

## **Chapter 6 - Day 2, Getting ready for the Show**

We ended up taking a lengthy shower, which consisted of general washing as well as some shenanigans and grab assing. Hey, she's a "kid", yeah right! Uh huh, like I didn't instigate any myself!

We had a quick bite of breakfast in the restaurant downstairs and split up to do what we needed to do for the day.

I will have to say that she was a real trooper. As sore as she is there was no indication, at least to me, that she was uncomfortable at all. She wore a really nice long madras wraparound skirt with a complimentary modified halter tied shirt. She looked really good. I couldn't wait to maybe seeing those clothes on the floor this evening.

Men are pigs!

There were a lot of things we could do without intercourse.

As for me, I took the short walk over to the show headquarters and signed in. I received my space assignment, which was an upgrade for me because I was early, and there had been a cancellation, so the site was going to be prime.

What a coup. With that assignment, I would be eligible for prime space assignments all this summer, and beyond as long as I continue to attend the shows put on by this promoter.

Not an issue. I'm already signed up for all 5 of their shows for this summer, which will keep me in the LA to Las Vegas area all summer, with a few weeks in between each show that I can use to restock.

I always made good money at these shows, and having a prime spot now, I'd probably nearly double my take. I'm probably going to need all of the girls for all of the shows because it's really going to take two of us to work the manufacturing part while two are up front

selling. Hailey had already expressed a great interest in learning the "how" of the trade, so she was going to be my manufacturing assistant.

Great. That's all I need, more distractions!

I'm betting that Janet will let Melinda stay with me all summer. She does know what's going on and gave her approval separately to each of us in different ways.

Hopefully, I was also going to entertain Janet a few times this summer as well, which is a total shock to Melinda. Knowing that little minx she'll somehow manage to make it a threesome. It certainly wouldn't hurt my feelings, I just want to make sure that I instill in Janet that all guys aren't evil. Some of us enjoy treating a woman right, but again, it's up to the ladies to show us guys the way. Granted, sometimes there is very little to work with, but there are even ladies for those morons.

Having been with Lisa and Marie for the time I was, I learned enough to wing it with Janet. I'll hope that she will take some of the initiative and "teach" me what floats her boat.

If not, I'll just do what works on every other woman I've been with. Either way, it's very important for me to leave Janet with a good feeling for me, and maybe for guys in general. I don't have any misconception she'll stop being gay - that's not my purpose or intention, but I do want her to appreciate me for me.

I'm also fairly confident that Janet will note Melinda's discomfort and they will have a girl-to-girl talk about what we did last night. Hopefully Janet will get a blow-by-blow description.

So with my show assignment in hand, I was given permission to start setting up for the start of the show on Saturday.

It was ok for me. I enjoy having a leisurely set up instead of a panic. It's the real reason I come down early.

I knew Melinda and Hailey would be working with me

on every one of the shows this summer, Jessica too if available, so I would have some consistency and not have to do retraining for every show. I had no idea that the two girls would end up staying with me, literally, all summer. And beyond.

Men may be pigs, but I was a pig in shit!

I do custom silk-screening on shirts and other garments based on a book of plates. If someone needs a design I don't already have made up, but have the screen, I try to make it up during that day so the customer can return later in the day for a pickup, but it depends on the complexity. They also have to be willing to pay for a 20-shirt minimum run. If not, I'd be happy to take the order and when we get home do a run and send it to them in the mail. Oh and I don't charge postage on single items.

I also have thousands of shirts that are already "in the can" for people to choose from. A majority of our sales are the "in the can" stuff, but I still have to turn them out during the day, so I do between 10 and 20 runs a day of 20 to 40 shirts each depending on what we need.

In the prime spots I'll have this summer and beyond, it will be really nice to have Hailey to help with the press and the dye runs.

I also do a line of women's panties with some standard designs like a cherry or something naughty, like an arrow pointing down, little sayings like "In here stupid", "Remove before using contents", "Discard before entering", "Potential swampland", or "this way" as well as many others. The girls usually give me the best ideas, and I just make the screen and run with it!

I've always tried to have young women working the booth. They always model the shirts and tanks etc., but can't model the skivvies, though I'm sure there are a lot of "dirty old men" in the crowd that would love to see my sweet young things in skimpy skivvies.

Guilty! But I **DO** get to see them in their skimpy skivvies!

My biggest margin is on the skivvies and there are some shows that the skivvies are a big seller as well.

These next 5 shows in the LA area will probably move 5x the skivvies as shirts so I've spent the last couple months turning out thousands of pairs of each design.

The girls have me talked into working up a line of skimpy bikinis for these areas shows. Here in LA the skimpier the better would probably be the rule, but the girls may have to take a run over to Venice Beach to set up a small wagon to market them right there on the street. Maybe hang out for a couple days after the next show or more likely the 3rd show. I'm still working on identifying a supplier, but Mel is already kicking ass on that front. They'll be one hundred percent cotton, band-aid bikinis.

I could handle hanging out at Venice Beach with Mel and Hailey for a few days. I feel so at home with those people it's hilarious. Sometimes my friend Sandy comes down and sits with me when I hang out.

I offered to pay Melinda more than my usual minimum wage rate because I know her, she's a "family friend", and I have no doubt in my mind that she will increase sales by 20% to 30% just because she's flirty and beautiful. I don't even need to suggest to her that she wear some "skimpy" clothes.

Sexist? Me? You bet your ass! Whatever sells shirts, pants, and underwear!

The girls will need to approve of anything suggested or provided, so it's really up to them. I do provide their clothes for the show.

So after parking my trailer and truck in the assigned locations, I started by setting out my shelters with their weighted ties and moved out some of the tables so that I could get to the spider and begin to set up for the manufacturing that I'm going to need to do prior to the opening of the show.

They're custom orders that clients will pick up prior to the start of the show so they can pass them around to their booth monkeys. Some of the clients order a few hundred, and I have a couple clients that order up a few thousand each so they can give them away to their prospective clients. They're discounted, but I still make a great margin on the custom stuff.

Most of those specials are done in the shop at home, but there are a few stragglers that I need to work up when I get to a show. Screens are here so it's just a matter of setting up the press and printing them.

I keep close to 500 screens already made up so if someone wants a specific design on a specific color and needs 4 color resolution and is willing to pay for a 20 shirt run I can generally bat it out in less than 2 hours if there are no jobs backed up. Twenty is a minimum order for the custom work. For this show I already had some preorders for some big bucks clients, and I'd be working on them tomorrow with Melinda's help. Some were 25 or 30 a day so I could spread it out if I needed to. I didn't like to do that though. If I've got the press set up for the design I'd just as soon print them all at one stretch. Cleaning up and resetting the press isn't difficult, but it's a pain in the ass if you have to do it for stupid reasons. Short printing an order if everything is in place is a stupid reason.

The \$100 a day I pay her is usually way less than 1% of my daily sales, so she's a bargain, and she doesn't know it yet, but I'm going to give her a bonus at the end of the 5 shows which will probably be well over \$10,000.00. Add that to the \$1000 she'll get for most of the shows, and she's going to make a good income for a sixteen-year-old girl to earn for a couple months work.

I'm sure she could make a lot more selling her ass, but that's not an option for her. She's too clean and sweet. She may have some fun kinks one on one, but she pretty much walks the straight and narrow.

She's really a good kid and having watched her grow up it's not surprising that I'm head over heels for her. That night on the beach that she calls our first date, I noticed she had an incredible head on her shoulders. If there's one thing that I can fault Janet for it's holding Mel back when the school system wanted to advance her. She was far ahead of her peers in school and Janet deprived her of the opportunity to excel.

I'm what they call "extremely gifted" but I also have ADD. I was so bored in school it's surprising that I graduated at all. I rarely did any homework,

but essentially aced the tests. I did nothing but doodle in class. I was very capable of doing college level work at age 12. Let's just say I wasn't given the opportunity and leave it at that. No use beating a dead horse, or a drunken abusive mother for that matter.

I'm sure Mel is totally bored to tears in school and I think Janet has done her a great disservice by not allowing her to advance. Being advanced provides opportunities, and for good students, that's exactly what they need, for excellent students like Mel it finally provides them with a challenge, which is sorely missing in "standard education".

I know from conversations that Hailey was advanced and because of that is already looking to start her junior year of college at eighteen, and she's got 4 challenges scheduled so there is a possibility that she could graduate college just after her nineteenth birthday.

But to get back on track, the money I will be paying the girls will not break the bank, even if we did zero sales, and I can assure you, that ain't likely. With two or three knockout foxes in skimpy "uniforms", I expect there will be a crowd around our booth all day every day especially once word of mouth points in our direction. Like I say, it may challenge my ability to keep up with the manufacturing.

And now there's the prospect of Hailey joining us for the entire run of shows, which means my sales overhead will increase, but like Mel, Hailey should draw in customers like flies, so between the two girls, the sales numbers might be off the charts. Plus Hailey wants to "learn the business", so while she's in back with me, Jessi can help Mel while she is here. Jessi wasn't as sure a thing as Mel and Hailey, so I could count on having at least two knockouts for the whole show, and perhaps three on some days.

Combined with the prime booth, I think this show is going to be a kick in the ass! I may need to order some blank stock and hope we can keep up with the demand. I've got a ton of finished stuff, but one never knows. Between the shows we're going to be humping on the manufacturing to crank out enough stock to have ready for the next show.

I can farm out some of the more mundane printing to a couple shops that have done high quality work for me in the past. They can crank out a few thousand shirts a day without breaking a sweat, and you really can't tell they weren't done by hand on my press. I always supply the stock, the inks and the screens so everything is consistent. It also costs less overall.

I also bought some special screens that are made for their machines. When they see me coming they see dollar signs because my orders are usually pretty large. There will be more on that entire subject later as Mel "takes over".

I can place the orders from here and have them shipped to the shop/house. I can also have them on an overnight delivery to the show site if I ran short of blanks to work with here.

I have great suppliers, and they bend over backwards for me because I pay cash. I don't believe in the Net 30 that gets paid eventually. I don't want that hanging over my head, so when I make an order it's always paid in full up front. A few of them don't even demand the 25% up front deposit anymore because they know as soon as I receive the goods I'll cut them a check for 100% of the invoice.

If there is a shortage of stock at the supplier or any question about who gets the shipment first, it's usually me. I've known them to short ship other larger orders so they can fill mine completely. Some of the larger orders are the kinds that accept Net30 terms and pay around Net90, so the supplier is floating them 60 days, and to me that is one hundred percent unethical. Pay as agreed or don't whine when your orders aren't shipped complete and the additional shipping costs eat into your margins. It's Karma folks, plain and simple Karma.

Along about 1:30 or 2 in the afternoon, I was pretty much set up for tomorrow's mega runs. I heard some giggling on the approach that I tried to ignore because I still had a little work to do. It continued, but it didn't "show itself". I just figure it's some local kids having some fun getting set up for their jobs at the show.

Thankfully my setup is indoors so I don't have to put everything away each evening after the show closes at 6 during the week and 10pm on Friday and Saturday night. Sunday's an early close because we all have to get packed up and out of there. With Melinda's help I figured it'd take about 6 hours to tear down and re-pack the trailer, but now with the promise of Hailey it'll take even less time.

Checkout at the hotel is Monday about noon, so we have time and then there's no rush. We can all get some rest, yeah right, before deciding what to do in the 4 weeks before the next show. I'll be early for that one as well.

I'm likin' this prime spot stuff already!

I finally finished my initial preps, signs out, lists, design books, and tables. Only thing left is putting the stock out on the tables, and Melinda would be doing that while I was working the special orders tomorrow.

Speaking of Melinda, I'd halfway expected her to put in an appearance during the day. She must have found something interesting to do. I'm sure she'll be around a bit later. I hope her pussy isn't hurting her too much. There's no way we're going for a repeat tonight. She'll need a couple days to rest.

Shit, me too!

While I was locking up the trailer and getting ready to make my way down to the beach or back to the room, I was rudely, yeah right, accosted high and low. I had one set of arms around my shoulders and one set of arms around my waist and from what I could gather from fragrance one set belonged to Melinda. The second set at this juncture was an unknown, but I'll admit to having my suspicions.

As grips loosened, and giggles subsided a little I was able to turn around to investigate my attackers. I guess I should say here that it was only with great restraint that former training didn't come into play. I could have seriously hurt my attackers, but this wasn't the kind of "venue" that would require that reflexive response so it was thankfully held in check.



One was indeed my love Melinda; the other was a most beautiful blonde girl a bit taller than Mel.

I started at the top taking in the beautiful mane of wavy blonde hair falling off of her shoulders down the middle of her back. The blonde hair was framing two incredibly bright blue eyes that were presently displaying a lot of nervousness, though sparkling like stars in the dark night sky, so I needed to set her at ease quickly. She had a captivating beautiful smile and a small-jeweled stud in her nose.

Visually moving down, I detected smallish, maybe B cup breasts under a fairly loose fitting ladies tank top which was short enough that her pierced belly button was visible above a pair of some of the shortest denim shorts I have ever seen.

If her mound wasn't shaved, she hadn't grown hair yet because those shorts barely hid the top of her mons. She had beautifully long tan legs that were sure to make a perfect ass of themselves.

I looked back at her eyes noting the nervousness was still plainly visible.

Melinda finally spoke up to make formal introductions, but from everything I'd heard already, I already knew that this was Hailey.

She was certainly everything Melinda had said. She was an incredibly beautiful young woman.

Looking at those shorts I could already feel a twitch in my pants, and hoped it would go unnoticed. No such luck.

"Uncle Bobby, this is my bestest best friend and big sister, Hailey," she said with a giggle.

I looked into Hailey's nervous eyes and gave her a very peaceful smile and as she put out her hand to shake mine, I took hers and not taking my eyes off of hers, turned it up, bowed a bit and kissed her palm, then lowered it back down and released my grip, but she didn't release hers right away.

"Hailey, this is Bobby. I call him Uncle Bobby, but he's not really my uncle. He's the guy I've been

telling you about."

I put out my hand in repeat of our previous touch, but instead of allowing me to bring hers up to my face and put a kiss on it, she brought my hand up and turned my palm to her cheek and very lightly allowed my hand and fingers to caress her left cheek, then letting out a sigh and giving me a big smile, she turned my hand to her lips and kissed my palm.

During this whole time neither of us took our eyes off of the other.

Melinda's eyes were sparkling as they danced between Hailey and me.

"Shit guys, get a fucking room!" she said with a chuckle.

Hailey chuckled at that as well, but I turned my face to look at Melinda saying, "You, young lady, already know that I have a room, and unless I'm mistaken, you seemed to have spent last evening in that room? I can only make that assumption because you were there when I opened my eyes this morning."

I was putting up a grin by this time because Melinda started blushing, and Hailey started to giggle again, pushing Mel's shoulder a little, letting out an "Ummmmmmmmmm" accusatory sound.

"God Mel, is there something you want to tell me?" as they looked at each other trying to hold back their laughter.

I knew that Melinda had probably already told Hailey what had happened, probably in very minute detail, and it really didn't matter to me, except for her willingness to let Hailey keep me if we both decided that was what we wanted to do.

I was already of the mind that if such an emotional attachment should occur, that I would simply ask Hailey to be a share with Melinda instead of Mel's concept of her being allowed to share with Hailey.

Melinda had said that Hailey wouldn't go for that, which was something to think about - lack of flexibility, something I required in any relationship!

But Melinda was certainly honest when she said Hailey was a knockout. She is a number one knockout, no arguments about that.

I could see that Hailey was giving me sideways glances checking me out, but I was a bit more disciplined and just allowed her to look. I'd have my opportunities later.

I was pretty sure that Melinda had already arranged for Hailey to spend the night with me, and perhaps her as well. I'm also sure Hailey understood that Melinda was "out of action" for all intents and purpose for at least tonight, and tomorrow would have to be played by ear.

"Well ladies, I've finished up what I needed to do for the day here at the booth, so I was going to head down to the beach to girl watch or go back to the room and just relax," I said with a huge grin. "Now I don't see the necessity to go girl watching."

Then looking at Mel, "Kitten, you will need to be working tomorrow. Don't worry, you'll get paid extra for the extra time," I said with a smile.

She looked at me and shockingly said, "Uncle Bobby, you don't have to pay me at all for these shows. Just your company is payment enough for me! What you spent on our date last night was probably two or three days pay. If you're going to pay me, I won't turn down the money, but I want you to know up front, that I'm willing to do this for you because you're fun to be around and I love you."

Well, that's a fine how do you do. What a great speech. I just gave her a smile and reiterated that she would not only be paid for the shows, but she would be paid for any extra time she spent working. Anything else was my treat and there was to be no argument!

She kind of hung her head down, and quietly told me, "Ok Bobby. Whatever you want to do, but I just wanted you to know how I felt."

"Thanks, Kitten, I appreciate it! I also appreciate your offer and sentiments."

"Your mother would probably cut my nuts off if you came home with no money in your jeans," I told her laughing!

Hailey just stood there looking between the two of us. Her eyes were now expressing mystery and questioning. I thought Melinda had expressive eyes. Holy shit, Hailey's eyes were like windows into her soul.

"All righty then," I said with a flourish. "Let's stack up these chairs and go up to the room. I need to get cleaned up. We can decide what we're going to do for dinner, entertainment and the rest of the evening."

Looking Hailey right in those beautiful baby blues I asked, "Will you join us this evening Hailey?"

I received an incredible smile from Hailey and both nodded enthusiastically. So we folded up the chairs, put them against the trailer. I finished locking it up and then with an extremely beautiful young lady on either side of me, we made our way the half block to the hotel, and up the elevator.

Melinda opened the door with her key, and we all walked in, with me in the rear so that I could watch the two gorgeous butts that were walking in front of me.

Hailey had a very athletic ass, it's obvious this girl did sports of some kind.

"Hailey," I said, and as she turned to acknowledge, "what sports do you play?"

With a little look of shock, she replied, "How do you know I do sports?" She probably wanted to know how to hide the evidence.

I looked over to Melinda for guidance, and she shrugged her shoulders, and said, "Baby, you can say anything to Hailey you would say to me. Even in the same way, so you can treat us pretty much the same if you want."

Adding with a slight blush, "Also, Hailey and I have no secrets... None."

I wondered what kind of hidden message was in that statement, because she just blatantly told me I should fuck Hailey silly immediately if not sooner.

I shot Hailey a smile, that she returned nervously, and I said, "It's your ass, Sweetheart. You have an athlete's butt, tight and fit."

At that Hailey blushed bright red and Melinda piped up with, "He's an ass man Hail. Small tits and tight asses, you'll have him stiff and limping all day long."

"Melinda," Hailey chastised loudly. "Jesus Melinda, you're embarrassing!"

"Come-on Hailey, get a grip, we're all adults here." Mel said with humor. From the look on Hailey's face it may be the first time in her life, even at eighteen, Hailey had ever been referred to as an adult.

She got a shocked questioning look on her face, and she turned to me to see what was coming next.

"Now ladies, please... mellow! Hailey, Melinda is right. We're all adults here, at least in my mind. If you act like an adult you should always be treated that way. Some people have a real problem with that. In the mind of the law you just "graduated" and aren't referred to as a child anymore, so anything that goes on here stays here because Mel is supposedly underage in many places, and if Jessie chooses to join us, she too could be considered underage as well. I don't think so but that's neither here nor there. They're not underage here."

I looked into her eyes to see if she understood what I was saying. She did.

"I'm pretty sure that Melinda gave you full details on what went on here last night," I said, frowning at Melinda.

Then looked to Hailey who didn't need to say a word. I could see on her face what the answer was, but she looked me right in the eyes, and nodded her head, adding, "Yes she did, but you don't have to worry anything about it. I'm not going to say anything to anyone. I love Mel too much to cause any problems."

She dropped into one of the chairs around our small table, or I guess I should say she flopped into the chair. "Bobby, that's the problem we have in life right now. We can't do shit without everybody talking about it and pretty soon everybody knows about whatever it is and you get a reputation that usually isn't deserved."

I couldn't tell if she was going to start to cry or not, but she just stuttered on, "And... and fucking guys are the worst. Ohmigod!"

I looked at her directly, giving her my undivided attention for the moment, but I didn't say anything yet. I'm sure she's not finished.

"I mean, I went out with this one guy, one time. The next thing I know, I fucked him, and I sucked him and everything."

Now there were a few tears starting to show, "Pretty soon every guy in the school is hitting on me because they think I'm an easy lay. I didn't even kiss the guy goodnight, but now I'm a big super slut."

With great emotion she sputtered, "For christ sake, I'm still a fucking virgin. How many damned eighteen-year old girls do you know that are still virgins? And now I'm a big slut?"

She was almost in full tears by this time and Mel walked up behind her, put her arms around her friend giving her a warm fuzzy hug, and said, "Hailey, your friends know the truth, that's all that should matter, and you know what happened to him, so it's all good."

I decided not to ask, but knowing she had a brother I could imagine.

"Yeah Melinda, but you didn't have all the guys, especially the older ones, hitting on you, groping your ass, trying to grab your tits. Shit, I don't even have any tits and they were trying to cop a feel... Fuck!"

I started to chuckle a little, and they both looked over at me with glaring eyes. I mean if looks could kill, I'd have been dropped on the spot.

"I'm sorry Hailey, I really am, but your comment about your tits is priceless to me."

Hailey looked at me with a strange, somewhat angered, but querying look, "What do you mean? Why is not having any tits priceless?" She asked looking up at Melinda.

Mel just shrugged her shoulders, and said, "I know you're not asking me!"

Then both looked at me, so I guess I was kind of on the spot here. I had to put this diplomatically because young women are very conscious of their growth rate and are always comparing themselves with others. No they shouldn't, but they do. It's because of Barbie dolls and Playboy magazine. A girl thinks she has to have humongous tits to be desirable.

"Hailey, I know this may come as a surprise to you, but not all men like big tits. I understand where it all comes from, and I understand the psychology involved, but you have to believe me."

I put in a big pregnant pause for effect, "When I was young, hell yes, we were all taught that big tits is what made a woman a woman." Her eyes dropped to the table at this point, so I reached across and with two fingers pulled her chin up so that I could look into her eyes.

"Hailey, as a man, I know that isn't true. You say you don't have any tits, but I would wholly disagree with you. I haven't seen your tits, nor does the top you're wearing give me a real good view, and believe me I've looked," which brought a grin to her face and a laugh from Mel for which she got an elbow in the ribs.

"Hailey, what I'm trying to say to you is that from my point of view, from what I've observed up to now your tits are absolutely perfect." She got a sparkle in her dancing eyes, and a badly hidden mischievous grin.

"I don't know how else to say it, Sweetheart. To me, big tits that girls think they need to have to be sexy just get in the way of the fun."

Shocking both Melinda and I, Hailey stood up and looked me directly in the eyes as she reached down and pulled her shirt up over her head and threw it on the floor, then reached behind her back and undid her bra, shrugging it to the floor, then putting her hands under each trying to lift them, looked me in the face and said, "These are perfect tits? Is that what you're saying?" and now I could tell that she was nearing tears again.

I stood up and walked around the table to stand next to her, then moved to a spot directly in front of her as she started to turn to look up at my face.

"Yes Hailey, that's exactly what I'm saying," I said softly and lovingly as I lowered my face to her left breast and took the nipple into my mouth bringing out a surprised whimper and a loud groan. I began licking and sucking on it before switching it up and taking the right one to give it equal time.

When I was done, I stood up straight, looked her straight in the eyes, and said again, "Yes Hailey, that's exactly what I'm saying. Your tits are not only perfect on you, but they are very tasty as well."

Melinda started to howl with laughter when I'd said that.

When both Hailey and I looked at her with questioning eyes, she looked back at Hailey, and Hailey quickly said, "No, Melinda. Don't say it. I know what you're going to fucking say and don't say it!"

Mel wasn't going to be discouraged that easily, but before she could say anything, Hailey looked up at me and said, "Tasty, tiny, titties", then quickly turning to Melinda, yelled, "Right? Am I right?" and when Melinda nodded her head, Hailey turned back to me with a wry grin and said, "Tell me I don't know the 'beech'!"

"Tasty, tiny, titties. Christ, now she's going to spread that one around."

As Melinda covered her mouth in mock, "no I wont". I looked at Melinda and told her in no uncertain terms



in a voice she understood that I meant it, "She better not say a fucking word to anyone outside this room!"

With great effort and obvious difficulty, Mel got a serious look on her face and sat in one of the chairs, and told her friend, "I wouldn't do that to you Hail, you know that!"

"Yeah, I know Mel, but you know how sensitive I am about my boobies."

I sat in the closest chair, and pulled Hailey down on to my lap, and as her bare chest accosted my face, once again I took each breast into my mouth bringing a moan from Hailey, as she put her arms around my head and neck to hold me to them.

After playing with her for a few minutes, I moved my face away to look into her eyes. I put my hands around the back of her head and with gentle pressure, pulled her face down to mine, never breaking our eye contact until I turned my head a little, and closed my eyes touching her soft lips with mine.

She immediately opened her mouth slightly and licked my lips bringing me to play in the game as well. We held our kiss for about a minute, which I'm sure shocked Mel a little, as it was the first time we had kissed, but I was making a point here.

When our kiss broke I kept my face right at hers almost rubbing noses, as I whispered to her, "Very tasty, tiny, titties." This got me a grin and a quick peck nip on the nose with her lips.

As she started turning towards Melinda, she whispered back to me, "Thank you, Bobby. That's the nicest thing anyone has ever said about my little boobies."

She got to Melinda's eyes, and then she stuck out her tongue as if to say "Nya, nya, nya!"

Both Melinda and I at the same time said, "Careful I'll give you something to do with that." This caused Melinda to totally crack up and Hailey to turn a bright strawberry red, which was complemented very nicely by her beautiful blonde hair and powder blue eyes.

As things calmed down around the table, I asked Hailey if she would like to put her shirt back on, to which I got a firm, "No. I'm not uncomfortable being topless with you. You appreciate my titties, so I'll display them for you, and you may feel free to feel, squeeze, caress, lick or suck on them at any time. Well, as long as we're in private, but I guess I wouldn't go out on the street dressed like this, now would I?"

Mel looked at her and asked, "You're asking me? They're your tits, baby cakes. You can display them any way that floats your boat."

Mel looked at Hailey with an evil grin, "When was the last time you were at Venice, Hail?"

"Melinda," Hailey shouted. "I do not go down to Venice and flash my tits around like someone I know."

I had to intercede here. We were being buried in bizarre bare booby banter and needed to back away.

"Okay. Now that we've settled that," I said with a big grin. "What do you ladies want to do for dinner and entertainment this evening?"

There was a brief discussion, which it seemed I had been excluded from, but the ladies decided that it might be nice if we walked down to this little place they knew on the next block that had great sandwiches and a fantastic salad bar. I made it unanimous, so for me the next order of business was to get cleaned up a little since I'd been working all day. I must not have smelled too bad because Hailey continued to sit in my lap, lightly holding on to me with her head resting against mine as we both faced Melinda.

Mel, once again, had that mischievous sparkle in her eyes and a disconcerting smile on her face.

Ahhhh. I thought, she knows what's coming next and wants to see what the reaction is going to be.

I knew what the reaction was going to be. I had no doubt at this point.

"Well, I guess I'm going to jump in for a quick

shower."

Both sets of female eyeballs were on mine expectantly, and I thought to myself, "Self, should I ask, or just stand up and go?" What? Are you fucking crazy? Ask, you fool. "Would anyone care to join me?" I said with a hopeful tone.

Hailey looked down into my face and said, "I will. I'd love that." Causing Mel's eyes to open like saucers. Hailey was already very comfortable in our mutual situation, and as Melinda already knew, Hailey, like Mel last night was going to anxiously give her virginity to me and wanted Mel around to see.

Another variable I wasn't aware of yet was that Hailey's hymen, though very thin but tattered by tampons and other various and sundry objects of pleasure, was somewhat intact, barely but still there.

Though not saving it for marriage, she had saved it to give up at a special time to a special person and after what Mel had told her about last night's activities, she decided that now is a good time, and that I was a good person to give it up to.

So the three of us stood up and marched towards the shower room, shedding our clothes as we progressed. We can pick them up later, after we shower.

I don't know who was naked first Hailey or I, but it didn't really matter because like with Melinda, I took in Hailey's nudity, spun her around and dispelled the nervous eyes with a gasp and a whispered, "Beautiful. Hailey you are a very beautiful young woman", which got me a big smile, a sincere thank you, and she pulled herself to me for a hug, and suddenly noted that there was an object poking her just above her mound, that was attempting to hold her bottom half away from mine. She didn't even flinch, but reached down got on her tiptoes and pushed my stiff penis between her legs where it rubbed into her damp vulva.

"Mmmmmmm, I like that," she mumbled into my mouth as we joined in another lengthy kiss.

I was beginning to understand what Melinda had been trying to tell me.

I looked over at her but she was smiling and nodding her head. When our eyes met, she mouthed silently to me, "I love you Bobby", I smiled and mouthed back, "I love you too Mel."

With my cock still rubbing between her wet pussy, Hailey looked at us both and grinned. "Hey, you can say it out loud guys. I know that you are madly in love."

Then adding, "And I know what Melinda has said," then looked me straight in the eyes, "I won't force myself between the two of you. I haven't experienced you..." she grinned at me mischievously, "**YET!**"

I chuckled softly while she continued, "If you are as gentle, tender and caring with me as you were with Mel, I **WILL** play second fiddle. Hey, maybe co-equals, but I will not come between you two." Then she chuckled as she got her own pun.

The look on Mel's face was priceless as Hailey continued, "That's not generally my nature, but I love Mel very much," and looking at me, "I know you do too. I also know how much Mel is in love with you and I would never want to hurt either of you. I know she thinks you and I were meant for each other, and I know that part of it is because she knows you prefer smaller boobies." Splaying out both arms and showing her tits to each of us in turn, "I think I qualify."

Mel moved over to put one arm around me and one around Hailey as a few tears started to roll down Hailey's face, which I promptly dispatched with my lips, which earned me a teary smile.

"Bobby, this is the very first time in my life that I've ever felt totally comfortable with and about my chest. I'm barely out of an 'A' cup, but you have made me feel like a 'D'. If big boobs aren't important to you, they're not important to me anymore, and I think I can say honestly, for that I will always love you."

"Hailey there is more to my preferences than tits!"

"I know Bobby. I was just saying..." She said with a smile.

"Ok, Sweetie," I said acknowledging her statement.

"I know there's a lot of men out there that are that shallow, but I don't want to be put in that category!" I said chuckling.

"No, I'm not saying that. Knowing the love you both have for each other I can't fathom you ever being able to love me that way, and ... "

"Hailey, don't sell yourself short. From what little I've experienced with you already, I can see where I could fall very madly in love with you also", then my ancient memory cells started smoking, "Remember that ... well you're young, you may not, but could have heard in the oldies collections, but do you remember that tune that the 'Lovin' Spoonful' did years ago?"

They both looked at me like I'd grown a third arm out of the middle of my chest.

"Yeah. 'Did you ever have to make up your mind? Pick up on one and leave the other behind...' I sang to them, rather well thank you, 'It's not always easy, it's not always kind, did you ever have to make up your mind'?"

They both were laughing at my rendition until they realized the words that I'd sung, and then both looked at me very seriously.

"I'm not sure I could do that to either of you." I was starting to get a bit teary eyed as I thought about having to leave either one of them behind. And shit, I'd just met Hailey, but so far she was everything Mel had said and more. But there was no way I could give up Mel for anyone else, so we'll just have to work something out.

They both came over to me and put their arms around me with their heads on my shoulders.

"Bobby, Hailey said, "That's why I said what I did. I don't want you to have to make that kind of choice."

Then with a chuckle, Hailey said tenderly, "I think we'll make a hell of a threesome, don't you?"

Then Mel did something I truly didn't expect, but wasn't surprised. She pulled Hailey gently from my

grasp, and hugged her close. She looked up into Hailey's eyes and raised her lips and kissed her very tenderly as I moved over to turn on the water in the shower.

I came in behind Melinda and put my arms around her in such a way that my hands were at her mound. She moaned into Hailey's mouth and intensified her kiss as my fingers searched her nether world looking for the magic button known to be hiding there.

I slid my fingers into her lower slit and it was immediately coated with a slippery material that I used to grease the skids so to speak, and moved my fingers carefully to not cause any irritation to her already irritated vagina. I located that sensitive button, put my finger to work on the nub, and my mouth to work on her neck. She was moaning loudly enough now that the kiss with Hailey was interrupted.

Hailey looked down at what was happening and moved back slightly and with a wry smile moved her hand to between her own legs and started to rub herself in earnest.

Melinda noticed, put her hand out to Hailey's arm, and whispered, "No Hail, let him," then to me, "Bobby do Hailey. I want to see her come with you."

I nipped Mel's neck gently. She looked at me and said quietly, "Bobby. I had my night last night and we'll have many more, Hailey is still a virgin and I believe she's still 'intact'," meaning she still had her hymen. That caused Hailey to blush brightly, but she looked at me shyly and nodded.

"Tonight is for Hailey Bobby, just like last night was for me.

Tenderly she continued, "Bobby, I know you love me, and you know I love you. I really think that we are secure enough in our love for each other to include Hailey. Please, make tonight as special for Hailey as last night was for me."

I looked down at Mel and across to Hailey. "Hailey, do you have a formal or dressy dress here?"

She looked at me with a shy smile and nodded her

head. "Mel said to bring a couple, just in case."

I reached over to turn off the water. We wouldn't need it for another ten minutes at least.

It must have been quite a site if anyone could have seen the three of us, completely naked, walking around the room as if we were fully clothed.

"Hailey, please choose the dress you want to wear this evening and show Mel and I."

To answer Hailey's questioning look, Mel said, "He'll color coordinate with us, but he needs to know so he can choose a shirt and tie."

"Mel, do you know another five star eatery like we went to last night? I just hate to repeat, and remember..."

She interrupted, "I know Sweetie, cost is no object. Yeah I do know of another place, but it's a bit further away."

"Please call them, make reservations for 3 say for... How far away? Time wise and consider traffic!"

"Thirty five or forty minutes."

"Okay. It's 4:15 now, so make the reservations for 7:30, and I'll need the address."

"Okay."

Mel dialed the number, talked for a bit, and giggled some, as Hailey and I looked on. Mel looked over at us, and kind of went, "oops", and made the reservation with a special, private table reserved.

I looked at her and didn't have to ask.

"One of Aunt Kathie's sons runs the place. We've always been really close, so it was no issue to get in, and also to get a very special table. I think we'll have a lot of fun."

The way she said that had me a bit worried. "Mel, remember one of my beautiful women is supposedly under age in many places!"

"I know Bobby. I wouldn't do anything to compromise our relationship. We'll be just fine."

Giggling, "Just so you know, cousin Jon is as queer as a 3-dollar bill. Like Las Vegas, what happens in the restaurant stays in the restaurant. Nobody, not even Jon, will know or see anything we do or say in our room. I've been there before, and we used the same room. No sweat man, we're covered!"

Well I did tell her that I trusted her, so I guess this was going to be one of those tests.

Hailey had chosen a beautiful Royal Blue, full-length dress with a plunging back and a front that would accent her small breasts. I couldn't wait to see her in it.

As a compliment, Mel had chosen a blue formal that was slightly darker than Hailey's, but would be easy for me to match up with blue shirt and tie.

After making a call to the limo company and reserving a ride to and from with appropriate pick up and drop off times, I took my two beautiful young sex bombs around the waist, and we walked to the shower room one more time.

The water needed to warm up again, so I took the opportunity to stand behind Hailey and wrap my arms around this beautiful girl. Her skin is so smooth and soft it's nearly perfect!

As my arms surrounded her waist, she leaned back into me emitting a small moan.

Her head was against my shoulder so I took the opportunity to kiss and lick her ear and neck. Once again there was a moan in the air and when I moved my hands upwards to her breasts the moan turned into a gasp.

"Ahhhhh... Yesssss. Oh Bobby, that feels so nice," she moaned pushing her ass into my stiff dick sliding it between her legs so that it once again stimulated her pussy by sliding along her labia.

As we stood there, both looking at Melinda, I moved



one hand down to her belly, passing her cute belly button and into the small forest that was just above her cleft.

"Mmmmmm... Make me come Bobby. Please?"

I needed no more encouragement than that to move my fingers down between her slick slit into the lower area of soaking pussy to ensure that my fingers were appropriately lubricated for the task at hand (Yes, yes, another pun. Isn't this fun?).

When my finger entered that sacred entrance I could feel her legs get weak and her body started to shake a bit, but I wanted to be careful not to make contact with her hymen. She said she was saving it for a cock so I wanted a cock to push through it, such as it was.

Her body shivered while I actively moved my hand and fingers through her nether lands up towards the button I knew existed beneath that flap near the top of her slot. When my fingers were ready and moving towards their present goal, she once again shuddered and gasped out, "Uuhhhh. Ohmigod Bobby that's so nice."

"It's just the beginning Hail, just wait for later," Melinda whispered quietly.

Mel had moved over to just in front of Hailey lowering her hands from her face to the bottom of Hailey's breasts, caressing her mounds gently.

I found the tiny button I was looking for and began the gentle machinations I knew would cause her to fall to her knees if she wasn't being held up.

Melinda wrapped her arms around Hailey and pressed herself closer so that their breasts were pushing into each other. She licked and kissed the tender flesh of her neck and shoulders until Hailey pulled her face to hers and kissed her gently at first but that kiss became all consuming. Hailey was loudly moaning into Mel's mouth while she wiggled continuously against my attacking fingers.

As soon as my fingers touched her clit she started to purr. Shit, breaking the kiss with Mel, she sounded just like a cat and almost guttural mewling sounds escaped her mouth while her breathing began to sound

more like a Lamaze exercise than an orgasm waiting to release.

She started to bounce on her knees slightly trying to create more contact with my hand on her pussy. This girl has some strong ass legs. She never did answer my question about sports but I'd bet that basketball or volleyball is a possibility. When she wraps her legs around me later I'll have to remember the strength in those legs and make sure she doesn't break me in half.

I need to revisit the subject at dinner.

The gasping and moaning increased in frequency and tempo now as my fingers moved in a knowing pattern around her pussy and clit, then without warning she let out a noise from the depths of her throat that I can only describe as a warbling loud powerful gasp mixed with vibrating mewling.

"Ohhhh..Yesss... uhh, uhh, uhh, UHH, UHH, UHH... Awwwggooddd! I'mmmccoommmmmiinngg!"

"Yes Baby, Give it to me. Come for daddy, Hailey. Give it to us, Sweetie... That's my girl, feel it all, Honey." I was whispering directly into her ear while allowing my tongue to make light contact. That's when I discovered that one of Hailey's E-zones was her ear.

I was already amassing a good list of hot spots on Hailey's luscious body, and before the night was over I'd add quite a few more. In many ways, this young woman was incredibly sensual.

As soon as Hailey started her orgasm, Melinda pressed herself into Hailey's body again with one hand on each breast tweaking its nipple, and using her mouth to nibble on her throat and collar bone area, another zone for Hailey - this was going to be an interesting night!

She'd have just melted into a blob on the floor if Mel and I hadn't been holding her up.

During those few minutes that Hailey was twitching, vibrating like an electric dildo on the "super high" setting and shaking like the shaker tray on a rock sifting tool, she looked down at her best friend, with glazed eyes and choked to her, "Ohmigod Mel. I've

never come like this in my life."

While moving her lips up to meet Hailey's, Melinda put her hands on each of Hailey's cheeks, smiled at her and whispered to her quietly, "It's just the start Hail, this isn't even the hors d'œuvre to what you are going to experience all through the night."

Moving to run her fingers through Hailey's hair, she continued, "I'm going to love helping Bobby with you Hailey. I hope you'll help him with me too, but tonight is for you Hail. Go with it, feel all of it, and enjoy it. He will make it soooooo memorable for you, that you'll never forget it as long as you live, and you will always smile when you revisit the memories of tonight."

"Hailey, you and Bobby are going to make beautiful babies together, I can tell that already."

Then with a look that she hadn't even shown to me yet, "I love you, Hail."

The two girls engaged in what I would have to say was one of the most sexy kisses I have ever witnessed. I think they loved each other as much as the love Melinda and I shared.

Later I was to find that was an accurate assessment. Hailey had the same capacity for love as did Melinda, and she was going to focus it on me too.

I must have excellent juju for this to be happening.

We moved into the shower for some additional fun and getting cleaned up.

I won't detail the shower activities because I'm sure you can see it with your mind's eye and besides, your imagination will probably be better than I can describe it. Suffice it to say it lasted about 35 minutes.

We finished and dried off then proceeded to dress for the evening. Me just sitting in the "living room" with nothing on but skivvies, the girls occupying the "dressing room". It only took me a few minutes to put

on the pants, shirt, tie and coat, so I just waited until the 20-minute mark before I even pulled it out of the closet.

My two dates were absolutely stunning. We could have shown up at the Academy Awards and the only thing that would have looked out-of-place would be me, but I didn't have a tux with me for this trip. Next time!

Hmmm, I wonder if there's a "Men's Warehouse" anywhere close by. I could just pick up a tux for the next dinner.

Mel's dress was a floor length gown that fit her like a glove. The neckline plunged a bit but was very discrete in showing off her ample cleavage. In the back you could almost fantasize about the top of her ass. Obviously braless because of the spaghetti straps she favored, but I didn't see any panty lines either. It had to make one wonder, and it was so sexy it was going to be difficult to keep the wood under control.

Hailey's dress was absolutely perfect for her. The color, which I can only describe as a bright shiny shimmering Royal Blue, accentuated her eyes incredibly. Her eyes now literally glowed bright blue.

It was also floor length with a very conservative neckline, which is totally in line with the lack of "big cleavage". She may be very self-conscious about the size of her breasts, but she certainly knows how to display them to her best advantage and she was also quite braless. In the back it was again a bit more conservative, though it took a deep plunge it didn't make you get visions of the crack of her ass, and again no panty lines.

I noted with their shoes they were not sporting hose, so my crass male brain said, "Air cooled pussy".

Though wearing a perfectly tailored Armani, I felt like a "slob" next to these two.

After a short wait for the girls to finish we were ready to go and on our way.