

Chapter 15 -- Second Show

The Drive and Arrive, Jessica's News, Hailey in the Trailer

As usual, I awoke before Mel. She was still atop my chest and my penis was still pushed into her vagina so I didn't move much. I wanted her to wake up in that configuration, so I wrapped my arms around her kissing her forehead and her hair and anything else I could reach without causing undo motion.

It was about another 10 minutes before Mel began to stir a bit, feeling my arms around her, the gentle kisses and that object that she had sat down on at 3am still imbedded inside her.

I had become a bit more aroused awaiting her waking, so when her muscles started squeezing and milking me without any additional movement, it only took three or four minutes before I was providing her womb with a bath of microscopic attackers, all of which would be frustrated in their search for an egg to fertilize.

Mel moaned softly as she felt the pulsing deep inside her, and opened her eyes with a big smile.

"I could get used to waking up like this," she moaned with a heavy sigh.

She looked up at me with a big grin, "Thank you Bobby, for a perfect evening, night and an even more perfect wake up."

I just smiled back at her leaning up to put my lips against hers, tenderly kissing my young lover to once again, let her know how much I loved her and treasured her gifts.

We laid that way for a while longer, but it was time to move towards the shower, get dressed and get on with the day. Janet was for sure leaving today, and probably Sandy as well.

With little grab ass fanfare we showered, dried each other, dressed and moved towards the kitchen to get some coffee and perhaps some food. We were the

first occupants, so as I started to make a large pot of coffee, Mel started to pull the breakfast fixings from the refrigerator.

About the time the coffee was ready, Sandy came wandering into the kitchen, grabbed a mug and poured herself a cup then came to sit with Mel and I at the table. A few minutes later, Janet and Hailey made their sleepy entrance. Like Sandy, they each grabbed a mug from the rack, and began to consume mass quantities of coffee.

Since Mel and I seemed to have the most energy, we got up and made breakfast for everyone while they tried to regain some level of consciousness.

Breakfast was consumed in short order and while Sandy and Janet volunteered to clean up afterward, Hailey and I, coffee cups in hand, made our way down to the shop to prepare the day's work. Mel would join us later.

Surprisingly, Sandy was out first. She came wandering down to the shop to let Hailey and I know she was taking off and that she'd see us in a couple weeks down in LA.

We all walked out to the limo and met Janet and Mel as we all hugged and kissed around while I went up to the house to write out a check for Sandy's time which we had agreed on with her bosses. There was a separate check for her "tip". She tried to argue, but I just gave her a knowing smile and shook my head.

Soon Sandy would be "mine", much to her managements chagrin.

As we all watched the limo disappear down the driveway, Janet started with her "see ya's" and took inventory of the things she had put in the car. She apparently had everything she could think of, because she smiled and turned to face the rest of us.

Her tears told me that she really didn't care about what was in the car. She looked at each of us in turn with a sad grin. She moved to each of us with a hug and a kiss telling each that she loved them and would see them soon.

She thanked me for her time. She put a hand on each side of my face and leaned up to give me a kiss, which turned out to be a very meaningful joining. She pulled her face away and with a smile said, "Thank you Bobby. I will never forget our very special night."

After a seconds pause, "And I do expect we'll have some more?" She asked hesitantly.

"I would certainly hope so Janet. You are an extremely passionate woman, and deserve passion in return. If I can provide some of that passion, as a man, I am fulfilled in my objective! I hope you leave today knowing that not all men are pond scum."

"Yes, we're all pigs," I had to add evoking a laugh from Janet.

I continued, "If you leave here understanding that we're not all bad, then I've been successful in my hopes."

"Bobby. I believe you are an exceptional man. My daughter and Hailey have very good taste to have chosen you. I can't believe they've agreed to share, but that's their business," she said looking at the two girls.

Hailey and Melinda gave her a good smile as they put their arms around each other.

Mel was last for mom's loving, and it seemed to me that it was a little awkward for Janet. She was saying, "see ya" to her daughter, leaving her in the custody of an "older man" who was screwing the living shit out of her every chance they got, but she was more envious than jealous. I think the whole situation made them closer than they'd ever been and they both were actually realizing it, and loving each other.

Janet climbed behind the wheel, snapped her belts and started the car, letting us know that if she didn't leave quickly she wouldn't be able to see for a few miles through the tears.

"I love you mom," Mel said waving as the car started down the hill.

"Love you too, Baby," we heard Janet answer.

Then she was gone, heading on down the road. I put my arms around my two loves and we slowly walked up to the house to grab a quick bite to eat before getting down to business.

The mood was kind of melancholy during lunch as we were all absorbed in our own thoughts. It was definitely quiet, but there was no sadness. It was just reflection. I think we were all happy to be finally alone. We loved the company, but it's like any visits by "family", it's a relief when they depart.

But now it's time to go to work, so we grabbed some refreshments to put in the cooler and headed down to the shop that Hailey and I had prepared earlier.

The first thing that happened was that Mel spotted all the boxes of stock that had been shipped in by our vendors. She set out to unpack, sort, catalog, and then re-pack everything into the trailer.

While Mel worked on the massive inputs, there were about 60,000 units to account from today's delivery alone, Hailey and I got the presses running with screens we already had and once I got Hailey working on the custom runs we had prepared, I went into the "darkroom" and started "burning" some new screens.

Most of the artwork had already been done, so it was just a matter of printing it on the film and exposing the emulsion on the screens. Once that was done, it was rinsed and set up to dry, and once dry it was ready to be taken out to the print room for Hailey to screen the order.

Hailey and I had worked up all but about 20 of the customs while Sandy and Janet were here, so there was a little computer work to do creating the color separations, but that would only take a few hours because the client provided all the artwork.

There was only one order that needed any internal artwork to be done and that was almost finished. Hailey had worked up the base and it only needed the detailing that I'd add to it. She could have done it, but was busy doing press work.

We three made a really great team and there were never any conflicts. We each had our "specialty" and did it without issue, dropping what we were doing if someone else needed assistance. The help was provided, hugs and thanks administered, and then all went back to whatever it was they were doing before the interruption. The only exception was when I was doing darkroom work, but the girls understood that when the "On Air" sign was lit, the door could not be opened. They would let me know on the intercom what was needed and as soon as I could break free from the screen I was presently working on, I'd go out to help.

While Mel was making sure all the orders were appropriately entered into her system, she was separating orders to ship to our vendors. We had to get them delivered so they could mass print them and get them back prior to leaving for the second show. Most should have been drop shipped, but we'll work on that. Mel was already reaming the suppliers for not paying attention to the order and just going "with the way they always did it before".

When Mel reamed them it was firmly, but done in such a way there were no bad feelings. She just pointed out the deficiencies and let them know she expected it to be better next time. She accepted their offer to pay the additional shipping we would incur moving the blanks to the printers.

The vendors I chose used machines to mass print the product. I decided that using mechanical means to mass-produce was okay, but I wasn't going to do it. It was fairly inexpensive to have them do the bulk printing for the "stock" product, especially since I supplied everything except the machine and the labor. I shipped them the blanks, the screens and the inks so they just needed to load their machines and fold them up at the other end.

I far preferred to do it by hand, but doing 60,000 shirts would take me a lot longer than 3 weeks and 60,000 is only the first run. I have another 175,000 units on order to be received in a couple days. For the mix, 100,000 of those units are skivvies -- they're a big seller! Mel supplied the appropriate mix from her database.

It's more fun doing the creative stuff anyway, which is where the real money is. Custom printing brought in 10x the bulk prints.

With Hailey helping with the custom printing and quite honestly, she was an extremely quick study so it was even more fun. During the next break between shows I'd teach her to do the darkroom work so after this summer she would have a very good background in the entire business. Though I knew her direction was psychology and philosophy she was incredibly creative and an excellent artist.

Sounds like me. Schooled in psychology and philosophy, went into Navy Special Operations, and once that was ended, went back to the hippie roots and started doing tie dye. After a few years of that, I added the silk screening, and it has been a blast.

Psychology has helped me have products that people can't resist because it taught me motivations. Once I understood human motivations at that level, it was easy for the artist in me to come up with ideas and designs that people would buy.

Mel computerized the entire inventory in four days and also came up with a UPC coding that our vendors could put on each shirt that only required her to scan the tag, which would put it into the system.

She was already investigating doing some kind of RFID tag that would be scanned by a receiver and put into the inventory computer automatically without humans having to touch them at our end.

Move the box into the range and each piece was identified, counted, and put into the computer without even opening the box. She also worked out a system so that the RFID tag would be recovered at the time of sale and put in a suspense file. Then it could be re-used saving us money.

That system would also tell her where what product should be stored, and then if there were an inquiry it would tell her where it was. It's a little ahead of time, but Jessi would have a storage and display system for part of show #2 but fully installed for show #3 that Mel could use her locator with. I just sat back as an advisor and watched them learn. It's a

real business now, but it's just as fun as it's always been!

Mel had all the stock re-packed and shipped out with screens and ink by Tuesday afternoon. All the orders were expected back that Saturday before 5pm so we could pack them into the truck. We'd be ready to head out on Wednesday morning.

She was amazing. By the end of this summer, we'd not only make more money than anyone would have considered possible for a tie dye and silk screen craft show vendor to make, but we'd have a completely computerized inventory and sales tracking system for next year's shows.

Two days before departure we were ready to go.

Even with all the work we were doing, the girls schedule held ensuring that we all had smiles in the morning while doing breakfast.

Life is good!

The drive down to the second show was a real adventure. Melinda and Hailey were on the trip so it was a fun drive for a change.

"Missy organized" Melinda, made sure that everything that went into the trailer was in the database so for part of the week before we had stripped out the whole thing and repacked ensuring that Mel noted everything that went in as well as where in the trailer we put it. She even had us list things like rubber bands and paper clips.

Thankfully she didn't make us count them, and I know better to ask her how many there are, even in jest, though based on the number of boxes on hand she could probably give a fairly accurate rough number. I'm sure this organization shit is going to drive me bananas, but it's a good thing going on, and she's getting a good education from it.

So we had a little free time before we had to take off for LA again. Everything was done, ready, and loaded into the truck and trailer in such a way that

it was organized to a gnat's ass. The truck had even been fueled up, hooked up and sat with the keys in the ignition, ready to fly.

I'm not sure I can deal with being this organized. I've always flown by the seat of my pants and have never had a crash landing so it just seems like more work than it's worth. As much as I can whine about that aspect, the bottom line is that it provides Mel with experiences that will serve her well in the future, so in that respect, it's worth all the work, trouble, and money! I do like having an adequate inventory of finished garments and blanks.

I can now tell, without guessing, what needs to be made up or ordered and after the volume we did at the last show, ordering is now very important because we have to control vendors now instead of just ourselves. That's a nice feature, but we have to plan properly because if one of the vendors has a problem, it becomes our problem as well.

Mel is automating things a bit more than I'd ever contemplated, but it doesn't prevent me from doing my artistic thing, so as long as it doesn't infringe on my art and it provides aforementioned experiences for the girls, I'm good with it. Remember, I really don't need the money.

We took off about 4am with the expectations of checking in to the hotel before 2pm. With a little luck we'd be able to drop the trailer at the show site, park the truck and walk over to the hotel.

I have a habit of choosing hotels within walking distance of the shows. I had my applications submitted plenty in advance, knew I'd be there for the show and it is just more convenient to be able to walk every day rather than have to figure out how to drive around in areas that I'm both unfamiliar with and usually have insane traffic, not to mention parking. I'd also have to rent a car because once the truck is parked it's parked for the duration. Not only that, it's a bit large to be flitting around town.

Since Hailey has her driver's license I let her do about 20 min. of driving. Believe me, it was straight, level, and virtually no traffic.

I don't think the license covers a 2.5-ton diesel truck pulling a 35' fully loaded, ground level box trailer. Somehow I think the highway patrol would frown on that. Actually, since I had to get my CDL to be able haul, I know the CHP would frown.

She was appropriately awed by the experience though, and I did have to gag Mel somewhat, but she did a very competent job. I was impressed!

Mel just couldn't help being the consummate distraction which Hailey really didn't need so when I told Mel that she wasn't being fair to Hailey she quieted down and when Hail was finished with her "stint" behind the wheel Mel gave her a very genuine apology.

Mel would have her license soon so the shoe could be on the other foot. I can't believe she didn't get her license two years ago when she was eligible, but she said she couldn't afford a car or insurance so never bothered.

She didn't have that problem anymore.

Moving further down the road I had to stop the girls from their "play" on a couple occasions because it was too distracting - do I sense a trend here? A blow job behind the wheel wasn't a real safe way to be traveling, and we'd have nearly two weeks ahead to play all kinds of games with the hopes that Jessi would join us a few times. Sandy was also scheduled for a special evening, so besides working long hours every day, we had a pretty full schedule of play on tap as well.

We arrived pretty much on schedule, a little early, which was nice, checked into the hotel, another Marriott high-rise, and found our suites to be very nice!

Mel volunteered to unpack and make the room "livable" while Hailey and I went to see about finding our booth assignment and dropping off the trailer.

While we unloaded our baggage, Mel tipped the bellhop very nicely with a smile. I gave big thumbs up and a wide smile letting her know that I noticed and acknowledged that she had learned that "lesson" at the

previous show. She also went to the front desk and took care of our check in using her credit card to secure the "financing."

I had opened a special account and given both girls a card to use for just this kind of occasion. I didn't even have to say anything about "abusing the privilege". They took it very seriously, kept all the receipts so we could determine if it was a tax-deductible item - like the rooms - and never frivolously spent any funds from the account without first asking if it was okay. Because of that, I can't think of any time their special requests were denied. Responsible actions deserved to be rewarded with positive reinforcement.

Being Wednesday afternoon we were the first check in at the show headquarters so we had the "pick of the litter". Not knowing the layout of the venue, I just asked the site coordinator which sites were the most lucrative last show. Without hesitation he pointed out three sites which did exceptional business last year so I picked the one I thought would work the best, paid my fees in full rather than by the day as some vendors do and noted that Hail and I had plenty of time to place the trailer, park the truck and familiarize ourselves with the neighborhood.

I liked this premium assignment deal. We had received our site assignment at the previous venue, but upon arrival here, asked about and received a truly primo prime booth.

It took us no time at all to get the trailer situated where it would work the best. Once chocked and dropped I motored on to find an absolutely primo parking spot to put the truck before returning to the booth to find Hailey. Location for the truck was important because when the show was over I wanted to be able to just move the truck in, hook up and drive out. It would be the day after activities were all over, but there were many vendors that would be doing their packing up and dismantling since they had all day. If I wanted to get us out in a reasonable time we had to be staged and ready. We'd pack 99.9% of our stuff before we left Sunday night, so it was just a matter of a quick finish and awaaaay we go.

By the time I got back to the trailer Hailey had

already unpacked the EZ-ups, deployed 2 of the 4 and had a bunch of the tables already set up. I was amazed because the EZ-up's are easy to put up, but to do it alone is a royal pain in the ass. She didn't tell me until later that she just wiggled that gorgeous ass of hers and help was given, though she said she had to mop up the drool when the guys left.

"I'm sure they were a bit disappointed that I was 'taken' but they cheerfully helped me out. I told them to come back tomorrow and I'd give them a free shirt."

Ahhh, some things never change. Thank God!

"That's good thinking Hail, labor for a shirt. Not a bad trade," I noted with a grin.

I helped her deploy the remaining coverings, though being inside we didn't really need them, it was just habit, but it also delineated our spaces, displayed our logos and gave us a place to hang things easily. The tables placed and a couple of the rollaround cabinets moved and deployed it was beginning to look like a show station already.

After unpacking, hanging and stashing all of our clothes, Mel set about finding appropriate eateries in the area. We were still in LA, but it was about 50 miles from her "home turf" and she wasn't all that familiar with local restaurants.

Mel is a very resourceful woman. She made a couple phone calls, one to Cousin Jon I'm sure, and in about 15 minutes had a list of places and downloaded menus. She had already selected tonight's venue for us, and when she was done with that decided to see if she could find Hail and me to help out if needed.

Hailey and I had just sat down to rest for a minute, suck up a Gatorade or two and let the sweat dry a little. Of course as soon as we got our asses in the chairs, Mel showed up to give us a ration of shit for sitting around while she found something to drink and joined us. She could tell we'd been working by the progress made on the booth, but that didn't preclude an ample portion directed at us. She sat down with a huge grin and looked at both of us.

She scrunched up her nose and chuckled. "You both

need a shower. You stink!"

I gave her an incredulous look while Hailey let her know that she was number one.

Mel laughed loudly, but let us know that everything in the room was ready for us to take said showers, and that when we were clean we could head out for supper.

It was only 15 minutes until we had to vacate for the day so the organizers could lock up the hall, so we just set the chairs back at the trailer and started wandering back to the hotel. Hailey asked Mel about the eats and if we'd see Sandy.

Mel said that tonight's restaurant was close so that we could walk. She'd tried to call Sandy to let her know we were here, but only got her machine so she left her a message.

We got to the rooms and Hail and I headed off to the showers while Mel just putzed around waiting. She took her shower before she came down, so she was ready to go.

The phone rang so Mel went over to pick it up expecting to hear Sandy's voice, but was surprised.

"Hey Jessi, how'd you know where to find us?"

"Mel, it's the only big hotel within walking distance of the hall and Bobby always tries to walk," she heard Jessi chuckle on the other end of the line.

"Ohhh yeah, I guess you're right, what's up? When are you coming out?"

"Well," Jessi hedged, "I thought I'd come over this evening if you guys are going to be around."

"We're getting ready to head on out for eats Jess, you want to join us?" Mel asked hopefully.

"Sure that would be cool. Where are you going to be? What time?"

"We're going Mexican at 'El Mercado Grande'. You

know where it is?" asked Mel.

"Yeah. I always thought it was pretty goofy to name a restaurant 'The Big Market', but it's great food, so I'll meet you there."

"Very cool Jessi, we'll see you there."

"Mel, I missed. I know it's only been a few weeks, but I think I'm going to kill a rabbit."

"You're kidding," she squealed into the phone. "Are you sure?"

"Well I'm sure I missed my period, yeah. I'm like clockwork, so it's pretty sure and I turned the test strip blue, so..."

"Damn Jessi, that's far fucking out! I can't wait to..."

"Don't say anything Mel," Jess implored. "Please?"

"No? Okay..."

"I want it to be a surprise, and since it's not showing yet."

"I understand... "

"Is anyone in there with you?"

"Nope. It's you and me. Hail can wait too. We'll be at Mercado in probably an hour or less, but you know us, we'll be there for a while."

"Okay, I'll see you there, Mel. Seeyabye!"

"Yeah, Okbye!"

Mel was beside herself with the call and she couldn't say anything to anybody. Well at least it wouldn't be days. Jessi was going to join them at the restaurant.

She had a test strip to show everyone. This was going to be great.

In the meantime, Hailey and me were grab assing in the shower, and Mel heard the familiar sound of Hailey in orgasm, so she knew what was going on. She just smiled, sat in the big chair and turned on the boob-toob.

Twenty-five minutes later both of us came into the room dressed and ready to go. Both looked very relaxed and very happy. Hailey had that "well fucked woman" look about her.

She sheepishly looked at Mel, but noticed there was something there.

"What?" Hailey asked suspiciously.

"Nothing, let's just go. I'm starved."

"Yeah me too," I said quickly. "Let's get outta Dodge and get some vittles."

Hailey looked at Mel again. She knew there was something going on, but wasn't going to make an issue of it. If Mel wanted her to know, she'd say something and knew she'd find out sooner or later anyway. Mel just gave her a sly smile, a wink, and an almost imperceptible nod.

Okay. Hailey knew something was up, but from Mel's look, she knew to keep quiet.

Of course, me, being a guy, I was totally oblivious. Me hungry, me want food, me have good women...

When we got to El Mercado restaurant, Mel made sure we got a far booth, and somehow manipulated things so that Hailey and I had to sit with our backs to the door. That's not something I'll usually do. I don't like having my back to the door - it's an old habit.

With our drink orders made, and menu's in our hands, we just took our time talking, and laughing. Hailey was watching Mel like a hawk to see if there were any clues as to what was going on. She knew it was something that I wasn't supposed to know about, but it was beginning to drive her crazy.

There were no clues. She didn't even blink or look towards the door when Jessi walked in, ordered her drink and let them know she'd be joining our group. She looked very nervous, but very happy. There was a glow around her.

With her drink in hand and walking towards our booth, it was all Mel could do to contain herself and not blow it. Jess just kind of quietly approached behind me while Mel just nonchalantly engaged us in conversation. She had put herself in the corner of the booth so that to listen and make eye contact with her we would have to look away from the isle so when Jess was finally there we were none the wiser.

I had this sixth sense that someone was watching us, but Mel had me so engrossed I let it pass on through my psyche. Bad spy. Very bad spy! Good thing this wasn't a mission! But if it had been a mission, I wouldn't have my back to the door and my senses would be heightened to a fine razors edge. I certainly wouldn't have been distracted by any conversation.

Suddenly, without any indication from Mel, I heard whispered very quietly in my ear, "I love you Bobby."

Startled, I jerked around almost knocking the poor girl over before my brain registered the words my ear had heard. Mel just squealed with joy and Hailey looked up and began a less enthusiastic squeal, but it was obvious both ladies were very happy to see Jessi.

I stood up to hug her and give her a kiss since it had been, what, over 3 weeks since I'd seen her. As I stood up, Mel gestured to Hailey to move over to sit next to her so that Jess could sit with me.

Hail gave her a strange look while she began to move, then her eyes got as big as saucers and she started squealing a bit more; she had figured out what was going on, but Mel quashed it quickly to not give anything away.

When Jessica sat down and looked at Hailey directly, her eyes told Hail all she needed to know. She was just gushing, she was so excited. I'd finally noticed something was going on, though the reality really didn't occur to me.

There were hellos, and hand squeezing and kisses across the table all around. So when Jess sat back with her drink and the conversation started again, it was as though nothing had happened except that Jessi had joined us for our first night out.

I looked at her and asked, "Are you planning on staying with us tonight?"

Then quickly added, "I got us all a 2 bedroom suite this time so there are privacy walls and doors. I was hoping that we'd see you and wanted to be prepared."

"Really Bobby, you hoped to see me?" now it was Jessi's turn to gush.

The other two girls just smiled widely and squirmed in their seats in anticipation. I was still clueless, but hey I'm a guy.

"Well if you guys don't mind, I'd hoped to spend the whole show with all of you," said Jess looking at each of us hopefully. "I promise not to cramp your style, and I'd like to join everyone some nights if I can."

I was thrilled. I remembered Jessica's passion and would very much look forward to that. Little did I know how passionate this young woman could be.

Still absolutely clueless, I watched as Jessi pulled a small cardboard "stick" from her purse and a small patch that had colors and writing on it. She set them down, side-by-side, between us but closer to me than to her then with sparkling eyes looked at me.

Well clueless Bob looked at the stick, which was bluish in color at one end, then looked at the white cardboard piece with the colors on it. There was a redish patch that said "Negative" next to it, and a blueish patch that said "Positive" next to it. The blues matched up pretty well, so I looked up at her with a smile, still clueless of course.

"Well? What do you think?" She asked nervously, not being able to read my face worrying that I wasn't happy because I hadn't made any acknowledgment that I knew what I was looking at.

"Well," I said hesitantly, "Whatever it is, looks like it has a positive result."

Mel moaned almost imperceptibly, Hailey had a shocked look on her face as she shook her head with almost no movement. I looked at them with wonder on my face.

Then I looked at Jessi, who still had a very nervous smile on her face. I guess she was just going to wait for me to figure it out, but that didn't take long really. I mean, I may be thick but I'm not totally stupid.

I looked down at the strip with the blue end, and the "translation sheet" that said blue was "Positive", and the light bulb finally went on.

My eyes must have just about bugged out of my head and my smile was all the reassurance Jessi needed. She began to squeal and laugh as we hugged each other tightly... Well, as tightly as one can hug in a small restaurant booth.

The commotion had gained the attention of the other patrons and the staff of the eatery. It was apparent someone was very happy in that back booth.

When Jessi and I broke our kiss, I asked with a slight warble, "We're going to have a baby?"

Jessi just nodded her head, and whispered, "If this test is accurate, yes. I have an appointment with the doctor in 3 weeks. By that time I'll have missed 2 periods, and will have done this test a couple more times, but the only way to tell for sure is to 'kill the rabbit'."

"Then we'll know for sure?" I asked.

She nodded her head. Then shyly looking down for a moment then raising her eyes to look at me asked, "Are you really happy, Bobby?"

I stuttered at her, "J-j-ess... I... I'mmm... Shit. I'm fucking ecstatic! Pinch me, is this a dream?"

Jessi reached down and pinched me on the chest.

"Owwww."

She chuckled, "You're not dreaming stud. You knocked me up. I was so afraid you wouldn't be happy, but seeing your reaction, Bobby, I am soooooo happy. I can't describe it."

About that time our waitress made an appearance to ask us if we were ready to order.

I looked up at her and said, "We're going to have a baby."

In a sarcastic tone, she came back with, "All of you?"

Hearing her tone, I looked at her, gave her a patented fuck you smile and said quietly, "Yes, all of us." Which put her back on her heels immediately then I finished, "We'll have four salad bars please."

She looked at us kind of shocked, so I added, "I think we were going to order more," then with a wry smile, "but we'll just have the sarcastic salad and move along."

She suddenly realized that she'd made a gigantic error in judgment and started to get all apologetic, but was cut off by Mel, who after getting her attention, shrugged her shoulders and said, "To late."

So we stayed for about 3 hours, laughing, carousing and generally being loud. I think each of us went to the salad bar, which was excellent by the way, at least 4 times and came back with a heaping plate or two.

The manager came over a couple times to ask if everything was okay, the first time with the waitress at his side. I looked at him, and I looked at her and rather than shit on her just told him everything was great and gave him a good compliment on his salad bar.

She almost collapsed she was so relieved, and after he had walked away, looked at all of us and said quietly, "Thank you. I'm really sorry I said that to you the way I did. It was totally inappropriate and I feel absolutely horrible."

Hailey looked at her sympathetically, and told her that we were here for the craft festival and we'd probably come back another night.

Hailey finished, "You're right, it was totally inappropriate, but you seem honestly contrite, and we have certainly forgiven worse. Shit, we've done worse," looking at her with a grin.

"Thank you folks, I truly am sorry. Is there anything else I can get for you?"

I looked up at her, "Nope. I think we're good. If you could just bring us the bill, we'll finish up."

She smiled and pulled the tag out of her apron, and handed it to me. I looked at it quickly, and looked up at her with a questioning look.

"You really don't have to do this," I said to her softly.

"Yes I do. I feel horrible, and..."

"Okay... Thank you very much," looking at her nametag finished, "Fran, we appreciate it."

She smiled and walked away to finish whatever it is that she needed to do in preparation for close.

I looked at the girls and shook my head, and it was Mel that voiced it, "What?"

I showed the bill to her and her jaw dropped. There were 4 salad bars and a big N/C on the bill. We weren't even being charged for our drinks. She was going to have to pay it out of her tips and or salary.

I looked at each of the young ladies at the table and kind of hung my head a little. They were closely watching what I was going to do. I reached for my wallet and pulled out a \$100 bill, put it on top of the bill eliciting nods and smiles from the ladies. We slowly walked out with smiles on our faces.

As I held the door for the women that were with me, I heard a loud gasp and a short "Oh my god."

I looked up to see Fran with the bill and money in

her hand. Even at this distance I could see that when she looked up there were tears in her eyes. When our eyes met, I gave her a nod and a warm smile then turned to join my girls.

We were all in a pretty jovial mood as we made our way back to the hotel. Jessi's announcement raised everyone's spirits and Hailey and Mel were all over her with questions.

Back in the room it was obviously going to be clothing optional. When we walked through the door, I was following the girls and I could see clothing flying through the air before I even got the door closed. It's a good thing we were alone on this floor so far or someone could have received quite a free show.

As the girls got into their birthday suits, they all turned on me with mischievous looks on their faces, so I knew I was in some kind of trouble.

Oh, hurt me hurt me.

Each took an article of clothing and peeled it off of me throwing it to the floor to join the rest. I suppose by unspoken agreement Jessi was on her knees in front of me with the task of dropping my shorts to the floor.

Succeeding in her mission, she took my growing member in her hands and looking at both of her sisters then at me, licked it tenderly up and down causing me to moan quietly. Hail and Mel stood at either side of me with their arms wrapped around mine, both caressing my chest, while Jess concentrated on my hardening penis.

It had been a long day, starting about 3am, so nobody was ultra energetic, but all three of the girls wanted to play for a time.

Holding my cock in her hand, Jessi stood up and in concert with the other two led the lamb to the slaughter.

Gently pushing me onto the bed, they took up

similar positions to that which they had standing. It was obvious Jessi had been assigned to my penis, while the other two were carrying out their assigned tasks caressing the rest of my body, kissing, licking, nibbling and biting.

As Jess was licking and sucking on my stiff cock I could feel a slight bubbling in my balls giving me advanced warning of an impending release, which I dutifully passed along, to my attackers. With renewed vigor Jess prepared for the spurts of liquid she knew were about to shoot into her mouth.

With a heavy moan my release came quickly and Jess sucked in earnest not losing one drop, and once I was finished, she lovingly cleaned up any mess left behind before slowly licking and kissing her way up to where her sisters were operating.

She leaned down and kissed me very tenderly letting her tongue begin the game of tag, which I promptly joined. While she was doing her best to lick my tonsils, her pussy started rubbing on my semi-flaccid member bringing it to some level of attention once again.

She looked lovingly into my eyes while continuing to rub herself against me bringing me to full mast once again. With an evil smile, she maneuvered her soaking nether land so that I could enter her gently. As my cock entered her incredibly tight vagina she let out a fairly loud moan, which got the other's attention both smiling widely at the two of us.

Hailey moved around so that both she and Mel could spoon together and watch the activity that was going on right next to them.

With a smile Jessi whispered, "Show our baby who her daddy is, Honey. Bury that thing in me so that she can see it."

"So it's a girl?" I said with widening eyes.

"Yes it is. I just feel it. I already know what I'm going to name her, but I'm not telling anyone until the day she's born."

"You mean, I don't get any say in naming her?"

"You don't need any, Bobby. You'll approve. I don't have any worry about that."

So as we undulated together I rubbed her little nubbin with my pubic bone causing her to suddenly get stiff and start shaking. She let out a quiet scream that sounded more like a squeak getting Hailey and Mel's attention.

Even having come a few minutes before, when her muscles began their milking action on their intruder, the intruder spit at them and shrank to make a slow exit.

We didn't have to worry about birth control this trip, that's for certain.

The four of us snuggled closely as I reached up to hit the light switch making the whole room dark. Settling in comfortably it wasn't long before the only sound in the room was the steady breathing of sleep.

Tomorrow is another day.

In the morning, when we finally got ourselves untangled, showered and fed, Hailey and I headed over to the show site so we could finish up the last minute customs we had left to do.

There weren't many and in short order we had the system working so the 300 shirts and 50 skivvies we were screening for one client, and the 120 shirts for another were soon inked, dried, folded and in the boxes for delivery on Saturday morning. Hailey and I made a good team. We were both on the same page, the identical wavelength so if I needed something she was there with it before I asked, and if she needed help with something I was there for her.

We had everything done and ready for Mel and Jess to start laying things out in the morning, so I cleaned up the last bit of inks and screens in readiness to go back to the room for some dinner planning.

Hailey disappeared into the trailer and I heard her

rummaging around moving some things, so I went in to see if I could render any assistance.

When I finally found her in the back end of the "boat" she had moved a couple of the cabinets strategically and laid out some large pillow/futon thingies that I had in the upper section in case I needed a place to lay my head while on the road without an acceptable room nearby.

It looked a bit suspicious to me, but being a guy, I continued blindly into the web.

Now, I have to tell you that Hail was dressed for a show. Tight short shorts that barely covered her gorgeous ass and if you looked close enough you could see that beautiful pussy pressed against the crotch of the pants. She had on a very short, tight, halter-top that was tied in the center of her chest and as usual was wearing flip-flops on her feet.

When she finally noticed that I was there she stood up and smiled brightly saying, "I think it's ready Bobby", then walking slowly towards me, "Let's christen this showplace properly."

When she was directly in front of me, she put her arms around my neck and pulled me towards her putting her lips against mine softly, slipping her tongue into my mouth for me to suck on vigorously. Pressing her wonderful body against mine I could feel her rock hard nipples against my chest and she was grinding her lower extremities into my hardening member.

"Hailey", I whispered breaking our kiss temporarily, "Just what is it you have in mind?"

As if I didn't know.

Giggling softly, she started pulling me towards the makeshift bed she had created on top of some of the cabinets. "What I have in mind is for us to christen this showplace properly. Give us the good juju to make a killing and be nearly out of stock by the time we're done".

Her eyes sparkling and laughing she added, "Besides, after watching you and Jessi last night, I'm fucking horny and would love it if you would just stop

the game and fuck me silly".

How could I refuse an invitation like that?

I picked her up and lovingly placed her on her back, dead center on the makeshift cushions, and started to remove those tiny shorts. While I was manipulating the button and zipper to move them to the floor with her panties, she reached over to undo my shorts and they dropped immediately to the floor.

Looking down at her laying waiting for me, I slipped my shirt off, my eyes never leaving hers, I lowered my boxers to stand in front of her naked while she untied and removed the halter that was hiding those magnificent tasty tiny titties.

Her legs just opened for me and she held her arms up calling me into position, which I promptly took, but I couldn't just plow; I needed to play a bit first.

Lowering my head to hers I kissed her while I began to stroke her breasts and nipples gently. She moaned into my mouth as I pressed home my intentions pinching her nipples with a little more force. She loved having her nipples squeezed kind of hard, but most of the time I just couldn't bring myself to hurt her like that, I mean, it did hurt her but that's what she wanted.

Breaking our kiss and rubbing noses we stared into each other's eyes knowingly. I saw hunger, lust, passion and unabashed desire in those beautiful eyes. I started putting little kisses all over her face, eyes, ears, moving down to her neck shoulders and ultimately stopping at her mammary mounds to pay homage.

Her hands moved to the back of my head holding my mouth over her mounds while she wiggled and moaned appreciatively, but after a while it was time to move on, which I did to her audible displeasure.

One hand was manipulating her dripping vulva as my mouth traced a route to the south working her nerve rich soft areas that cover her ovaries and some other of her reproductive facilities. My fingers were soaking with her ample juices, rubbing it all over those tight outer lips that cover her entrance as well

as that little button at the top, which was just showing itself, begging for attention.

My face and tongue moved slowly down her naked mound taking in the fresh aroma of aroused woman. There is nothing better in this world than an aroused woman, and it has to be primal. My tongue found the button begging, and began circling the wagons causing her to moan, gasp and mewl constantly, and then she began purring again. I don't know how these girls did it, but all three of them purred like cats, which was signaling me that I'd found the right place.

I slid my tongue up and down the soaking slit, dipping between the outer labia to stimulate the inner whilst trying to maintain position between her thrusting hips.

Her hand had never left the back of my head and was now pressing my face into her pussy with abandon. One finger found her small entrance and pushed in slowly wiggling and twisting to her ultimate pleasure.

"Oh god, Bobby. I need you now baby. Please, give it to me now," she gasped out as she blasted through her third orgasm.

I looked up at her face, which was looking down at me, and as our eyes met, there was an animal looking at me. I think I now knew how a rabbit feels when it is cornered by a Coyote and has no place to run. She was pulling on my hair with enough pressure that I didn't dare resist for fear of losing a few tufts, but did manage to slow the ascent enough to spend additional time licking, nibbling and nipping at her belly and breasts.

When my face reached hers she mashed her lips against mine forcing her tongue into my mouth succeeding in spreading her essence all over her own face, all the while putting her heels on my ass and pushing my cock into the area where it was designed to fit.

I could feel the warmth and wetness of her slot as the tip of my dick hit the outer lips, which moved aside without hesitation allowing the brainless head to enter its intended cave to unload that supply of semen in the place designated by nature.

As my cock sank into her warm channel, she moaned loudly, and let out a hissing "Yeeeeeeeeeeeeee...I neeeeeeddddeeddd thiiiiissssss". Her hips shot up to meet mine with enough force I thought she was trying to throw me off and hoped I didn't have a bruised pubic area later on. That could definitely put a damper on plans for the next 2 weeks.

You hear described how a woman will ride a man like a cowgirl bouncing up and down in the saddle. That's precisely what I felt like as her hips and pelvis forced the tempo. Every time I thought I had the rhythm she'd switch up on me having an orgasm squeezing on me like an automatic milking machine that wouldn't stop until it got 40 gallons.

I don't know what brought this out in her, but I wasn't going to complain. Hailey and I were so on the same page all the time, it was nice when she got out of our box and let me into hers in this manner.

This whole time her eyes never left mine. Her pupils were so large in dilation that there was nearly no color, only black. She was looking right through me because the only thing she was feeling, her whole world was happening between those luscious legs in that warm tight pussy. There was a constant stream of small moans, and mewling as she went on and on, but was getting to that place where the body was going to betray the mind and give up.

I could sense that time was upon her, so increased my efforts, sliding loudly into and out of her pussy bringing myself to the brink. Feeling her begin a massive explosion, I let go of my offering. She felt me press into her as though I was trying to climb into her body, and when that first jet hit the back of her channel, she let loose with such an intense orgasm, that she bit into my shoulder hard to keep from screaming out loud. We **were** in a public venue after all; she drew blood and left obvious teeth marks.

Her body stiffened up and arched up towards me while she was trying to compliment my efforts to climb into her vagina by pushing against my efforts with intense pressure. But it was the muscles inside of her that were doing the magic.

I'd never felt such a rippling along my cock as at that moment inside Hailey's young pussy. She seemed like her whole body was in a tight cramp, and then suddenly just collapsed with me crushing on top of her until I got control enough to get up on my elbows to allow her breathing.

Her panting continued for quite some time as she tried to recover from the intensity of the experience. I rolled off to the side as much as I could on the makeshift bed, and held her close to let her know I was there for her but also to keep her from falling onto the floor of the trailer.

I reached above my head, grabbed bottled water from the shelf, and unscrewed the top offering her a sip, which she gratefully accepted. When she was done with her intake, I took a quick drink myself.

As she recovered, she rolled over to face me, placing her arms around my neck and kissing me lovingly for a very long time. When she pulled her mouth from mine, there were tears in her eyes.

"Oh fuck Bobby. You've never done that to me before," she said to my quizzical face. "That last orgasm was so intense that I thought I was going to die. I've never felt my muscles do that and to be honest, it scared me a little."

"You know I'm here honey, I wouldn't let you die".

"No. I know, but... "

"Are you okay now sweetie? I hate to be a party pooper, but we've only got about ten minutes before they come to let us know it's lock up time. We need to at least look half way presentable".

She laughed at that, nodded her head and started to move aside to get off the small bed we occupied, but before she got away completely I took hold of her and kissed her again in such a way that she knew how I felt, and as I did, she returned the sentiments in spades.

We both were dressed and at least we thought it was decent when the office manager came through to let us know it was time to vacate. She got a strange look on

her face, and then looking at Hailey, then at me, got a wry smile but kept any comment to herself. I'm sure the place smelled like a brothel, and we didn't present much better.

Little did we know!

Oh well, it is what it is. Did I detect a bit of jealousy in her eyes just before she turned to go? I suppose we'll never know.

We locked up the trailer though left the upper air vents open, and made our way out and back to the room.

I have to say that in thinking back, we did get some fairly strange looks on our short walk. I noticed that Hailey's hair was a bit out-of-place, but nothing to warrant some of the looks.

Oh well...

When we got back to the room, Mel was just climbing out of the hot tub with Jessi. They both looked flushed and relaxed, but from the looks they were giving each other I knew it wasn't only from the time in the hot tub.

When she spotted us, Mel just broke into hysterical laughter, which brought Jessi's attention to bear causing her to begin laughing loudly.

I looked at both with a questioning look, and Mel almost shouted through her guffaws, "You should see yourselves."

I looked at Hailey, and she looked at me wondering what Mel was talking about. I shrugged my shoulders, and asked Hail if she wanted to hit the shower before we decided what to do for dinner.

"Dinner's taken care of, but you need to dress nicely. Not like a "special night", but you can wear a suit and tie if you want."

The way she said it, I knew I'd best plan on wearing a suit. I wondered what the hell was going on, but I knew that Mel and Jess had talked to Jessi's mom today.

We went to the dressers and closets to pull some clean clothes out, both of us shaking our heads. Both Mel and Jessi were still laughing out loud leaving us wondering.

When we got into the shower room and looked at ourselves in the mirrors, we really looked at each other and broke down laughing as well. The two of us were quite a site.

My shirt was buttoned wrong and the zipper on my pants was only about an inch from the bottom, essentially leaving the barn door open and, quite obviously, no skivvies underneath. My hair looked like it had been blow-dried with mousse in a random spiky, kind of like the style was a few years ago.

Hailey's hair wasn't much better, flying all over the place, her shirt was tied but not tightly enough to hold her small breasts in check that well and her shorts were somehow crooked.

We both looked like a pair of well-fucked humans that had been interrupted by an angry spouse and dressed in a flash, on the run.

Stripping our clothes off and dragging ourselves into the shower we had to laugh at each other. Both Mel and Jessi soon joined us as we all soaped each other and had a general game of "grab ass".

It was Mel, of course, that broached the subject, "Did you have a good time with your setup duties?" She had a big grin on her face.

"Actually yes", Hailey answered her with some mock indignation in her voice, "We got things ready for you to start laying things out in the morning."

"Looks to me like that's not the only thing laid out in the trailer", to which Hailey stuck out her tongue at her.

In unison, "Careful. He'll give you something to do with that".

Hailey dropped to her knees and proceeded to give me a blowjob that couldn't be beat.

After I blew my load into her waiting mouth, she stood up licking her lips and said with a grin, "Okay".

"Hey, you're going to use him up before bedtime," she said in a mocking whine and a growing smile.

"I'm sure you'll get your turn Melinda," she said smugly with a tone that was just as mocking as Mel's had been. It was game on and they were having some fun.

By this time we were all out, dry and moving toward getting into our clothes so we could head on down the road.

"Oh by the way, we're meeting Jessi's mom at the restaurant this evening. She wants to meet this mystery man that knocked up her daughter," Mel said with a chuckle.

"Is that the reason for me having to wear a suit?"

"Yes it is. We thought it would be nice to have a good first impression," Mel chided.

"Well, considering..." from Jessica.

"Considering what?" I asked indignantly.

"Considering you stuck it to her daughter, knocked her up, and we're not getting married," Jessi cackled out.

"I tried to tell her daughter that what she wanted to do wasn't a real good idea, especially since she wasn't doing anything about birth control. But noooooooo. Knowing she was fertile, she let that cock spray a gallon in her, numerous times. That poor little egg didn't stand a prayer of a chance."

Hailey and Mel were laughing by now, and Jess just stuck her tongue out at me. Then her eyes got big, and said to me, "later."

By then we were all laughing heartily, but nearly ready to head out to the restaurant.

"I'll hold you to that young lady," I chided!

I opened the door and shooed the women folk out

into the hall as I closed the door behind me.

Jessi placed her arm in mine on one side, Mel on the other and we followed Hailey toward the elevator.

This could be an interesting evening!