

Happy Birthday Hooker

The years went by, and the Guardian watched as Stella grew up into a magnificent woman. With her twenty-rst birthday coming up, he went to talk to his guardian friend.

"I want to give her another gift."

"You can't, you have given her two already."

"I don't mean a power gift, I want to give her a wolf."

"She can not, you have known this for generations."

"Ask the Goddess, please."

"I can not, only the Lord of Life can converse with the Goddess Selene."

"I want to see him."

"Are you sure? There will be consequences of asking him for anything."

"Yes I'm sure."

"As you wish."

The Guardian closed his eyes, and the newer guardian watched as his friend's pale skin faded to be replaced with a black shadow of a man who had grown to ten feet tall and at least three feet wide. He knew he should have been scared of seeing this large giant of an entity before him, but he wasn't, it wasn't like he could die again.

"You dare to summon me?" The Lord of Life boomed.

"My Lord, my great-great-granddaughter is turning twenty-one. I want to give her the gift of a wolf."

"Why should I care what you want?"

"I will be reborn, and you can have all my souls for eternity. I won't ask to be a Guardian ever again after Stella."

"Eternity, you say?"

"Yes, eternity."

"I will talk to Selene."

The Lord vanished, and the Guardian stood in his place.

"You just pledge eternity to the Lord of Life."

"Yes, she's special, she won't squander the gifts I have given her."

"Is that so?" A beautiful tinkling voice said behind the new guardian.

He turned. A stunning woman stood there, with long, straight, black, silky hair. Her skin was alabaster white with piercing ocean blue eyes and ruby-red lips. She stood eye to eye with his six-foot stature.

"Yes, she's different. I saw a light in her when she was born. She's sweet, loyal, strong and pure."

Selene smiled at the new guardian.

"She will be getting a wolf, but not as you think."

"What's that supposed to mean?" He asked.

"Just watch and see." She said, and then she disappeared right before his eyes.

So he went to his room, got comfortable on his cloud and watched and waited just like she said.

"Happy birthday hooker!"

Stella's eyes popped open as a body landed on top of her. Then that body scrambled under the covers and wrapped around her. She smiled and rolled over and faced her best friend.

"Thank you." She giggled.

"Ugh, your death breath."

"Bish, you're the one that climbed into bed with me, you're lucky I wasn't naked."

"Damn right I am. I don't need to be depressed about my non-existant curves today." Amber whined.

"Oh, shut up! You, my model, gorgeous best friend, have awless skin, not an ounce of fat, and the cutest B cup."

"Don't forget about my long blonde hair, my sparkling blue eyes, and my pert bubble butt."

Stella let out a full belly laugh.

"See you could never be depressed about your looks. You are stunning."

"You're good for a girl's ego, Stella." Amber bopped her on the nose. "Come on, dad's making strawberries and cream pancakes and sausage." She said as she hopped out of Stella's bed.

"I'll be down in twenty. Let me hop in the shower."

Stella walked into the bathroom connected to her room. She looked at herself in the mirror. She was twenty-one today. She piled her red curly hair on top of her head and clipped it. She took off her red sleep tank and red sleep shorts. She stared hard at herself. She was curvy. At ve-nine, she had long shapely legs with thicker than average thighs, a high rounded bottom and ared hips. She wore a natural size fourteen, but with all the working out she did, her tummy was only slightly rounded, and she was part of the Double D club. In high school they used to call her Jessica Rabbit until she got sick of it and had to kick a few asses. Yes, she was a red head and had an hour-glass gure, but Jessica Rabbit she was not. She didn't think she was sexy or sultry at all. She had big green eyes, and a small narrow nose and full pink lips. She had a smattering of freckles across her nose. She thought she was kind of plain and could stand to lose fteen pounds.

She quickly jumped in the shower and did what she had to do, including shaving everything. She then jumped out, brushed her teeth, and then slathered vanilla and cinnamon lotion all over her body. She quickly went to her dresser, put on a strapless black bra and over that, a black tank top, she then slipped on black yoga pants sans undies. She hated panty lines. She slipped her feet into a pair of black ip-ops and made her way to the kitchen.

"Happy birthday sweetheart." Raf told her as she sat down at the table and piled pancakes and sausage on her plate.

"Thank you Unc. What's the plan for today?"

"I have a couple of Harley's to work on, but that's it." Raf took the girls to Montana, a small town called Howling Springs thirty miles out from Billings. The quaint town was surrounded by a forest, it made the girls less homesick when they rst moved there. He had opened a mechanics shop and everyone took their repairs to him. He taught both the girls how to work on motorcycles, cars, trucks, even RVs.

"Need any help?" She asked.

"Um, no! We are going shopping and then clubbing tonight," Amber vehemently stated.

Raf nodded, and Stella scowled.

"You know I hate shopping."

"Tough, we are going to buy something scandalous and nd some trouble tonight."

"Amber!." Raf barked.

"Hush daddy. You know darn well Stella and I can handle ourselves."

"It's not you handling yourselves I'm worried about, it's how much bail money I'll need."

They giggled at the disgruntled look on Raf's old scraggly face.

"That was one time four years ago, Uncle Raf. Those boys had it coming to them. They cornered us at the bakery and no one helped us. So we had to take matters into our own hands."

"Yeah, Stella and I had to kick their asses and throw them out. Three against two, and all because we wouldn't give them our phone numbers. They had no right to start groping us."

"And you didn't have to bail us out, you just had to pick us up from the sheriff's oce." Stella said, patting him on his arm.

"Okay enough reminiscing about good times. Let's get this shopping over and done with." She grumbled as she cleared the table.

Amber jumped up and ran to get her purse. She had on a pair of cut-off blue jean shorts and a baby blue tank on with white ip-ops. Her honey blonde hair in a high ponytail.

"Truck or bike?" She asked Stella.

"Um, truck. We're going to have garment bags, Amber. Can you imagine what we would look like trying to ride our bikes while holding up those big a\$\$ bags?"

"You're right. Let's go.