Her Relationship

by SamuelSadi

Summary

Vicki meets Timmy when he is 16, and a relationship sparks. Love Blossoms. What is in store for them when Timmy starts going to University? It's Mature. So don't go into it thinking it's not. It's mature for graphic Sexual Content. You've been warned, don't complain.
Chapter 1

What a life is this, the redhead thought to herself as she, happily, wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. Her pink eyes looking down to the white fluid she'd wiped off, her tongue instinctively licking it off her hand and wrist. The sound of a zipper being pulled up as she got off her knees. But that was the extent of her relationships now. Started with a heated moment, then ended with a full condom, or semen down her throat and in her stomach. A lot of females have relationships like this, she thought to herself as she straightened her skirt and top. And exited the male's bathroom. But then again, how many was this tonight? She remembered being on her knees three times. And she hadn't opened a condom in weeks, seems most of the guys were just interested in loving her mouth. Then again, she considered it her best feature anyways, easier to clean up after too.

She was slightly insulted when forty dollars was pressed into her hand. She wasn't a hooker... but she wasn't going to turn down money either. So she stuffed the two twenty dollar bills into her purse. Going out to mingle at the little social gathering.

She didn't even know what it was, she had noticed some function going on at a hotel, and was mistaken as a guest, so she decided to have a bit of fun. And though if asked, she wouldn't admit it completely, but Vicki really did love doing what she did. Even if she felt shame and guilt after the act of having some guy's cock in her mouth, she never felt that during the act. In fact, she could count on one hand the number of guys that she'd had actual sex with, but she didn't even know the number she had sucked off. Something about the feel of it, about the taste. The warm fluid going down her throat, it excited her to no end. And it was fun. And wasn't that what you were supposed to do when you were twenty? Have fun?

“What are you doing here?” A voice asked from behind her. A voice that was fairly familiar. She turned to come almost eye level with a brunette boy. A boy that wore black slacks, a button up, a gray silk tie. He was dressed like most of the people here, well the males anyways.

“I could ask you the same...” She started until a person spoke into the microphone.

“And now, our guest speaker, Mr. Turner.” She turned her head to watch the boy's father take the stage.

“And that's what I'm doing here.” He said smugly.

“Shut up Twerp. No one asked you!” She ignored the smirk, since she knew she HAD just asked, but she wouldn't admit it, even if he brought it up.

“What's this?” he said reaching out, and ran a finger across her cheek. Her eyes widened as she noticed what she KNEW was semen that she had missed. Quickly she leaned forward grabbing his hand. Pretending to look at it, before licking it off his finger.

“I had... uh... oysters. Yeah, that must be it.” She looked down at the boy, who's face turned red. Why did the thought of licking some stranger's semen off this sixteen year old boy's finger get her excited?

“Oh. I thought it might be something else. Considering how many times I saw you come out of the
male's bathroom.” Timmy muttered, looking away. How did he... then again, he might have put two and two together, or he could have overheard guy's talking. That's how she’d ended up in the bathroom a third time. He had heard about her. She didn't care, didn't even need to play twenty questions. Just lead the guy to the bathroom to consume another quick shot of protein.

“Guess you've been listening to the rumors.” Which was very obvious given how tight the front of his pants were getting, it wasn't like she wasn't interested. Of all the things that she had done, could she do what she was thinking? It might be fun, it sure would be different. And hell, the last guy had left her wanting, so maybe her little Twerp could be of some use. “Was my little Twerp hoping to get first hand experience?” Oh she loved how his face turned red. How embarrassed the boy was getting, which of course was always a favorite of hers, she loved to torment this boy.

“Well... no... I uh... I don't think...” He stammered as she pulled him towards the males rest room. He was still stammering, none of which made sense as she pulled him into a stall and closed and locked it behind her. In fact, he didn't really say anything logical, until she'd managed to get his pants and boxers around his ankles. “Whoa... I don't think that... uh... I don't think that we should be...”

“Shut up!” She snapped, but was engrossed with the member in front of her. She'd seen her fair share of cocks, more than her fair share actually. Though Timmy wasn't the biggest, he was damn sure up there. And pretty big for a sixteen year old, she assumed. Even-though she had been active when she was sixteen, the guys she had been with were not from her age range. “Geez Timmy, what do you feed this thing?”

“I uh...” his face turned red, and he stopped speaking as she rubbed her cheek against his boy meat. This was exciting. Maybe because what she was doing was illegal, it was more exciting. It had nothing to do with the fact that this was Timmy, that this was the boy that she used to babysit, she told herself. He squeaked as she kissed the tip of his member, which was such a cute sound, it made her smile. Though, she smiled wider when her tongue licked from the base of his member to the tip, and he muttered, “Oh god.”

“Mmm, time for the fun part.” She murmured in a husky voice as she opened her mouth and sucked the boy inside. The boy stiffened up, then relaxed as she began bobbing her head. She wrapped her hand around the base of his cock and sucked the tip and first part. She planned to prolong this, savor this moment, because while Timmy wasn't the biggest she’d had. He damn sure was the biggest for a couple years. She moved her fingers, out of the way one at a time, as she slowly went deeper and deeper, her throat not having something this deep in it for a long time.

Timmy's hands ran through her hair as she continued her decent. About half way she stopped then started pulling her head back til only the tip remained in, then sliding it back into her warm, wet, slick mouth. Grown men went weak at the knees from her oral skills, and usually had to sit by now. But Timmy seemed to be taking it fairly well. Considering he had been drug into a bathroom, and had his ex babysitter gobbling his cock like it was the last one on Earth. Finally she purred around the male meat as she removed her hand and fingers, nothing left between her and him, and pressed down letting it sink into her throat, until her lips met his body. She felt herself become wet knowing that his entire length was in her mouth. She purred around his member, that got the boy to jerk his hips.

Several times she pulled out to the tip, then took it deep in her throat again. Faster and faster and faster until the boy caught on, putting his hands behind her head, and pumped his cock in and out of her throat. Never had she had to actually work so hard before the guy took over. Then, she remembered that this was, most likely, the boy's first time. She moaned around the hard member, at the thought, which resulted in just what she wanted. Timmy pumped frantically, before holding her face against his crotch. Then the feel of his hot cum being shot down her throat in several streams, caused her panties to become more than wet. Once she finally was able to pull her mouth away, she
let her tongue take what cum it could off him. It was sweet and salty at the same time. He hadn't lasted too long, but then again... they hardly do.

“Jesus. I have to remember that,” she panted a bit, as her hand continued to stroke the still hard cock. The guys that she'd been with just got soft after a blow job. Timmy... now he might be a boy chronologically, but as far as she could see, he was more of a man than any of the guys she'd been with. “I have to remember how much cum you can pump out, and how much stamina you have.”

“Oh God, Vicki... that was... just...” The boy was at a loss for words. Well lets see how lost she could get those words, she thought as she opened her purse pushing the money aside like it meant nothing... and at the moment, that green paper meant nothing compared to her finding one of her condoms. She hadn't had anything more than a cock in her mouth in a long while. She found the item she was looking for and smiled at the boy, knowing that she'd have to leave her panties in here, if she didn't want to feel them squishing on her way home. She ripped it open without hesitation and rolled it over the boy's erect cock. The boy, seem oblivious to what was going on at the moment.

“Since you stayed hard. Here's your reward.” She purred as she stood up, pulling her underwear off from under her skirt. She thought it was cute when the boy started stammering again as she forced him to sit on the seat of the toilet, and crawled into his lap. Obviously, he wasn't oblivious anymore. One hand on his shoulder, the other guiding that beautiful cock into her dripping love tunnel.

She knew she'd sucked cocks bigger than Timmy's, just like she knew that she had never taken one bigger, or as big in her little cleft. She watched Timmy's eyes, which were wide, then almost seemed to roll back in his head, as she sat firmly on his lap. Knowing that her soft, silk like, folds were surrounding his stiffness. She sighed feeling fuller than ever before. “Mmm now that's a good boy.” The goofy look on his face made her wonder, “Is this your first time?”

“Mm-Hmm” was all he could manage to squeak out, since she had started bouncing on his lap. So her folds were the first to wrap around his rigid member. A member that was reaching depths inside her that she didn't even know existed. It was only fitting. She'd taken everything else from the boy, at one time or another. At least this time, she'd taken something, that she was sure the boy was happy about.

Normally, she knew what she was doing, normally she took the lead, but all she could do was bounce and grind on him. He leaned forward and kissed her lips, which were met with a fiery passion that she'd never experience inside herself. It seemed younger boys, were much more eager to please then older men, or was it just this boy that was eager to please her? Harder and harder she bounced on the boy, her shirt had been pulled up by Timmy, who was now too aroused to be meek and timid. She unhooked her bra, as he started thrusting upwards into her. No sooner did her bra fall from her chest to reveal her A cup breasts. He didn't scoff, or laugh at her small bust, like most males had, his mouth encircled one of her nipples. Her fingers clawed at the tie the boy wore, before getting it loosened. Then pulled it and the dress shirt over his head, discarding it on the floor. The boy hissed, catching her lip between his teeth, as her fingernails dug into his back.

The boy groaned with displeasure as she pulled off of him. A smirk came to her lips as she bent over the toilet. The boy didn't need much guidance in what to do, since it didn't take long for him to push himself back into her awaiting body. She loved this position, it allowed even more of that glorious pole to enter her. And it usually suited the male, since it was less personal.

Timmy's hands came up around her petite waist to grope and fondle her modest bust. Yes. Fondle. Not grab, and squeeze. These were soft caresses. The sound of his thighs smacking the back of her thighs echoed in the bathroom, along with her whimpers and moans, and his grunts and groans. However, of all the things that shocked it though, it had to be when the boy's lips, connected with
her neck. At first, she thought it was an accident, until it happened again, and again. How a hand gently caressed her stomach.

“Fuck... Timmy, harder.” She'd never bothered saying anything to any guy she'd been with. She'd moan or gasp, but she never bothered talking. It only ruined it for her. She liked to focus on the hard piece of meat churning her insides. But this was different, this wasn't just random sex anymore. It was foreign to her, it was different. “Please, harder, faster.”

She had never begged, she had always enjoyed herself, never had to beg. But not long after the words left her mouth, she was rewarded with his unrestrained thrusting into her. She moaned loud knowing that she'd never had it like this. Those young hips are a lot faster and stronger than those older men. And as she felt the boy behind her push into her and didn't pull back out, felt the condom tip expand, making her vaginal walls constrict as she started to cum. And as she came she felt his arms tighten around her waist, felt his cheek rub against her back, she knew what she'd been missing. What all the other guys had been lacking. The passion. Oh sure, there was physical passion, enough so they'd have their pleasure... but none of them had given a damn about her pleasure. Not the way this boy did.

She felt his softening length pull out of her, she turned around to sit on the toilet. She looked up as the shirtless, disheveled young boy, who looked more than pleased with what happened. “That... was amazing.”

“So, any chance you want to make this a regular thing?” Vicki asked as she re-clasped her bra, and straightened her top. She couldn't say what it was about this time that was so different, only that she knew that nothing else could compare to it. That nothing else could excite her like this. Was it because this boy, wasn't just any boy? Was it because it was Timmy? He nodded, clearly at a loss for words, as she helped him put his shirt back on, and tightened his tie again. And since she couldn't wear them without being uncomfortable, she stuffed her soaked panties into his pocket to find later on.
Chapter 2

AVAVA
(Vicki's PoV)
VAVAV

Vicki screamed out his name as he continued to thrust into her. Her hands were fisted into the blankets on his bed, that she was on her hands and knees on, as he was behind her. She was glad this boy's parents loved their trips and vacations, because no sooner were his parents about to leave, she got a text message from him letting her know he was going to be free for, however long it was they would be gone, this time. It wasn't like this was the only time they had to themselves. But she couldn't have him over to her house... her parents might wonder. But that wasn't the reason. The reason was her little sister, who was still madly in love with the boy that was currently churning her insides up. And she would be difficult. That and it was more fun here. Why? Because, they were having sex, unrestrained, no-need-to-keep-herself-muffled sex, for the fifth time. Her clothes... she thought were in the kitchen, maybe. She didn't know. Didn't remember, hell... she didn't care!

Her mind stopped being able to think as the boy behind her sped up, she knew it was coming, she wanted it. Harder and harder he pumped into her, until his thighs met the back of her's and didn't pull back. She screamed out louder as she felt his semen paint the walls of her deepest parts. She loved days like today. She'd sat down and figured out her 'safe' days. Days when the chance of her getting pregnant were nil. Which was one of the reasons this was the fifth time. During those days, she made sure to have her young lover pour as much of his love seed into her, as he could produce. Which she could proudly admit, he was the first male to ever enter her without a condom, and planned him to be the only male to do so.

She collapsed on his bed, with him on her back. The familiar feel of his lips on the back of her neck made her smile. Though what made her grin was the fact that he was still stiff inside her. It was her fault really. She noticed that first time that he had amazing stamina for a virgin, and set out to have him increase it... through practice of course.

“Still hard?” She purred, though clearly out of breath.

“Yes,” His lips brushed over her neck, then her her shoulder blades. She moaned softly as he pulled out of her, his lips trailing down her back, “But we need a break. Hungry?”

“Starving!” she wiggled her bottom, then laughed as his lips grazed one of her cheeks. Of course she was starving, she had come over when she got the text. They had been about to eat the pizza that Timmy had ordered for lunch when things kind of just went from little affectionate kisses, to passionate love making. Now three hours later, she was hungry.

“I'll warm up our lunch, and be right back.” She rolled over on her back looking up at her lover as he left the room. The way he looked at her, just made her feel warm inside. Despite all the guys she had been with, she had actually been really self-conscious about how she looked. She always compared herself to her busty little sister, with her shapely hips. Where as hers were more narrow. Her flattish chest, verses her sister's, which looked like like some underwear model. Her body was more toned, where Tootie's was rounder, curvier. When Timmy looked at her, she didn't feel inferior.

Timmy always shunned her younger sister's advances, but savored his time with her. A few times she would come over in a foul mood about her sister. And would yell at Timmy about it. First, he would listen to what she had to say, then he would tell her that he didn't care if she didn't look like Tootie. That he loved just the way she looked, loved the way she felt. Then when she would start
arguing again... Well then he would show her that he loved her. Which consisted of him kissing every inch of her before making love to her.

Making love. That had been what she had finally figured out. Ever since the first time in that hotel bathroom. She had wondered what was so different about that night. She had known it had stopped being just sex in the middle of it. She figured out, Timmy hadn’t been just been having sex with her. That, he wasn't just seeking his own pleasure. When he took the lead, he changed it into something softer, something more intimate. Her hand moved down her stomach to her crotch.

“Stubbly,” she muttered. Normally, she kept her sex void of all hair. She liked it that way. She looked up at Timmy as he walked in with the much awaited food. And a couple of cans of soda.

“Hey. Why didn't you tell me I was stubbly.”

“Didn't notice, I guess.” That told her that he didn't care how she looked. Just that it was her. But never would she pass up a chance to mess with him, even if he was her lover.

“You had your face down there like forty-five minutes ago... and you didn’t notice?” She smirked at him, as she took a bite out of her pizza. Which almost fell out of her mouth when she gasped. She gasped because his hand had made it between her legs, and his fingers stroked her slit.

“Guess I was too busy focusing on something else.” He smiled, as he licked his fingers clean, before moving to his lunch.

“Oh no you don't,” She looked at him though narrow eyes, as she bit into her pizza again, chewed and swallowed. “Not this time. That's how I missed lunch last time!”

AVAVA

She sighed as she laid back against him in his parents garden tub, Timmy’s hands softly rubbing her chest and stomach. His hand drifting down to rub the, now smooth, area between her legs. They had barely finished their lunch before their, rabbit like love making resumed, which she loved but her muscles were a bit sore, they usually were the first day his parents went out of town. But that meant a long hot bath together in the big tub. She turned her head to look back at him as his fingers rubbed her entrance, his lips caught hers as two of the digits were inserted into her. She enjoyed it when he played with her. That was what he was doing, what he always did in the bath. He explored her, touched every part of her. Every time in this tub, she ended up grinding against his hand until she screamed out his name. After such prolonged love making, some might think she'd be sore, which she usually was. But this wasn't painful, it was like a massage. He was massaging the sore muscles that he made sore.

“Oh God,” she panted as she started grinding against his hand. Which like every other time, his other arm wrapped around her waist holding her still. God, it drove her insane.

“Oh uh. Massages are slow. Grinding like that will only make the muscles more tight.” His voice like a soft caress. She knew he was right, but it felt so good. But if she could just hold out, she knew she'd be rewarded. She knew if she did as she was told, he'd help tighten those muscles before leaving the bath. That he’d let her get on him. She bit her lip as she opened her legs wider, pressing her back firmly against him as his fingers explored and moved in and out of her tight entrance, as his lips kissed and suckled at her neck.

“Oh... ugh. Timmy. God, I love you Timmy.” She gasped... then it took her mind a second longer to catch up to what she had said. She still gasped and moaned, but she had also said something she had never said. And she didn't feel scared. Love had always scared her... was Timmy scared? She turned her head to look back at him. He leaned forward and kissed her lips again, as his fingers sped up, his
arm making splashing sounds as he moved his hand. “Oh fuck. What happened to slow?” Not that she was complaining.

“That was before.” She felt his arousal against her back. Her reward was coming early, she thought to herself as he turned her to face him. She looked down as his member, rigid between them. She looked up into those beautiful blue eyes. He stared into her pink ones. He lifted her hips, moved her over his member, she could feel the tip rubbing at her entrance. “Tell me again.”

“What?” her mind drew a blank, she almost whined. It was so close, he’d been teasing her... and now it was so close. “Tell you what?” She would tell him anything right now... just so she could feel full of her lover. She just needed to know what he wanted to hear.

“What you said before.” He smiled, then his lips brushed against hers, as he moved his hips up just enough so his tip penetrated her, then exited as he shifted back.

“Oh God.. Timmy!” What did he want to hear? What was she supposed to say? Wait... did he mean... “I love you!” She almost screamed in desperation as she said the words.

“I love you too, Vicki.” She let out a loud long moan, as he lowered her slowly onto him. She looked into his eyes. The one thing she feared didn't seem to matter anymore. She always feared that she'd never be good enough for anyone. Other than some cheap toy. Oh Timmy played with her, but she was no toy to him, she thought as she moved up and down on his lap, knowing, and not caring, that water was escaping the tub. This too was different she thought as he thrust up into her, even as she bounced on him.

This was more than sex, but less than love-making. This was something exciting. She gasped out as he took her left nipple between his teeth and pulled slightly before letting go. A smile on his face as he looked down. He did that. He loved watching her body move. Her hips moving back and forth. Her stomach clench and relax as she rode him. He loved watching her breasts bounce slightly as she moved. He told her as much. So she leaned back, letting him watch to his heart's content. It made her feel good, knowing that he loved her the way she was.

“You're so beautiful.” He pulled her closer cutting off his own view so he could kiss her. She felt his shaft throb. He was close, so was she.

“I'm going to cum.” She moaned as she sped up. “Oh God, oh God, oh God, Timmy... Timmy!” She squealed his name the last time as her body convulsed and held still, the part of her mind that was still aware of what was going on around her, could tell Timmy was still thrusting in and out of her for another few seconds before she felt him flood her insides, which only pushed her mind farther away and drove her to another orgasm.

AVAVA

She heard the washing machine start as she lounged on the couch flipping through the channels. He did that every time. She kind of admired it. He washed his sheets after every night. Wanting to make sure they slept on clean sheets. She shifted making herself more comfortable. She'd be able to get more comfortable if she could take off her clothes. But no, they were waiting for their dinner to arrive. Normally Timmy cooked when she was over. But since she told him she loved him... well there hadn't been much time to take anything out of the freezer, or for him to cook. In fact, they had just gotten out of the bath a few minutes ago, after spending another two hours... exploring one another. She hopped up to get the door as the door bell rang.

“I'm pruny! And it's all your fault!” She called behind her as she opened the door.
“I didn't hear you arguing that we should get out the bath.” He called back.

She turned to the delivery boy, that looked vaguely familiar, but she couldn't place the blonde. She waited for him to say something, he just stared at her as if he was confused about something. She raised her eyebrow.

“So... Food?” she asked looking in his direction. It took a him a second, but he did blink a few times before looking at her, then past her.

“Turner residence right?” Vicki nodded, maybe that was what he was thinking about, or had been confused about. Maybe he had forgotten the name, and had been trying to remember. He handed the boxes he had been holding over to her, but continued to stand there. “Sorry... is uh... Timmy in there?”

“Yeah, sure. Hey Timmy, some one here to see you.” Timmy must order out a lot if the delivery person knows him... wait if he knows Timmy then why did he act all confused... Ah... maybe he's just not used to seeing a female here with him. That had to be it. “He'll be out here in a second... blondie.”

“Better than Braces.” The delivery boy said. Then it hit her like a ton of bricks. Braces. She did know him.

“Hey there... Chester, that was it, right? It's been what? A couple years now?” The blonde boy that she used to babysit seemed very confused about her attitude. It was true that she had become nicer... and so much more nicer since Timmy helped her relax more than she could ever imagined. “Come in. I don't bite. I'd have invited you in to wait for Timmy, if I had known who you were.”

The boy hesitantly entered, but continued to watch her. Normally, she would have felt a bit insulted that the boy didn't trust her. But she knew she'd been more than tortuous to the kids she had babysat. So she didn't take offense. She put the boxes on the coffee table, and sat back on the couch as Timmy came around the corner. She pointed by the door, where Chester still stood.

“Oh Chester, What's up?” Timmy asked as she flipped through the channels to the TV again.

“What's up with Vicki doing here?” Chester asked in a low voice, seemingly trying to keep the conversation between them, though it wasn't working.

“She's just...” He looked over at her. She smiled at him and waved. She wasn't going to give him any answers. “Hanging out, you know. Long week without my parents here. AJ’s off doing, AJ things. I tried calling you... but well I see why you didn't answer. Summer job, I assume. And Tootie...”

“Tooie's a bad idea if you want to not be molested.” Vicki scowled at the comment.

“You know I don't like Tootie, at least not like that.”

“No shit. If you had, you wouldn't keep turning down her offers. I'll tell you, I thought you were kinda... you know.” He wiggled his hand side to side, before dropping it, and Vicki about spit her drink all over the table. “But I see why you're not interested. So... We keeping this thing hush-hush?”

“Oh...” He looked at her, and she looked at him. It would be better if it was kept quiet for now, she thought to herself. She didn't want him to think she was ashamed of him, she just could get in a lot, a lot of trouble. “Yeah. I mean. It wouldn't be good if people found out about this.”

“Gotcha. Don't want Vicki arrested.” Shocking to hear someone she babysat say that. “Well, at least not for doing something... good?” Timmy nodded hesitantly, she assumed a silent conformation that
it was more than good in bed... though she wouldn't call him on it. “I won't say anything. But next time. Keep the bathtub comments behind closed doors, not around open ones. Whelp, I gotta get back before my boss has a fit.”

“That... was... interesting.” Vicki said as Timmy sat next to her on the couch.

“Yeah. But Chester's good about the whole keeping it quiet thing.” She leaned on him.

“You know, I wish people could know about us.” She muttered into his arm. It sucked. The one relationship she had found, that she actually enjoyed. That made her feel good, and not ashamed... she couldn't tell anyone about.

“It's alright. Besides my friends don't need to know. And I don't know if I ever want to tell Tootie. Besides, it's only another year.” Vicki made a noise agreeing with him, Timmy had turned seventeen a couple weeks ago, and she was about to turn twenty-one. Yeah, how do you tell your sister that you are dating the boy she loves? Dating? Are we dating, she wondered. Yeah they had copious amount of sex, they bathed together, slept together, when they spent the night with each other, mostly at his house. Except that one time they rented a room at a hotel, just to do it.

“We're dating.” She blurted out looking over at him.

“Have been for a few months now.” He smiled pulling her into his lap. Nothing sexual about it, but Timmy was the kind of person that loved having contact with her. He loved touching her, and being near her. She normally didn't like the whole touchy feely crap, but Timmy was different.

“Could have told me, you know.” she pouted at him, that slowly turn into a grin as he stared at her. “I didn't want to scare you off.” He smirked before kissing her. As if the boy could ever run her off.

After they had their dinner, they went into Timmy's room. Timmy stripped to his boxers, and she rummaged through his drawers. She of course had several pairs of underwear, and more than a few outfits in his closet, but she hardly wore any of that to bed. She stripped out of her clothing, tossing it all into the hamper, knowing his mother would freak if she had still done his laundry. But she passed over her panties, and went straight for his boxers, and one of his long t-shirts. She could buy the best pajamas made in the world, and she'd still prefer to wear this to bed. Timmy watched her as she walked over to his bed, pulled the other pillow from the headboard, moving it to the foot board where his was.

“You don't mind that I don't wear that frilly underwear crap, do you?” she asked laying on her stomach next to him.

“Actually... I was just thinking, that I'd rather see you like this, than in some frilly nightmare, that I wouldn't know what part to grab to take off of you.” He smirked and she pushed him playfully. “But seriously. I don't know what it is about you wearing just my clothes, only that it is more attractive, than that lacy stuff, to me at least.”

“Good, cause I wasn't changing anyways.” She stuck out her tongue at him, which lead to a small wrestling match, that ended with many kisses, but didn't go farther. Both of them were too tired to go again. She'd lost count of the amount of times today, and that usually meant, it was too much. They watched TV for a while, before they both moved the pillows back to where they belonged, turned out the light, turned the TV off. And she sighed happily as she felt his arm snake under her neck, and the other move over her side, then laced his fingers with hers.
“Goodnight, Vicki.” He purred into her ear, before kissing her neck.

“Goodnight Timmy.” She brought his hand up to her lips kissing it, before closing her eyes. Thinking there would be six more days before his parents returned.
“Oh God,” She moaned softly, as Timmy's hands glided over her stomach, down to her groin, then on to her inner thighs. Another morning and half the afternoon of sex. And her muscles were screaming, which was why Timmy was rubbing his hands all over her body. Massaging and helping to relax the muscles in her stomach. Though, he didn't seem to be capable of keeping his hands just on her stomach. She doubted that there was a part of her that didn't have massage oil rubbed on it.

She had to admit, that for someone who had received no formal classes for giving massages, that he was great at it, he was a natural. She didn't know how it was helping though... yes her muscles were loosening, which was good, but the fact that there was this spreading wet spot under her bottom, meant that as soon as he was done, they'd be back to working those sore muscles again. What could she say? She was a glutton for punishment.

“Hey! Now you're just messing with me.” She whined, as he pulled on one of her nipples, causing her to gasp. The smirk on his face told her that he was, in fact, messing with her. Just trying to get a reaction. God... if this was what it was like when they were alone together, she couldn't imagine how sore she'd be if they lived together. She hoped... if only slightly... that the sex would wind down a little. Then again, even when his parents took long vacations, the entire time was spent having sex. They never bored of it.

“No complaining,” He whispered in her ear, as his hands stopped massaging and rubbing her breasts, and returned to the slow rubbing on her stomach. She leaned her head back and closed her eyes, trying to ignore the fact that she could smell her own musk, from the juices that was almost steadily leaking from her.

She kept her eyes closed as he bent her legs at the knees, her knees in the air and the bottom of her feet on the bed. Her breath shuttered as his hands moved to slowly and softly rub and massage her calves. He always does this, she thought. It would start off as a simple massage, then turn into an excuse to touch her entire body. Not that she complained. No, she never complained. She had heard about guys who did this, but it was a rarity. Timmy would do it every day if she let him. She felt the bed shift under her bottom as his hands moved to her thighs.

“Mmm that feels so good.” Timmy was her Godsend, she thought as his hands worked her thighs. Then she felt his arms curl under both of her thighs, rubbing the outer part of her thighs. Gasped when his lips brushed against her right inner thigh, then her left. She couldn't count how many times he had crawled between her legs in the past, but he had never done so during a massage.

“I can't help myself,” he murmured as his lips came in contact with her lower ones. She ran her fingers through his hair, as his tongue softly cleaned her juices from between her legs. As his tongue traced her lips, she moaned his name, and worked her hips. His hand lightly touched her stomach, to hold her bottom to the bed. She whimpered softly. “Just relax, let me do the work for you. Just lay back, and enjoy the ride.”

Then he started. His tongue working parts of her that drove her wild. How he knew that her clit was usually too sensitive to touch directly, at least until near the end. So his tongue would do small circles around the little numb of nerves. How most of the time, she enjoyed how his fingers slid between her vaginal lips, rubbing across her entrance, instead of pushing them into her from the beginning. He
knew her body almost better than she did.

She moaned out loudly as the tip of his finger, went in circles, tracing the tiny opening. His tongue doing circles the other way around her clit. Jesus, and she didn't even know when his free hand had moved up her stomach, to rub and lightly pinch her left nipple. When had he become this stealthy, she wondered. Though her wondering would have to wait, as his digit finally made it's way slowly into her. Her first instinct was to buck her hips against his hand. But the hand that had been pleasing her breasts, just pressed her stomach, pushing her bottom back onto the bed. A subtle way to remind her, that he was supposed to be doing the work, and she was supposed to relax.

How the hell was she supposed to relax with him moving his fingers... Oh God... correction, fingers in and out of her, she asked herself as she lifted her head, looking down as the brunette boy who was doing everything he'd learned about her body, to pleasure her. She knew she was supposed to relax, he knew she was supposed to. But never once, had he been able to not crawl between her legs, and penetrate her. She hadn't had him eat her out yet, without him sliding that glorious piece of flesh inside her. Oh he didn't need it to make her come. No. He knew how to do that with his mouth and fingers. But once she came, that extra lubrication was too tempting. He added a third finger into her, as his tongue now flicked repeatedly across her clit. Oh yeah... he knew just when to touch her little numb, she thought as his fingers seemed to piston in and out of her. She bit her lip as his mouth closed around her clit, and he just sucked, then would flick the tip of his tongue across it before suckling again.

“Shit... Fuck Timmy. Oh God!” She squealed as one of the largest orgasms she'd ever had, tore through her body. She was on cloud nine, nothing in the real world mattered as her head fell back to the pillow beneath it.

“Ready to tighten those muscles up again?” She barely heard what he said, but she nodded in agreement, without knowing what she was agreeing to completely. Until she heard herself let out a long low moan, she could feel him entering her tight entrance. She knew it, he could never resist her. She often thought that while he was pleasuring her with his mouth, that he became drunk on the scent of her sex.

“Oh Yes.” She gripped the blankets under her, as her legs wrapped around his waist. These times, she loved. Because during his 'lust drunk' phases, he was rough. She loved the sweet slow love-making. She loved the tender caresses. But she was like a fine car, she needed to be taken out, and driven hard once in a while. And my God, she thought as her entire body shook as his body met her, this boy was driving her! Driving her right over the edge, she thought as another orgasm sent her mentally spinning as she just continued thrusting into her.

AVAVA

She ran her fingers across his back, as he laid on his stomach. He was sleeping, she had been sleeping up until a few minutes ago, when she woke up to use the bathroom. They had continued their love-making, until it finally continued in the bath, before they both curled up in bed after dinner. Dinner that consisted of left over pizza and take out from the day before. Why? Because once again, she'd been a selfish lover... not that Timmy was going to complain about it. But her fingers traced his back, actually, it traced the scratches on his back. She hadn't realized how rough she was on him. But it almost looked like tiny whip marks on the boy's back. Some of them looked old, and she worried if any of them were scars. He never complained about them. One of the things about a guy like Timmy, he never complained.

“My poor Timmy.” She murmured as she kissed one of the new fingernail marks on his back.

“Mmmph,” Timmy raised his head and looked at her, a smile moving across his face. “Morning,”
“Not yet, I had to pee.” She rubbed her hand across his back. “Hey... why didn't you tell me I left marks on your back?”

“Hmm? Oh... 'Cause I don't mind. Believe me, the look on your face when you cum, more than makes up for it when you dig your nails into my back.” He reached out and grabbed the hand that wasn't rubbing his back. She felt her face heat up. “So you going to sit up the rest of the night? Or are you gonna come back down here to keep me company? I don't mind either way. I can look up at you, and just admire how beautiful you are, or I cuddle with you. It's a win-win for me.”

“Hmm.” She pretended to think for a moment. “Nah... you admire me far too much already, I think. I want to be cuddled instead.” Another thing that before the hotel, she never imagined herself doing. Cuddling. She just didn't think about that then. But Timmy opened this whole world for her. “Hey... so when do you start school again?”

“Hmm?” He wrapped his arms around her as she laid back down, “Oh I'm not... well not like you're thinking.”

“Why not?” She asked as his hand rubbed her stomach. Not sexual, like it sometimes was. He just loved to rub her stomach.

“Didn't you know? Hmm, maybe not. We never really talk about that stuff. I graduated last year.” So he had graduated two years early. That was impressive. Most people now didn't graduate until nineteen which is a year later than when they should graduate.

“That does explain why you were always home when your parents were out of town.” She felt him nod behind her, as he buried his face in the back of her neck.

“Say. I've been meaning to ask you something. I didn't want to bring it up before... but I want to ask now, before it gets too late.” She sighed as his lips pressed against her neck.

“Hmm?”

“We've been dating for a while. And... Well, I will be starting school in Fall, but I'll be starting college.”

“Are you gonna ask me if I'll wait for you?” She smirked.

“No... actually. I wanted to ask if you'd come with me.” His fingers laced with hers. She was happy that he wanted her to go, but she never did well enough to get accepted into a good college, not like him.

“I don't think I'd get accepted where you did. My grades were kinda trash,” she kissed his hand, “but thanks for asking.”

“No... I mean, that would have been awesome. But I meant... See my parents are getting me an apartment on campus. And I'd be there for like eight years. So I was wondering if you'd come with me.” His hand squeezed her hand softly. Was he really asking... did he really want... When she didn't answer, he spoke again. “I mean... you don't have to answer now. I just wanted you to think about it.”

“No... I mean... Yes. No, to the having to think about it part. Yes, to going with you part.” Despite how much she'd changed in the past year, she still had a... bad reputation here. And moving to a new city, with her boyfriend, would be nice. Would be just what she needed.

AVAVA
Several Months later, Vicki was loading her stuff into her car outside of her parents house. Timmy had left the day before yesterday. She didn't leave with him, because they had decided, them both leaving on the same day, might make Tootie, and his parents think about it. So she was leaving today, so not to raise too much suspicion. She hugged her little sister, which made her guilty considering the fact that she had stolen the love of the girl's life away from her, and she didn't even know it yet.

“So... you never said where you were going.” Tootie said wiping a tear from her cheek. She couldn't actually tell her sister what city she was going to... that would be too much of a coincidence for her to explain her way out of.

“Just going to live with a friend. Need to get out of this city... Leave who I was behind.” Vicki said hoping to defuse the situation.

“Oh... maybe I can visit sometime.” Oh yeah, that will be just perfect. How was she going to explain why her sister couldn't visit her?

“Maybe. But hey Toots, I gotta get going. It's already going to be late by the time I get there.” She said, receiving another hug from her sister before she got into her car. A quick wave, then she backed out of the drive way.

AVAVA

The sun had set about two hours before, she should have been to Timmy's... no to Their apartment by now. But an accident had kept backed all the lanes up. She sighed as she pulled into a gas station. She needed an energy drink, and something to eat. Actually... what she needed was a bed with Timmy in it so he could hold her until she fell asleep. That's what she really needed. She set her things on the counter, and her phone started ringing as the clerk started ringing it up.

“Hey Timmy. Give me a second, I'm paying for gas and something to eat.” She moved the phone from her ear, and returned her attention to the clerk. Paid for her items, and went out to her car. She pumped her gas, while her phone sat on the seat of the car, since it wasn't safe to pump gas and use a cell phone. Once finished, she got into the car and put the phone back to her ear. “Sorry about that. You must have read my mind, I was just about to call you after I finished here.”

“Yeah, I was getting kind of worried.” She smiled just hearing his voice. So he had been gone for two days. She had missed him. She wondered when she had become so clingy... no she wasn't clingy. She just missed him.

“Just an accident on the interstate, and the stupid GPS wouldn't give me an alternate route. So I spent an hour sitting in traffic, cussing and yelling at a stupid machine.” She sighed. “Now I'm stressed.”

“I could always give you a massage when you get home.” She loved it when he said 'home' and not 'his house'.

“Not so fast Casanova. I'm too tired for what you have in mind.” She smirked, even though he couldn't see it. “And before you start, you know... you know what it leads to. There is nothing innocent about your massages. They start out sweet and innocent, and end up with both of us sweaty and sticky.”

“No arguments there.” he chuckled. “I'll let you go. The faster we hang up the faster you can get here, get a hot bath, and I can tuck you into bed.”

“Deal.” She started her car, “The GPS, if she can be trusted, says I'll be there in about fifteen
minutes. Love you.”

“Love you too.”

AVAVA

“1618... 1618... 1618! Found you!” Vicki carried her bags with her as she passed apartment after apartment, until she found the right one. She set her bags down and knocked on the door, since she didn't have a key yet.

“Who is it?” Timmy said, his voice barely contained the laughter.

“You know who it is!” She snapped, she was happy to be there, but the car ride had made her grumpy.

“I'm sorry, but I didn't order a grumpy redhead.” He said after he opened the door. Though he held his arms out, which she begrudgingly stepped into and hugged him back.

“I don't mean to be grumpy.” She really didn't, she wanted her getting here to be a happy reunion, even if it hadn't been that long since they'd seen each other. But fifteen minutes turned into forty-five, since the GPS kept taking her to the wrong apartment building. Timmy picked up her duffel bags and her laptop case.

“I love you when you are grumpy. And happy. And... well I just love you.” He kissed her cheek. “Oh by the way.” he said turning back to her. “Welcome home.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

I've Added up to this point. However there are about 10 more chapters that'll come soon. Just didn't wanna overwhelm.

AVAVA
(Vicki's PoV)
VAVAV

Vicki stretched out in the bed, that was bigger than both her and Timmy's bed, if they had pushed them together. She often forgot how much money Timmy's parents made. She sighed contently as she enjoyed how soft the bed was, and how warm the blankets around her nude body felt. Even during the times that she had spent the night with Timmy, she had often worried that his parents might return home early and find their son curled up naked in bed, with her. Which was the reason that most of the time they didn't sleep nude. Now, however, they could do what they wanted, for at least eight years.

Timmy had given her a fast tour of the apartment when she had arrived last night. Fast as in, mostly the kitchen, where she was able to eat something Timmy had cooked for her, so that the energy bar wasn't the only thing in her stomach. The living room that she had entered, and had to once again walk through to get to the bathroom. Oh the bathroom! It was so big, with a giant tub. Even though she had been the only one to relax in the tub last night, it was still great.

Then to their bedroom, It was beautiful. Polished black and chrome bedroom suit. Gray carpeting, white walls. But the decorations on the walls... she loved them. Including a picture of him and her that hung on one of the walls. She remembered having the picture taken, but she didn't remember him having it framed. He'd mentioned two other bedrooms, but she didn't see them. He told her they would, most likely, used be for storage or something. She didn't care.

She tossed the covers off the bed, and went through her duffel bag grabbing her robe, and pulled it on. Though it didn't really cover much. It ended just about an inch or two past her bottom. But it covered all the good parts. She didn't know if anyone was supposed to be over. Like the cable, phone, or internet people. So she wasn't going to risk showing off her body to someone that wasn't her lover.

Once she stepped out of the bedroom, the smell of coffee pulled her to the kitchen. Oh she loved coffee, but Timmy didn't care for it. Then the smell of breakfast. She peeked around the door frame to see Timmy putting plates on the table, then transferring food to the plates. But what caught her attention most of all was the coffee mug that was being set next to one of the plates. But if she could sneak up on him... she would get a reward better than breakfast, coffee, or even a soft bed. She'd scare him, which was always fun for her.

“Well, it's going to get cold if you just watch it from the doorway.” Timmy said without looking back at her.

“How'd you know I was here?” She walked in grumbling as she picked up her cup and drank from it. Damn, not only did the boy know her body, but he even remembered how she liked her coffee.
No doubt, he's a keeper, she thought.

"'Cause the coffee just finished." He smiled as he joined her at the table. "How did you sleep last night?"

"Oh my God, Timmy! That bed!" She remembered when he first laid her down in it. "I almost fell asleep the moment I laid down on it. I like the bedroom suit too. Did you pick it out?"

"Mmm hmm, I picked out all the furniture the day I got here. I picked it out based on what I thought you would like." That was sweet, but it would have been better if she was sure it was what he wanted as well. "Good thing I like it all too."

"Have I told you how much I love you?"

"Not for a couple days." He smiled, then pointed to her breakfast, "Eat up before it get's cold. I have to head over to admissions this morning, I'll bring back lunch."

"So that means, I'll have to wait for my workout." She pouted. She knew that he loved it when she pouted. He had told her it was something about how her lips looked that just set his body on fire. Just for added effect, she untied the belt from her robe letting it fall open.

"Great. Now my morning will seem twice as long. Since I'm going to be looking forward to coming back." He took a bite of his breakfast, trying to take his mind off the fact, that it was just a thin piece of opened fabric that shielded her body from him. And the fabric wasn't doing a very good job.

"Well maybe..." She grinned as she slid down in her chair, then crawled under the table. She unzipped his pants, and reached in, and pulled out his member. "Maybe while you eat, I can help make it a bit easier."

"UH, I don't know... I think I should... oh god." He groaned as her lips encircled his member as she took him into her mouth. No way was she going to let him go sit in some crowded building, waiting to talk to some stuffy people, without being as relaxed as she could make him.

She moved her tongue around the tip of his member before she started bobbing her head in his lap, letting his member touch the back of her throat a few times. Oh she wanted to take her time, she wanted to savor it. But he did have an appointment to keep, she thought to herself, as she took him completely into her throat. Pulled back to the tip, and repeated this process, her pace picking up each time she did it. This was like most of the 'first' times. Whenever it had been a while between his parents vacations, the first time he always came pretty fast.

"Oh Vicki. I'm going to..." he didn't get it all out of his mouth, before he started filling hers. And oh, how she loved it when he came when only the tip was in her mouth. She got to taste it. It was erotic when he would pump it down her throat, but nothing beat it when it rolled over her tongue. She put him back into his pants, zipped him up, and readjusted his pants before crawling out from under the table.

"There. Now, you won't be edgy all morning." She smirked, knowing full well, that all she had done was make it worse. He'd get her back for this. And she couldn't wait.

AVAVA

She whined out of need, out of desperation. She had known that Timmy would get her back, when he got home. But what she hadn't known, was that he would tie her to the bed. Which had been an arousing idea, that she had been one hundred percent on board with. Then he teased her, played with her. Would bring her an inch from a mind numbing orgasm, then would smile evilly at her and stop.
How many times had this been? How many times had he brought her to the edge, only to pull her back? She turned her head and could barely see the clock. Shit, he'd been teasing her for two hours already. It was torture, but she had to admit, that she loved it. She just wanted to cum. She needed to cum. She struggled against her bindings.

He kissed her breast, then up to her neck. She wanted to yell at him, but all she did was kiss him back as his lips touched hers. She didn't want to admit it, but she was loving this. She had always been the type to take charge. But here was her young lover, taking charge. Making her beg.

“Please...” she begged as she kissed him frantically. God she was begging, and it was turning her on. His fingers rubbed her opening. Not to get her ready for them, no. They had already been inside her, several times. Hell, he'd been inside her, twice. How he managed to pull himself back out before she came, only to rub his tip against her lips until she licked him clean of her juices. He pushed his fingers into her earning him a loud moan. He moved them in and out slowly, agonizingly slow. Then she whimpered as they pulled out of her again. Her pink eyes stared into his as her mouth opened. She knew where his fingers were going, and she wrapped her lips around his fingers as they entered her mouth sucking off her juices.

“I think you learned your lesson.” She nodded still suckling on his fingers. She wasn't submissive... but it was fun to be submissive... sometimes, the thought to herself.

“Hunthi meh?” (‘Untie me?’) She asked around his fingers before continuing to suckle. He smiled as he shook his head. And got between her legs. She smiled too once his fingers pulled out of her mouth with a small popping sound from the suction she had created.

“Maybe after I make you cum once.” She moaned as he entered her. Was this a trick? Would he bring her to the edge again, before having her suck her juices off his member again? It was thrilling because she didn't know what was going to happen. She wanted more of this game, she thought as he pumped in and out of her. Then he nibbled her earlobe before whispering, “Or twice.”

AVAVA

Once again his hands were rubbing across her body, though this time her back. He made good on his promise, he did untie her, after he let her cum, twice. And now he was rubbing massage oil into her back as a reward for being a good sport about his little game. Not that she complained about it, but she wasn't going to let another free massage get away from her.

“You want to know why I like how you look, over a body like Tootie's?” He mused as his hands ran over her bottom. God yes! She wanted to know why. Needed to know why. She needed it to make sense to her. She knew he did. He'd shown her many times, hell she didn't even know if she could count the amount of times that he'd shown her.

“I do actually.” She gasped as one of his hands slipped between her legs and grazed her moist slit.

“Because. Besides being so beautiful. Your body is firm. It's not all squishy, like I would assume Tootie's would be.” One of his hands moved between her cheeks, the continued it's path up to her lower back again. “Because, you have a light complexion, with these adorable freckles that cover your entire body.”

“I guess, but don't you wish these were bigger?” She rolled over, cupping her tiny mounds. He crawled between her legs, and wrapped his lips around one of her nipples sucking softly as one of his hands wrapped around her hand, which cupped the other breast. She sighed contently when he pulled his mouth away and looked up at her.
“Vicki. You have to know I love you the way you are. If I wanted to be with someone that looked like Tootie. Do you think I'd have asked you to come with me?” She shook her head looking at him. “That's right. So no, I'm happy with you just the way you are.”

AVAVA

Vicki kissed Timmy's forehead before getting out of bed. Sometimes she wondered if she said things to Timmy because she knew that he would do anything in his power to show her that he loved her just the way she was. After a long bought of love making, they had taken a long bath together, then curled up in bed despite it still being early. And Timmy had ended up falling asleep. Her on the other hand still wasn't tired... well physically she was. But her mind just wouldn't let her rest.

She was in a new place. Such a beautiful apartment, with the boy she was in love with. She couldn't believe it. Of all the things that she had done in the past, she was trying to figure out how she even deserved all this. She went through Timmy's drawers finding a pair of his boxers and a t-shirt and put them on. Then made her way to the kitchen, she grabbed a glass from the cabinet, and filled her glass with water to rehydrate herself. No sooner had she sat on the couch and turned on the TV did someone knock on the door.

“Jesus.” She muttered to herself as she stood up and opened the door... She reminded herself not to yell at who ever it was. She was trying to be nicer here. Leave the old Vicki in Dimmsdale.

“Timothy Turner?” A tall lanky guy stood there looking at a piece of paper before adjusting his glasses, looking up at her. “Oh... I must have the wrong...”

“Nope. Timmy's uh... taking a nap.” She continued to look at this guy, wondering if he was going to get to the point. That didn't seem to be happening. “I'm Vicki, what's this about?”

“Oh... I'm Matt, I'll be in Timmy's Psychology Class. We're doing a car pool thing for people in this apartment building, and wanted to know if Timmy was interested.” The male's eyes kept drifting lower, until she would clear her throat. Don't get mad, she told herself.

“I don't know. Uh... I guess I could give you his number.” Which she did.

“So, what classes are you attending?” He asked. Time to nip this one in the bud.

“I'm not, Timmy asked me to move in with him. I'm his girlfriend.” She savored the look of disappointment in the guys eyes. “Since he's going to be here for eight years.”

“Eight years?”

“Yep. Anyways, Give him a call in about...” She turned her head to look at the clock on the wall. “About an hour I suppose, he was pretty tired. But I can't have him up all night. Or else I won't get any rest.” She smirked as she left him standing there looking stunned. She closed the door, wondering how long it would be, before his class knew that. Seventeen year old Timmy Turner had a live-in girlfriend. If nothing else, it would raise his reputation. See she was doing good.
A weeks passed by to find Vicki lounging on the couch, flipping through channels on the television. She had cleaned up the kitchen, washed the dishes... okay so she put them in the dish washer and turned it on, that counted. Even cleaned the bathroom, that didn't need it. But she was bored. Hopelessly so. Timmy had started his classes two weeks before. Leaving her to her own devices during the day. Which had not once been a difficult thing. Now, she didn't know the area too well, and if it wasn't for Timmy's GPS in his car, that she'd commandeered since it was better than hers, during the days he wasn't driving for the carpool. She would have had to live in the park, that she kept ending up at. Luckily Timmy's GPS was a lot smarter than hers.

“This is California in the fall,” she aloud thought to herself. “I should be doing something.”

She had just been about to go out of her mind with boredom when someone knocked on the door. Please... please let it be someone that wants to talk about something... anything... That's how bored she was as she jumped off the couch and yanked the door open. Her face fell slightly as she stared at person standing at the door. It was their neighbor, well one of them. Vicki had met her in passing a few times, but it was always a hurried conversation, because Timmy would be home, and she couldn't wait to get there.

“Hey, It's Victoria, right?” The female asked. Vicki took a moment to look over this female. Black hair that was longer at the bangs, and got shorted the farther back it went, a standard pixie cut, that was tipped in blue. Nothing outrageous about the make-up. Unless you counted the blue lipstick that matched her hair. Ripped jeans, that looked as if she ripped them herself, and a band t-shirt. Vicki’s mind instantly classified this other female, as 'Gamer Girl'. “I'm Isabella, you remember right? But people just call me Bella. Is this a bad time?”

“No... it's not a bad time. Just bored.” At least with this female, she could at least kill some time. Then she realized that she’d been standing there for a while... “Oh... sorry. Do you want to come in?”

“Sure.” Vicki stepped aside letting the other female in, then closed the door behind her. “Nice place.”

“Don't all the apartments look alike?” Vicki asked as she walked into the kitchen, “Want something to drink... or eat or something? I don't normally do this hostess thing...”

“A drink would be nice, Water, or tea or something. I don't normally drink anything else this soon after a jog.” Maybe Vicki could join this female jogging. She did like to run, and Timmy... well there was only one form of exercise on his mind. “And yeah, most of the apartments look alike. But all are decorated, and furnished different.” Vicki took a moment to look at the living room suit that Timmy had gotten. She had been looking at it for a few weeks, but didn't really notice it. It seemed to got perfectly with the colors that were already there, as if it was meant for this room. From the light gray coloring, to the metal glass topped tables. She didn't even know what those black, gray and white stick things that were in a couple large black vases were called.

“Hmm?” Vicki looked at Bella, obviously she wasn't listening.
“I asked, if it was just you two here.” She looked around, “I only ask because, well, I know you two share a room, and this is a three bedroom. Most students have roommates, that's how I know Timmy. He's in the carpool with my roommate ”

“Yeah it's just us two. And how many Psych students are in this apartment building?” Vicki wondered. The guy that came a few weeks ago had been a Psych student.

“A lot. This is the closest apartment building, on-campus, to the Psychology Department.” She smiled slightly, “You get used to them. They aren't as bad as you might think. Though, sometimes they tend to know more about you, than you'd think.”

“Yeah... Timmy's like that a bit... wait. How do you know we share a room?” Had Timmy been bragging? Or when she hinted to that Matt guy, did her go out spreading rumors?

“Oh well...” her face turned a light shade of pink. “We uh... My room, and your room. It uh... shares a wall. And... well sometimes I hear things.”

“Sorry. We tend to get... uh. Well, what can I say? He might not look it, but he has some hellacious stamina.” Yeah she was embarrassed, but she was Vicki. The girl that had given blow jobs to random strangers. A little thing about a neighbor hearing them wasn't going to get to her.

“I didn't wanna say anything... but that's pretty obvious.”

“We'll try to keep it down... we aren't used to living in an apartment, and the houses we lived in were a good distance from each other.” She wondered if the other neighbors had heard her moaning, and screaming, and were too embarrassed to say anything about it.

“No... I mean, you shouldn't have to... you know. Keep it down, in your own bedroom. Plus it kinda raises the bar for the other guys out here.”

“Raises the bar?”

“You know... if word starts spreading that one of the guys, can go for hours... might make the other guys step up their game.” She looked up to Vicki. “So you guys really... that much?”

“Well, It's not all sex. Timmy is... unique. He is very physical, not just sex. You'd think he invented foreplay,” she muttered. “What with the massages, that never actually finish, since well... things get heated up. And... I don't know why I'm telling you all this.”

“That's what females do. Talk... share life experiences.” She smiled. “You know, like cliques in school.”

“No, actually I don't know.” She muttered. She never had friends growing up. Yeah, she had that stupid babysitting club, but that wasn't really friends. That was like, employees, gathering after work... if employees gathered in black cloaks... God she was a weird teen. “I never had friends. Just, didn't have time. I spent my teens babysitting...”

“Oh well... if it makes you feel better. I could share some stories. Maybe let you see what it's like. Don't get me wrong... friends in high school and middle school... not all it's cracked up to be. But sometimes, it's a good experience.” She smiled sheepishly.

“I guess.” Vicki shrugged, what could this girl possibly tell her, that she hadn't experienced? AVAVA
“So when it was finally over with, I'm like completely spent. I roll over to find out... that their were five guys behind me, not to mention the guy in front, none of which was my boyfriend. Yeah, right? I mean, I agree to a threesome after like weeks of begging from him, and it turns out. None of the guys was my boyfriend. So when I finally found him, he asked why I didn't show up... well we did end up doing it with his friend another night, since well two guys were less than six. I still haven't told him about that night.” Vicki just sat there staring at this girl... She had assumed that this girl couldn't have had any stories that she hadn't experienced, but boy she had been wrong.

“So when you said two of them were both... inside you?”

“Anal and Vaginal, yep.” Seriously? What could a girl get out of having something thrusting in and out of their... bottom? “Seriously, it's actually an intimate experience. I mean, the first time hurts like a wicked bitch, but so does vaginal.”

“I don't mean to sound... I don't know. But Timmy's kinda...” she held her hands apart indicating his length, then used her fingers to convey his thickness. Vicki had actually gotten curious once and measured. Her young stallion, was just a little over eight inches long. Bella's eyes widened

“Jesus. Wow, you wouldn't imagine that he'd be that... uh... gifted.” She knew what the other girl meant, the first time she'd seen it, she had been shocked. “I think my last boyfriend was like five, maybe six inches.” Vicki adjusted her now damp boxers, the familiar scent of her musk starting to make it's way to her nose. Shit.

“I was with a few guys like that. Timmy's actually the biggest, that I've had sex with.” Which was true, she'd given blow jobs to bigger guys, but Timmy was her biggest sex partner.

“So... you're saying... as much as you and Timmy mess around. It's only ever been you and him?” Vicki nodded. “So never you and him with another guy... or girl?” Another girl? She had seen porn with it, but she didn't think that she could actually... go down on another girl.

“I prefer another girl, to another guy.” Vicki could smell the familiar smell of her own musk, along with another foreign scent. She wasn't sure, but she was thinking this other girl, just might be aroused. “What about you?”

“I've uh... never been with another girl.” God, when was Timmy getting home? She was horny. She looked up to the clock. Still another two and a half hours.

“No? Well, you know. We could... fix that.” Vicki watched Bella's hand disappear under the table, watched her bite her lower lip softly, before pulling her hand back up, “We'll start simple, and stop, if you stop liking it.”

Bella moved to a chair closer to Vicki, raising the hand that had just... that she thought had just been down... She saw the moisture on the other girls fingers. It smelt different as it came closer to her nose, she closed her eyes as those moist fingers rubbed across her lips before she opened her mouth accepting the other girls fingers. She was instantly reminded of when Timmy had tied her to the bed, and her first instinct was to suckle on the offered digits.

“See? Not so bad.” Bella said unbuttoning her pants when she stood up. Vicki just stared as she pushed them down along with her panties... if the other girl had been wearing them... she didn't know. Bella stepped out of them, and pulled her shirt over her head.

Oh God, oh God, her mind drew a blank. She was about to have sex with another girl, she thought as she pulled her own shirt off. She stood up, a few inches taller than this girl, the pulled Timmy's boxers down. Both now standing completely nude. Bella was a bit more rounded than her. Had a
bigger chest and wider hips. But was closer to her build than she would have been to Tootie's. Bella's skin was as pale as hers, though didn't have the reddish tint hers did, Bella's was more milky white, without freckles. A small strip of black hair, just above her mound.

“You're gorgeous. No wonder Timmy likes to play with you.” Vicki gasped as Bella leaned forward, her tongue making tiny circles around her nipple. It was different than Timmy. Timmy always seemed to savor the action, the taste. But Bella was more... fiery, and forceful. She felt those long slender fingers rub her entrance. “He likes it smooth, huh?”

“Y-Yeah... I d-do, too,” Vicki stammered before Bella kissed her lips.

“Relax... I won't hurt you.” Vicki nodded at her words. She was nervous and excited at the same time. “Do you know what it feels like when Timmy eats you out?”

“Y-Yeah.” Vicki nodded, before Bella's hands moved to her shoulders pushing her softly down to her knees. Inhaled and kind of knew what it was Like for Timmy, the intoxicating smell of Bella's juices. One of Bella's legs came up over Vicki's shoulder, which brought that glistening pinkness closer to her face. When she opened the door to this girl, never once did she consider this is what it would lead to, she thought as she ran her tongue experimentally up her moist crevice.

“I might need to shave,” Bella murmured, as Vicki's tongue started it's slow circles around her clit, as the tip of her finger ran tiny circles around Bella's opening. Vicki had almost forgotten to move her free hand up to kneed the other girls breasts. The flavor was something like she never experienced before. No way would she give up the taste of Timmy's boyhood, but she liked this. “If you want me to join you both.”

“Yes!” The word flew out of her mouth before she could even think about it. At this moment, she wanted this girl to join her and Timmy in bed. Wanted to watch Timmy screw this girl, while she ate her out. Then they could change... then Vicki could lick Timmy's cum from this girls opening, while Timmy worked hard to fill hers.

Vicki wasn't sure when she had pushed two fingers into the other girl, wasn't sure when her teeth started to lightly pull at the other girl's clit. Damn sure hadn't been aware of Bella screaming and moaning, so many profanities, begging for more. Vicki added a third finger and pistoned them in and out of her. She waited... she remembered what Timmy would do... waited for the other girls walls to start to contract and expand rapidly, before cupping her mouth over the girls entrance, and rubbed her clit rapidly.

“Oh shit... oh shit. Fuck me!” The girl screamed as Vicki felt the girls juices flow pass her lips, then covered her tongue, the same tongue she used to push into the other girl, as if she was trying to scoop all the delicious liquid out. When the other girl braced herself on Vicki's shoulders, Vicki uncoupled her mouth from over her slit, and lightly licked it clean. “Jesus...”

Bella had moved to the chair to sit down as she panted. Obviously the other girl was shocked by what Vicki could do... Vicki was shocked by what she could do. She had just eaten her first girl out, and seemed to be great at it.

“That... was your first time?” Bella panted, but got down on her knees and moved to kneel in front of Vicki.

“Yeah...”

“That was... so fucking awesome.” Then Vicki moaned as her legs were spread, and this girl started licking her slit. Then pulled her mouth back to look up at Vicki. “God... I bet he spends hours down
Vicki had just eased into the bathtub when she heard the front door open and close. She smiled as he called out, that he was home. She thought about what her and Bella had talked about, after they had finished pleasuring each other. Even now, that the thrill was over, that the excitement had faded some once she had came. She thought that the talks of threesomes, and games would have just been that. Talk. But as she sat there soaping herself, she couldn't help but become excited by the thought of the whole thing. Vicki by nature, was not a sharer. What was her's was her's, no questions asked. But maybe it might be fun. She would at least talk with Timmy about it.

“Here you are. Trying to bathe without me I see.” He smiled as he came in and sat on the edge of the tub.

“Who's stopping you from getting in?” She smirked and splashed water at him playfully.

“Dinner is. I'm hungry, and if we do what you are planning, then we'll be some worn out, tired, hungry people.” She pouted at him. Then again, he had no clue what she was planning. But even just her and him, they did tend to work up an appetite

“I guess. We can't have fun without energy can we?” He shook his head and leaned down to kiss her, she leaned up kissing him back. “Just a quick one?” She whispered in his ear, as she tugged on the waist of his pants.

“Neither of us know the meaning of quickie.” He muttered, obviously he wasn't happy that he couldn't. And why couldn't they? She'd waited all morning, she thought as she unbuttoned his pants. She was introduced to her first girl-on-girl experience today. And even though that was fun, it left her antsy. Left her with an itch, that only he could scratch. She pulled them down along with his boxers. A part of Timmy seemed to agree with her, and was saying to hell with food. “But... I suppose I could order something from that restaurant.”

“You mean that one that takes about an hour?” She smiled grinning. She'd talk to him about the threesome... after he took care of her itch. She held up the box of condoms they kept on the side of the tub. “Oh and Timmy?” He looked back at her. As she tossed them into a corner. “It's a safe day.”

She giggled... she actually giggled as she watched him dart out the door to find any kind of phone, or online device to order their dinner with. Hmm, she thought, maybe she should have welcomed him home with the words 'safe day'. Dinner would have been long forgotten in the brunettes head, but their empty stomachs would have been a sore reminder after the fact. So maybe it was a good thing she didn't.

Not too many minutes later, Timmy had returned to the bathroom. She assumed that his shirt and hat were laying somewhere on the floor between the kitchen and the bathroom. He smiled as he entered the bath, he had been partially erect when she pulled his pants down, and was fully erect now. She wanted to wrap her lips around him and listen to him moan. But that was a rarity... not that she didn't often enough. Just Timmy preferred to start with her first. He lifted her out of the bath her bare bottom coming to rest on the edge, he spread her legs slowly. She sucked in air as the cooler air moved around her legs and glistening body that been heated by the water. Which she shouldn't have done. Because upon hearing the gasp, Timmy blew colder air across her sensitive area.

“Stop!” She lightly popped him on the head. “It's cold!”

“Cold?” His lips pressed against her lower set, “Let me warm it up then.”
She wasn't sure what the delivery guy thought when she answered the door in nothing but a towel, her hair, and body dripping water, as she handed him the money, giggling then said to keep the change. She took the boxes that contained their food from him and winked before closing the door in his shocked face. She set the boxes on the kitchen counter, then sprinted back to the bathroom letting the towel fall somewhere in the hallway.

“Make it back?” She smiled leaning back in the tub. Snug little brat. They'd had a bet, who ever came first had to answer the door in a towel. She agreed to it, before remembering that she hadn't yet cum, when he was teasing her. But by then, she couldn't argue about it. She was right at the edge, and he was shoving her farther and farther towards it. He stacked the deck in his favor.

“You're still a cheater!” She crossed her arms and looked away as she got back into the tub. He pulled her into his lap, while she playfully argued and pretended to fight him.

Though all thoughts of fighting, play or otherwise, was lost when she felt herself engulf his member. Her hips rocked, and she blushed as he leaned back and watched her body work. But she was never one to ruin it for him. She would start out shyly making her body move slower, so he could take in the details, make her body move more seductively. Overemphasize rocking her body on him, the grinding of her hips. His hands, like many other times explored her body. The palms of his hands running up her sides, his mouth coming forward to kiss and suckle on her collarbone, before leaning back to continue watching.

“I shouldn't let you watch, since you cheated.” She said as she deepened her rocking. She could feel half of him exiting her, before she would take him back in, just enough where he could watch himself enter and exit her. She knew she had him, when his eyes drifted to their connection. “Oh, you like that?”

“Oh yeah.” He groaned as his hands came up to her face, his blue eyes looking up into hers. He pulled her into a kiss, that deepened and deepened, as he now thrust up inside her over and over, even as she was bouncing on him. “Next time, I'll make it fair.” he said between panting breaths.

“How would you like a different game?” She moaned in his ear. She licked his neck, waiting for his answer.

“Anything you want.” He groaned. Could it really be that easy? Right now the boy would agree to anything, much like she did, when she was on her knees in front of Bella.

“A threesome?” His thrusts got slower, until she licked his earlobe. “With another girl.”

“Anything.” He said as she bounced harder. He couldn't refuse her. He might back out later, but right now. She got what she wanted. She felt him pulse inside her, then started to cum. The feeling of that hot liquid flooding her insides, the thought that seed covering her insides, and maybe... just maybe, that liquid filling a screaming Bella, drove her over the edge as she let out an squeal of ecstasy.

She sat on his lap, his hardness could be felt between his stomach, and her back, as he softly stroked her stomach with one hand while the other alternated between her entrance, then up to her breasts. Occasionally, he'd bring his fingers up to her lips, and she'd gladly lick them clean. His mouth, busy licking and kissing her neck.
“So?” She murmured as his fingers found their way back inside her.

“Hmm?” His tongue grazed her earlobe, causing her to shiver.

“Now that ecstasy isn't blinding you. Not completely. What do you think about a threesome?” She rocked her hips against his hand.

“Anyone in mind?” She blushed, and knew, since he had pointed it out, that her blush covered her entire face, and part of her chest.

“Bella.” She muttered, turning around in his lap to look at him in the eyes. “She came over this morning, and well we were talking about sex... I wouldn't have brought it up, but it seems we share a wall with her room. So... it got brought up. So to lighten the mood, she decided to share some stories. And... I mentioned I'd never had a threesome. And... one thing lead to another, and I kinda... well...” her last words she mumbled.

“Kinda?” He licked her earlobe again.

“I kind went down on her. You know, ate her out?” She huffed, feeling embarrassed, and now ashamed, because she had cheated on him. “You're not mad are you?”

“Mad? No. Vicki, I love you. And you are a very sexual person. And that is one aspect to sex I can't provide. I don't have those parts.” He kissed her lips, and moaned into them as he lifted her onto him again. Okay so she got a free pass this time. But if it was a male, she knew that he'd be upset. “As for the threesome. I'd have to meet her first. I mean, I know I met her. But I'd have to actually... talk with her. But for now... talking it over.” He said as he stood up, with him still inside her. Carefully got out of the tub, and walked... Oh Fuck, how she loved it when he walked with him inside her. Each step, bringing her up, to fall back onto his stiffness. “Let's give our wall sharer something to listen to.”
Even though Timmy had... kind of agreed with the threesome that the redhead had in mind, once he met her that was. And if he liked her... not in that way... she knew that. But he had to make sure that she wasn't going to try to use this against him. Okay, so he was paranoid like that, but she could accept his terms. In fact, she liked that he had terms, it showed that he was not willing to just jump into a bed and screw some random girl. Made her feel better that he had rules and conditions. Sadly the meeting would have to wait, since he had classes all this week, or at least for the rest of it. He explained that he was getting farther ahead, because week after next was their anniversary, and he wanted to spend time with her. Without worrying about classes.

“Vicki...” Vicki's head looked up to her new friend across from her at a cafe, that Bella had brought her to. “So what happened last night? You were pretty loud.”

“That... was for your benefit. Yeah I talked with Timmy about what we talked about. And well his exact words were, 'Let's give our wall sharer something to listen to,' That was after he agreed... kind of... conditionally.” She shrugged and looked at Bella's face, she was confused.

“What do you mean?”

“Well, basically, he wants to meet you, other than like a quick meeting. So I figure we'll hang out or something. Let him get a feel for you... you know. Hey, I'm actually glad he's not willing to just jump into bed with me and another girl. Don't get me wrong Bella, you're great. But it just kinda puts me at ease.” This threesome did worry her some. So far, she'd been the only female Timmy had ever been with. What if he jumped ship? Of course, since he seemed to know what she was thinking, he did assure her that no matter what happened, that she was who he loved, would always love.

“Oh... well I guess that's do able.” Bella said sipping her coffee. “If he says yes, we should go out and get some sexy lacy underwear, and just you know... wait for him on the bed.”

“I dunno... Timmy doesn't like that lacy stuff.” Bella raised her eyebrow, in what seemed to be disbelief. “He told me he prefers me in his boxers and t-shirt. And I'm more comfortable with it... since I don't really have the curves to pull off that lacy stuff.”

“We'll figure something out. Something to make the night extra special.”

She spent the entire day with Bella, and for the first time, she actually saw why people had friends. It was actually fun. They went shopping for clothes, which Vicki had always thought was just too girly for her. You know the cliché movies and TV shows with girls gushing over pieces of fabric. However, this trip had been nothing like that. It wasn't as cliché as that, it was just... different to have another female with you, to help you find something that suited you. She didn't have to look at or try on frilly dresses, or those uncomfortable looking blouses.

It had been great until Bella had pulled her into a shop that just sold make-up. Why in the world did there need to be an entire shop of make-up, she wondered to herself. She fought against being sat in a chair, while Bella experimented with the various products on her. She argued that she didn't want
to look like those make-up freaks... though it ended up being a losing battle, finally she ended up just sitting there while Bella played around.

“Look!” Bella turned the chair so Vicki could look into the mirror, after many times of applying this or that, then wiping it off again, only to do something else. Vicki looked into the mirror. It wasn't that bad. She actually looked... beautiful? Hardly any make up seemed to have been used. A little blush, lipstick that seemed to be just a couple shades darker than her natural lip color. Mascara to darken and thicken her eye lashes, and just a little bit of eyeliner... Nothing really big, though more than she ever cared to use. “If you thought you turned your man's head before. Just wait until he sees you now. I have all the stuff I used right here, lets get it.”

“No... no! I... I don't know how to put that crap on. And I'm not going to end up making myself look like some clown. Don't shake your head! I know, it'll happen.”

“I'll help you! Only on like special days. When you and Timmy go out or something.” Vicki sighed... another losing battle. Vicki looked down at her watch...

“Shit... Fine fine! Lets hurry. Timmy got home like an hour ago...” Where had the time gone? Had she been having so much fun that she lost track of time? She pulled out her cellphone as she paid for the make-up, only paying attention to notice how much the crap cost. Good thing she wouldn't be using it often. Timmy didn't answer... he always answered when she called. Was he mad that she wasn't there? No... no... Timmy never got mad over anything. He could be cooking. Or even on the phone with his parents... it wasn't common, but there had been at least once he talked to his parents that she knew of. “He's not answering.”

“Don't worry, I'm sure he's just busy. Maybe he's studying.” Another possibility. Timmy tended to study, while listening to music with his headphones on. So she could watch TV, or read, and neither would bother the other.

AVAVA

Vicki had gotten back and was carrying the things that she had bought up the stairs, wishing that Timmy had gotten an apartment on the first floor. When she had whined about it once, he just smirked and said it would keep her thighs and butt nice and firm. She grumbled, but he was right. That was why she had started jogging after her and Timmy had gotten together, so she could keep her body firm, just how he liked it. She jammed her key in the door, tripped falling into the door, her bags going everywhere.

“Ow...” She muttered bringing up her hands to rub the spot on her head that she'd hit on the floor... “Lucky it's carpeted.... Ow ow... fuck fuck!” She screamed as her left eye started to burn... she scrambled up running past Timmy who was now sitting up on the couch completely confused.

“Vicki... are you alright? Vicki, what's wrong?” Timmy followed her into the bathroom where she was using water to try to get whatever was burning her eye out.

“My eye is burning,” She sobbed, as Timmy pulled her hands away.

“Don't rub it. It'll make it worse.” He said as he sat her on the toilet, and wet a wash cloth and dabbed it at her eye. A few seconds later, the burning lessened by a lot. And still he dabbed as her eye.

“What happened?” Bella's voice came from somewhere behind Timmy. “I saw you fall Vicki, then you started screaming. So I came over.”
“Sweating must have caused the make-up to run. And when she reached up to rub her face, from when she fell, I guess she smeared it into her eye.” At this point Vicki started crying. She couldn't even wear make-up right... She felt like a little girl who had tried to play dress-up and ended up messing it all up.

“No... shhh.” Timmy's hand cupped her cheek. “The burning will be gone soon. It'll be alright. We'll buy you some of that water proof stuff, the kind that doesn't run. Okay?”

“I didn't even want the stuff. But Bella said I looked good, and I just wanted to be beautiful for you.” She couldn't stop herself from crying, which was going to make the make-up worse. “And I can't even do that right.”

“Vicki... You're always beautiful. From the moment you wake up, to the moment you fall asleep, and every moment in between.” He continued to wipe the make-up away. “You don't need make-up to look beautiful. You have a natural beauty that make-up could never compete with. Besides,” He called over his shoulder. “The mascara and eyeliner were too much, it took away from her hair and lips.” she just looked at him, this odd creature that was her boyfriend, talking about make-up as if he knew all about it.

“But it brought out her eyes.” Bella argued.

“Mmm hmm. It does. But the point of make-up is to accent the features of the face... not just one part of it.” Timmy said as he finally got all the make-up off.

“I didn't think about that... Wait... How on Earth do you know about make-up?” Bella sounded very confused. Vicki had to admit, that she wanted to know.

“While I love Vicki, I still do notice beauty in other places. And before Vicki, I was interested in other girls. What better way to appeal to females, than to walk in their world, and understand how it works.” He said simply, as if it should be the most common piece of information in the world.

“You're an odd male Timmy. That's pretty awesome. You so need to talk to some of the other guys out here.” Bella just sounded dumbfounded. Vicki... well she just saw the reason the loved this boy. Vicki just wrapped her arms around his waist and held onto him. Once again wondering just what she did to deserve all this.

AVAVA

“So why didn't you answer your phone?” Vicki asked a couple hours later as she laid her head in his lap, watching TV from the couch.

“Hmm? When?” Timmy looked down from the movie they were watching.

“About... um... thirty minutes before my make-up attacked me.” She pouted.

“Oh... I guess I was sleeping. I came home tired, and fell asleep on the couch. You woke me up when you came home.” Maybe his class was tiring today... and she woke him up with her stupidity.

“I'm sorry.” She felt ashamed.

“Don't be. If you didn't wake me up, I might would have slept too long, THEN I wouldn't have been able to sleep tonight when you were ready for bed. So you did me a favor.” He pulled her up into his lap and kissed her.

AVAVA
She didn't know how Bella had managed to talk her into another outing... then again... she didn't know how she ended up being talked into going into another place that catered to females... considering the last fiasco. But this one was much worse. She was laying on what looked like a massage table, face up, completely naked, while Bella was laying on a table not too far from her.

“So tell me again... why this is better than shaving?” Vicki huffed out her question.

“Because waxing lasts longer than shaving. I usually come once a week to get a bikini wax... but you... well, I guess you're going with the full wax. No stubble, not even a little. You'll be completely smooth.” Hmm. If it was so simple, then how come more women didn't do this more often?

“Doesn't sound so bad.” She murmured as the lady that had brought them back, returned, and used a stick thing to smear warm wax over the areas she wanted the hair gone. Then she watched as paper was then moved to cover the wax.

“Okay... deep breath on three.” The lady said, simple enough... “One... Two... THREE!”

“AHHhhhh! What the fuck was that!?” Vicki yelled as the paper was ripped off, taking the wax with it... and maybe part of her vagina... she didn't know.

“It's okay... Just two more times.” The lady said.

“Just bare with it Vicki... believe me... It's worth it.” Vicki didn't know if that was true or not... but what could she do? Just get up and leave? Yes... She could get up and...

“...THREE!” Or maybe it was too late she thought...

AVAVA

“I hate you.” Vicki grumbled at Bella as she walked... hobbled out of the place where she had literally just paid them to torture her. If she had of know people paid for torture, she should have opened a business when she was teen, she'd have made a fortune.

“You'll thank me.” Bella's upbeat attitude never really skipped a beat.

“That's what you said about the make-up.”

“This is different.” Bella smiled. “Let get get our hair cut.”

“What are they going to use? A blow torch?” Vicki grumbled and was dragged into a salon.

A few minutes later she sighed happily as someone was washing her hair. Had given her compliments on how beautiful it was. That they hardly saw natural red hair this tint. Vicki did however make sure, that when they got to the cutting portion, that they were only to cut the split ends, and even it out. Timmy loved... and she meant LOVED her hair. There was no way she was going to let anyone mess it up... not without a murder.

AVAVA

Once again she was dragged into another store. Only this one was for underwear. All kinds. It was insane. What point was all these different styles?

“Here put these on.” Bella said putting things she selected into her hands, shoving her towards the changing rooms. If this girl only knew what she would have done to someone that shoved her years ago... she'd be running for the hills... or dead.
“Geez... Fine...” She looked at the items. A Green bra with black trim, just like the panties. She put
them on. A pair of sheer, see thought, thigh high black stockings. And a... “What the fuck is this?”

Bella peeked over the door. “That's a garter belt. You put it on like panties, but those straps hook to
the top of the stockings to hold them up. These too!” She was passed a pair of black high heels.
 Didn't this girl realize she'd never worn these things before?

“I uh...” She looked in the mirror, and felt stupid. She looked like some kid who got into her mother's
sexy underwear. “I don't think I can pull this off.”

“Let me see... Jesus girl. That's hot.”

“Quit with that... This is gonna end up just like the make up, and that waxing thing.” Vicki
grumbled.

“No no... wait... don't change anything.” Bella vanished from over the door, then Vicki heard her
again a bit father away... “You're straight right? Come here.. come here a moment.” Vicki was
confused until the door opened, and she stood there, with the guy starring at her. Until she came to
her sense, and pulled the door closed. “What did you think?”

“I... I got to go, before my wife kills me.”

“See! We're getting it.” Bella announced.

“No we are not.”

“Fine I'm getting it. For you.”

AVAVA

“Vicki... Vicki? Come on, wake up, it's time for lunch.” A voice called to her

“No more... No more,” She whined holding her arms out as a shield. “No more shops... No more
waxing... just let me... Timmy?”

“Mmm hmm. You're safe from Bella the shopping monster, you're on the couch. You were
sleeping.” Timmy pulled her up and brought her to the kitchen. “So... Waxing huh?”

“Yeah.” Vicki muttered.

“Doesn't that hurt like hell?” Timmy asked bringing her a plate with her lunch on it.

“You have no idea. Lets say... I'm smooth as hell, and you better enjoy this level of smoothness
while you can, because I'll be damned if it's happening again.”

“What if I like it a lot?” He smirked.

“Then we'll go get waxed together, and I'll pick where you'll be waxed.” She just looked at him, no
smile on her face.

“Okay okay... I promise. You never have to do it again.” Timmy looked over to the bag on the floor
next to the couch. The bag that held the... 'gifts' from Bella. “So what's in the bag?”

“Something that's for a later day.” She pushed her plate away, mostly empty. She pouted. “You
know that waxing really hurt.”
“I'm sorry. Anything I can do?” He asked innocently. He didn't seem to realized how... completely sexual that sounded.

“I can think of a few things.” She smirked and stood up as she started towards the bedroom.

I love it when nothing is between us.” She moaned as he thrust harder, she body rocking from each thrust. She let out throaty moans and gasps, then began to get louder and louder. It was all Bella's fault, let her suffer while she listens to Timmy ravish me, she thought, as she bucked her hips against his. In fact... Maybe Bella should be the one getting a pounding. Her mind wasn't working right, in her lust filled state. It seemed to make sense... in some way to her. “Timmy. Can we have that threesome?”

“Yes... whenever your ready.” He kissed her lips, then her neck as he continued to thrust into her.

“Now?” He stopped and just looked at her.

“Right now?”

“Right now.” She looked at him, through glazed eyes. Then reached up and banging on the wall. “BELLA, The doors unlocked. Come over here,” Vicki started thrusting her hips up against Timmy, until he gathered his wits again and continued thrusting into her. “Uh, Harder Timmy. Yeah... just like that.”

“Vicki, did you...” Vicki glanced over to Bella who had just walked into the bedroom. “Oh... uh... let me... close the door to the apartment.”

She watched Bella vanish, then turned her attention back to her lover, then leaned up and licked his ear. “Timmy... She needs to be punished for the waxing.” She grinned as Timmy just smiled and kissed her.

“Uh... so... I'm guessing... now?” Bella had returned, obviously not waiting for an answer, as she stripped out her own clothing, crawling on the bed. She knelt down pressing her lips against Vicki's. Then whispered, “Thank you.”

Vicki watched with mild interest as Bella got back to her knees and ran her hands across Timmy's glistening body. Watched as she leaned over and kissed his shoulder, noticing as her eyes tried to stay glued to Timmy pumping in and out of her. Heard her mutter, 'Jesus, it is big.' Maybe she thought Vicki had been exaggerating.

“No condom?” Bella purred as she managed to capture Timmy's lips with her own. The kiss was passionate on Bella's side, but she could seen the hesitation on Timmy's even if he did kiss back. It
definitely was not like when he kissed her."

"Safe day," she moaned, getting closer and closer to her point. "You?"

"I uh... Might need a condom." She blushed.

"Only condoms are in the car. We're out up here." Vicki's hand slid between the other girls legs, letting a finger slip in.

"I guess... we could... um... Alright." She bit her lip. Somewhere she knew that her mind should be screaming no... Bad idea. But she was too lost in the haze of sex to argue with her own mouth. And Timmy... she assumed all his blood was in his member right now. The moment she said 'safe day', all his worries were over.

"Shit shit shit... Timmy fuck yesssss!" Vicki squealed as she felt him release his cum inside of her, driving her over the edge. She could almost feel her cervix gulping the liquid seed. Then shivered as he pulled out of her. Something he normally never did, until he had at least filled her a couple times. But today... they had a guest player.

"My God," Bella muttered as she leaned down and started licking Timmy's stiff rigid member.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" Vicki sat up to kiss her lover, who kissed her back with so much more passion than he gave to Bella. Then she whispered in his ear, "You sure you're okay with this?" he nodded a little, "Remember anytime you get uncomfortable, we'll stop. Alright?"

"Thank you, for that." He whispered back then kissed her earlobe. He was nervous... and she knew it helped put his mind at ease to know he was in control. That he could stop it at any moment. She got on her hands and knees next to Bella, and they took turns sucking Timmy's member, while the other licked the shaft when it came out of the others mouth. Timmy... given the noises he was making, wasn't complaining about this.

After the trade off got boring to Vicki, she decided to show Bella how to deep throat Timmy. Which for Vicki, was easy enough, since she did it often. Timmy would pump into her throat a few times, before she pulled off. She looked at Bella, who it took several times, and a few times she gagged before her lips met his body. Vicki rubbed Bella's slit, as Timmy grabbed Bella's head and started pumping into her throat. She could see tears forming in Bella's eyes. Which she had Timmy stop.

"You alright?" Vicki asked as Bella coughed.

"Yeah... just... never... deepthroated before," Her voice sounded hoarse.

"Don't worry, it takes time. He's almost close. Let me get him most of the way for you." Vicki grinned and in one motion swallowed him into her throat, where Timmy began thrusting in and out of her throat, while Bella watched on with keen interest. Again and again, and again, he entered and exited her throat. Until she started to feel that familiar throbbing. Timmy's hands let go of her head as she pulled it back, and guided Bella's mouth over his cock. Moving her head up and down on his cock. "Just like that, faster... faster." Timmy grunted, and she watched Bella's cheeks puff out a bit, before she started swallowing. Timmy always released a lot of cum for some reason, at least five to seven streams. When Bella finally pulled off, she looked at Vicki with a smile.

"There was so much, I thought I'd drown." Vicki laid back with her legs open, Bella seemed to know what to do next... well considering it wasn't her first threesome, Vicki had no doubt, when Bella's tongue went straight to work. Timmy looked over Bella's back and head to look at her, as if asking if he should.
“Mmm hmm.” Vicki moaned as she watched Timmy focus on his member, which she assumed he was rubbing it against Bella's entrance. Bella gripped the blankets on either side of Vicki as she watched Timmy come closer. Bella pulled her mouth away to squeak out a moan with what seemed to be the last few inches. Vicki remembered what that was like. To have something touch deeper than anything ever has.

Then it started, she watched as Bella’s face scrunched up in pain and pleasure as Timmy started pumping. Bella was obviously used to a slower start with a smaller cock. Bella squealed as Timmy rapidly pumped into her, Timmy did that now and again with her. He would just pump as hard and fast as he could, then resume normal thrusting. She then watched the girl's eyes seem to glaze as she came, after he released his first orgasm in her. Watched her eyes wide as he started pumping again.

Vicki had wanted to punish Bella for the Waxing incident, and it was happening, she thought. The girl was whining, having came... Vicki didn't know how many times. But Timmy had stamina... Timmy could keep going. Where as Bella seemed to be used to the guy cumming then it being over. Not her Timmy.

“Oh God, my kitty's on fire!” Bella moaned, then gripped the sheets as another orgasm ripped through her. Good, now she knows what her 'kitty' felt like when that wax was ripped off. By now Bella couldn't even focus on licking her slit, so Vicki moved to watch Bella's Punishment. Both Timmy's and Bella's juices were pooled beneath Bella. Which Vicki, moved her head under the girl, and licked up as much as she could. The two flavors she loved blended into one. She looked up, and watched as Timmy held into Bella and listened to the girl whine out another moan. Vicki moved her head, just as Timmy pulled out and Bella collapsed on the bed. “Oh God. My god...”

Vicki helped Bella roll over, then started licking her lover's cum out of Bella. Then moaned into her entrance as Timmy pushed into her. Oh this was going to be a long... long afternoon. She thought happily, as Bella just continues to moan feebly.

AVAVA

All three of them managed to get into the garden tub. Not that it was a tight fit... no... the managing part, was Vicki and Timmy having to help a sore Bella into the tub. Who almost seemed to melt as she hit the hot water. Bella was still muttering 'Oh my God,' 'Fucking hell,' and 'Holy Shit.' Vicki assumed she was stunned. She felt proud of Timmy, and lucky she got him at the same time.

Bella leaned against the side of the tub, as Vicki took her usual position between Timmy's legs, leaning back against him, as he did what he normally did. Namely, rub her stomach and give her soft kisses on her neck and back.

“Wasn't as awkward as I imagined.” Timmy broke the silence. And he was right. Vicki assumed it was due to her impulsiveness in the situation. Bella was used to threesomes, and so she felt normal in that situation. She and Timmy, were already lost in sexual lust, that they didn't even care anymore when she walked in. When she had imagined it happening, she imagined it would have started out with awkward conversation, that lead to hesitation when stripping. And then long periods of long, uncomfortable silence, before the activities began.

“Good thing for my impulsiveness.” Vicki smirked turning her head back, as he leaned forward and kissed her.

“So... uh... is this what you two do after every time?” Bella asked, as she relaxed in the tub, obviously she had returned to her senses.

“Mm hmm, pretty much. Nothing helps sore muscles like a long hot bath.” Vicki settled back against
Timmy's chest. “We figured that out one of the time's Timmy's parents went on vacation. God they were always on vacations... You know. I don't even know their first names.” Timmy about laughed.

“That's easy... their names are...” He stopped... “Andrew, and Tabitha. Took me a minute... I guess you're right. I barely saw them... and I'd only know their names, because I paid the bills. Odd.”

“So... just how long have you known each other?” Bella started soaping up her body. Vicki looked back at Timmy, and he just returned her stare.

“Uh... since he was... eight?” Timmy nodded, “Yeah since he was eight, and I was thirteen. I was actually his babysitter.”

“So you two have been...”

“No no no... No.” Vicki interrupted her. She might be... breaking the law now. But she wasn't some sicko. “This didn't start until a year and a half ago week after next.”

“I thought it was your anniversary week after next.” Bella asked and Timmy sighed.

“Don't get her started on that... please.” Timmy pleaded.

“Timmy likes to celebrate twice a year. Because he's all sentimental like that.” Vicki murmured as Timmy blushed.

“Hey don't tease him, Most guys don't even remember once, much less remembers, and celebrates twice. Take my ex for example. He couldn't even remember my birthday.” Not too uncommon Vicki thought. “It was two days after his.” Ahh... well. “So onto the real question. Was this a one time experiment thing? Cause if it was, I don't mind. Kinda just like to know.”

“Ummmm, Timmy?” Vicki looked back to Timmy, she was the one that put him in charge. So whatever he decided now. Would be final.

“I don't mind. I mean. Honestly?” Vicki and Bella both nodded. “It was fun, and interesting. But if I'm to be completely honest. I only did it, to please Vicki. So when she wants to, I'm game. Don't think I didn't enjoy it... I just love Vicki.”

“Hey guys,” Vicki made a 'hmning' sound. “Is that clock right?”

“Uh?” She looked back at Timmy, who nodded, she only deferred to him because he was was one obsessed with all the clocks being set right. She just didn't know if he had set this one. “Yep.”

“Well shit. Feel kinda bad asking, but can you guys do me a favor?” Bella laughed when Vicki splashed water at her. “Okay okay, spare room it is.”
Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

Six glorious chapters... Six glorious chapters of Sex, and Fluff. Six chapters where the worst thing to happen was a waxing and make-up in an eye. I haven't even started this chapter yet. Like all chapters I write the author's note first. But this one... I just have a feeling it'll end up having some moments in it.

Random Reader: What the hell?
Me: What?
Random Reader: You can do that!
Me: I don't know what you are talking about... but I'm sure I can, whatever it is.
Random Reader: You can't make a M Fiction and not have sex in it.
Me: There is sex in the fiction... copious amounts... in other chapters. This one just is just mild.
Random Reader: Blasphemy! -throws holy water on Samuel-
Me: -just gets wet- Really? -replaces Random Reader's lube with krazyglue, without Random Reader's knowledge-

Moral of this story? You insult Samuel. You get your hand glued to your intimate area. (I don't own krazy glue)

AVAVA
( Vicki's PoV )
VAVAV

It was their one and a half year anniversary, and Bella had just left the apartment. She had come over to help decide on what Vicki should wear, and help with the little bit of make-up that she wore. This time deciding on no make-up anywhere near her eyes. She might not know make-up, Timmy had went out and gotten her the kind that didn't run, but she damn sure knew that she wasn't going to let that fiasco happen again, or at least chance it happening.

She looked in the full length mirror that Timmy had bought a few days ago. Something that he really hadn't needed to do, but he noticed she was using the bathroom mirror, and muttered that she couldn't see her butt in the mirror. So what did he do? He had to go and buy a mirror that she could use... and she wasn't about to let his effort go to waste by not using it.

She studied what she was wearing, a green, knee length, dress trimmed in black. Seems Bella was stuck on those colors after seeing a picture of Vicki in middle school with her green tube top and black skinny jeans. It was insane. But she couldn't deny that she did look good in the colors. Silver hoop earrings, and a necklace that Timmy had bought her for their last half year anniversary. She wasn't a super model, but she thought that she cleaned up, pretty, damn good.

Timmy on the other hand, she snickered to herself. He was wearing a suit, the whole jacket and tie thing. It was obvious that he was uncomfortable, but he couldn't complain, since it was his idea. Timmy didn't like to be dressed formal, he much preferred his jeans and t-shirts. This time it's different, he had said, this time is special. She heard him muttering that earlier this morning. Maybe it was special, because it was their first anniversary where they could go out in public, without being
recognized by someone in Dimmsdale. First anniversary where they lived on their own, kind of anyways. They lived alone anyways.

“Someone looks handsome... and itchy.” She snickered as she walked over to her handsome nervous boyfriend. “You nervous about our first night out... I mean out out?”

“Yeah. Very.” He was usually confident... but then again, that was when she was naked. Now that she was all dressed up, he seemed to be that young boy again... in fact, he looked like that young boy again, only on the verge of hyperventilating. She wondered if this was the same suit as he wore when all this started.

“Don't worry Timmy.” She stroked his cheek, and leaned down and kissed his forehead. “Let's go, our reservation is at five.”

Once they got into Timmy's car, and he didn't seem to be in danger of hyperventilating anyways, so that was a plus. Even though she was sure, he didn't think that she could hear him. She kept hearing him muttering, 'Tonight's the night.' over and over to himself. She noticed that he was starting to sweat a little.

“Are you hot? Let me get that.” She turned on the AC in the car, then reached for the glove box, sometimes she would toss napkins from fast food places in there, in case she needed one later. Except Timmy reached over holding the glove box closed.

“It's okay... Um... It's alright.” He said turning his attention back to the road.

“Timmy what's wrong. Something's got you all wound up. Timmy! Watch it!” Timmy had been paying attention to the road, even while she was talking to him, but since she was looking at him, she saw the truck swerve from the other side of the highway.

She saw Timmy freeze for a moment, when he noticed it, then tried to move out of the way. But Vicki knew that even if he hadn't hesitated... even if he had of seen the truck coming. There wasn't a way for him to avoid it. Everything happened in slow motion for her. It's like time stood still for a second before the truck hit their car. In the moments as their car started to flip, Timmy's hand reached out grabbing hers. Tires squealing behind them... or ahead of them... or beside them... Then everything went black as the car hit the road.

AVAVA

“Hey... Hey Guys! She's waking up.” A familiar voice... who was it? The truck... it was coming... It was almost there, she had to do something, she had to warn him!

“Watch out!” She screamed as she sat up, only to be lightly pushed back down. She sobbed as she remembered the truck hitting the driver side of the car... Tried getting up again while remember how the car flipped. Soothing murmuring. Reassuring voices that she was alright.

“It's okay... it's alright Vicki, it's over... You're okay.” She looked over at Tootie, who looked like she'd been crying. Then her eyes roamed over to her mother and father, then to Bella. What was Bella doing here? She was in a... hospital?

“Hey Vicki.” Bella waved sheepishly. “Yeah so, When the police came by to find out about relatives, I went into you guy's apartment and found the number to your parents. So... yeah, I'm the reason they're here.”

“Where's Timmy?” She asked sitting up.
“Don't you worry. He's fine. Amazing really.” Bella said, “When the police and rescue got there, they expected Timmy to be... well. Considering how smashed in the door was... But he ended up with only a few bumps and bruises. A fractured arm. He's got the some kinda luck.”

“The Turners?” She asked, and her mother made a rude noise, and folded her arms across her chest. Was her mother mad at her?

“Those people,” Her mother spat, “They are in Rome, and couldn't be bothered to call the hospital to see how Timmy was, much less leave to check on their only son. Asked us to check on him, since we were coming to make sure you were alright. I tell you, if I ever get my hands on one of them I'll... I'll...” Vicki was starting to see where her temper came from. But it wasn't shocking about Timmy's parents lack of... well anything to do with Timmy.

“So he's... alright?” She sighed and flopped her head back on the pillow.

“So... Uh... me and your parents... we are gonna grab a bite at the cafeteria... and check in on Timmy... You and your sister... uh... Let's go.” Vicki lifted her head and watched her parents and friend leave her alone with Tootie... Oh shit... Tootie was going to kill her.

As soon as the door closed, Tootie looked at her.

“How long?” Tootie asked looking at her older sister. And for the first time, Vicki started crying in front of her younger sister.

“A year and a half. Today... last night... I mean. Tootie... I swear I didn't mean to.” Vicki reached out and grabbed her sister's hand. “It just happened... I know you love Timmy. I know. It's been killing me inside. But it just happened.”

“So... you're not the reason he always ignored me? It hasn't been going on since we were young?” Tootie looked relieved.

“No Tootie, I swear. I met up with him, again, at a party for his dad... I wasn't even supposed to be there. They thought I was a guest, and ushered me in there. Then uh... things happened,” She wasn't about to tell Tootie about her other activities. “And we ended up in the bathroom... and uh... It was only meant to be sex... And I know that was wrong of me... but it wasn't sex... it was something else. Something that made me feel whole again.”

“So was it your idea, or Timmy's idea to continue it?”

“Both of ours... I brought it up, he only agreed with it.” Vicki started crying again, “But it's all my fa-fault. He thinks I'm be-beautiful Tootie. L-Look at you! You have guys drooling after y-you, and you just want Tim-im-my. But me... Timmy's the only guy th-that's eh-ever looked at me, and saw me as beautiful. And I know it's seh-selfish of me. I've always been selfish...” she stated sobbing, “I just wanted to feh-feel... like I was actually beautiful.”

“Aww... Vicki. Don't do that... I can't be mad when you are all crying and crap.” Tootie looked the other way. “Vicki... I'm with another guy now. So you can stop torturing yourself. When Timmy moved, and when you moved... I kinda just asked myself, 'What am I waiting for?' And well I went out with Chester a couple of times. It's nothing major, since I plan on going to college next year, and he's not. But it's something.”

“So you're not mad?” Vicki was shocked and a little confused. This was the boy that her sister had lusted after for years... and years. Had been so madly in love with him. How could she not be mad? Mad? How could she not be furious? Murderous even?
“Oh I'm not happy about it. But... I can't really hate you for falling in love. Nor can I get mad at Timmy for falling in love. I just wish it was me... you are lucky. And you are beautiful. I do have one question though.” Vicki looked over to her sister... “Okay, so I have a couple... But first... How were you going to explain being pregnant?”

“I'm not pregnant.” Vicki looked at her younger sister.

“They did blood tests when you got here... they always do them. And you, sis, are pregnant.” Vicki just stared at her sister, couldn't be pregnant. Couldn't be... they were always careful. The only time they hadn't been careful was... the threesome. “I take it neither you nor Timmy knew.”

“We were always careful... even the first time... all except once... Jesus, why did I lie and tell him it was one of my safe days, instead of waiting for him to run to the car to get the condoms. I'm so stupid!” Vicki closed her eyes. “What am I going to do Tootie?”

“Well you got two options, Sis. Keep it... or...” Vicki's hands wrapped around her stomach.

“That's not an option!” She said as her hands covered her stomach defensively. Then she sat up thinking about Bella... Oh shit. “I hope I'm the only one that's pregnant.”

“What do you mean?” Tootie narrowed her eyes.

“Well the night we... weren't careful. We weren't careful... with Bella.” Vicki turned red, as her sister just looked at her wide eyed, mouth agape.

AVAVA

Within an hour's time Bella returned, and of course ran out of the room, no doubt in search of the nearest store that sold pregnancy tests. And returned with four negative tests. Looking so relieved. She was relieved too, she didn't want her to have Timmy's baby. His babies were for her. Where did that thought come from, she thought to herself. She wasn't exactly the most maternal person in the world.

“So Sis. Since Mom and Dad are with Timmy. Since he can't come here yet.” Tootie leaned back in the chair as Bella sat on the foot of her bed, while she sat up, sitting Indian style on the bed. “On to other questions. Since I've been lusting after that boy since before I knew what lust was. I demand answers to some questions.”

“Shoot.” Easy peasy, she thought, she'd already did this with Bella.

“Size?” Tootie just looked over at her out of the corner of her eyes. Of course... Why was that the first question?

“Little more than eight inches, and pretty thick.” Vicki again used her fingers to give an estimation of girth.

“Is he any good?” Tootie looked over at her, then to Bella.

“He sure knows what he's doing.” Vicki muttered.

“Had me face down for about two hours.” Bella said, then looked at Vicki, “What? He did. I was face down in your... Uh... Maybe I shouldn't share that kinda thing with your little sister.”

“Y'think?” Vicki stared at her friend.
“How often?” Tootie seemed to be getting mighty uncomfortable.

“Couple times a day, though some days he's too tired, or when I'm on my period. I know some girls get really horny during that time, but I just don't want to be touched when I feel all bloated and gross.” She looked away from Tootie. “Well touches like that... I can't actually stop him from touching me... he's... super uh... touchy feely.

The questions continued for a while, getting more and more personal. She couldn't really blame Tootie, Timmy had been the inspiration for every masturbation session since she first masturbated. How many nights had she heard Tootie moan that boy's name over and over again, until she squealed into her pillow... which didn't muffle it as much as Tootie thought. Wait... Vicki looked over to a glowering Tootie.

“Let's back up a bit. Has anyone told Timmy I'm pregnant?” Vicki asked, to which, Tootie and Bella looked the other way. It seems they had forgotten to tell Timmy that Vicki was pregnant. Either forgotten, or thought that it should come from her.

Oh... couldn't she just go back to the car crash?

AVAVA

She was released before Timmy had been. They were still waiting to get the last of the MRI scans back. Due to Timmy having hit his head. Vicki was dressed in clothing, that her parents and Tootie grabbed from the apartment. And was holding his set of clothing in her hands. He looked over at her with a smile on his face.

“Really? They released you before me?” He seemed to be trying to sound annoyed but couldn't. Maybe that was due to his next comment. “Well... Since they released you first, you can be my sexy nurse.”

“Pfft, I'm not giving you a sponge bath... at least not here.” She sat down on the edge of the bed, Timmy looking around for the others. “They're... waiting. We need to talk first.”

“You're alright, right? I mean of course you're alright, they released you... wait. Nothing came back weird with my brain did it?” He looked frantic.

“Nothing weirder than usual... They did mention something about a obsession for redheads. But nothing we didn't already know about you.” They both laughed a little, then Vicki cleared her throat.

“Nothing weirder than usual... They did mention something about a obsession for redheads. But nothing we didn't already know about you.” They both laughed a little, then Vicki cleared her throat.

“Nothing weirder than usual... They did mention something about a obsession for redheads. But nothing we didn't already know about you.” They both laughed a little, then Vicki cleared her throat.

“Tootie's not taking a hit out on me?” Vicki shook her head, a slight chuckle in her voice.

“No, nothing like that. It's actually good news... or I think it's good news.” Vicki reached out for one of his hands, which he took her's in both of his. “Do you... remember that night with Bella?” He nodded. “Yeah... I guess you don't forget a night like that. Well Uh. I was less than truthful about what day it was.” She looked away from him, she didn't want to see his face if he was going to be angry... She didn't know if he was going to be angry or not. But If he was, she didn't want to see it. “I got pregnant...”

“Oh...” Silence... mind numbing silence. She couldn't look up at him, and that one word, didn't give her any indication on what he was thinking... how he was feeling. “Are we alone... because... something happened in the accident that... I mean, is the baby...”

“No... No, I'm fine. The baby... is... Well. I don't know. I don't think it's a baby yet. But if something was wrong, they would have told me.” She heard a sigh of relief, as he laid back in bed.
“That's great.” He sighed again... “It would have been horrible to find out you were pregnant, and lost the baby in the same day.”

“Wait...” she looked up to him, a smile across his face. “You're... uh... not mad? I mean... I lied. It's my fault I'm pregnant.”

“Well last I checked. I played a big part in this. And I could have still went down to get the condoms.” He smiled as he pulled her down beside him. “Besides, think what you want. I'm happy. And I'm hoping for a girl.” There was a big goofy grin on his face. “A little redheaded girl, wouldn't just be great?”

“I should have lied about it being a safe day a long time ago.” He looked over to her and raised an eyebrow. “Alright Alright, I won't do it again... But look at the bright side.”

“Bright side? I never saw the dark side.” He laughed as she hit him playfully on the chest.

“No... idiot. The bright side is. For nine months. Every day will be a safe day.” Vicki chuckled. “Well the dark side is... condom sales, might go through the floor at the pharmacy we use. Pity, I think we were putting his kid through college.”

“Hmm... so there's a bright side... and a brighter side... and a funny dark side... Are you sure Tootie's not waiting out there to kill me, and you're just giving me nice thoughts before I die?”

TOOTIE

Tootie and her mother gushed over the apartment, as she showed them around the apartment. She thought that Tootie was going to cream her panties over the bedroom suit Timmy had picked out. She actually felt pretty good for once. She had a nice life, and it was nice that her parents, and sister could be a part of it. She'd worried that she'd have to hide her relationship with Timmy forever.

While Timmy was in the kitchen... her father hovering around there. She wondered what her father would say to Timmy... but figured, Timmy would tell her soon enough.

“Jeez,” Tootie muttered as she flopped back on Vicki and Timmy's bed. “Where did he buy this bed? Is it stuffed with angel feathers or something.”

“Or something. I don't know. But I love that bed. The first night here, I about fell asleep the moment I laid on it.” Vicki said sitting on the edge of it.

“So Vicki. You and Timmy.” Her she looked over to her mother. “It's... not just... How do I put it. It is serious, right?”

“Yeah. Mom. If it wasn't serious, I wouldn't have moved in here when he asked me to.” Vicki felt her face heat up, admitting this to her mother. “You know... I never actually had a crush on any guy before. Hell, I didn't even like Timmy all that much in the beginning. Not the beginning of the relationship... I just mean when I met the little twerp. He was annoying.” Vicki sighed and laid back on her bed. “but then I met him again, and everything changed. I didn't see the little twerp anymore. And he was gentle. Soft. He said I was beautiful... and tells me so everyday. And I know you're going to say, that I am beautiful... but he makes me feel beautiful.”

“I don't mean to interrupt. But what's in that box?” Tootie asked. She couldn't blame Tootie. Vicki was sure that Tootie didn't want to hear her gushing over Timmy. But the box... was something that wasn't there before.

“I dunno.” Vicki said curiously as she walked over to the simple cardboard box. And opened the top. Couple of CD's, car insurance information. Her sunglasses... “Must be the stuff salvaged from the...
accident... HEY! My headphones! And he said he didn't have them. That little shi...” She moved
stuff around, then she froze when her hand pushed a piece of paper to the side, revealing a black
velvet box.

“Vicki is that...” Her mother asked over her shoulder.

“I think it is.” Tootie, from over her other shoulder.

“Should I open it?”

“Yes!” The both said.

Vicki picked up the little velvet box and held it in her hand. She remembered how worried he was
about her looking in the glove box. How nervous he had been the entire time before leaving for the
restaurant. How he kept muttering things... He was going to propose that night. That's why it was so
special to him. How could she have missed it? Looking back at it, it was so painfully obvious. She
took a deep breath and opened the box.

“Oh my.” Vicki heard her mom breath out. Inside was a silver, or white gold band. She didn't know
enough about metal to know the difference. Surrounding the gemstone looked like tiny silver leaves,
the stone itself was a pink stone, cut in a marquis style. It looked like a pink rose, surrounded my
silver leaves. The ring and stone blurred as she teared up.

“Put it on!” Tootie said behind her, in a loudish whisper.

“I don't know if I should... I shouldn't. I can't...” she wiped her tears away, just looking at the ring in
the box.

“Then let me put it on you.” She turned her head slowly to see Timmy standing just inside the door
way, her father behind him. Timmy held out his hand. She was rooted to the spot she was in. Until
she heard either her mother or sister, whisper. ’Go on.’ and push her towards Timmy, whose hand
closed around the box. “Vicki. I wanted to do this at the restaurant. But I figure, it's better to ask you
here, with all the people that care about us, around us.”

“But your parents...” Vicki couldn't keep the tears out of her voice.

“Don't care about me. Hell, I don't even know if they love me. I came to terms with that years ago.”
It hurt to know he felt that way about his parents... to know he had to feel that way. Because feeling
that way, was the only way it didn't eat him alive. His hand cupped her face, his thumb wiping tears
from her cheek, “Don't be sad about it. It'll be alright.” He took a deep breath, and got down on one
knee wincing, he was obviously still sore from the accident. “Victoria Summers. I have known you a
long time, more than half my life, and most of yours. I know almost everything there is to know
about you. The good, and the bad. I've seen you at your best day, and I've seen you during your
worst. I've seen you laugh, and yell, and stomp around. I've seen you cry, and smile. And giggle.
Yes. I've seen her giggle,” Obviously the last part was to her family. “And I want to be with you for
all those moments. All the other stomps and giggles. The yelling and smiling. And I want to be with
you when you laugh, and when you cry. So will you marry me, and let me be with you for those
moments and every single second in between them?”

“I... Uh... I...” She looked around her. Her mother crying... Tootie who she had expected to be angry
at her, but was just nodding at her, and pointing at Timmy, and if she wasn't mistaken Tootie was
smiling a little. To her father, who was smiling and nodded towards Timmy. Her eyes focused on
him. “I will. I will.” She got on her knees and hugged him, she couldn't wait for him to stand up. So
she knelt there with him, her arms around him.
“You going to let me put the ring on you?” Timmy asked, whispering in her ear.

“Oh... oh. Yes. I'm sorry.” She pulled back and held out her left hand. And felt the tears start to well up, again, when he put the ring on her finger. It was a perfect fit... she wondered when he got her ring size. Once it was on she wrapped her arms around her fiance. Then she whisper in his ear. “I love you Timmy.”

“I love you too Vicki.” Slowly he stood up, and she could tell that he was still hurting, as he helped pull her to her feet. “But it's time for me to make sure I don't burn our dinner. You two...” Timmy smiled, “Think you can take care of her for a few minutes?”

“Can do, bro.” Tootie smirked.

“Kay, Sis.” Timmy said as he walked out of the room.

AVAVA

“So... you think he planned that speech, or came up with it off the top of his head?” Tootie asked after they had all eaten dinner. Her father had went to the spare bedroom, saying he wanted to go to sleep after the long drive. Timmy had went to bed directly after dinner, finally admitting he was still sore. She had kissed him, and told him that she would be in there shortly.

“I don't know. The giggle part would only make sense to us, not to strangers.” Her mother said, as she grabbed a couple chips from the bowl in Vicki's lap.

“You can giggle?” she could see Tootie smirk out of the corner of her eye.

“Yeah, I'm a girl too, you know. I can giggle.” She threw a throw pillow at Tootie, who caught it.

“So have you... have you thought about baby names?” Her mother asked. Hell she couldn't even be more than two weeks pregnant, and they knew before she did. So unless she had thought about it on her ride home, which she didn't, when would she have? Seems her mother didn't know, with the amount of condoms that they had used. Having a baby... HADN'T been the plan, even if it was now.

“Not really, never planned on having a little Munchkin. But Timmy has pitched out some names. By the way, he's hoping for a girl.”

“A cute little redhead. Wouldn't she be adorable?” Tootie cooed, and was taking this a lot better than she thought. Then again, being pregnant was bigger news than Timmy's proposal... so maybe it only seemed natural.

“That's what Timmy said.” Vicki yawned and looked over at the clock. “Alright... it's past my bedtime. I'll see you in the morning. Alright?”

“Night Vicki.” Tootie called after her.

“Good night, sweetheart.” Her mother said.

“G'night.” Once in her room, she stripped down to nothing and quickly found what she wanted. Her favorite bedtime clothes. Once dressed in Timmy's boxers and t-shirt, She crawled into bed.

“Timmy?” Timmy shifted towards her voice, and she smiled. “Timmy?”

“Hmm?” He smiled as his eyes opened, his arms reaching out to pull her close. His lips grazed hers, and she sighed contently. “Hey there.”
“Wanna skip the passionate love-making tonight and just get straight to the cuddling part.” Vicki kissed him.

“If you want to. But I warn you. If you decide that we don't skip it. I won't guarantee I won't fall asleep somewhere in the middle... or before it starts.” Vicki chuckled. Before she rolled over, sighing as his arms went to their usual spots. One under her neck, and the other over her side, his fingers lacing with hers.

“How are you feeling?” She asked bringing his hand up to kiss it.

“Sore.” His voice got softer, “And you?”

“Sore... and pregnant.” She sighed contently as his hand unlaced it's fingers from hers and she felt his hand on her stomach.

“How does one feel pregnant, this early in it?” He murmured very close to sleep.

“Worried. Scared. Excited. Happy. Afraid.” She moved backwards closer to him, just to feel the comfort of his body. That she could feel he was there.

“Everything's going to be fine. I'm always going to be here for you. We can do anything together.” his lips connected with her neck. “I know you are going to feel these things... it's normal. But when you start to feel them, remember. I love you, and We can do this together. I love you Vicki.” The last words were little more than a whisper she barely heard. But they made her smile. The feeling of his arm under her neck, and his hand protectively cradling her stomach. She didn't feel as worried, scared or afraid anymore, which allowed her to close her eyes, and fall asleep.
A couple days later, Vicki's family were still there. Her mother and father both had told their bosses, that Vicki had been in a car accident before they left, and well since they had a good excuse, they decided to stay and visit for a while. Not that Vicki was complaining. Nor was Timmy, who was still more sore than he let on. Then again, he had been a human punching bag for a truck, for a few seconds. So they couldn't have wild sex like they liked either way, and she thought Timmy needed the rest anyways. And with her mother and Tootie preparing meals, Timmy was able to relax. Which he took full advantage of.

“So I've been meaning to ask, where on Earth did Timmy buy that ring?” Bella asked while the four females sat around the table.

“He didn't get it from a store. One of the guy's he goes to class with, his fiance is an Art Student, and she works with metal. It's silver by the way. She couldn't get white gold. And Timmy said he wanted it silver or white gold, that yellow gold would clash with my beautiful red skin tone. Timmy sketched out the design. Then had one of the other students cut the stone to fit the ring, once it was done.” She said looking at her leafy ring.

“So... it's a handmade... one of a kind... engagement ring...” Bella just looked at it. “I'm telling you. Rent that boy out as a coach for the other guys out here. The women will pay you a fortune.”

“He mentioned that he's getting his today. But it's not going to be as... decorated.” She shrugged, ignoring the part about renting out her boyfri... fiance.

“Male rings hardly ever are decorated. Usually plain.” Her mother said.

“Don't guys usually only wear a wedding ring? Like... after the wedding?” Tootie asked looking at her sister.

“Yeah. But Timmy said, if I get to wear a sign that says I'm 'off the market', he gets to wear one too.” Vicki smiled, she loved that boy. Then comments about how they wanted to meet this girl that could make rings, and jewelry.

Vicki stepped out of the apartment to get a breath of fresh air, and to get away from her family a bit. She loved them, but having them so interested in her life... it was kind of tiring. That and the colder air felt good out here.

“Hiding too?” Timmy's voice came from around the corner from their apartment. She followed the voice, around the corner to find Timmy sitting against the wall, he had a bottle of soda sitting next to him, and a bag of snacks.

“No... okay... maybe a little. I thought you were in class.” Vicki looked at her watch and frowned. He had gotten out of class more than an hour and a half ago.

“Yep. I've been out here ever since I got home.” She sat next to him, and he handed her a small bag of corn chips. Which she opened and began eating... because... they were corn chips, she loved corn
chips. She wondered if Timmy liked them, or if he had starting liking them, because he knew they were one of her favorite chips. She heard a noise behind her... but ignored it. Most likely the wind.

“Did I do something wrong?” She didn't know why that was the first assumption in her mind. But she was feeling really self-conscious right now. With being pregnant, and the proposal, and her family scanning her entire life to memory.

“No, you didn't.” He fiddled with his hands a bit, a 'tell' of sorts the boy had, it usually meant it was something he didn't want to bring up... but he didn't see another way, “I love your family. I really really do. But I feel so awkward around them. You have to think. My parents called me Tommy half the time, and they named me! They were gone most of the time. Hell, it took me a moment to even remember their names. There are people I went to school with for half a year, years ago, that I remember their names.” He sighed and leaned his head against the wall. “Your parents are great, I just don't know what I'm supposed to do around them. I don't know how to be... not invisible. And yet. I don't want to horde you to myself in the room. So I'm out here. Letting you spend time with your family.”

“I'm sorr...”

“No. Don't even. It's not your fault. You were a mean bitch to me... But Vicki, you were actually there while I was growing up. There were times you saved me. Like... remember the avalanche? Point is, you were there, and that was more than they ever did, emotionally. So yeah, they provided for me. And left me money, and bought me anything I wanted. But they could have tried more.” He wiped his eyes, maybe trying to hide the fact he was tearing up. It reminded her, that while he was a man physically. And mature mentally for the most part, he still had the feelings of a teen. She had been mean to the boy, but she hadn't known that even then, he was happy that she was there. That he wasn't alone.

“Maybe I could talk to them, explain things... They won't be offended. Timmy. It's not your fault either. Your parents screwed you up with that. Okay that sounded bad, you're not screwed up. You're great just the way you are. It's just... they should have been there more. It's messed up that you were glad to have me around, when I was so... God I was mean. Have I ever apologized?” She couldn't remember if she had apologized to the boy for all the things she had done to him.

“With every kiss you give me. Every time you crawl into bed with me, and let me cuddle with you. I know you didn't mean to be like that.” he poked her nose. “You were just an extra moody teenaged girl. That hid her teddy bear under her bed, behind a box of books, so no one would see it.” She looked at him and raised an eyebrow. “What? You had me clean your room for you. Like I wasn't going to find your teddy bear.”

“Touche.” She leaned on him. “Is that why you never dropped the bomb on me when you had the chance? Because if I got fired... you would have been left alone?”

“Partially. I don't remember why I didn't every time I had the chance. But I do remember once... I knew deep inside, that if you left, I'd lose something very important to me. Something I didn't think I could live without,” He laced his fingers with hers, before kissing her. “I guess I was right. If I got you fired... this...” he held up their hands, “and this...” his free hand rubbed her stomach, “Would have never happened. And I didn't know then, but now I know, I couldn't live without either.”

She heard the sniffling before she heard the voice. “I'm sorry you two. I didn't mean to listen in on your conversation, then get all teary, but I heard most of what was said... Just made me all emotional.” Her mother cleared her throat. “I came out to let Vicki know dinner is almost ready. Just... come in when you're ready. And Timmy... I know we are... different from your parents. I just
want you to know, if you ever... ever feel blocked in. Just let us know, and we'll give you space. It can't be easy to go from not being seen, to being watched by everyone in the room.” More snuffles and tears in her voice, “And you are being noticed. I mean... look at what you've done for my little girl. Look how happy you've made that mean little girl. She's so happy, she forgets she was mean half the time. I don't think I've heard one mean word, aside from playful, come out of her mouth once, in the three day's we've been here. But I've heard her giggle, and laugh more in that time, than I have her whole life. So we are watching you... we are... happy she has you... but we don't mean to crowd you.” another snuffle “When you two are ready... come on in.”

“See. They are understanding. I mean if they can accept me and I was a mean little manipulative bitch. They can accept you. Who... is like the second coming, compared to me.” She kissed his lips and pulled him and his snack food up. “Lets go eat something besides corn chips.”

“But I like corn chips.” He looked to his bag that contained several small bags of corn chips.

“Me too Timmy, Me too. But... Corn Chips last longer, when you eat other food.”

AVAVA

She had been happy and sad to see her family leave. Happy to have the place back to herself, happy to have the bathroom back to just her and Timmy. She had been frustrated to no end, that in the last week, that her and Timmy were only able to relax in the tub together once. And even then, it was just relaxing. If sex was a drug, she started going through withdrawals four days ago.

And where was Timmy? He was in class. And wouldn't be back for another couple hours. There was always Bella... it was fun with Bella. She had made excuses while her family was there to go see Bella, for a quickie. Something to help relax her, and it was great. But Bella could never scratch that itch. The one deep inside her that she needed Timmy for. She didn't have a choice. She needed sex... she needed to cum. Even if it wasn't going to fully satisfy her... she needed something to take the edge off long enough for Timmy to arrive with what she really needed.

“Bella.” Her voice was husky... breathy as she spoke into the phone as Bella answered. “I need you.”

“I think I have just the thing.” Bella's voice sounded amused, and a bit lustful. She had to give it to Bella. Bella was always more than willing to sink her tongue inside of her. And Vicki had become comfortable enough with the other girl, that she even told Bella it was okay if the girl wanted one on one time with Timmy. Something she wouldn't imagine ever doing with the brunette. But Timmy was more than happy to let her have one on one time with Bella. Though, Vicki doubted Timmy ever would. Even during the threesome, Timmy focused on Vicki more.

A few minutes later Bella opened the door, closed it behind her carrying a backpack. Vicki, had already shed all of her clothing but her panties, which were being pushed down to her ankles at the moment. Bella just smiled as she rummaged through the bag. A quick peek inside, showed Vicki all kinds of toys.

AVAVA

When Timmy had gotten home, he seemed to be pleased with the sight of two females completely naked, playing with each other on the bed. The other times that Bella had joined them, Bella had enjoyed being the submissive one. Loved giving pleasure and attention to both Vicki and Timmy. Actually it was a now rarity, that Vicki and Timmy were alone. Before the car accident, there hadn't been a morning that Bella didn't sleep with them in their bed. And not one of those mornings went by without her waking one of them up with her mouth. The first time she woke up feeling Bella's
warm mouth over her sex, she thought she had died, and some how ended up in Heaven. After Vicki came, her and Bella decided, since Timmy didn't have classes, they'd both attack his member with their tongues. That afternoon, both of them were very sore, very satisfied females.

“Welcome home,” Both Vicki and Bella said at the same time. Vicki looked at Bella who grinned and walked over to Timmy. Bella knew that while Vicki called her over, it was only to keep her distracted until Timmy got home. Then they both would play with him... after he poured a load or two into her that is.

Bella took off Timmy's belt, and pulled off his shirt. Before Bella, Vicki would have tried to kill any female to touch her Timmy. Now she just got wetter and wetter as the other girl stripped him. Moaned as she rubbed her own slit as Bella took Timmy into her mouth. Even though Bella was the one, whose lips were firmly wrapped around his member, it was Vicki that he watched with lust in his eyes. The first couple of times it had been awkward for him to get a blow job from Bella, while Vicki waited for him. But Bella had explained that the first shot of cum, came to fast for sex. It's fate should always be, to be swallowed. Vicki didn't complain... When Bella sucked out the first load, she was able to have a couple orgasms before Timmy's first one in her. It lasted longer before the switch.

The switch... The girls decided, since Timmy could keep going and going, for the most part, the boy was still human after all. They would take turns. Once Timmy came twice in one of them, they'd switch. Then Timmy would rest. While they played with each other... or cuddled with Timmy, then they'd start again. It was a great arrangement. One that once Timmy got used to the fact of doing another girl, was more than happy to fulfill.

Vicki watched in lustful satisfaction as Timmy pumped in and out of Bella's throat. That she could do it so easily, where once... all she could do was gag. Watched as the hand that wasn't massaging Timmy's sack, frantically moved between her legs. That was Bella's game. To see if she could cum, before Timmy flooded her throat with his semen. A Game she had yet to win, but she never gave up hope. The closest that she had come, was cumming while Timmy was pulling out of her mouth. But the girls hand was working harder than ever now. Vicki grinned as she heard the gurgled moans of Bella as her hips started jerking... Moments later Timmy grunted, holding Bella's head against him as he came.

“I did it!” She gasped for air as Timmy's member left her throat. Timmy pulled her to her feet and kissed Bella. Not like he kissed her, but a reward... or a promise of a reward. “I love it when you kiss me after I suck you off.” She murmured. “Guys usually get squeamish about their own cum getting in their mouth.” Bella crawled on the bed, then helped her get on her hands and knees. Not that she needed help, Bella just loved touching them both. Just like Bella loved to spread her, for Timmy to enter.

Vicki gasped out when he entered, and she was very vocal as he thrust into her. Obviously he had needed this as much as her. He usually started out gentle, and slow. Something to build up excitement. But he started out with long hard thrusts. She wasn't complaining. Though she was sure the neighbors would again. One of the other neighbors complained about the noise. Timmy hadn't been home, but Bella and Vicki were. Obviously, since the neighbors had only ever heard Bella and Vicki. The college guy was at a loss for words at the thought of just them two making all that noise.

She gripped the bed as her first orgasm shook her body, that moment where her mind wandered, then was brought back by Timmy continuing to thrust into her.

“God, you're lucky. I mean nine months with no condom. Feeling that hot cum spraying in you every time, without worries about getting pregnant... since you already are.” Bella said before kissed
Vicki. Oh god, that's right, this will be the first time she had taken Timmy's cum since she found out she was pregnant. A fact that Timmy must have just realized, since she felt him hold inside her and felt his liquid love flood her walls. The thought must excite him, Because he usually lasted much longer than that.

“Got a little trigger happy when Bella reminded you I was pregnant huh?” Vicki Giggled, until she felt him start thrusting again. Oh God. He really is turned on, she thought.

Best and worst part of this three way relationship, was when Bella explained to Vicki, that she knew it wasn't going to be permanent, that it was just college fun. She never really wanted it to end. But Bella made a point. Once she had the baby... things would change. Oh she’d join them now and again. But Bella had expressed that she wanted what Vicki had... and she couldn't have that with them... Okay, so she could... but it would be weird, and might tear them all apart. Not something Bella wanted. And not something Vicki wanted. And when they all discussed it in the tub later that afternoon. Timmy took no hesitation and saying he didn't want to lose what he and Vicki had. That he enjoyed Bella's company, which caused both females to giggle at the statement. Leave it to Timmy to try to... be polite even in that type of situation. But that it was Vicki that he loved. That, Yes, Bella would always remain a close friend, even after his University days were over. That he could see all three of them remaining close. Even visiting each other during the holidays. Vicki chalked that up to the fact that Timmy's family were flakes. And he grasped at people, to try to knit together a kind of family.
Five months had passed, while she had become more obviously pregnant. Their activities didn't quit. In fact, if possible, Vicki was receiving more pleasure now than before. Only issue was, she was always... always horny. Which her doctor told her at her last exam that it was nothing to be worried about. Sometimes increased sexual arousal was normal for women who are pregnant. Maybe for normal women... for those who didn't get pounded like a pancake more than three times a day, normally. Might be a crude analogy... but Vicki didn't care. She felt crude at the moment, and she felt fat, and damn it. She was horny again. Which since Bella and Timmy were both in their classes, she had no real release from it. Oh, she could take care of it herself... well normally she could, except. Her family was coming to visit, and staying until Christmas, not too too long away. Just a week. Should be there soon, and she couldn't get her pants up and down that quickly at the moment.

“I'm giving you four more months Munchkins.” Oh yes, she said Munchkins. Two. Twins. “Then you're both Evicted. I want to be able to get out of a chair or off a couch again without help... or without working hard at it.” she growled at her stomach. And her temper from her youth had returned... bitchiness. Another thing that was sometimes common with pregnancy. Then she whined, “And the food you both are making me eat.”

Luckily she didn't have those TV cravings. But she did crave things she didn't like... like now it was olives. She hated Olives. But one, or both, of the Munchkins wanted them. So she cried as she ate them, and would throw them up. Then, she yelled at Timmy for it being all his fault, even though she knew she had been the one that lied to him, made him sleep on the couch that night... Well, the first part of the night... Well, for ten minutes... Well, until she managed to get back out of bed and begged him to come to bed with her. Not begging because he refused, but she had went from being bitchy to feeling guilty and weepy.

Poor Timmy, he was trying his best. He tried to give her hugs and cuddles, and she'd bite his head off. Then, she'd want hugs and cuddles, and he was hesitant about it... even though he did give them. Bella... boy she loved it though. She thought it was funny... as long as her temper wasn't focused at her that is.

“Hellooooo my God!” Tootie said looking at her. “You're hu...”

“I'll snap you like a twig if you finish that sentence,” Vicki snarled. Tootie stopped but she didn't stop smiling.

“Oh Vicki...” Her mother made it to the door... “Richard... Richard, Hurry up! Come look at our beautiful baby!”

“I'm coming Nicole... What's... Oh... well, you got...” Vicki glared at her father. “You're, beautiful!”

Then of course the stomach rubbing part. Well, Timmy rubbed her stomach long before she got pregnant, and Bella... well Bella rubbed a lot of her. But the people she met at stores, and just out... seemed everyone was fascinated with a pregnant stomach.

“So Vicki, is it a boy? Or a Girl?” She hadn't gotten around to telling her family yet.
“Uh... both Actually.” Vicki said as her mother helped her off the couch. Watched as the words sunk into her family's heads.


“Yeah, for you all. You don't gotta pushed both of them out.” She muttered as she got a drink from the refrigerator, “Or carry them around. Not to mention, I love sleeping on my stomach... but I can't with these two... unless I want to squish them... and believe me, I've thought about it.”

“That's just the hormones talking dear...” Hormones my ass, she thought, that is my sixteen year old, bitchy, self yelling out my mouth... while screaming in my head that, I should have waited five minutes for a freaking condom. But no... you had to tell him it was a safe day. You had to let him fire that baby juice in you. She humphed, the only great part about this, was that sexual positions that she was allowed to be in, didn't exclude being on all fours. That and her breasts were bigger.

“So where's the happy father-to-be?” Her father asked joining them at the table. While Tootie kept trying to touch her belly more, only to have her hand smacked away by her.

“He should be back soon...” Wishing he'd skipped class today, so she could have released some stress before her family arrived. Didn't matter... Tonight he would help her relieve stress, she didn't care if her parents heard. They obviously had sex, because she wasn't the Virgin Mary. “His class got out about twenty minutes ago, and of course... he's out buying olives... for me.”

“But you hate... Oh dear, I'm so sorry.” Her mother took her hand. “It'll be okay. The craving should end soon. They don't usually last much longer after the fifth month.”

“Best news I've heard since... Well, it's the best news I've ever heard.”

AVAVA

Her mother and father had went to bed half an hour ago. Where was she? In bed? Being pleasured by her loving fiance? Moaning out obscenities into a pillow? Enjoying a nice bath? A massage? None of the above. Why? Because she was a bitch. Okay so it was like fifty-fifty, her hormones and her attitude. Timmy had come home with olives... though not the ones she had asked for. She could see he had a long day, could tell something was upsetting him about the day. It was December, nearly Christmas, and while it didn't usually get cold in Northern California, it was unseasonably cold this year, which brought out the bad drivers. So what did she do? Yell at him for not bringing the right ones back. That wasn't even completely why she was sitting on her couch with Tootie looking at her from the chair. Nope, because did she had sense enough to stop there? Not a chance. The entire time he cooked dinner, she complained about the olives... that she didn't really want to eat. She should have been happy he got the wrong ones. Because she wouldn't have to force them down her throat, an act that she wasn't sure if it was better or worse than ignoring the cravings. Even her mother and sister could see Timmy was straining. But he kept his temper. He apologized, again and again. Even offered to go out and get the right ones as soon as dinner was finished. That they could start without him. That should have been simple enough. That should have been it. She should have told him, that she was just feeling crabby and she didn't mean it. But she didn't.

Tootie had asked about Timmy's classes, and his mood seemed to change a bit, though not in a happy direction. He explained that he was behind in the classes, because he had a lot of things on his plate. But that the instructors were more than willing to work with him, because he was their youngest student, and that his fiance was pregnant. A simple enough explanation, in her mind now. But all she heard at the time was... he was behind in his assignments, and studies, because of her, and the babies. So she confronted him about it. Her mother and sister both answered before he could,
saying that wasn't what he said. He stood up, and said that he should go and get the olives now. And
that lead to why she was sitting on the couch, and not in bed. She told him, that he should go, and
not to come back. Not the first time she'd said it, and not meant it. Hell she went from bitchy to
 cuddly in seconds. Nope... it was when he looked at her, and just said 'Fine.' and walked out the
 apartment. That had been four hours ago.

“I think I really fucked up.” Vicki muttered causing Tootie to jump. Tootie had turned on the TV an
 hour or so ago, after trying to start a conversation with her. Seems Tootie gave up and found
 something out to occupy the time. “He's out there in the cold... and it's all my fault.”

“No... I'm sure he's just cooling off. It's only been...” Tootie looked to the clock... and she just looked
 back to her, “Not... uh... all that long ago... you know. He might... be studying... at the library. I hear
 the ones here are open twenty-four seven, you know for the students.”

“Maybe. He... he could have crashed a Bella's until it cooled down. Bella's roommate is a Psych
 student too.” Vicki picked up her phone, and called her friend.

“Hey Vicki! How are the parents. I saw them come up, but I didn't want to intrude like I did last
time. Oh... and what's up with Timmy. He was at the grocery store about... I dunno three hours ago.
 Muttering something about olives. I dunno. But he didn't seem himself when I tried talking to him.”

“No... he's pissed. At me. Since I kinda... told him to leave, and to not come back... because... it all
 started with the stupid olives.” From bitchy, to wanting to be cuddled and weepy... “I-I don't even
 like o-olives! I-It's the babies. Olives make me s-sick!”

“Oh Come on sis. It'll be alright. He'll come back after he works out his frustration.” Tootie said
 moving closer to her.

“Is that Tootie? Either way, she's right Vicki. That boy's madly in love with you. I've seen him when
 you're bitchy, he takes it in stride.” Bella sounded chipper as always. That's what she loved about
 Bella, Bella was always happy. Or at least could make something seem brighter. But This time.
 Timmy had never said 'Fine.' and he certainly never actually left. “Want me to come over and keep
 you and your sister company, at least until he gets back. Because he will be back.”

“Sure, door's open. It's always open to you anyways, since you have a key.” Moments after she hung
 up the phone Vicki muttered. “Six, Five, Four, Three, Two... and One.” Then the door opened
 revealing Bella wearing a festive Christmas... sweater that seemed to have been cut into a tube top,
 black shorts, and flashing Christmas light bulb earrings.

“The Christmas Hooker is here!” Bella said... then covered her mouth as Tootie and Vicki shushed
 her. “Oh... parents sleeping. Gotcha... The Christmas Hooker will be quieter.”

“Christmas Hooker?” Tootie asked, and Vicki put her head in her hands...

“Yep, I'll jingle your bells and you can deck my halls for, twenty reindeer bucks.” Bella smiled,
 Tootie laughed, and Vicki groaned. It had been funny the first... few times... right after
 Thanksgiving. Why? Well because it was clever... that and she had been tired of the 'Stuff my
 Turkey with gravy' Joke. And the 'Don't cross my black kitty's path' for Halloween before that.
 Though the Christmas one... much more original.

“What I wouldn't give to be more out going like you, and Vicki.” Tootie muttered.

“See that's you're problem. 'What you wouldn't give.' Sweety. Give that cherry away, get a box of
 condoms, and boom. Out going. See you wonder what you should be giving... when the obvious
answer is the cherry. That little bit of flesh is all that's standing in your way hey hey hey... Sorry... I know I know... 'Stop trying to turn your sister into a nympho.'” Bella said when she glared at her. It's not that she didn't want Tootie to have fun... she just didn't want Tootie to become like she had before she met Timmy. Thinking relationships were all about being on her knees, her back, or hands and knees.

“Sis... find the right guy... then become 'out going' with him. Being outgoing alone sucks.” She said.

“Right right... it sucked majorly until these two moved in. I mean... it's not like we all are going to run off and get married. Just Timmy and your sister.” Bella said,

“Maybe... if he still wants to marry me.” She couldn't help but to cry. Stupid hormones.

“Girl, I keep telling you. Name those twins, Jekyll And Hyde. If they are the cause of your moods, ones going to be weepy and the others gonna plot world domination. Oh yeah, ones a girl. Jekyll and Heidi then.”

“Shut up!” Vicki said but couldn't help but smile. Damn Bella for being so... Bella!

AVAVA

Another three hours go by, and Vicki was starting to get very worried. He wouldn't try to sleep in the car... would he? What if he froze to death... How was she going to raise these Munchkins on her own. Who was going to cuddle and love her? Even if she was bitchy? She was supposed to be watching a movie with Bella and Tootie, but she couldn't help but watch the clock. She started getting antsy, when the door opened, and Timmy walked in. He handed her the jar of olives like she wanted.

“Not the right season for the ones you wanted... Had to find a store that had them still in stock. Finally found one, not far from the Oregon line.” He just looked down at the bag he held, “I bought what they had... just in case the cravings don't go away for longer than expected. I should have paid attention at the store when I grabbed them.”

“You drove...” Oregon was two hours away. Did he seriously check any stores he found between here and there, for her olives? For those stupid, disgusting, olives? “All that way... for olives?”

“Hell no.” He snapped. She thought he was angry, until he knelt in front of her. Took her hands in his. “I'd never go through all that for olives. I hate olives more than you. I drove until I found them, for you. I went all that way, for you.”

“Even t-though I was bitchy?” Here came the weepy part again... though she was glad that it wasn't just her that was tearing up, Bella and Tootie seemed to be tearing up as well. Leave it to that little shit... he could seduce all three females in the room... with a jar of olives.

“Honestly?” Vicki nodded. “I did it because you were bitchy. If I found those things, you'd be cuddly again, and I could cuddle with you tonight. If I didn't find them... I'd have to sleep on the... floor, since Tootie's on the couch. We should get another bed... for the other room... One spare room isn't enough.” Hell, she thought one was more than enough, before the accident.

“What about classes, don't you have to sleep?”

“Classes are out until the tenth, twenty days without classes. More than enough time to Study between now and Christmas, and between Christmas and the tenth. And plenty of time to keep you on this side of bitchy.”
Four more months had passed. And with each day that had crept by, Vicki became more and more aware of what was about to come. She felt huge... Felt? Hell, she was huge. Though her legs and arms were still stick figure limbs compared to her stomach. Her poor legs hurt so much at the end of each day she didn't want to get out of bed. And her Munchkins... seemed to have been practicing to be the first twin, tag team, world champion, kick boxers. Well that was before... before her water broke and she was rushed to the hospital by her parents and sister. Who had arrived just two days before, everyone knew it was only a matter of days before she went into labor, given the number of scares they'd had.

And where was Bella? Oh, she was fetching Timmy, who was in class. Not the first time either... there had been some scares, and she rushed him out, only to have him walk back to class, and apologize. While the students thought it was hilarious, Timmy had told her, his instructor understood. That his wife had a few scares, and not too many years ago, he'd been running out of that exact class room himself, more times than Timmy had... as of yet. So that was good.

So when She finally arrived with Timmy, Bella tried to explain how it went this time. She had burst in... as usual, yelling 'It's time!' Everyone groaned. Until Timmy said, 'I thought we weren't doing this until her water broke.' Bella laughed as she tried to explain his face when she said, 'Which is why I'm here Idiot.' Despite the other times when he'd ran out excited to be meeting his children soon. Bella said that this time it took one of the other students to push him to get him to go. The Bella's roommate offered to grab the stuff he left... which was everything but himself.

"S-So It's really time this time." He looked more scared than she was. Maybe because she just heard about his reaction. “Like... really time?"

“Either that or the twins over flowed the bathtub in their apartment.” She chuckled... she wanted to try to calm him down. She needed him calm. Her mother warned her... that when it started started... she would become mean... meaner than she ever thought she could be. It scared her. “Timmy. Listen Timmy. No matter what I say... later. I love you. I'll always love you. During that time... I might not like you too much. But I'll love you. Okay?""

Two hours later...

“This is all your fault! You and that damned cock of yours. Speaking of your cock... if you want to keep it, get out of here right now.” She screamed at him. And watched him as he ran out of the room, for the third time so far. Yes, she had kicked him out three times... it didn't usually take long before she wanted him back. Bella and her mother sat with her. Usually it was one or two people with someone in the delivery room... but since it wasn't time yet... she still needed to wait until the babies were ready... they could be in there. “Why did I call him back in here? God he's an idiot! This is all his fault. Why didn't you warn me? Tell me to never ever have sex?” She looked at her mother.

“It's alright sweetie... Just breathe honey.” Her mother said softly.

“No it's not alright! I don't want to breathe. I want them out now!” Vicki sobbed, then looked over to Bella who looked like she might faint. “Where's Timmy? I want Timmy!”

“I'll get him.” Bella darted out the room, and Vicki wondered if the other girl would be back. Then she started crying again.

“He's coming Vicki. He's coming. You know he didn’t go far...” The door opened and he stuck his head in the door, maybe to see if he was really welcome, or if Bella was just trying to get him yelled at, “There he is see. Don't cry sweetie. See Timmy's back.”
“Timmy!” She sobbed, and grabbed his hand when he got near. “I'm sorry. I'm sorry.”

“It's alright.” he leaned down and kissed her forehead. “I remember what you told me.”

AVAVA

Six hours later...

“No more... I can't do it...” She sobbed, she was in so much pain. She shook her head... No. She was done. Not playing pregnant Mommy anymore. Why did she have to have natural childbirth? Why did she think she'd seem weak if she didn't? God, if she could just go back in time... She'd do things a lot differently. Like buy a chastity belt.

“Come on a couple more pushes, and it's all over.” The doctor said... but she wasn't listening.

“Liar,” she screamed, “That's what you said ten minutes ago.”

“Vicki... Honey,” Her eyes focused on Timmy... Timmy didn't use nicknames like 'Honey' or 'Sweetie'. “That was the first baby... this is the second, this is our little girl. You know, I won't lie to you... after a few more pushes... It'll be all over. And you can rest.” He squeezed her hand. She panted... Timmy wouldn't lie to her. He never lied to her.

“I trust you...” She sobbed, then grit her teeth as she pushed again.

“A couple more... come on. Push.” She was going to kill this doctor.

“Oh... God!” She pushed, then the pressure was gone. She fell back into bed. Timmy's hand rubbed her cheek. She heard two sets of crying now. She hadn't been aware of the first baby crying, maybe due to the pain. “Timmy? How are they?”

“Beautiful. Absolutely beautiful... Oh oh...” She watched as one bundle was handed to Timmy. “Hey, there's my little redheaded angel. And there's our boy.” She was handed the boy, and despite all the trouble they both just caused her... all the pain, she just cooed at their son, who unlike his sister, didn't have red hair. It seemed, this little Munchkin took after his grandmother, and Aunt Tootie, having a little bit of black hair. As Timmy admired their daughter, and looked a little woozy as he handed the baby back to the nurse.

“Time to hand her back, and for us to help Mommy get cleaned up, then feed the babies. Then for everyone to get much needed, and deserved, rest.” This nurse knew how to be a buzz kill it seemed. But she was right, she was exhausted, then again she just brought two lives into this world... okay so she had help... she was too tired for semantics.

AVAVA

After the nurses helped her clean up... she didn't want help but didn't have much of a choice. She was tired... so tired that she didn't even want to lift her head. One of the nurses, a very friendly older women, talked about her first child. About how hard it was to even keep her eyes open afterward. That she didn't know how Vicki had managed two of them, and was still even to help as much as she had. Vicki just assumed it was sheer will power... because when it came to strength. Will power was the only thing she still had left to keep her awake. She had exhausted everything else.

But she couldn't sleep yet. Nope. Not yet. From the delivery room to a private room, where her mother, Tootie and Bella were waiting. She was helped into the bed which was so much softer than the other bed... though not as soft as the one that would be waiting for her at home. Then her babies were there.
"I think we got it from here," Her mother told the nurses. She was confused for a moment until her mother continued. "I think Vicki would be more comfortable learning how to breastfeed with family... she's not big for... too many people."

Which was true. Vicki didn't like anyone seeing her naked... well didn't like anyone seeing her naked now. Except Timmy and Bella. And her mother... well her mother had changed her diapers, so yeah. And Tootie... well it was only her breasts. Then she realized something... Yeah, she had two breasts and two arms... but how was she supposed to nurse two babies? One seemed to be hard enough...

"Shhh." Her mother murmured, obviously she had seen her daughter's panic. "Just one at a time. Here you go. We'll take care of the other, then we'll switch."

"Okay." Vicki sounded relieved... hell she was relieved. It took the boy a little bit before he learned that he wanted the milk from the squishy object he was holding. Which was a sensation unlike she'd ever felt before. "Whoa... that's different."

"So... have you named them yet?" Tootie asked as she was handed the girl.

"Uh-uh." Oh there were plenty of names but she liked. But she wanted to make sure Timmy agreed. They had talked about names before. But they hadn't gotten around to whittling them down. "Me and Timmy were just talking about that this morning... we had planned to come up with for sure names tonight... Who knew these two would force us to hold to that promise? Speaking of which, where is Timmy?"

"Oh..." Bella giggled. "Him... Well... Since he was above the waist for the birth... he didn't see anything... but when they were... getting rid of the afterbirth... he had to hand the baby back to the nurse... and then he got sick, after leaving the room. Started hyperventilating. They have him laying down right now."

"Oh..." Oh dear God. She forgot how squeamish Timmy was about blood. When she babysat him she remembered once, when she had cut her finger, and the boy had passed out. She didn't even think about that before.

"Light weight!" Tootie giggled along with Bella.

"No... Timmy like has some sort of phobia about blood. I forgot about it..." The baby she was holding, his belly looked full and he was no longer suckling. Just sleeping. "Alright... one tank full, time to fill the other."

"Come here little man." Bella said, cradling the boy, as Tootie handed her the little redhead.

"She's a fast learner." Vicki muttered at the little girl, who had no issues latching onto the nipple presented to her. "Either that or hungry."

"Well you might be tired. But at least you aren't huge anymore." She felt so much lighter, but she knew not all her weight had been the babies. In a few months, she'd have to start jogging again to get back into shape... as long as her big new boobs didn't knock her out if she ran.

"So please tell me," She asked cupping the breast that wasn't being fed from, "these are permanent."

"Might get a bit smaller after the milk dries up, but mostly, yep. Those are your breasts now." Her mother laughed... maybe it was obvious she was excited. Hell she wasn't flat chested anymore. From an A cup to a C cup. Not her sister's double D's. But still...
“When was the last time you've eaten?” She tried to bite back the harsh tone in her voice. She didn't want to fight with him. But she was angry with him. She knew for a fact, that except for the couple, very short, naps he had taken in the past four days, that he hadn't slept. Mainly because her mother, or Tootie had told her.

This had actually been the first day since she had the twins, she felt like she had enough energy to even get out of bed, other than to eat or use the restroom. During the day he was in classes, cooking the meals for the most part, and straightening up. During the night, he was the one that had been holding and walking with the babies in turn, so the others could sleep. Around six in the morning was when her sister and mother woke up, and took over with the babies. That would be when Timmy would lay down next to her. She would wake up, as he climbed into the bed with her. Then she usually woke up, no more than two hours later, when the sound of one of the babies crying had Timmy up again.

“Dinner last night?... I think.” Dinner my ass, she thought. Tootie said she hadn't seen him eat in two days... at least.

“When? Three days ago?” She actually had to grab his shoulders to stop him from... “What are you doing?”

“I'm...” He looked at the counter... looked confused. Almost as confused as she was. There was flour on the counter as if he was going to make something. But one of his books sat open in the middle of the flour on counter. She knew nothing about cooking... or well, next to nothing. However, she knew nothing on the counter went together... at least, not in an edible way... EVEN if you excluded the presence of the book. “I don't know.”

“Timmy.” She assumed his answer was to both of her questions. Meaning, he didn't know what he was doing... and he didn't know when he had eaten last. “Look. I'm not mad... not at you... not...” She sighed forcing him to sit down... which was too easy. She was still weak, but he didn't resist at all. “Okay I am mad, I'm furious... but not... Timmy, you are running yourself into the ground. I know school is important, and I know Samantha, and Samuel are important. But... you are only human. You need to eat, and you need to rest. Mom and Tootie stayed when dad went back, just so they could help. Timmy... please. Let them help... Sit down!” She snapped as he stood when Samantha started crying, and was soon quieted by Tootie, or her mother. Samantha had already managed to wrap her father around her little finger, and not even a week out of the womb. Honestly, Timmy loved both of the babies, but she knew... Samantha was his favorite, even if he shouldn't have one. He had hoped for a little redheaded girl.

“I just... I can't let them cry.” He muttered. She looked at him... actually looked at him. He looked
horrible. Dark, dark circles under his eyes. His face was starting to look a bit pale. And his eyes kind of looked glazed over. She knew it was true. The first time one of them had cried, once he had come back to the room. She saw his entire body tense... watched as he went on high alert. And she didn't think that he had relaxed once since that moment he tensed up.

“Look at me.” She grabbed his face, making him look at her. “Here's what we are going to do. Tootie and mom have enough milk for the babies all afternoon. Which they will be... somewhere. I don't know where. Mom and Tootie are going to pick up something for their dinner. And will be home around six.” She poked him in the chest. “You, and me. We are going to have a very early dinner. You are going to join me in a nice hot bath. Then, we are going to snuggle up in bed, and we are going to sleep. And if one of the Munchkins starts crying tonight, Tootie and mom will take care of them, since the cribs will be in the spare room with them. Got it mister?”

“I can try,” he murmured.

“That's the best I'm gonna get from you, isn't it?” She sighed. As mentioned, Timmy leaned towards Samantha more, she didn't know why. Samuel was the more mellow one. He was usually content after eating to go right to sleep. Samantha... she was the active one. She was the hair puller. She was the one with the curious blue eyes scanning the entire room. Samuel had gotten her pink eyes, and oddly enough Samantha had blue eyes. Everyone assumed Samantha was going to be a miniature Vicki. And of course, she wondered if either of them would have bucked teeth.

Together they cleaned the kitchen, after Vicki had ordered from one of their favorite restaurant. After everything was cleaned, she enjoyed a few minutes of cuddling on the couch. Rather, she enjoyed almost forty-five minutes of it... Timmy seemed to only enjoy like six or so, before he fell asleep. Timmy seemed more awake than when he had eaten, and only dozed off in the tub twice. Luckily for him, and her, she had been there, or he might would have drowned. Though while he was awake, he was still all touches and kisses. He was still affectionate. Even if he was only in bed for those two hours each morning, he was always affectionate. She had heard that some males get weirded out after seeing their lover give birth. But Timmy... well you would have to cut off his hands to keep him from caressing her stomach, or her cheek, or shoulder. That told her that the boy did love her... and that nothing short of something apocalyptic could change it... she wasn't even sure if that would even do it.

After drying off, and getting ready for bed... which it was only four in the afternoon, but she didn't care. Timmy needed sleep, and she did too. Well she needed more sleep. Fiery kisses in bed. The kind that warmed her, but didn't push her towards sexual hunger. Honestly, she doubted either of them were up to that, doubted either of them would stay awake long. But his arms wrapped around her, and it wasn't long before he was sleeping. Once she was roused by the sound of crying. She noticed that Timmy had woken up too... she waited... the crying stopped. Heard a deep breath from Timmy, before he pulled her closer, and they both went back to sleep.

AVAVA

She pushed herself off the couch, something that two weeks ago would have been almost impossible without someone's help. Her mother was in the kitchen making breakfast, while Tootie was busy making faces and funny noises at the babies. Something that made her sister look ridiculous. However, it seemed that most people just loved to make faces at babies. Vicki wasn't complaining. It kept the babies happy, and quiet. And kept Tootie entertained... at least until she leaned close enough for Samantha to grab one of her pigtails, then it seemed Samantha became more entertained, as Tootie became more distressed.

“No no no no, Samantha... let go of Aunt Tootie's hair... Please...” She could hear Tootie begging,
Samantha she assumed, to let go of her hair yet again, as she grabbed a cup of coffee. One day Tootie will learn not to lean too close.

“Samantha get Tootie's hair again?” Her mother asked as Vicki sat down at the table. Well, she didn't really ask. She knew, just as Vicki knew, that Samantha had... and for such a small baby, Samantha had a tight grip.

“Seems like it. Samantha doesn't respond to Bella the same way... I think it's cause Bella's hair is so short, so it never gets close enough to grab. Timmy's too.” Vicki laughed, “Then again... Samantha turns into a calm and peaceful baby when Timmy is around. Aren't they both really young to recognize either of us?”

“Supposed to be... I mean they aren't even two weeks old... But I've seen it. Samantha can be fussy and temperamental, then all it takes is for Timmy to walk into the room, and her little eyes focus on him.” Her mother chuckled as she fixed the plates.

Just like Timmy was attached to the little girl, the little girl seemed to be very fond of the brunette that was her father. Vicki only assumed that she could calm the girl down, because her breasts were the girl's 'kitchen' for the time being. Timmy loved both Samantha, and Samuel though. That was obvious.

“Okay, they are sleeping again...” Tootie joined them at the table. One of her pigtails slightly lower than the other. Samantha must have loosened the hair tie when she was tugging on the pigtail.

“Man... they sleep a lot.”

“They are still growing. And that's a lot of work, so their little bodies constantly need rest, and food.” Then her mother looked at both her and Tootie. “Are you sure everything will be alright?”

“Mom... It'll be fine.” Vicki assured her. Vicki and Tootie's mother would be returning home today, leaving Tootie to help with the babies for a month or so, since Tootie had graduated this year. Her mother had told them many times, that her boss had said if she needed more time, she could have it. “I promise. And if we need you, you are just a couple hours away, and you said your boss was fine with it. So... if we need you, we'll call. Tootie will still be here, and Bella will be here, when she's not studying or in classes. We were even talking about Bella moving into one of the spare rooms.” Bella's roommate was getting married, and they had talked about her possibly finding another roommate, since he would be moving into her apartment, which was bigger. And of course, she asked her and Timmy about one of the spare rooms, it seemed natural, since the girl pretty much lived there most of the time.

“If you are sure.”

“We're sure Mom. Like Vicki said, if we hit a snag. We will call you.” Tootie offered. Vicki couldn't help but know, that it wasn't just them needing help, it was that her mother wanted to be around her grandchildren.

“And, Uh... a breaks coming up soon. So, we can all come home and see you during the break. Then we can do Christmas, and Thanksgiving, you know... holiday times. As long as you don't mind Bella... I don't think we could stop her, unless we tied her to... something here.” Vicki laughed softly... though not for the reason her mother might assume. Just the thought of the times Bella had been tied to the bed... was comical.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!