

# EVERYBODY NEEDS GOOD NEIGHBORS

*sunburycd*

*Mature woman and her teenage neighbor.*

Mature

4.65

6.2k words

Rosalind Colby slipped further down on the couch as she turned another page, the hand not holding the book finding it easier to slide back down the front of her jeans. She hadn't expected the reaction in herself to the story; wondering when last she'd masturbated, as once again, she combed her fingers through her pubic hair, pressing upon her sex.

The doorbell rang just as she found the perfect rhythm and pressure upon her clit, discarding the book and rising from the couch with a sigh. 'Of course!' She bemoaned as she hastened to discover her unexpected visitor.

'Hello,' came the joint and friendly greeting as she opened the door to her next-door neighbors; the Wilkinson's standing arm in arm expectantly before her. 'Hope we're not disturbing you, Rosa,' Phaedra added as Rosalind noticed Barnaby Wilkinson's eyes surreptitiously drop to her chest.

Not expecting to entertain, the tank top she'd donned that morning was admittedly threadbare and with her nipples remaining pronounced from her impromptu stirring of the honeypot, she understood she must have looked completely scandalous. It kindled something in herself, enjoying the feeling of being ogled. How long had it been since she'd been desired? She asked herself.

'No. No not at all,' Rosalind lied, the hand holding open the door so close to Barnaby. Would he enjoy licking her still damp fingers? She mused as he composed himself and finally looked her in the eye.

'Well, we just wanted to let you know we're going away for a week,' Phaedra announced. 'Barnaby's father's taken ill back in Minnesota.'

'Oh, I'm sorry,' Rosalind grimaced. 'Collect your mail?' She deduced their attendance at her door.

'Actually, no,' Barnaby countered. 'Mason's staying home this time.'

'He's 18,' Phaedra added. 'We thought he's mature enough to be left alone for a period.'

'Oh, so...?' Rosalind questioned their joint appearance at her doorstep.

'Well,' Phaedra glanced at her husband momentarily. 'We wondered if you'd just keep an eye on him though,' she contradicted her previous statement. 'Just make sure he doesn't throw any parties or play the music too loudly, that kind of thing.'

Rosalind smiled, thinking of her teenage years. Admittedly wild. 'Don't worry about it,' she laughed. 'From what I know of Mason, he'll be no trouble. But I'll look out for him if it makes you comfortable.'

The Wilkinson's looked proud as they made to back away.

'Thank you, Rosa,' Phaedra said. 'You have our mobiles if anything happens, and we'll be back most likely next weekend.'

'You just focus on your family,' Rosalind smiled. 'Let me take care of Mason,' she assured them. And no truer words had ever been spoken.

\*

Rosalind lay in the warm soaking suds of the bath, washcloth across her eyes. Pachelbel's Canon played from the downstairs living room, echoing through the house. With her mind drifting back to the book, Rosalind caressed her breasts beneath the water, her hand casually drifting down her belly to make contact with her now smoothly shaved pubic bone. The horrifying discovery of a gray hair the catalyst for depilation. Delighting in the newfound feeling as she cupped her pussy in her palm. Twice in one day! She mused as she tentatively slid a finger between her labia, gently inserting as her mouth fell open in response. The orgasm not far away.

\*

Long satin robe around her otherwise naked body, Rosalind turned off the stereo in the living room and made her way back upstairs. Her own house now silent, the sound of previously unnoticed music playing from without came to her ears, louder as she neared her bedroom window and casually looked out through the parted curtains. Looking across into the Wilkinson's residence, only one room remained illuminated, the curtains remaining as open as her own. In the darkness of her room, Rosalind had a clear view down into the opposite bedroom and there was no doubt as to whom it belonged.

Posters of bands lined the walls and with his window open onto the summer night, Mason's choice of music sailed across to Rosalind's ears unfettered. Was it too loud, she asked herself? Deciding not as she made to turn back toward her bed and embrace sleep. Before she was interrupted. Mason himself entered from outside the frame and lay back upon his bed. The sight caught Rosalind's breath and immediately she raised a hand to her mouth in surprise. The boy was naked.

Feeling herself blush, Rosalind fought against doing the appropriate thing. Closing the curtains and giving her neighbor the privacy he deserved. No. Against her good nature, in the relative secrecy of her darkened window, Rosalind spied. Unable to deny herself, she watched as the boy lifted his phone before his face and took his already erect cock in hand. Ruining the fact her glasses were downstairs, Rosalind made do with squinting to focus upon the sight as Mason began jerking his cock, his hips intermittently rising into his efforts to obviously increase his pleasure. Instinctively, Rosalind had a hand inside her robe, fingers finding her upper thighs already moistened at the vision of youthful beauty not twenty yards away.

And then he was done. The phone dropped to the mattress beside him as a glistening appeared upon his stomach and chest. Long ropes of cum on his tanned hairless skin. It was then Rosalind turned away. Her fingers remaining at her sex as she aimlessly stared across her dark room, a mischievous smile coming to her lips. 'Rosalind, you naughty girl!' She scolded herself for the voyeurism, before once more looking back out the window, seeing Mason unceremoniously cleaning himself up with the aid of a tissue.

'Mason,' she spoke to the empty room. 'You naughty boy!'

\*

Naked, Rosalind looked into her full-length bedroom mirror and wasn't entirely displeased. She'd accepted with what had been given to her long ago, admittedly a breast augmentation helping "the girls" stay perky up till what was her 59th year. Was she a supermodel? Definitely not. But passable upon the beach in a bikini where it seemed to her only two types of people ever really felt comfortable; those with perfect bodies and those with completely the opposite.

She ran her hands down her sides and managed to give herself goosebumps, delighting in the feeling as she contemplated what to wear? It came to her eye immediately and she wondered if she could pull it off? An impulsive online purchase that was entirely the wrong size but not worth the cost of returning. She took the dress from the hanger and held it up before herself.

'Let's give it a go!' She smirked.

\*

Under the bright morning sun, Rosalind walked out across the lawn of her front yard and skirted the hedge that divided the two properties. Down the path that led to the front door of the Wilkinson's, her heels clicked on the sandstone pavers, quickly drowned out by the music coming from within the house.

It took two rings of the doorbell before Mason responded, the volume of the screaming electric guitars lowering before he cautiously opened the door, shirtless. His sheepish expression, his lithe body, not yet a full-grown man, almost caused Rosalind to rethink her strategy. To call off her plan and simply complain about the noise coming from the house. But then, much as his father had done a day before, she noticed his eyes.

And how could he not respond, she thought? The dress was strapless. Hot pink and merely a piece of stretch spandex with a black belt that circled the waist. Her boobs bulged from it, her ass and pussy desired to escape with every movement. With the coordinated black high heels, there was no doubt what she was aiming to project and Mason's testosterone-fueled teenage gaze was captured at once.

'Mrs. Colby!' He managed to muster as he dragged his eyes up to hers. 'It's about the music, isn't it!? I'll keep it down.'

Rosalind laughed.

'Well, yes. And no,' she added and Mason frowned in response. 'I mean, yes I'm here about the music but it's not what you think.'

More confused, Mason shuffled at the open door and suddenly wished he was wearing more than just his shorts, feeling even more underdressed than his guest.

'I heard what you were playing last night, Metallica wasn't it?' Rosalind questioned and saw the surprise in the boy's face before he nodded. 'I just thought you might like to come and look at my record collection. Mr. Colby...' she used the name Mason had always for her late husband. '... and I were quite the fans of metal in our younger years,' she paused as she listened to herself and realized how old she must have sounded, surprisingly blushing. 'I just mean there might be something you like there.'

'Oh,' Mason seemed in Rosalind's eyes to relax somewhat, realizing he wasn't in trouble. 'Um, okay. That sounds cool,' he replied. 'Ah, when should I...?'

'Well now's as good a time as any,' Rosalind proposed and Mason looked behind himself.

'Ah, Mom and Dad aren't here,' he needlessly informed her and Rosalind smiled.

'That's good. Because I wasn't inviting them,' she winked and saw Mason instantly blush. Like shooting fish in a barrel, she thought.

\*

It was cool inside her house and Rosalind's nipples poked out through the material of her dress, something not lost on Mason when she returned from the kitchen with a drink of lemonade.

'Thank you, Mrs. Colby,' Mason politely received his glass and took a tentative sip, quick to find something else bar her breasts to focus upon. 'These are awesome,' he nodded at the open cabinet and the vast vinyl record collection before him, once more blushing as he thought his words could also have described his sexy neighbor's boobs.

'Thank you,' Rosalind smiled crossing her arms beneath her breasts which she realized emphasized them even more. 'But you have to stop calling me Mrs. Colby. Rosa's fine.'

Mason smiled in response and after another sip of the drink placed it upon a coaster upon the coffee table, turning his attention again to the records. 'I've got a poster of them on my wall,' he pulled out an Iron Maiden album and turned it toward Rosalind, in the act of sitting upon a couch. Her knees slightly apart, Mason was able to see directly up her seriously short skirt and in the milliseconds afforded him, he was sure he saw only skin. No panties.

'Really?' Rosalind responded, not directly catching him looking up her skirt but sure enough in his demeanor as he averted his eyes that he'd taken a peek. 'Lincoln... Mr. Colby,' Rosalind elaborated. 'Loved Iron Maiden. You'll find all of their early albums there.' She crossed her legs as she watched the boy flick through the collection, pulling out and examining multiple titles.

'Motley Crue,' Mason ventured. 'They're cool.'

'You know we saw them play at the Whisky a Go Go back in the early 80s,' Rosalind proudly informed him and Mason's eyes widened.

'Seriously?' He asked, to which she nodded. 'Wow. That was like twenty years before I was even born!'

More than, Rosalind depressingly thought. What was she doing? Flashing herself at an eighteen-year-old. No matter what his eyes had conveyed moments before, he wasn't interested in a woman old enough to be his grandmother. She inadvertently recrossed her legs and saw his eyes immediately drop to the area. Or maybe he was?

'Way to make a lady feel old!' Rosalind laughed, and blushing, his gaze quickly averting from her upskirt, Mason apologized.

'I didn't mean it like that Mrs. Colb...' he paused. '...Rosa,' he corrected. 'It's just I mean I didn't know you were so cool.' He wasn't mistaken. She wasn't wearing panties. Twice now he'd managed to see up her skirt and was pretty sure he'd gotten away with it. The problem was his body was doing its best to turn him in. Even as they spoke and he tried to disregard the admittedly hot body below her face, his dick began to harden.

'It's okay Mason, I'm just playing with you. And I thank you for the compliment.' She watched intently as he angled his body away from her. Why? His buttocks filled out his tight shorts and she imagined digging her nails into his flesh. Running her fingers down his back. He pulled out another record and the excitement of the title must have gotten the better of him, turning back in her direction and revealing an obvious bulge in the front of his shorts.

'Kill 'Em All!' He held up the Metallica album. 'It's signed!'

Rosalind's heart swelled as much as the boy's fly. Not only at his obvious arousal toward her, but his excitement for the record. Once more she inadvertently uncrossed her legs as she reached for her drink and this time allowed her thighs to stay apart. On this occasion, Mason's eyes were slower to look away.

'Mason!' Rosalind's pulse began to race as he lifted his eyes cautiously from the album cover. 'Did you just look up my skirt?'

Mason swallowed hard. He looked back at the woman and was unsure if he was in trouble or being seduced. Would she tell his mother what had happened? He'd die of embarrassment. How would his parents go on living next to the woman their pervert son had spied on? Her thighs remained parted. It was almost impossible not to look up her skirt such was the angle she sat.

'I... I didn't mean to Mrs. Colby,' he stammered, his eyes almost instinctively dropping down to the area once more, her legs even further apart. It had to be on purpose, he resolved. 'It's just your dress is so...'

'Short?' Rosalind finished his sentence, looking down at herself, her cleavage heaving, nipples protruding through the spandex. 'It is a little small on me, isn't it!?' She smiled. 'But you can relax Mason,' she said, looking back up at the boy, his cock now a tower within his shorts, demanding to be released. 'You're not in any trouble. You can look if you like.'

With the words, she allowed her thighs to part ever further, the dress inching its way up onto her hip, essentially baring her sex to her young neighbor. Mason again found it hard to swallow. This was really happening.

'I was going to say, your dress looks so hot on you,' he admitted, gripping the album cover, unsure of what to do next. Thankfully his senior coming to his aid.

'You can put down the record, Mason,' Rosalind guided. 'And come a little closer if you like.'

Mason wanted nothing more. The first real live vagina he'd ever seen, only three strides from his erect cock. Was he dreaming? Let me not ever wake! Mason mused as he walked toward the woman, his eyes riveted to the amazing sight, light glistening off the moist labia.

'Why don't you get on your knees?' Rosalind suggested, and as if under hypnosis, Mason did as directed, breathing in the alluring scent from between the woman's legs as he moved ever closer. 'Have you seen a woman's vagina before Mason?' Rosalind asked.

He was struggling to think, let alone form words, and faced with the question, he free-styled.

'Yeah, heaps,' he lied, although he thought, she didn't say in "real life," so technically he was telling the truth. 'Can I kiss it?' He tentatively questioned, kicking himself for not saying "lick" but figuring she'd understand.

'Oh, of course you can, dear boy,' Rosalind delighted, the feeling of being desired, the anticipation of the contact alone almost bringing her to orgasm.

Mason wasted no time. He'd seen it done in so much porn, knew the method of providing a woman oral pleasure, but faced with the reality, overexuberance and carnality took over and he dove in with primal desire. Simply pushing his nose and mouth into her labia, Mason inhaled her cunt. His tongue ventured forth and he found it sliding inside her body, lapping the copious amount of fluid that streamed from her sex. He was addicted. This was better than he'd ever imagined. Why wasn't this taste bottled? He wondered as he smeared his face in her wetness, only the sound of Rosalind giggling above causing him to pause.

'Come here Mason,' Rosalind grinned as his wet cheeks and jaw rose up from her pussy. 'Give me a taste too.'

Mason stood between her spread thighs and wasn't surprised when Rosalind reached out and tugged his shorts forcefully down his legs, his erect cock springing back toward her face. He wanted more than anything for her to suck it, but understood she was in charge and he'd follow her lead. And that led him again between her thighs as she slunk back onto the cushions behind her. Her mouth was upon his and with prior experience making out with girls, for once he knew what he was doing, returning the kiss with skill as Rosalind sucked his tongue between her lips.

'I want you to fuck me, Mason,' Rosalind whispered into his mouth and he immediately responded by trying to find her opening without hands, embarrassingly pushing his cock into her upper labia until he felt Rosa take him in hand and drop it lower. Inside he slid. No feeling better. No words could he find that could describe the sensation of entering another's body. Like velvet, only wet. So perfect a union as his pubic bone met hers, thrusting, once, twice... And then he was cumming!

It was mortifying. Possibly the most embarrassing moment of his life, somehow entwined with the greatest. His closed eyes opened wide as he sought Mrs. Colby's reaction to his accident and he saw confusion tinged with bemusement. A final mostly feeble thrust and his cum was exhausted, his virginal offering deposited entirely within his mature neighbors' womb. And then the horror. What had he done? Could she get pregnant? All of a sudden, the world spun wildly and his reaction was to flee. With an equally as embarrassing squelch, Mason pulled from her and in a shower of cum, dropped to lift his shorts back up his legs.

'I'm sorry,' he offered and was amazed that she was smiling.

'It's okay Sweetheart,' Rosa attempted to soothe him but the damage was done and his rapidly softening cock was taken from her sight.

'Um, I just realized I've got to go,' Mason lied for the second time.

'Oh no, stay,' Rosalind stated, pulling the top of her dress up over her boobs, neither of them having even realized they'd been exposed. 'You haven't even seen all the records,' she added but he was already quickly moving toward the front door.

'Yeah, thank you for showing me and thank you for,' he paused and looked back at her, his face burning with shame at his action, at his reaction. 'But I've really got to go,' almost running the rest of the way to the exit.

Left alone, Rosalind was confusingly satisfied. No, Mason running away wasn't optimal. But she didn't blame him. She'd seen through his bravado, no doubt in her mind he was a virgin. It was then

she felt her own sense of shame. His first experience with a woman and it had ended like that. Like it or not, she'd affected his future life, for good or bad? She dropped a hand between her legs and cupped her vagina, a finger slipping between her twice lubricated labia, scooping the boy's cum and drawing it up to her mouth to wrap her lips around the digit. She endeavored to make sure it was for good.

\*

It was more than two hours later and showered, Rosalind slipped into a summer dress. The impulse was to forego underwear once more but why not project at least a semblance of chaste she thought, white satin panties drawn up her legs. Something for him to remove, she told herself.

When she exited the house, her heart swelled at what she found left at the top of the stairs to her porch. A vase of flowers; chrysanthemums, roses, geraniums, all obviously gathered from the Wilkinson's front yard and surprisingly well arranged for the time given the perpetrator. Rosalind took the offering inside her house and positioned it pride of place in her living room, right where they'd fucked. When was the last time someone had given her flowers, she asked herself? And sadly, couldn't come up with a date.

\*

Unlike hours earlier, there was no music playing from within the Wilkinson residence as Rosalind awaited an answer to the doorbell. And this time, Mason didn't delay in opening to her, almost as if he'd been waiting for her arrival, Rosalind thought.

'I didn't think you'd want to see me again,' Mason sheepishly ventured, keeping his eyes well above Rosalind's expanse of displayed chest.

'Then how would I have given you this?' Rosalind smirked as she pulled the album from behind her back, displaying the signed first pressing of Metallica's earliest record.

'Are you serious?' Mason's eyes widened, accepting the vinyl from Rosalind as she held it out and holding it before himself reverently. 'Mom and Dad'll never let me keep this!'

'Well, maybe it can be our little secret?' Rosalind winked. 'Along with some other things.'

She noticed Mason swallow hard. 'Yeah, um. I'm sorry about what happened Mrs. Col...'

'Uh!'

'...Rosa,' Mason corrected himself. 'It's why I left the flowers. I mean, to say sorry about running off like that.'

'I know,' Rosalind smiled. 'And they were beautiful Mason, they made my day... well them and another thing,' she watched Mason blush and they shared a laugh, a moment of silence following. 'Now. Are you going to show me these posters in your room or what?' Rosalind challenged and Mason's eyes widened even further than they had previously.

'Ah. Yeah!" He beamed.

\*

Rosalind walked to Mason's window and looked up to her own bedroom next door. Should she admit she'd spied on him, she wondered? Turning around to look at his bed where he'd lay as he masturbated. Probably better to keep it to herself knowing how quick he was to embarrass.

'So, this is that Iron Maiden one,' Mason pointed toward his closed door. 'These are bands you probably haven't heard of,' he gestured to the other posters papering his walls and Rosalind entertained the boy's enthusiasm, examining the artwork.

'And this is your bed,' she sat upon the mattress and watched Mason's face turn a shade of crimson.

'Mrs. Colby. I don't know if you can get pregnant...' Mason began at a rapid rate, obviously wanting to deliver the speech he'd been preparing in the preceding hours. '... but I just want you to know that I'll support you no matter what. I'll get a job and...'

He stopped when Rosalind began laughing, holding out a hand to draw Mason to her.

'Sweetheart, you don't have to worry about that. I'm not getting pregnant any time soon,' she again laughed yet Mason felt no ridicule, only compassion. 'We can... YOU can do whatever you want with me,' she spread her legs and the already short dress rose further up her thighs. 'Okay?'

Again, Mason swallowed. 'So, I didn't blow it?'

Rosalind shook her head. 'You didn't blow it, Mason,' she smiled, pausing. 'Though I'll blow you if you want me to!'

Mason could've fainted. Possibly would've if Rosalind hadn't risen and pressing herself against him, wrapped her arms around his body. At the same height, she could feel his penis against her pubic bone, not hard, but that enticing presence of a man, the possibility of what was surely to come. Her breasts against his chest, his nervousness was felt in his noticeable heartbeat, audible in the otherwise silent teenage bedroom.

'Would you like that?' Rosalind searched his eyes, their lips so close. 'Do you want me to suck your big cock, Mason?' The language unlike her, going with this newfound sexual confidence granted her so far into life. Mason was able to muster a nod as their mouths met, his eyes closing as they kissed.

This wasn't happening, he thought. In his bedroom with the sexy neighbor he'd had a crush on for much of his life. Not only that. Kissing her. Discussing such carnal delights as fellatio! His hands caressing her back, down onto her ass. He could feel her panties through her dress, lifting and discovering satin, tight upon her rounded buttocks. He was surely dreaming. Go with it, Mason mused. For God's sake, don't wake up! If only his cock would respond.

Leaving his mouth, Rosalind kissed his jaw, his neck. Tugging up his t-shirt, he allowed her to lift it from his body, and his chest was exposed to her kisses, yet further down she went. His belt unbuckled, the pants he'd changed into were undone and Rosalind, dropping to be level with her well-deserved prize, took his cock in hand and then mouth.

Get hard. Get hard. Mason demanded of himself as Rosalind wrapped her lips around his flaccid cock. An unbelievably pleasant feeling of warmth and softness coupled with the ridiculously hot visual, a mature woman completely at his service. And yet he remained soft. It was becoming uncomfortable, his heart beat faster. This shouldn't be happening, he thought. Why couldn't it have been like that morning? His cock so hard for her. Not this humiliation.



Rosalind shared none of his concerns. So long since she'd taken a man in her mouth, be he soft or otherwise. The feeling igniting memories, pleasurable, wanton. Her tongue cushioned his length, lips sliding along the shaft as with a hand, she gently massaged his impressively swollen balls. And then a hand against her head, her eyes opening to look up to her lover.

'I can't get hard!' Mason confessed, a red hue coming to his cheeks.

'Just relax Sweetheart,' she consoled, kissing the head of his cock, lifting him vertical to lick up his shaft.

'I'm trying,' he admitted. 'It's not working.'

'It's understandable to be nervous,' Rosalind rose before him, keeping a hand around his unresponsive penis. 'This morning was your first time, wasn't it?' Mason nodding in response. 'Well, what can I do to help you? I'll do whatever you want.'

Mason's mind was reeling. How many times had he fantasized about this occurrence? A real live woman in his bedroom. To do with as he pleased. 'I don't know,' he said, admitting his mind was actually drawing a blank.

'Will this help?' Rosalind suggested, undoing the few buttons on the front of her dress and allowing it to fall from her body. Mason took a small step back to admire her breasts, not having taken the opportunity that morning. Perfection in his eyes. Large, rounded, nipples that asked to be tweaked, to be kissed. 'Give me your hand,' Rosalind ordered and cupped his palm over her pubic mound, delighted when he took over and began kneading his fingers around her labia. 'How's that?'

'So cool,' Mason assured her as he felt the dampness soak through the satin. Again, Rosalind moved in and their bodies connected, this time skin to skin, her hard nipples poking his chest. With Rosalind's mouth against his ear, she breathed out, kissing before gently biting the lobe.

'Tell me what you want to do Mason,' she sighed into his neck, her hand brushing across his still limp cock, not making a deal about it.

It came to him. Memories of the morning flooding back. 'I want to taste you again,' he admitted. 'Maybe we could lie on my bed and you could...'

'Sit on your face!' Rosalind completed his sentence and looking in his face she could see the enthusiasm in his eyes. 'Go on then,' she giggled.

Mason had his pants kicked off his ankles and was upon the bed naked before Rosalind had even begun to take down her panties. In truth she wanted him to watch her. To reveal her power slowly this time. Even as she hooked her thumbs in the waistband, she could see signs of life in the boy, a little twitch of his cock as it slowly filled with blood in anticipation of what was to come.

'Do you like these panties, Mason?' Rosalind questioned as she stepped from them, holding them before herself.

'Oh yeah,' he said, laying back on his elbows, admiring her now fully naked body.

Rosalind motioned forward and pressed the gusset against Mason's nose and mouth and watched as his cock again twitched, unable to contain her smile.

'You can keep them if you want?' She offered and felt his head bob up and down in response, breathing deep through the damp material, seemingly enjoying the domineering. 'But now it's time for the real thing.'

Taking her hand from his face, Rosalind spritely climbed upon the boy's bed, dropping the panties beside him as she lifted a leg up over his laid-back head. His eyes alight with wonder before she smothered his face with her sex. A thrill surged through her body, from her cunt up to her brain. This was happening she told herself. In a teenager's bedroom, seated upon a throne of nose and delighted mouth at a time of her life when she thought the best years of sex were behind her. She ground her pussy into Mason's jaw as she felt his nose against her asshole, muffled moans of pleasure coming from between her thighs as his cock signaled its own approval. He was all hers.

Down she fell on his growing manhood. Taking him between her lips to feel him gain his full erection in the safety of her mouth. Wrapping her hand around his shaved base as she felt him go to work on her pussy, somehow with much of her weight on him, able to slide his tongue around on her clit and worm inside her vagina. Had she even done this with her husband? Rosalind wondered as she forced herself to gag on Mason's admittedly impressive dick, a torrent of saliva drooling from her mouth as she rose to gasp for air.

Mason was content to suffocate! He pulled her thighs down onto his face, circling his head as he feasted on his lunch of cunt and ass, swallowing the ample fluid that flowed from his queen's pussy. He could feel his cock was slick, Rosalind's hand slipping along his length as she sucked on the head, her other hand cupping his balls that brewed his affection, a batch he knew would be larger than the first. Where would he do it, he wondered? She'd decide. He'd do anything she told him, cater her every whim. He loved her. Had done his entire life. But how would she react when he told her?

'Fuck me!' Rosalind broke into his contemplating. Light once again hitting his eyes as she allowed him to come up for air. Rosalind turned on the bed, always astride him, and brought her pussy down on his groin, his now rock-hard tower of admiration awaiting the envelopment. He felt bigger than that morning. Whatever the reason, Rosalind's mouth fell open as she lowered herself slowly down his length, enjoying his penetration inch by glorious inch until they were one, her pubic bone resting upon his. She fell upon him, their mouths coming together, tongues entwined in a dance linking the decades between them.

Mason dug his fingers into her fleshy buttocks as he thrust into her every grinding. So silky her lubricated walls, her pussy perfectly hugging his size as though they were made for each other. Rising. Rosalind was surprised by his strength as he gripped her body and lay her gently upon her back, her head on a teenager's pillow, laying in the same position she'd watched him masturbate.

He kissed her mouth, her neck, and shoulders. Doing everything right she questioned his confessed virginity. Here she'd found a perfect lover, one eager to learn and quick to master. His cock filled her completely, was withdrawn. Over and over, he thrust, his lips around her nipple, suckling, back upon her mouth as she felt her orgasm approach. She'd known him his entire life. Had held him as a child. And now. Here she was in his bed, mere months past his eighteenth birthday, where she'd watched him blow out candles and now... now he was making her cum.

It hit her like an avalanche. A wave of pleasure surged from her pussy to her chest. Out along her limbs and had her brain bursting with fireworks. She threw her head back in the shockwave, exposing her neck and Mason was quick to kiss her, biting and sucking at her skin. Another orgasm. Goosebumps all over her body as her pussy squeezed him with appreciation. 'Cum on me,' Rosalind

gasped, pulling his face into hers, wanting him to share the exaltation of orgasm along with her. Wanting above all to see his release. 'Cum all over me!' She breathed into his mouth, another climax washing over her as Mason pulled his cock from her body.

The permission was more than welcome. Trying to think of anything but what was happening, Mason had managed to stave off his orgasm. Now it was time. Already cumming as the head of his cock slipped from Rosalind's loving labial grip. A thread of hot cum shot across her smooth pubic mound to reach her belly button. His shaft taken in hand as he rose to his knees, Rosalind in expectation, upon her elbows as she watched another spurt of flattery paint her body, another. Mason milking himself upon her breasts, her skin a canvas for his artistry.

'Yes,' she giggled, reaching out to draw his cock to her, Mason scrambling over her thighs to fulfill her wish and deliver the last of his load upon her neck and jaw. 'Oh, fucking yes,' Rosalind laughed before she wrapped her mouth around the bulbous head of his penis, sucking the remainder, stroking his length.

Finally, Mason breathed. 'That was awesome,' he gasped as Rosalind pooped his cock from between her lips, releasing her hold as he fell to the mattress beside her.

'Wasn't it though!' Rosalind smiled, laying back and running a hand across her pubis and stomach to smear herself with cum. Joined by the other, both hands upon her breasts, massaging the semen into her skin like a balm.

'You're so beautiful,' Mason complimented her and Rosalind turned her head to look at her lover.

'Yeah right,' she admittedly fished for further tribute.

'No, seriously. We've always thought so.'

'We?'

Mason turned to his side and rose onto an elbow. 'Mom and Dad always talked about how pretty you were. And you know I've always had a crush on you!' He admitted and Rosalind smiled knowingly. 'But it was my last birthday...' He paused. 'You remember that dress you wore? The spotted green one? I couldn't look at anyone else all night. It was then I really saw your beauty.'

'Oh, you sweet boy,' Rosalind touched his cheek.

'Yep, and I've loved you ever since!' Mason confessed.

Rosalind rolled to her side to match Mason's pose. 'You don't mean that.'

'I do Mrs. Colby. I love you. I think I always have,' Mason reached out and touched her hand. 'You know, I've started leaving my window open at night in the hope you see me,' he confessed and Rosalind blushed, Mason, frowning in response. 'Why are you blushing?'

'Nothing,' Rosalind smiled.

'I want to be your lover. I want to be your partner Rosa,' Mason continued and Rosalind felt he sounded older. Much older than his eighteen years. 'And I want the world to know.'

Rosalind's eyes filled with tears at his declaration, the obvious heartfelt honesty.

'I don't know what your parents would think about that,' she reminded him of reality.

'Well, we've got seven more days to come up with a way to tell them,' he retorted, leaning in and kissing her on the mouth. Rosalind was more than eager to accept the affection, her hand reaching down to wrap around his still erect cock.

'And we're going to use the time well,' Rosalind whispered into his mouth, before her lips once more sought his cock.

\*

One week later

Rosalind flattened her spotted green dress out around her as she adjusted her position on the couch, the doorbell ringing as she turned a page of her book. 'Of course!' She sighed as she reluctantly left her seat to discover her unexpected visitor.

'We're back!' Came the combined greeting from the Wilkinson's as Rosalind opened the door.

'I see,' smiled Rosalind. 'All go well with your family, I hope?'

'Time will tell,' frowned Barnaby. 'Just came around to make sure all went smoothly with Mason. He's not home at present, off playing with one of his friends no doubt. He was no trouble we gather?'

Rosalind felt herself blush and looked back around the door to Mason, laying naked and erect on the couch, jaw, mouth, and nose glistening with pussy juice and eagerly awaiting her return to the throne.

'No,' Rosalind contained her smirk as she looked back at his smiling parents. 'I definitely can't find anything to complain about,' she admitted.

\*

Thank you for reading.