

Quaranteam: Florida Man Part 3

By BreaktheBar

QT: Florida Man is an Audience-Driven story where your suggestions determine what happens next in the story. The more 'Florida Man' the suggestions, the more likely they get chosen for writing.

"I heartily approve of this ridiculousness" - CorruptingPower

"OK, all I need is a really big net, two above-ground pools, thirty chickens and one of those clippy things that they hang bells on cows."

Jessica had gotten the three drunks back onto shore, then went back out and managed to tow the rowboat back to the dock. She'd just finished getting the speedboat and the rowboat battened down when she found Dickie, Elly and Barb laying out on the big back porch of the house. It was honestly a beautiful location, raised up with gorgeous stonework and overlooking the lush river view. The entire mansion was unreasonably attractive, when Jessica had a few moments of peace to really appreciate where she was living. It was exactly the kind of place that she would have wanted to live back in the Before The World Is Ending time, and was also the kind of place she would have hit before the whole thing with the military.

Unfortunately, Jessica didn't have many of those moments of reflection because she was having requests like the one Dickie had just made thrust at her.

"Oh, is that all you need?" she asked incredulously. "What exactly do you need all of that for?"

"We're also running out of vodka," Barb said, draining the last of a magnum of top-shelf liquor into a red solo cup.

"And tequila," Elly chipped in, though she did it more off-handed than accusatory. She was laying out on one of the deck chairs, her top off as she soaked in the sun. The redhead had great tits and perfect little areolas and nipples, and Jessica thought the smattering of freckles across her shoulders and chest was just unfairly attractive.

"You need to go get all of that stuff," Barb said.

"Hold on," Jessica said, raising a finger pointedly to shush the shorter woman. "What are all the pools and the nets and the chickens for?"

"And the clippy thing for the bell," Dickie said, not actually answering the question.

“Do you mean a... collar?” Jessica asked.

“Yes!” Dickie said, clapping his hands in excitement. “Exactly. You get it!”

“I really don’t,” Jessica sighed. “What is the collar *for*, Dickie?”

“For Bubba, obviously,” Dickie said. “Once I find him, anyways.”

Jessica wasn’t sure what to do with her hands as they just sort of floated up in an incredulous shrug-grasp-throttle gesture.

“Dickie wants to do a Gator Census,” Barb said, snarky and as if it was the most obvious thing in the world.

“So you want to... catch alligators with a big net, put them in pools to sort them, and feed them chickens?” Jessica asked, putting the pieces of the plan together. She kind of hated that she could even connect those dots - she was starting to speak Stupid.

“Well we can’t just catch them and throw them back without giving them a snack,” Dickie said. “It’ll be like that lobster guy.”

“... What?”

“The lobster guy on YouTube,” Dickie said. “He catches lobsters and then throws them back, but every time he does he gives the lobster a snack fish.”

Jessica ran her hands through her hair, breathing out a long, silent sigh.

“So go get the stuff,” Barb said. “And the booze. That’s what you’re here for.”

“No, that’s *not* what I’m here for,” Jessica snarled lightly. “And you know that, *Barb*. I’m a bodyguard, not a maid or a personal shopper. So if you’ve run out of booze *already*, you’re going to need to suck it up because our next supplies order isn’t due for a few days.”

“Fuck that,” Barb sneered. “We can just go to the store.”

“Ooh, we can go to that big hunting store place out near the freeway,” Dickie said. “It’s got big nets and pools and probably the clippy bell thing. We’ll need to find somewhere else for the chickens, though.”

“You,” Jessica said sternly, poking Dickie in the chest. “Aren’t going anywhere. You’re on lockdown, remember?” She turned to Barb. “He’s not going anywhere, which means I’m not

going anywhere. If you want to go then I won't stop you, but I *will* hose you down when you get back."

Barb made a face at Jessica. "Fine, maybe I will."

"Fine with me," Jessica said. "Call an Uber or something though. You aren't taking one of the cars."

"Why the fuck not?"

"Because you're fucking drunk!"

"There isn't anyone else on the road anyways," Barb shouted.

"You don't know that," Jessica growled. "And that doesn't stop you from running into someone's fucking house, anyway. So either find a ride or go sleep it off and try again later."

"Fine!" Barb yelled, throwing the empty plastic magnum bottle at Jessica, who caught it easily. The angry redhead growled and stormed up into the house.

"How is she going to get the pools or the net back here if she takes an Uber?" Dickie asked.

"Grrrr!" Jessica growled, grabbing Dickie by the face and squeezing his cheeks together with one hand so that his lips were smushed outward and his sunglasses fell off his face.

"What did I do?" he mumbled.

"God, you're lucky you're pretty," Jessica sighed. "Come here."

She turned Dickie around and walked him over to Elly on the chair. Then she yanked Dickie's swim trunks down his legs, his cock bouncing softly. It wasn't exactly some big 'wow' of a reveal - he was a shower, not a grower, but he still had an average cock. His body, and his handsome face, were the real attractions. He *did* know how to use that average cock though.

Jessica stepped beside him and took the drink from Elly's hand as she smirked up at Jess, even in her tipsy state the redhead knew what Jessica was doing. She let Jess yank her daisy dukes down her legs, then spread them helpfully as Jessica pushed Dickie by the back of his head to get low. "Eat her," she ordered.

"Eat me, Dickie," Elly crooned happily, then bit her lip playfully and batted her big eyelashes at him.

"Mmm, yes ma'am," Dickie growled happily, climbing onto the wooden deck lounge and heading for Elly's pretty little cooch.

Jessica had quickly found there was only one proven way to distract Dickie from his idiotic ideas, and that was sex. She bit the inside of her cheek as she glanced back up at the house, wondering if she should check on Barb, but then she sighed and shook her head. Dickie wasn't exactly in the most flattering position, his bare ass up in the air as she knelt between Elly's legs and licked her. Even so, he was a fucking greek statue. Every part of him was warmly tanned and showing lean, perfect musculature. His back, his arms... everything about him was hot *except* for when he opened his mouth and said anything more than the most basic of sentences.

And the fucking Vaccine had her wet just looking at him.

Jessica stripped off her own jean shorts, wiggling them down her slim hips and letting them drop to the deck. The neighbours couldn't see the sitting area, so she didn't care about stripping down outside. She didn't go for Dickie though, at least not yet. Instead, she stepped wide over the chair, straddling Elly's chest.

"Come here, you," she groaned with a smirk, wrapping her fingers in Elly's gorgeous copper-red hair and tugging on it.

"Mmm," Elly grinned up at her and then pursed her lips in an air kiss. Jessica pressed her mound forward and pulled Elly's face into it, and the redhead began eating her almost immediately.

"Yeah, that's it," Jessica sighed as she felt that perfect tongue delving between her labia. "Eat me, Elly. Eat me while he eats you."

Elly mumbled something and Jess pulled her head back enough so she could look up and grin at her. "You taste good, babe," she said.

"Thanks," Jessica said, then pulled Elly right back in and started grinding her pussy on the gorgeous redhead's face.

Who gets fucked? And what weird thing does Dickie do or say when he comes?