everyone is who they seem. Since you're going to be Lara for the station you need to practice being her."  
  
At first it seemed silly. But when Daisy explained it, it made perfect sense. "Hi guys don't you see my name I'm Lara Croft."  
  
The head set lit up. Voices seemed to be everywhere.  
  
"What a sexy voice!   
  
"Hey guys Lara Croft!"  
  
"Are you pretty!"  
  
"Do you have big tits!"  
  
"Daisy these guys are nothing but perverts. They are asking me if I have big breasts and if I'm was pretty," Connie told Daisy in a shocked voice.  
  
"Don't be so surprised. It's what all of them do. Remember what I told you men are all perverts. Just stay in character. It's good practice. You don't want them to knock you off your game. It's what they all try and do."  
  
"Ah I see."  
  
"And well you are pretty and do have big breasts!" Daisy gave Connie another kiss.  
  
"Daisy don't."  
  
"Sorry. But you're so pretty, Daisy giggled. "You should tell them how hot you really are."   
  
"I will now!"  
  
"Just give them a little of it back. You know flirt with them to keep them off balance. A tease can go a long way."  
  
"I don't know how to play those kinds of games."  
  
"So you don't flirt?"  
  
"Not really."  
  
"No teasing either?"  
  
"No."  
  
"Wow! If I looked like you I'd have all the guys doing anything I want."  
  
"So you flirt?"  
  
"Oh my God yes!"  
  
"Like how?"  
  
"Let's see. Oh I got it. Like today. My van is broken down. So I'm saving my money so I can get it fixed. To get here I took the buss. I see this guy watching me. And I mean watch, watching if you know what I mean. I betting I can get him to pay for my buss ride. So I walk over and stand next to him and start a little small talk. I can see him giving dirty glances. So I turn around and bend over pretending to pick a penny off the ground. I'm not sure if it works the same way for you but I could feel his eyes staring at my ass. So I take my time letting him get a good look. After that I ask him if he had a dollar. I tell him I forgot my money and I didn't want to have to walk all the way home to get it. I gave him a smile and batted my eyes.  
  
"Did he?" Connie asked with a shocked look on her face.  
  
"Of course. Don't be so shocked. That's the power of flirting and a tease. I guess the better way to say it is you jerk their chain."  
  
"Ah I see."  
  
"It's easy just tell them what you think they want to hear. Or in the encase of the pervert at the buss stop he liked looking at my butt so I let him. I'll get another head set so that way I can hear them and help you get started."  
  
"Ok."  
  
"Ok ready," Daisy replied slipping her head phones on.   
  
Seconds late a boys voice asked, "so what are you wearing?"   
  
"Tell him just a tiny pair of see through panties."  
  
"What!"  
  
"Come on Connie what did I just say. You jerk their chain."  
  
"Ok. But I can't tell him that."  
  
Connie nervously opened the mic and replied, "A top and slippers. What about you?"  
  
Daisy groaned at Connie's answer. Connie was right she wasn't good at flirting. But it did the job anyway. Hearing that the boys exploded in a burst of chatter. Connie laughed as the guys bantered back and forth at her answer. Maybe it wouldn't be so hard after all. She began to get caught up in it all. And the best thing was the voice was completely silent!   
  
Daisy was amazed at just how quickly Connie picked things up. She had been playing for years and already Connie was already light years ahead of her. Drop, roll, hide, duck, switching just to the right weapon. All thou her teasing was for the lack of a better word, wooden, it did the job keeping the boys going. She was almost envious of Connie's somewhat child like flirting and teasing. The boys were eating it up.   
  
"Are you hot?"  
  
"Actually I'm a bit cold," Connie answered.  
  
Daisy couldn't help but laugh.  
  
"What are you laughing at?"   
  
"Oh nothing you're doing great."   
  
Daisy couldn't help but wonder how someone who looked like Connie didn't have any clue about the power of a well played flirt. But even being boarder line terrible at it, Connie so effective. After each answer the boys would be nothing but a buzz of juvenile chatter. Which of course would lead to more of Connie's silly flirtations.  
  
After an hour all of Connie's attention was on the screen. It became her against everyone and she seemed to be winning. Even when she died she was the last one standing. Which Daisy assured her it made her out to be the best on the team. It was their failures not hers. Connie was showing them all she wasn't a failure like she was at everything else. She never noticed Daisy scooting closer to her or someone at the window either.   
  
"Jack you'd better get down here?"  
  
"Down where?"  
  
"The girl's curtains are open."  
  
"Girl?"  
  
"The blond you moron. And she has another girl with her."  
  
"Really? Is she cute?"  
  
"I'd do her."  
  
"You'd do anyone Jim."  
  
"That's not true! And yes she's very cute."  
  
"I'll be right down and I'll tell Steve."  
  
"Better hurry you might miss something."  
  
The window was soon filled with four men looking in. The bottom part of the desk was mostly blocked by the large cloth's basket Connie had dropped on the floor. So all they could see was a little of Connie from the waist up because of the computer monitor she was sitting in front that was hiding most of her upper half and another girl sitting next to her.  
  
"I liked her better as a blond."  
  
"Doesn't matter to me. She's a real looker not matter the color.  
  
"So true Steve."  
  
"Would you look at those stupid looking slippers."  
  
"I don't know Steve I think they're kind of sexy."  
  
"I'm with you Jim.   
  
"What's she wearing?"  
  
"Looks like some kind of night shirt from what I can see of it."  
  
"Night shirt! Oh my God!"  
  
"Does spawn dirty images doesn't it."  
  
"I'll say."  
  
"I kind of like the tiny girl."  
  
"You've always had a thing for tiny girls Steve. But I'll give you it this time. The girl is a living doll."  
  
"You bet she is!"  
  
Connie was to busy watching the screen to notice who was watching her through the window but Daisy did. She gave them a wicked smile and a wink and scooted even closer the Connie. The promise she made about being good was gone in an instant.  
  
"Connie do you have any tape?"  
  
"What?" She asked with her eyes glued to the screen.   
  
"You know scotch tape?"  
  
"Over there," Connie replied moving her head to the left. "In the drawer."   
  
"Ok I got it! Now we'll tape this right here."  
  
"Daisy move! You almost got me killed!" Connie lowered her head looking under Daisy's arm. "So what is it anyway?"  
  
"It's a list of commands. Until you get to know them better it will help you remember what's what."  
  
"Thanks!" He eyes darted from the sheet than back at the screen pushing buttons never missing a beat.  
  
The plan worked. The paper seemed to be sticking up high enough so if Connie looked up she'd not see the guys looking in the window.   
  
"Oh nice shot!" Daisy yelled and then gave Connie a big kiss.  
  
"Daisy! I said...."  
  
"Yes I know. But that was a great shot." Daisy giggled and put her hand on Connie's leg. When Connie didn't say anything she slowly slid it higher up and waited.  
  
Connie was to busy concentrating on everything that was happening on the screen that she either didn't notice or didn't care. Either way it gave Daisy a open invitation to do more. Connie began to rock this way and that as she was playing. Giving each shot a little body English. Daisy grabbed the hem of the night shirt and as Connie rocked from side to side she worked the shirt up. It took ten minutes but finally after one good shot Connie actually raised off the chair just a little and Daisy quickly pulled up. When she sat back down Daisy had Connie's shirt up around her waist leaving her completely bare from the waist down.   
  
Daisy looked over at the guys and put her finger to her lips telling them to keep quiet. Next Daisy pushed a pen off the desk onto the floor. "Ooops I'll get it. You keep playing. You're doing great!" Daisy giggled giving her a quick peck on the cheek then ducked down under the table. Once out of sight Daisy slid the basket out of the way. "Ok got it! I can't believe how good you are. You're a natural."  
  
"Thanks Daisy," Connie answered never taking her eyes of the screen as she once again rocked back and forth with each shot. As the action picked up Connie gave each shot a lot more body English than before. Rocking even more left and right as she fired giving the guys quick peaks at her tits jiggling when they came out from hiding from behind the screen.   
  
"Would you look at that she's bottomless!"  
  
"I'd give my first born the f..ck that pussy."  
  
"Shave too. It doesn't get better than that!"   
  
"Would you look at those tits bounce!"  
  
"She can't be wearing a bra either!"  
  
The shirt after a few more shots and wiggles fell back down. But with Connie now not sitting on it so it was loose enough for other things. The way the shirt laid across Connie's legs if she did look down she wouldn't see much of anything different. That would have surely ended the fun Daisy was having. There was no way Connie would see where her hand really was now. Back on her leg then inching ever upward. When Connie said nothing up it went until her hand resting next to Connie's pussy on her inner thigh. Again Daisy looked over at the men and winked.   
  
"What are you doing I said get behind me!" Connie yelled into the mic.  
  
"Connie you need to relax," Daisy told her moving her finger and touching Connie pussy. When she got no reaction she scooted closer and used her finger to run along Connie pussy lips.  
  
"Do see that!"  
  
"Of course. I'm not blind."  
  
"I didn't know the girl was gay."  
  
"Must be if she's letting another girl put her hand up her shirt like that."  
  
Connie did feel something odd but only had time for a quick glance. All she saw was Daisy sitting right up against her with her hand on her leg. It had to be her mind playing tricks on her. Daisy was probably trying to distract her like the boys were doing with their stupid questions. She wasn't going to let it distract her! She wasn't going to fail. Not this time.   
  
But it was an odd feeling. It was almost felt like something was touch her down there. She quickly looked down again and really couldn't see much anything other than Daisy practically sitting in her lap. It had to be in her mind. But she couldn't help but start getting a tiny bit exciting over the feeling.  
  
Daisy looked over at the guys then pulled Connie's leg toward her spreading her legs a little more so the guys would get just a peak at what she was doing. Then put her hand down and went back to work on Connie's pussy.  
  
"Stop it!"  
  
"Stop what?"  
  
"Don't touch my.... Oh never mind." She couldn't let her imagination run wild like it had back at the office. But there was something building. Was it the excitement of the game? Was it Daisy's kissing every time she did anything remotely right. Or was it Daisy sitting right next to her with her hands wandering like they always did. Whatever it was she couldn't let it brother her. She was winning at something. It had already shut the voice up and it would shut her parents up as well! Nothing was doing to stop her, even if her own mind was against her trying to make her fail.  
  
"I still can't believe how good you are," Daisy whispered in Connie's ear. "There's only 5 guys left and you'll have cleared the whole map! Amazing!" Daisy slipped a finger inside.   
  
"Daisy don't!"  
  
"Don't what?"  
  
It sure felt like something there that time. But she couldn't take her eyes off the screen. There was no time. There seemed to be players coming from all sides now. Any slip up and it would be over. Connie kept repeating to herself, "nothing is there, nothing is there." But the feeling was building as the dampness grew.  
  
She was relieved when Daisy got up a few seconds later. Now she'd be able to concentrate free of all Daisy's kissing and touching.  
  
Daisy went over and looked through draw after draw until she found what she was looking for then walked back over to Connie.  
  
Daisy smiled at the guys then held up a pair of scissors while moving behind Connie. With all Connie's attention of the screen she didn't realize what Daisy was up. All she knew was Daisy's hand wasn't on her leg anymore which was good. Because for some reason she was starting to get wet down there.   
  
"What's the girl up to?"  
  
"Who knows," Jim replied. "But I'm enjoying the show."  
  
"Aren't we all!"  
  
Daisy stood behind Connie with her arms draped over Connie's shoulders.  
  
"You're doing great. Keep up the good work!" Daisy giggle kissing Connie's neck.  
  
"Daisy stop pestering me!"  
  
"Don't you worry about me. You'd better be more worried on who's coming from the right over there."  
  
"Ah sh..t. Thanks!" Connie quickly leaned right shooting away flashing her jiggling boobs for the guys watching.  
  
"Would you look at that. It's like they have a life of their own the way they bounce around."  
  
"A bowl of jello comes to mind Jim."  
  
"Well put! Two nice big bowls at that!"

**The Voice 15e**  
Once Connie's full attention was back on the screen. Daisy put the scissors in the collar of Connie's night shirt and cut downward. Slowing cutting between Connie breasts. Snip. snip, snip. Then stopping. Snip, snip, snip. After five minutes Daisy made the last cut leaving Connie shirt open right down to her belly button. Next she started cutting from Connie's right shoulder cutting at an angle to Connie's belly button. A few minutes later she held up a piece of cloth showing it to the guys then threw it over her shoulder. Then next it was the left. Snip. snip, snip and it was done. With a big smile she kissed it then tossed it away. When she was done there was a huge deep V cut in the front of Connie's shirt showing off all of Connie's center cleavage right up to her nipples and down to her belly button.  
  
Daisy winked at the guys then looked down at Connie breasts giving her own lips a long sexy lick.  
  
"She cut her f..cking shirt open!"  
  
"Steve keep it down she'll hear you!"  
  
"Sorry. But my Lord!"  
  
Daisy looked over at the guys blowing them a kiss then opening the mic. "You're so good," Daisy giggled running her fingers down both of Connie's arms.   
  
"Stop it!"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"It tickles."  
  
The head set lit up.  
  
"What tickles?"  
  
"What you're doing!"  
  
"Why not tell them there's another girl with you."  
  
"Don't open that they'll hear you! And stop touching me!" Connie fired off a few shots leaning way left in her chair trying to guide the bullets toward their target. The bullets missed but the guys got an eye full of her bare breast bouncing free of the top as it opened up as she leaned out.  
  
"Guys are you watching! They're coming behind us again!" Connie yelled but this time she stood straight up out of her chair and stood there while still firing away.  
  
"There is a God would you look at that!"   
  
"Amazing!"  
  
"Would you look at those f..cking tits!  
  
"They're truly something."  
  
"My dick could get lost between those tanned babies!"  
  
"You can say that again Jim," Jack said trying to not drool on himself as Connie leaning every which way now giving the controller a extra little English as well as she shot making her boobs jiggle even more.   
  
All the Connie extra movement was causing her to get a bit heated. Droplets of sweat were soon breaking out on her forehead. And even dotting her chest. Soon the tiny droplets turned into bigger ones dripping down her face and chest. Sweaty boobs popping out here. A nipple poking out there. The sight was breath taking as Connie danced about from one leg to the other as she gave every shot a all kinds of body English.  
  
Daisy's eyes got big as saucers. How Connie didn't see the window she didn't know. "Sit down and relax. You're getting to excited," Daisy told her pulling on Connie's arm trying to get her to sit down before she saw who was watching her.  
  
"Stop it! You almost got me killed!" Connie growled again leaning left and right as she shot giving the guys quick peaks of her sweaty boobs which were now popping out all over the place and jiggling and bouncing non-stop as Connie got more animated with each shot.  
  
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"When you see something like those you know there is a God."  
  
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"My f..cking God would you look at that. I've never seen anything like it."  
  
"Think of those wrapped around you dick?"  
  
"Oh my Lord yes!"  
  
After several more minutes of dancing about giving the guys a show that they'd remember for the rest of the lives Connie finally fired the last shot killing the last enemy on the map. "Finally!" Connie took a deep breath flopped back down in the chair.  
  
Daisy gave a huge sigh of relief. Somehow Connie hadn't seen the four men was nothing short of miracle.  
  
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"Just push that button right there and the new map will load."  
  
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"Sh..t! That was close! Daisy stop kissing me! Connie scooted away from her much to the delight of the guys. She was sitting to one side now giving the guys a much clearer shot of her amazing boobs all the time now.   
  
The boy's chatter really lit up hearing Daisy's name.  
  
"Who's Daisy?"  
  
"What's she talking about!"  
  
"There's no Daisy in the game!"  
  
"Kissing who!"  
  
"Come on Connie. They know something is up. Might as well tell them," Daisy whispered as her hand slid down and touched the side of Connie's bare boob.   
  
The boy's chatter was just about non-stop now once they heard another girl's voice.  
  
"Tell us what?"  
  
"What's happening?"  
  
"Are you pretty?"   
  
"Guys did you heard that they're kissing!"  
  
"Will it make you stop?" Connie kept firing away leaning away from Daisy even more which gave the guys a clear view of Daisy's hand working around the front toward Connie's tit then toying with the nipple. "Stop it!" Connie yelled giving a quick slap at Daisy's hand trying to get it away from her breast.  
  
"Stop what?" Daisy giggled.  
  
"You know what. So just stop it!"  
  
"It might," Daisy giggled as she grabbed Connie's boob and gave it a healthy squeeze.  
  
Connie couldn't help but jump. "Daisy how many times do I have to tell you to stop touch my breasts!"  
  
Hearing that set off a fire storm of chatter. It was like it was swirling right through her head.   
  
"Tits!"  
  
"Who's touching what!"  
  
"Who touching who's tits!"  
  
"Guys they're touching boobs!"  
  
"Well the cat's out of the bag. Might as well jerk their chain a bit."  
  
"All right but you have to stop. I can't concentrate when you do that." Connie took a deep breath, "Daisy's a girl I know is all."  
  
That's all it took.   
  
"Oh my God!"  
  
"No way!"  
  
"Is she naked!"  
  
"Are you Naked!"  
  
"Is she gay?"  
  
"Are you gay?"  
  
"Is she hot!"  
  
"Are you both naked!"  
  
"Guys watch out!" Connie yelled as she leaned way right as a bullet barely miss her character. That gave the guys a another perfect shot of both boobs falling completely free which they totally enjoyed.  
  
Daisy was back sitting next to Connie on her left. "Daisy stop it!"   
  
"Stop what? I'm just watching. You're wonderful at this." Daisy giggled placing her hand back on Connie's leg.  
  
"Do you have to sit so close you're practically on my lap!" Connie replied scooting a little farther away. She was starting to heat up again. Quickly she reached up wiping the sweat off her upper lip. "Could you move over please."  
  
"Lap!"  
  
"She's on your lap!"  
  
"Move over where!"  
  
"What you guys doing!"  
  
Voices were swirling through her head again.   
  
"Tell them we're both naked and are kissing each other?" Daisy giggled as she gave Connie neck a few little kisses.  
  
"Daisy stop! I mean it! I need to concentrate!" Connie could swear she could feel eyes watching her now. But the only one in the room was Daisy and those hands touching everything. It was getting harder and harder to keep her mind on the game. That feeling was growing. She quickly looked down and Daisy's hand was on her leg just under her night shirt. But if she said anything the boys would ask her even more dirty questions. Her mind was already filling with to many things. Hands touching, Daisy kissing her neck and eyes everywhere watching her. What would the boys say if they saw her? With everything in her head now it had started a major tingle down below. Connie needed to keep her mind on the game.  
  
Slowly Daisy started up Connie's thigh. Inching up then stopping. When no protest came up she went again until she was back with her hand resting right next to her pussy. Her other hand worked up Connie's left side until it was again up against Connie's breast. "You're just wonderful. You know that right?" Her finger once again was on Connie's pussy running long it. Her other hand gave Connie's tit a big squeeze at the same time. It worked to perfection. Connie was distracted by her hand on her boob that she never felt her finger slip inside!  
  
"Daisy I've asked you to touching me!" Connie shouted. But all it did was fire the boys up.  
  
"Touching what!"  
  
"What's she touching!"  
  
"A girl is touching her guys!"  
  
"Tell them Connie," Daisy giggled scooting ever closer and was now pressed up tight against Connie.  
  
Why was her mind betraying her again. Every time Daisy was near it starting dream up things that just couldn't be true. Even without the voice beating in her head those thoughts were there. Connie was so close to going completely insane. It had to be the only answer to what she thought was happening now. Her heart beat faster and the feeling between her legs was building. She was having a hard time catching her breath. Daisy's hands were driving her crazy now. They seemed to be everywhere, yet no where when she looked down.   
  
"Daisy you need to stop fooling around," Connie asked getting a bit more excited as the feeling was growing.  
  
"Stop what," Daisy asked kissing her neck as she worked her finger down below.  
  
The voices were swirling again.  
  
"What's she doing!"  
  
"Stop what!"  
  
"Fooling around with what!"  
  
All of Daisy's touching didn't go unnoticed by the four men watching her.   
  
"I've never seen anyway so hot in my life."  
  
"She's fingering her!"  
  
"If I died now I'd die a happy man!"  
  
Connie breath grew more short and she was actually panting into the mic now. Between the game, Daisy's hands and her own sick mind she was boiling hot now. There was sweat dripping down her forehead and her body felt like it was soaking wet.   
  
Seconds later a boy asked, "what are you going?"   
  
Connie couldn't tell them she felt like she was about to have a orgasm. "This level is just so intense is all. Oh my!" It felt like something was f..cking her. She look down again and couldn't make out anything other than Daisy pressed up again her with hand just under her shirt. Her other hand was wrapped around her and it sure seemed to be touch her breast.   
  
Quickly she looked to see if it was all in her mind then suddenly realized that she was sitting with her tits hanging half out. "What happened to my shirt!"  
  
"Don't worry. You looked a little hot so I opened it up a bit for you," Daisy giggled working her fingers a bit faster now.  
  
"Oh my! You need to stop, please."  
  
"Stop what? You'd better keep your eyes on the screen. They're trying to come up behind you again," Daisy giggled happily working faster as she kissed Connie on the neck.  
  
"Guys.... Oh my.... You.... need...." Connie was trying to keep her mind on the game but it was getting so hard. The temperature felt like it was 300 degrees. "Daisy please.... You.... Oh my.... Move.... It so.... hot.... in here."   
  
The boys were nothing but chatter now.   
  
"Shirt!"  
  
"Hot!"  
  
"Stop doing what!"  
  
"Are you guys naked!"   
  
"An exciting game isn't it," Daisy giggled as she gave Connie nipple a tug while slipping yet another finger in down below.  
  
"Ah Lord yes!" Connie groaned. She was going to cum soon. Connie never thought her mind could make up anything that felt this real once again. It actually felt like Daisy was f..cking her. "Nothing is there, nothing is there." If only Daisy was stop kissing her neck everything would be fine. Whether it was real or all in her mind she was getting closer and closer.   
  
"What's happening?"  
  
"I don't know!"  
  
"Who Daisy?"

**The Voice part 15e**  
Once Connie's full attention was back on the screen. Daisy put the scissors in the collar of Connie's night shirt and cut downward. Slowing cutting between Connie breasts. Snip. snip, snip. Then stopping. Snip, snip, snip. After five minutes Daisy made the last cut leaving Connie shirt open right down to her belly button. Next she started cutting from Connie's right shoulder cutting at an angle to Connie's belly button. A few minutes later she held up a piece of cloth showing it to the guys then threw it over her shoulder. Then next it was the left. Snip. snip, snip and it was done. With a big smile she kissed it then tossed it away. When she was done there was a huge deep V cut in the front of Connie's shirt showing off all of Connie's center cleavage right up to her nipples and down to her belly button.  
  
Daisy winked at the guys then looked down at Connie breasts giving her own lips a long sexy lick.  
  
"She cut her f..cking shirt open!"  
  
"Steve keep it down she'll hear you!"  
  
"Sorry. But my Lord!"  
  
Daisy looked over at the guys blowing them a kiss then opening the mic. "You're so good," Daisy giggled running her fingers down both of Connie's arms.   
  
"Stop it!"  
  
"Why?"  
  
"It tickles."  
  
The head set lit up.  
  
"What tickles?"  
  
"What you're doing!"  
  
"Why not tell them there's another girl with you."  
  
"Don't open that they'll hear you! And stop touching me!" Connie fired off a few shots leaning way left in her chair trying to guide the bullets toward their target. The bullets missed but the guys got an eye full of her bare breast bouncing free of the top as it opened up as she leaned out.  
  
"Guys are you watching! They're coming behind us again!" Connie yelled but this time she stood straight up out of her chair and stood there while still firing away.  
  
"There is a God would you look at that!"   
  
"Amazing!"  
  
"Would you look at those f..cking tits!  
  
"They're truly something."  
  
"My dick could get lost between those tanned babies!"  
  
"You can say that again Jim," Jack said trying to not drool on himself as Connie leaning every which way now giving the controller a extra little English as well as she shot making her boobs jiggle even more.   
  
All the Connie extra movement was causing her to get a bit heated. Droplets of sweat were soon breaking out on her forehead. And even dotting her chest. Soon the tiny droplets turned into bigger ones dripping down her face and chest. Sweaty boobs popping out here. A nipple poking out there. The sight was breath taking as Connie danced about from one leg to the other as she gave every shot a all kinds of body English.  
  
Daisy's eyes got big as saucers. How Connie didn't see the window she didn't know. "Sit down and relax. You're getting to excited," Daisy told her pulling on Connie's arm trying to get her to sit down before she saw who was watching her.  
  
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"Stop what!"  
  
"Fooling around with what!"  
  
All of Daisy's touching didn't go unnoticed by the four men watching her.   
  
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"She's fingering her!"  
  
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"Hot!"  
  
"Stop doing what!"  
  
"Are you guys naked!"   
  
"An exciting game isn't it," Daisy giggled as she gave Connie nipple a tug while slipping yet another finger in down below.  
  
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"What's happening?"  
  
"I don't know!"  
  
"Who Daisy?"

**The Voice 15f**  
The questions went on and on. She couldn't answer. Connie was having a hard enough time just trying to breath now as the feeling grew worse. The only sound she could hear now was a wet slapping sound coming from between her legs. Try as she might to keep her mind focused on the screen she couldn't. The feeling was growing to intense.  
  
"My Lord would you look at that. If she's not about to cum my name isn't Jim Jackson!"  
  
"Go ahead Sis. You might as well cum," Daisy purred in her ear as she worked faster not even trying to hide what she was doing now. She was fingering Connie for all she was worth. The sound of Daisy hand slapping again Connie pussy echoed through the apartment.  
  
"What's that sound?"  
  
"Why are you breathing funny?"  
  
"What are you two doing"  
  
"Sis! Who's Sis?"  
  
"Who's cumming!"  
  
The questions were endless.  
  
Finally she couldn't take it anymore. Connie dropped the controller and grabbed the arm rests of the chair. "Daisy! Oh.... Please sto...!" She arched her back pointing her sweaty boobs toward the ceiling. Before she could say another word it boiled over. Connie came with a rush that knocked her right out of her chair and she ended up sitting on the floor. Daisy went right after her still fingering away. "Daisy please!" She tried to push Daisy's hand away but didn't have the strength. It was building again. Connie looked up and finally caught sight of the four guys. "Daisy stop! There are men watching us!"  
  
"Oh them? They've been there a while Sis. And I'm sure they're enjoying the show."  
  
"Daisy please...." Connie reached down again trying to push Daisy's hand away from her pussy but couldn't as a small orgasm shot through her. "Oh please stop...."  
  
They were seeing everything! The feeling shot through her so quickly she didn't have time to even try and cover up. She just laid there panting watching them staring at her with the look of sex crazed maniacs. Connie put both hands down trying to get Daisy's hands off her. But it was to late to stop it. Another orgasm shot through her. This time when she came she even squirted almost hitting Daisy in the face. Then everything went dark.  
  
Daisy walked slowing over to the curtains and gave the guys a smile while licking her fingers then closed them.   
  
Daisy soon came back to her senses. "What the f..ck did you do!" Daisy mumbled. What was she going to tell Connie when she woke up?   
  
Daisy didn't know what to do. The only thing she could think to do was leave before Connie woke up.  
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
When Daisy got home she tried to sneak by Shelly but couldn't.  
  
"Well how did your visit go? Is Connie a expert at gaming now?"  
  
"Well.... I don't want to talk about it," Daisy mumble quickly moving passed Shelly into her room.  
  
"You did something didn't you?"  
  
"I don't want to talk about it."  
  
"Well you are! And remember you can't lie to me. I'll know it."  
  
"But...."  
  
"But?"  
  
"Everything was going great. I dyed her hair and it looked so sexy too. I setup the game. I showed her stuff. Everything was going as planned. I was being normal. I promise! I was sitting next to her being so good."  
  
"So no touch or kissing then?  
  
"Well a little. But it wasn't dirty."  
  
"Coming from you that's hard to believe."  
  
"Shelly I'm not in the mood for your badgering."  
  
"And why? What did you do?"  
  
"I screwed up bad," Daisy broke into tears as she told Shelly what had happened.  
  
"So you masturbated her in front of four men then left her passed out naked on the floor? Really Daisy?"  
  
"I.... Didn't know what else to do."  
  
"Well you don't jerk someone off in front of total strangers."  
  
"I know."  
  
"Ok I'm not going to tell you how stupid you were. You know that already."   
  
"What am I going to do? Please help me," Daisy teared up again.  
  
"Ok come here let's put our heads together."  
  
"Thank you. You're a true friend."  
  
"And for the life of me I can't figure out why. Now come here my Little Miss Wile E Coyote."  
  
"That's not funny," Daisy sniffled.

**The Voice 16a**  
Connie woke sometime later finding herself like so many others times since she met Daisy and the voice appeared, naked and lying on the floor in a puddle of her own mess. She'd had yet another orgasm not only in front of Daisy but in front of four men watching her through her window. When would the nightmare end and she'd wake up in her own bed not pasted out lying naked on the floor covered in sweat and....  
  
It was going to be hard facing Daisy again. How was she going to explain what happened? Had Daisy realize she had cum not once but twice? And what of the four perverts who saw her. Would they still be lurking about outside her door trying to see more? If she saw them would her hands betray her once again?  
  
Connie had decided it had all Daisy's fault! If she would just stop touching and kissing her. As innocent as Daisy always said it was it was getting her to imagine all sorts of things now. Even without the voice haunting her she'd lost total control this time. Was it another step toward completely losing her mind?  
  
  
Even thou she wanted to lock her door and never leave she had little choice. Connie had to go to work. If she didn't she'd be fired then would have to go back to parents begging them to take her back. That would be day after day of listening to them telling her what a failure she was at everything. That would surely end up breaking her this time. That's the last thing Connie wanted to do was to have to go back to them and face that after they way she moved out. Connie couldn't go back and beg them to take her back after everything that was said between them. The shouting match between them was ugly to say the least. She'd almost rather die than to have to go back home to that.   
  
It was best to dress in nothing sexy at all as well. Just some old clothes she had stored away. They were a bit big a bagging hiding most every curve. That way if someone saw her they'd not be undressing her with their eyes. That could cause her hands to start doing things she couldn't control and would be a sure fire way of bringing the voice back. Lastly and most important was keeping her mine clear of Daisy the best she could.   
  
When she got to work Connie thought it was best to hide from everyone she could. She didn't want to awaken the voice that had be totally silent since that day in her apartment with Daisy. A sight or smell could do it. So if someone came up the hall she'd duck around a corner or even hid in a closet.  
  
It had worked. No one seemed to be staring at her. And most important was the voice stayed away leaving her able to think without the horrible things it was always telling her to do.   
  
\* \* \* \*  
  
Each day since that day with Daisy it had been so nice without the voice. Connie had almost forgotten what it was like to think on her own without it being there. As the week went on her life seemed to be back to normal. No one popped out of some dark corner catching her getting out of the shower. Her clothes didn't fall off or her hands weren't stripping her in front of any total strangers. She hadn't ended up naked in a room full of men masturbating. Even the few times she did masturbate it just for her and not 'IT'. When she came it didn't end up making her feel dirty like before. It was just a wonderful feeling that calmed her down after she was done. Even if it didn't settle her for long.  
  
Maybe her life had actually turned the corner after all. If the voice would stay where it was now and forever she could make everything work. Her job, her parents and even Daisy. Connie did enjoy Daisy being around despite the kissing and touching. Just having Daisy near it seemed to lighten her heart. Without the voice those thoughts would vanish and she could sit next to Daisy and listen to that silly giggly voice that always made her smile deep inside. Yes she could actually enjoy Daisy for who she was. Not for what the voice said she was, a girl Connie needed to do unspeakable dirty things to.   
  
The days passed and the big day finally arrived. After today she was sure the voice would stay locked away where it had vanished never to return. Once Connie proved she was good at something it would have no reason to bother her again. This story was going to be her ticket away from it and everything that had gone wrong for a very long time. It would shut her parents up and her terrible thoughts for another girl would be gone too. Connie was going to be completely normal after today, she was sure of it. Even thou the thought of playing some video game after what it caused her to do had her worried. But she was sure she could control it if she just keep her mind on the game and not let her thoughts wander if the voice did return.  
  
Dressing like Lara Croft had her worried as well. Daisy had shown her what Lara might wear when she made the video character and it didn't look good at all. It seemed way to sexy to be on some so called hero for her taste. Would the station actually make her wear such a thing? It might trigger the voice again which could cause thoughts that might get her hands to do things in front of the camera. For a brief moment she saw herself naked. Everyone was pointing. Her hands betraying her as they watched. Her fingers playing down below until.... Connie wasn't going to let that happen. Just get through this and everything would be back to normal.   
  
Connie got up extra early to make sure she had plenty of time to get ready. First she hopped in the shower and turned it on as hot as she could stand and just stood under it until it started turning cold. After what had been happening to her lately it was nice to just feel water running all over her and nothing bad happening. The way things kept happening since she was hired at the station, Connie half expected Daisy to pop out of no where and snap her fingers causing the walls to crumble away leaving her standing wet and naked in front of the whole world.  
  
Next Connie did her best shaving her legs and not to touch any of her private places. Her body was still alive from Daisy's visit. And that had been four long days ago. All that kissing and touching really had gotten to her. Even masturbating didn't seem to help settle her thoughts for long. Connie couldn't have those thoughts in her head today. No kissing or touching and no masturbating that could trigger the voice again. Today was to important. After she was done she took a small amount of baby oil and rubbed it into her legs. It kept them so soft and it always gave them a nice soft glow she loved.  
  
Connie looked down then at herself in the mirror then back down. Biting her lower lip and looking at herself down there. "You can't," she mumbled. I would make her look like such a dirty girl. But as dirty as it felt after everything she'd been through she still had to shave it. It wasn't for anyone else but her. No one would ever know. It would be her filthy little secret, the only one left from her passed after today.  
  
She ran the razor over pussy and couldn't help but giggle as she watched it grow silky smooth once again. Every stroke of the razor made her tremble and her heart beat just a little faster. As much as she tried to avoid it, it was impossible. So by the time she was done she was so ready. Connie's nipples could have cut glass as she grabbed the bottle of baby oil. This time pouring a large stream across her tops of breasts while thinking of Daisy sitting next to her giggling. Connie slowly ran her tongue around her lips as she poured more oil all over her chest then watched it run down her tits then dip off the points off her nipples. She squeezed even more all over her chest until it was running down her belly then soaking freshly shaven pussy. She ran her fingers through the oil and traced around of her aching nipples as worked downward first tickling her belly button then going down farther. Within seconds Connie let out a sexy a whimper and began to shake, arching her back. She let her fingers one last time work their magic. It started as it always did in every corner of her body running straight to her brain then rolling through every nerve until she couldn't even breath. Her breath short, panting like some horny dog. With a rush Connie came backing against the shower wall her legs to weak to stand. Then slid down into the tub her mind a swirling mess then everything went dark after she exploded a second time with the thought of Daisy's lips touching hers.   
  
Connie woke a few minutes later. The bathroom had grown cool with her body still damp causing her to shiver. She turned on the water once more washing away the last bit of filth she'd ever do. After today Connie would be normal. No more masturbating. No more orgasms that ran through her like a run away freight train knocking her unconscious. There would be no more thinking of Daisy in a dirty way either. Or the voice filling her mind with things that just weren't right. Connie was going to be like everyone else, normal. Better yet there would be no more of her parents telling her she was a total failure which always ended up making her cry.  
  
Connie grabbed a towel to start drying her hair while trying to think of what to wear. "Everything is the old me," she grumbled.   
  
Just then the doorbell rang.   
  
"I wonder who's that is?" Connie took the towel and wrapped it around her not realizing just how little it covered then opened the door just a crack. "Yes?"  
  
"Package for you Mam," A man dressed all in green said. He couldn't help but want to see more of the young woman peaking out at him. From what he could see of it, it looked like she had a very pretty face.  
  
"I never ordered anything."  
  
"Are you Connie Lynn, Mam?"  
  
"Yes."  
  
"Then I have a package for you."  
  
Not thinking how she was dressed Connie opened the door and the USP driver almost had a heart attack. The girl did have a gorgeous face and a body to match. By the looks of it, it looked like she'd just gotten out of the shower. The young lady in front of him was wrapped in a small towel being held up with her arms clinched by her sides. There were drops of water dotting her everywhere and her long dark curly hair was still soaking wet giving it a wildly sexy look.  
  
The way she was squeezing her arms it caused the towel to stag down around her chest which gave him a glimpse of what looked like the most amazing rack he'd seen this side of Playboy. If that wasn't good enough. The towel barely came down and cover her lower half. Being somewhat of a leg man the vision was something to behold. From her pretty bare feet to the bottom of the towel was nothing but miles and miles of shapely tanned bare legs.  
  
This was his dream come true. He'd seen countless videos online where a girl answers the door in a towel and it falls away leaving the girl naked. Oh if only this was one of those times.   
  
Connie was to busy looking at the large package and wondering who it was from and what it was that she never saw him giving her a lustful once over.  
  
'Isn't it exciting standing here almost naked in front of a prefect stranger, Connie?'  
  
"You! Go the f..ck away! Just go back to where you came from," Connie groaned.  
  
'I was never gone Connie. I've been watching you. You seem to love to get naked around total strangers don't you. Look at you now. You might as well be naked.'   
  
"I'm not...." Connie looked down now realizing she how barely covered she really was.   
  
'Exciting isn't it Connie?'  
  
"No it's not!" Connie told it nervously tucking the towel more tightly under her arms. Connie almost started to cry when the voice started up again. The pasted few days had been be so peaceful not hearing it going on and on telling her those awful things it always did.  
  
'Forgot you were naked wearing just a towel? Really Connie? You just wanted to go outside and masturbate didn't you? The icing on the cake is he can watch you. You'd like that wouldn't you Connie?'  
  
"No I wouldn't! And keep your voice down he'll hear you," Connie whispered quickly looking around to see if anyone else was watching. She was always being watched now after cumming in front of those four men. Those curtains hadn't been open since. The one time she peaked out between them there was someone standing there watching. Maybe is was just in her head but she couldn't take any chances. Because after seeing him those thoughts started again. The only way to stop from running outside naked was to masterbate while watching him through curtains.  
  
What if the wrong person saw her? They might tell Mr Stanford and he'd be forced to let her go. Then it would be her parents. Oh God no! And yet here she was standing wet and almost naked in front of a total stranger. It would surely start again. Those feelings. Connie needed to get back inside before they did.  
  
'Just put your hand down and masturbate Connie.'  
  
"The package?" Connie asked quickly. She'd never realized it until now just how tiny the towel was. There was no way she'd have willing opened the door wearing it was there? Connie needed to hurry before the voice grew so loud he'd even hear it. It seemed to have grown stronger since the last time they talked. It was filling her head with awful things again. If she don't get back inside soon the voice would have her doing those things. Connie would be sitting right in doorway masturbating for all she was worth while he watched her if she didn't get inside soon.  
  
'Just drop the towel Connie. You want to show him your naked body don't you?'  
  
"Quiet!" Connie muttered. The towel felt like nothing more than a wash cloth now. It was barely covering anything. Connie nervously tucked it more tightly under her arms then looked at him giving him a weak smile while innocently grabbed the bottom of it and pulled down trying to make it a bit longer.   
  
"Are you talking to me?" The man questioned. He couldn't help but drop his eyes to her crotch when he saw her hand go down. If he thought is was short before now it was insanely short. It couldn't be more that a inch below her pussy! He was seeing every inch of those beautiful legs which cause a stirring in his pants.   
  
"No, no. The package, please," Connie asked again giving a another tuck. He'd heard the voice she just knew it. "Please be quiet. You'll get me in trouble."  
  
'Me? I'm not the one wearing a towel and nothing else standing in front of a total stranger thinking of masturbating Connie.'  
  
"I am not! So shut the f..ck up for five second would you?"

**The Voice 16b**  
But it was right. It was in her mind now. Why hadn't cumming not once but twice no more than 30 minutes ago settled her? It use to hold her for months. Then it was weeks. Then days. Then hours. Now only minutes? "Just leave me alone."  
  
Much to the amazement of the UPS man the towel scooped even lower showing even more of that tanned cleavage and he could swear he could see the bottom of her pussy now. And by the looks of it, it was a least shaved on the bottom. Did Connie have a racing strip? Fully Shaved? "My Lord," he muttered.  
  
There was something about a pretty girl with a killer set of legs that was so hot. Then add in having water dripping down from her hair running into her cleavage and down her legs that added to the excitement. What a vision she was standing in a tiny puddle of water in her bare feet wearing nothing but a towel. She was the sexiest thing he'd ever laid eyes on.  
  
"Oh.... Ah... Yes your package. Sign here," He told her giving her the package then holding out hand held computer for Connie to sign.  
  
Connie awkwardly took it and did her best to try and balance the package and hold the towel up while trying to reach out to sign. The towel fell open giving him a bird's eye I view of her bare body.  
  
"Oh sh..t sorry!" Connie squealed quickly juggling the package from one hand to the other while getting the towel back closed the best she could. But after her frantic rebalancing act she never realized her whole lower half was still showing. Her hand brushed up against her left breast making both her nipples spring to life.   
  
'You should have dropped the towel Connie.'  
  
It was his dream come true times ten. Did her nipples just get hard? Or was he dreaming? If it was a dream he never wanted it to end. The pretty girl was now showing him everything down below. And what a view it was. He thought her tits looked good with water dotting them but her pussy was something else that way and it was completely shaved!   
  
Connie did her best but starting losing her grip on the package again. Juggling it in her hands while trying to sign caused the towel to loosen and slip lower. He was disappointed it slid back down covering her lower body but then he realized it had another wonderful effect on top.  
  
The driver's eyes grew larger as the towel slid showing more of those marvelous tits. He did what any man would have done. As Connie reached out to sign he innocently moved it away from her. She'd step forward and he'd move it just out of reach again. The towel kept sliding lower with each step he forced Connie to take chasing after him.   
  
"Could you hold still please," Connie grumbled taking another step forward juggling the box while trying keep the towel closed as she chased after him trying to sign.  
  
Connie through it all never noticed where she ended up. Or how much she was showing. She was to busy trying to sign the damn computer that seemed to keep moving. This needed to end before she ended up listening to the voice.   
'Drop the towel Connie. You know you want to.'  
  
"I will not!"   
  
'Come on Connie, do it.'  
  
"Could you stop moving so I can sign please!" Connie snapped as she took another step after him.  
  
Of course that didn't stop him from moving the computer just as she reached it. The towel took another dip and the only reason it didn't fall completely off was the box Connie had pressed against her. But the effect was stunning. As she pressed the package tight so she wouldn't drop it, the towel fell away baring her chest. The way she was holding the package it pushed her now bare boobs up so they were resting right on top of it.  
  
Four men who most mornings would stand around outside Connie's door hoping today would be the day they'd see the lovely young thing in 2E in something sexy once again or better yet a glimpses for the naked body got the reward! Sexy was sure the word that came to mind as they watched Connie chasing after USP man right out the front door wearing next to nothing. And better yet her boobs were showing!  
  
"Oh my God would you look at that Jim!"  
  
"Bingo!"  
  
"Yep we have a winner!"  
  
Connie heard voices and looked up and couldn't believe it. There stood those fours perverts staring at her. They seemed to always be waiting when she left her apartment. They would always openly stare as she walked by. Connie could feel their eyes trying strip her naked every single time they looked at her. That feeling always stirred her thoughts in a bad way.   
  
'Would you look at that Connie! You have more guests!'  
  
"Let me sign please!" Connie begged as she moved forward again chasing after the hand held computer.  
  
'Exciting isn't it Connie. Is that water dripping down your leg or something else?' It taunted.  
  
"It's just water! Now shut up for two seconds," Connie begged reaching out again which gave all five guys a prefect view of her water streaked tits resting on the top of the package like she was serving them up on a dinner plate just for them.  
  
At first the men were disappointed Connie finally found out her breasts were showing. But that quickly turned to joy at what happened next.   
  
"Stop looking at me!" Quickly Connie lost her juggling act when she caught sight of her bare chest. The package started slipping from her hand. Quickly she tried balance it with the other. This caused her to lose what little grip she did have on the towel and down it went quickly puddled around her bare feet.   
  
Connie stood frozen for what seemed like days. Their eyes staring, bugged out like frogs sent chills running down her spine. There she stood in front of all of them with her tits resting on top of the box and was completely naked now from the waist down. It took all her strength to resist dropping the package and masturbate right in front of all of them.  
  
'Nice work Connie! Now do it for them.'   
  
"Oh no! Please no!" Connie quickly bent down trying to hide her body behind the package while backing away trying to get back into her apartment. It did little to hide much of anything much to the men's delight. She wanted to die when her nipples hardened even more and her pussy grew more damp.   
  
'Don't stop now Connie. It's what you've always wanted!'  
  
"Please, please shut up." Her bare butt hit the door. It had closed behind her. "Could one of you open the door for me please," Connie asked hunched over trying to hide behind the box in her arms.  
  
The five men kind of looked around like they didn't hear her.  
  
With no help coming she had no choice but to turn around to open it.  
  
Connie could swear she heard them cheer when she turned showing them one of the best heart shaped asses they'd seen in their lives as she tried to open the door. Her heart beat fast as one hand quickly shot behind her trying to cover her ass the other trying to turn the doorknob with the package mashed against her pressed up against the door.  
  
It wouldn't open. "Would you please help me," Connie pleaded again turning toward them trying to hide behind what seemed like a tiny pill box now. While all the while the voice taunting her telling her how exciting it must be. 'Your nipples are hard Connie. Are you sure you're not a excited?'  
  
"It's just cold out here and please be quiet I can't have them hearing you," Connie begged trying to cover up the best she could.  
  
Connie was thinking dirty things now. She need the damn door open and soon. Tears were now running down her face as she realized her body was all a tingle and she was getting so very wet down there. They would soon see how excited she was now there was no way they could miss it.  
  
At the angle the box was now pressed up against her the corner was wedged between her legs resting up against her pussy. The juggling act made the box move about rubbing her down below. Connie stood there trying not to move to much but found herself actually moving it. Again Connie pleaded, "could you open this please."  
  
'That's it Connie. Show them what a dirty girl you are.'  
  
"Please don't make me do this. Not here, please," Connie pleaded but it was slowly winning. Soon she'd be lying on the ground doing unspeakable things in from of them all.  
  
The men did feel sorry for the pretty young thing. But none made a moved to help. The scene was just to exciting to stop now. They might never get another chance to see Connie like this ever again.  
  
At least the box was hiding something so putting it box down wasn't an option.  
  
'Show them you're a dirty girl Connie.'  
  
"No. Not here. Not in front of them, oh please no." Connie hips started humping slowly at the box. Before she lost all control Connie had to get the door open. With no help coming from the five perverts she again tried to open the door.  
  
'Do it Connie. They all want to see it as much as you want to do it!'   
  
She wouldn't! She couldn't!  
  
But Connie needed to cum in the worse way now. It was all that was filling her head. The voice had almost won. Her body moving against her will now as she started humping the box even harder. She couldn't stop even thou she knew they'd be watching. Did they see her? Did they know what she was really doing? She was getting so close to not even caring.  
  
'You look so happy now Connie.'  
  
Somehow she found the inner strength to stop her perverted act.   
  
"Thanks for nothing!" She groaned trying one last time to get the door open but all she did was finally lose her grip on the package leaving herself with nothing to hide behind. Her reaction was odd yet again as she turned and faced them. Her face beat red with tears down streaming down her face. One arm shooting up trying to cover her breasts. The other going down cupping womanhood.  
  
"Oh no please stop." But it began happening. Despite herself Connie couldn't stop her hand from squeezing her breast. And to her disbelief her other hand started moving and her finger slipped inside. "Not in front of them, please!" She begged.  
  
'I'm not making you Connie. It's what you've always wanted you know that.'  
  
Connie was doing it right in front of 5 total strangers. Why was is so exciting?  
  
"Please," She begged but her hands seemed to not care who was watching. The one on her breast started toying with her nipple. The other now had one more finger working down below. "No, no, no. Stop please," Connie begged as she looked around at the now stunned men watching her masturbate right in front of them.   
  
One man's mouth was hanging open.  
  
Another was rubbing his eyes like he couldn't believe what he was seeing.  
  
A third was just smiling.  
  
And the fourth had his hand down hiding his excitement.  
  
'Look at them Connie. Isn't it wonderful.'  
  
"Please don't make me do this," Connie begged but the voice said nothing. It had finally gotten what it wanted? Or was it what Connie really wanted?  
  
Connie couldn't catch breath. The more she tried to stop the harder her fingers worked pushing her ever closer. Her only saving grace was soon it would be all over. The police would come and arrest her after her perverted act. At least then it would stop. They lock her up in some dark dungeon somewhere chained to a bed which would stop her hands. At least then the voice couldn't make her do these things any longer.  
  
As she was nearing the end a vision of her parents appeared right in front of her. That suddenly broke the spell and quickly she squatted down on her hunches and franticly reached for the towel.   
  
Finally for what seemed like hours she grabbed it and stood back up wrapping the towel back around her. "I have to get back inside."   
  
'Why Connie? Your dream has come true. Don't stop masturbating now.'  
  
"Leave me the f..ck alone!"  
  
Connie needed to get back inside before her hands betrayed her yet again. Frantically she tried to open the door but her hand was to wet from touching herself that couldn't get a grip on the doorknob. "Just leave me alone!" Connie shouted. The only choice she had was to use the tower to dry off the knob. Trying to keep the towel up and dry the knob failed. The towel fell away flashing her bare butt one last time as the men cheered once again. "Oh please open." When she finally got the knob to turn she opened the door and ran inside slamming it behind her.  
  
Connie pressed her back against the door trembling. All she could see were the men staring. All she wanted to do was cum right in front of them. It was insane! Her hands were back to work. "Why are you making me do this?" Connie moaned. The voice didn't answer. The silence made it worse like it might of actually have been her who wanted it. "Answer me!"  
  
"Mam your package?"  
  
"Just leave the damn thing," Connie yelled completely out of breath with her fingers working faster.  
  
"I can't Mam. Someone might steal it. Then I'd get in trouble. I can't have that."  
  
Connie wrapped the towel around her once again and opened the door just a crack. Her hand working even harder seeing his face staring at her. "Could you just leave it?" Connie asked now panting.  
  
"I'm sorry Mam but I can't. I've already told you it's against the rules." Of course he was lying. He just had to try and see her naked body one last time.  
  
'That's wonderful Connie. You get to go back out and get it.'  
  
"I'm not!" All she wanted to was cum. She was so close! Just a few more seconds and it would be over. Closing the door and leaning up against it with her fingers moving ever faster thinking of their eyes watching. "Just a little more," she panted.  
  
'What if it's important.'  
  
"Shut up so I can finish," Connie huffed working even more desperately trying push herself over the edge.  
  
'What if it's from work? What if it's part of your news story today?'  
  
"You're just saying that to get me back out there!" Connie couldn't go back out there and she couldn't stop her fingers either.   
  
"Mam your package," The UPS man asked again.  
  
'Connie what if I'm right? Your boss would have no choice but to fire you if you came to work without something he wanted you to have. What will your parents say when they find out?'

**The Voice 16c**  
Connie groaned hearing the voice say that. There was no way Connie wanted to go back out there was there? But her parents? She'd rather get stuck in a room full of drooling men completely naked masturbating than to have to go back home to them a failure. The voice was right what if the package was from work.  
  
"Leave me alone and let me cum first," she whispered to it. Connie feverishly now trying to finish but now all she could see were her parents shaking their heads in disappointment at her. Their looks wouldn't let her cum. "Stop looking at me!" But all they did was continue shaking their heads.   
  
'What if by then the package is stolen? Then what will your Boss say?'  
  
"You just want me back out there naked," Connie whispered rubbing even more franticly than before. Being right there but the faces of her parents wouldn't let her finish what she so desperately needed to do.   
  
'Well fine. Don't blame me when you go out later and it's gone. Don't blame me when you are fired. Don't blame me when your parents...."  
  
"All right! Shut up," Connie snapped. Oh how she hated it when it was right. What if it was stolen? Then she'd have to face her parents!   
  
"Just f..ckin great!" Connie groaned. Were they all still there? Maybe they were gone. Connie had to find out so she opened the door just a crack then looked around with one half of her hoping they were gone and the other praying they were still there watching.  
  
There they stood waiting staring at her front door. "Don't they have jobs? Lives?"   
  
She needed the box. It was the only way she could stop her parents from watching her so she'd be able to cum!  
  
Connie closed the door. Her breath short, "I'll get it in a minute after I get dressed."  
  
'But what if it's gone by then? What will your parents say when they find out you could have gotten it before it was stolen?'  
  
"But...."  
  
'There's no time to get dressed Connie.'  
  
"But...."  
  
'It could already be gone. I'm sure your parents will understand why you were fired and standing on their door step.'  
  
What if it was stolen by then? She could heard her parents now. "You're such a disappointment to us. Why did we raise such a failure?" Connie couldn't face that, not again.   
  
If she was quick nothing else could happen. So she clutched her towel tight around her and opened the door. By the looks on their face the men loved seeing Connie once again. Their eyes drilling holes right through her. She could feel their eyes. It was like 10 tiny fingers touching her skin. Some pulling on her nipples other playing down below. Why something so dirty excited her she didn't know. It's not like she liked being drooled over. But the voice kept saying it. So it had her believing she was this person now, a dirty girl.   
  
Connie looked down at the package then around at the five men. Surely one of them would help her this time? They'd seen enough, right? "Could one of you help me with this please?"  
  
Sadly their answers were about what she expected really.  
  
"Well I have a bad back."  
  
"I can't because of my trick knee."  
  
"I can't bend over because I get dizzy easily."  
  
"I just got a cast off my arm I can't lift anything."  
  
Even the UPS driver wasn't going to help either. "Well you see Mam once I've handed a package over I can't handle it again. Company rules."  
  
Was it a lie? Connie didn't know but she was now going to have to get the box inside without any help from those men drooling over her.  
  
Why didn't the voice just leave her be for two minutes. 'It's exciting isn't it? I'm betting your really wet now. You could cum so easily couldn't you Connie. Just do it for them.'  
  
Connie needs to hurry before she was back doing what it asked again.  
  
First she kind of squatted down trying to hold the towel closed with one hand so they couldn't see. But she couldn't pick it up with only one hand. Maybe she could kick it inside? But there were two steps leading to her apartment. That wasn't going to work either.  
  
Connie looked up on last time with pleading eyes hoping one of them would help. "Please help me?" But they just looked around ignore her. "Fine!"  
  
Just hurry and get it. That's what she was thinking. Then she'd be back inside and she could do what she needed, which was to cum.  
  
Connie knew what she had to do so squatted down while trying to keep her legs together and pick up the package. But the towel fall away and she could feel their eyes staring at her ass. By the way the towel felt they were seeing a good deal of it too. "Just be quick." The package seemed a bit heavier then before so the only way she could pick it up was to spread her legs so she wouldn't topple over picking it up. As she spread her legs she could feel the cool air against her pussy. Connie face flushed red as her lower lip became to quiver. They had to be seeing everything even from behind her but it was the only way she could pickup the damn box.   
  
"Would you look at that!"  
  
"My Lord look at how wet she is!"  
  
"Tell me you wouldn't want to f..ck that butt cleavage."  
  
"Oh my God yes!"  
  
When she heard them she almost reached back to start again. But thank God her parents were standing beside her watching her every move. It was the only reason she wasn't masturbating once again right in front of them.   
  
'Just reach back and touch yourself Connie.'  
  
"Please let me get inside before...." Connie couldn't even think now. She hated every minute of it but love it all the same.   
  
It had to happen. As she reached down the towel had nothing holding it and it fell to the ground. The men cheered and it felt like thousands hands were all over her body touching everywhere. This was turning into yet another nightmare of her doing. Why had she been so stupid going back out in just the towel again?  
  
'Do it Connie you know you want to?'  
  
Oh how she wanted to. But she didn't give in to it for once. The image of her parents gave her the strength to stop her hands this time. At least their disappointed looks were helpful for once.  
  
The package seemed so heavy now but she finally got up in her arms the straighten up and started walking hunched toward her apartment. As she reached it she stepped in a puddle of water on the step. Her foot slipped and she staggered backwards. That caused her to drop the box trying to keep her balance. But it didn't stop her from ending up falling to the ground sitting on her butt facing them with her legs spread wide.  
  
"Look at that it's as smooth as a baby's bottom!"  
  
"A beautiful pink flower!"  
  
'That's it Connie now do it for them!'  
  
Connie quickly scrambled to her feet then scooped up the box but not before the men got one last look at her lovely behind.  
  
"Would you look at the ass. I'll bet it would look great after a hard spanking."  
  
"You bet it would!"  
  
"How about after a hard f..cking!"  
  
"Jim your a bad man."  
  
"That's one bad ass Steve," Jim chuckled.  
  
"That's it is."  
  
'Hear that Connie? Why not let them spank you. Dirty girls like you deserve to be spanked don't they? Wouldn't you love to have them f..ck you in the....'  
  
"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up! Please shut up!"  
  
It felt like it took all day but it was only several minutes if that. Finally she got inside and kicked out her foot slamming the door just in time. Any longer and Connie's hands would have been doing just what the voice wanted even with her parents watching her.  
  
"Mam your towel."  
  
Connie had no idea why she didn't just leave it. But she wasn't going to let one of those perverts take her towel and do something dirty to it while they masturbated. "Give it to me!" Connie yelled reaching out through the crack in the door. Just as her fingers touched it he pulled it away. Connie stumbled forward and was once again outside completely naked standing in front of the five men.  
  
As she stumbled forward her foot hit another puddle of water and began to slip. She reached out to and grab hold of the only thing near her, the UPS driver. It surprised him and he stepped away off the edge of the step and stumbled backwards himself. Connie continued to fall forward as the man fell backward. He ended up on his backside as Connie fell forward unto his lap. She ended up straggling him with her breasts mashed in his face!  
  
'Right back where you belong Connie.' It taunted.  
  
"My God!" Connie quickly jumped up and once again tried to cover herself with her arms and hands then turned toward the door.  
  
"Your towel Mam?"  
  
Connie couldn't believe she did it. She turned facing the men and put her hands on her hips. "Are you getting a good look you f..cking perverts! Happy! Now give me that!" She reached down and snatched it out of his hand then ran back inside slamming the door behind her.  
  
"Have a nice day!" He shouted with delight getting up and happily went back to his truck. This would be a day he'd never forget that's for sure. "And shaved too. Oh man what a day!"  
  
"I'll remember this for the rest of my life!"  
  
"Hell I remember this 100 years after I'm dead."  
  
"You're telling me Steve."  
  
Connie couldn't hold out any longer. Dropping the towel and rested against the door with her heart pounding Connie's hand went to work. The image of her parent vanished and seconds late she came squirting all over the floor. One quickly began two and she ended up sitting on the floor with her back resting against it trying to catch her breath. She couldn't stop it her hands and it happened a third time. After the wonderful rush everything went dark.  
  
About 15 minutes later Connie woke. Then after another ten she finally started feeling normal. Connie was mad at herself for letting things get out of hand. She used the towel to wipe herself and to somewhat clean the mess she'd made all over the floor. Had she just used her head instead of letting the damn voice talk her into things none of it would have happened. Those men wouldn't have seen her naked. She wouldn't have been left feeling so dirty sitting naked on the floor in a puddle of her own mess once again.  
  
'That was fun wasn't it Connie?'  
  
"No!"  
  
'But you just came Connie.'  
  
"Please just go away! Haven't you done enough already," Connie sighed.  
  
Connie couldn't stop herself and began to cry.   
  
Just then the doorbell rang.  
  
"Again! Haven't they had enough!" Before Connie could even think she jerked the door open and stood naked in the doorway. "Are you getting a good look!"  
  
"Oh my yes!" Daisy answered with a huge smile on her face.  
  
"Oh.... Well.... I didn't know it was you I thought it was.... Oh never mind," Connie replied all red in the face. Connie crossed one arm across her chest the other went down between her legs as moved to the side with just her head in the doorway trying to hide from the eyes that she knew would soon be watching her again.  
  
"Why the sad face?" Daisy asked reaching up and touched a tear running down Connie's cheek.  
  
"Oh nothing. I need to get dressed," Connie replied.  
  
"Don't get dressed on my account. You've never looked better!"  
  
"Daisy stop it!" Connie answered blushing beat red.  
  
"There's water everywhere. If someone wasn't careful they might slip and...." Daisy's foot slid through the mess Connie had just made and ended up in Connie's arms with her arms wrapped around Connie's neck. "Well hello there," Daisy giggled giving Connie a big kiss. Once again Daisy's tongue darted in touching Connie's.  
  
"Daisy! What have I told you about that. Stop it!"  
  
"Sorry Sis," Daisy giggled.  
  
"I'm not your...."  
  
Daisy cut her off. "We'd better get inside. You never know who might be lurking about. There are four men wandering about out here and they look like total perverts. You can't be to careful you know." Daisy gave her another peck right on the lips.   
  
'Daisy! The day is getting better and better isn't it Connie?'  
  
"Yes just wonderful," Connie mumbled back.  
  
"As much as I think that look suits you," Daisy giggled reaching up and rang her finger around Connie nipple and gave if a playful pull. "I have to help you get ready. You know getting dressed for your news story."  
  
"Daisy stop that!" Connie squealed slapping Daisy's hand anyway. The feeling sent signals running through her body she didn't need right now with Daisy with her. On a normal day Connie had a hard time handling Daisy. But after everything that just happened it was going to be next to impossible to keep the voice from filling her head with even more vile things now.  
  
'Doesn't Daisy look nice Connie?'  
  
"I don't want to hear it!"  
  
"First I want to say how sorry I am about the other day."  
  
"Daisy I'm the one that should be sorry. I don't know what came over me. Before I knew it I.... It's kind of hard to explain. I...."  
  
"I know. You made a mess. But it was my fault. I was trying to distract you. You know see if you were a good gamer. They never let things bother them when they play. So I think I might have went a bit over board. It was really innocent. I promise."  
  
"So you did it all? It wasn't in my head! Get out!"  
  
"Calm down. Yes I kissed you. Yes I touched your leg. And yes I might have brushed up against your breasts now and then. But that was it."  
  
"But...."  
  
"Suddenly you were moving about and were sliding out of the chair. I reached out to catch you and my hand might have touched you down there. I not even sure."  
  
"I.... Well what I about those men. You said they were enjoying the show. I heard you say it."  
  
"You heard me say they were probably enjoying their day."  
  
"But.... I guess," Connie answered looking a bit confused once again at what she thoughts were real and which ones weren't.  
  
"I thought they were just passing by. If I'd have known they were perving at us I'd have gotten up and chased them anyway. Enjoying their day is one thing but stopping to stare in someone's window is quite another."  
  
"Really?"  
  
"Of course."  
  
'I think you enjoyed them watching you didn't you Connie. Seeing you cum was a dream come true wasn't it?'  
  
"No! Just shut f..ck up about it."  
  
"I wasn't sure what was happening. Before I knew it you were on the floor. And well you ended up wetting yourself again," Daisy leaned in a whispered to Connie.  
  
'You see Connie you are a dirty girl. You can't stop cumming around her can you?'  
  
"Please don't say those things."  
  
'You mean the truth?'  
  
Why did it keep happening every time Daisy was near? "This it the last time. Daisy I can't have you around anymore. I can't have these things keep happening when we are together. People will think we are.... well.... I.... You know together doing.... You know...."  
  
"Sex?"

**The Voice 16d**  
"Keep your voice down and yes sex. I could get fired."  
  
"But we aren't. We are just sisters who love being together," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Stop saying that. We're not sisters."  
  
"Well Mr Alan thinks we are. So I guess you are stuck with me being your little sister."  
  
"Sadly you're right. But stop saying it."  
  
"Whatever you think is best Sis," Daisy replied giving her a kiss.  
  
"Don't I mean it! If anyone found out at work...."  
  
"Shhhh. Don't you worry. It's our secret. I won't tell anyone about your little mess. I promise."  
  
"If we are going to be around each other we can't do anything that would give the idea that we might.... Well you know having sex."  
  
"You mean like this," Daisy giggled. Daisy was once again on her tippy tips and gave Connie a kiss. Daisy's tongue dancing about playing with Connie's with her hands squeezing Connie's tits. Just when Connie's legs started growing weak Daisy pulled away. "Is that what you mean?"  
  
"Yes," Connie whispered a bit out of breath, "that would be a good place to start."  
  
'Are you telling me that wasn't a sexy kiss, Connie?'  
  
"Go away!"  
  
"All right I'll try. But friends sometimes kiss. You know like I told you before. A friendly kiss like this." Daisy gave Connie a quick kiss. "Hi there." You see a friendly kiss. "You want me to show you a sexy kiss again so you can see the difference?"  
  
"No, no, no. You don't need to do that. Just try and not do any kissing. It might be innocent to us but it will give people the wrong idea about us. We are sisters to most so it would look terribly wrong."  
  
"I'll do my best," Daisy giggled.  
  
Finally Connie noticed what Daisy was wearing. Oddly she looked normal. No half shirt. No short shorts or a mini skirt showing off her legs. Just a simple red dress with white collar and white trim with tiny white buttons running down the front of it. It was even a sensible length about mid thigh and she was even wearing sensible shoes. Not bare foot. No platform heels. Just a simple pair of sandals with no heel at all. She looked like so many of the young girls Connie would see going to church every Sunday morning. She even had a red ribbon in her hair. Maybe this was going to turn out alright after all.   
  
"You look normal," Connie told her.  
  
"So how should I take that? Am I usually a hideous monster," Daisy giggled.  
  
"Of course not."  
  
"I'm trying to look like your assistant."  
  
"So you're trying to be responsible?"  
  
"Well I guess you could say that."  
  
"I think it looks well.... Kind of...."  
  
"It's weird looking isn't it?"  
  
"Well not weird exactly. But I guess I'm use to seeing you in other things. You know more.... Well...."  
  
"You mean sexy things?"  
  
"Well that would be the simplest way to say it." She didn't want to use the word slutty. But Daisy did wear things that sure showed everything to it's greatest advantage. Tight shorts, short skirts, slutty heels or barefoot and almost nothing tops. Connie could almost believe Daisy was a exhibitionist in the things she wore.   
  
"I haven't worn this since I was like 10. Sadly it still fits. I'm the same size I was then," Daisy frowned bring both hands up and cupping her tiny breasts.  
  
"Daisy you look very nice. And your breasts are fine just the way they are."  
  
"You mean none," Daisy said with a pout.  
  
"You have tits. They're just small. Besides big breasts aren't all they are cracked up to be. The can hurt when you run. They can.... well.... pop you when you don't want them to. Clothes can be hard to find that don't squeeze them flat or make them look huge. Everything no matter what you wear seems to show ton of cleavage whether you like it or not. Finding a bra that actually fits can be next to impossible. The worse part people seem to all be staring at them."  
  
"I wish I had that problem," Daisy pouted.   
  
"Believe me you don't. I think you look cute."  
  
"I look like some dork from 4th grade."  
  
"No you don't you look fine. But maybe the ribbon is a bit much. You're trying a bit to hard I think."  
  
"Shelly said it looked great. I'm going to kill her for this. It's a bit much then?"  
  
"Well maybe a little. But you do look adorable with it." Connie couldn't help herself. She took her finger and pushed Daisy's hair off her forehead then leaned down and gave it kiss.  
  
"Oh...." Daisy was tongue tied and she even blushed.  
  
"Are you blushing Daisy?"  
  
"Ah.... Of course not," Daisy replied quickly taking the ribbon from her hair. "Better?"  
  
"You look nice."  
  
"Thanks." Daisy couldn't help but blush again. "Ok enough about me. Did you get the package I sent. I was worried it wasn't going to get here on time. Thank God I looked it up and it was supposed to be delivered this morning."  
  
A package was from Daisy that figured. Of course it would have been from her causing her to end up naked in front of five men.  
  
"It's from you?"  
  
"Of course. I ordered in online. It's your outfit. I couldn't find what I was looking for here in town in your size. I do hope if fits I was guessing on the size," Daisy giggled reaching up and cupped both of Connie's breasts. "32D right?"  
  
"Triple D," Connie replied slapping Daisy's hands away.  
  
"Oh my yes that it!" Daisy grinned. Tonight would be the night she got to play with them all night long!  
  
"Ok go try it on. I want to see it for the first time when it's on you. I think you'll do it justice," Daisy giggled.  
  
"But...."  
  
"No buts. Get moving time is getting short. We have to get to the station," Daisy ordered and gave Connie's ass a playful swat as she walked by going to change.  
  
"Daisy!" Connie stopped balancing the package with one hand rubbed her butt with the other.  
  
"Go on! Get moving." Daisy swatted again.   
  
"Ok!" Connie ran off to change.  
  
"Oh man this is going to be sweet. Connie is going to kill in what I got her," Daisy sighed watching Connie's bottom gently sway back and forth as she walked away into the other room and closed the door.  
  
Connie placed the package on the bed then sat down next to it. While she was opening it Connie couldn't help but wonder about Daisy. For the life of her she couldn't figure out why Daisy didn't have 100s of men beating a path to her door. Daisy sure had what most guys would fall madly in love with and even lust after. Almost the perfect shape packed into her tiny frame. A fun loving bubbly personality. Even thou she was a cute as could be Connie always thought men would think Daisy's ass would be her defining feature. It was a wonder to behold and she always seemed to wear things to show it off. Had Daisy had any boobs at all you could almost say she'd be the perfect woman for almost anyone. Thou Connie couldn't imagine her with breasts. Those tiny bumps were just so cute topped with nipples that always seemed to be hard enough to stick out against most any tops Connie had seen her in. Even thou Daisy seemed to wear cloths that left her practically naked she always managed to give off this adorably sweet and innocent little girl look anyway.   
  
Connie opened the package and took out what was inside and held them up. "She can't expect me to wear this?"