

THE GENERATION GAP

sunburycd

A whirlwind romance crosses the age divide.

Mature

4.78

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Lionel Baxter placed his washed and dried lunchtime dishes back in the kitchen cabinet, and taking a last sip of water, looked out into his backyard as he swallowed. A welcome late-fall warm stretch saw a brilliant blue sky and sunlight bathing the well-kept lawn, marred only by the litter of the constantly falling leaves. The wisteria along the back fence had also surrendered to the season and revealed its twisted and gnarled tendrils, the voice of Lionel's wife coming to him, "...you'll need to get onto that wisteria Darling. It'll take over before you know it!" He could almost hear the echo of her words in the empty house and despite the sadness, her ghost brought a smile to his lips.

'Today, Dorothy,' he whispered back, straightening as he stoically breathed deep to fight back the tears that threatened to approach. Six years, he thought. 'Better late than never,' he managed to chuckle.

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He remembered his cap as he made to leave the bedroom and circled back toward the closet, pausing at the dresser in contemplation before opening the topmost drawer and looking upon the keepsakes. The small box of jewelry and perfumes nestled in the corner, taking one from its home and heading back toward his bed where he sprayed the pillow, she'd nightly laid her head upon. The Jo Malone fragrance of sandalwood and juniper, her favorite, rose to meet his senses and filled the room with her presence.

He'd sleep well tonight

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The raking complete, and leaves piled orderly for mulching, Lionel took up his pruning shears and garden saw and set his mind on taming the wisteria. Planted by the couple and now mature and thriving, the climber had been a welcome fixture over the last few years, screening his property as the rear neighboring house had transitioned its tenants.

Many times, Lionel had been admittedly thankful his wife wasn't around to have to put up with the constant partying and late-night music from the short-term rentals that had inhabited the dwelling, the pool, so close to their boundary, always the focus of the revelry.

Thankfully, it came as a relief when after years of forced tolerance on his behalf, the house changed hands, a young family moving in, whom Lionel had often encountered on one of his many walks, passing by the property. Their relationship went little further than waving, discussions of the weather, and pleasantries, but seeking to keep it convivial, Lionel would have to see to the damage the wisteria had clearly been doing to the boundary during his years of inattention.

Limbs clung hermetically to the treated pine and tendrils had managed to creep between many of the pickets, warping the boards, and on some, even prying them from the posts. Most remedied with the pruning shears, it was when he used his saw on one particularly thick limb and the picket

came away from the rest, he realized his hammer would be necessary to complete the repair on the fence.

Returning from the garden shed, Lionel took a moment to remove his cap and wipe his forehead before he took hold of the loose timber and prepared to hammer it back into place, thwarted when the picket came off completely from the fence.

'Blast,' Lionel murmured to himself and squatted down to realign the exposed nails with the lower rail. It was as he positioned the picket, that he happened to casually glance up through the created gap and into the neighboring backyard, his eyes drawn to the vision no more than twenty feet from his location.

As unexpected as an upskirt in a cafe, and as if in slow motion, a nymph rose from the water of the pool. The initial impression was she was naked, her body glistening and every curve and fold on stark display before he noticed the string of a bikini, admittedly doing little to nothing in providing coverage. Mesmerized, Lionel watched her ascend the steps, raising her hands to wipe her eyes and continuing, running her fingers through her hair to wring out most of the water, her head tilting endearingly as she looked nonchalantly in his direction as if already aware of her admirer.

'Oh, hi Mister B,' the girl casually noted his presence and Lionel felt his face flush with color as he caught his breath. Her name lost to him momentarily, Lionel coughed before attempting to apologize and defend any offense taken by his actions.

'I'm sorry dear,' he managed, 'I... I was fixing the fence you see,' he justified his appearance in the gap and the girl smiled at his fumbling over words. 'I assure you I wasn't spying!' He emphasized, which in effect brought more attention to the compromising situation he'd found himself in. The comment, however, brought laughter to the girl which went some way in allaying his fears of any potential reprisal from the father.

'Oh, I don't mind,' she dismissed. 'I was just swimming,' she stated the obvious, moving toward her towel and using it to wipe her face, Lionel was surprised she seemed in no hurry to cover her near-naked body, in fact, as he attempted to focus on his work, his eyes keeping her in his peripheral vision, she seemed to relish her state. 'I heard you over there,' she dropped the towel and moved closer toward him, her action allowing Lionel to look up at her body with impunity. 'I was wondering what you were up to.'

The bikini Lionel supposed, was initially white. The water however, having rendered it entirely transparent, enabled Lionel to feast his eyes on the erect nipples of the girl, pink and perfect, lower, the complete absence of pubic hair upon her pronounced mound of Venus, and even further below, the tantalizing tease of upper labia. He could feel his face burning and was thankful the cap shaded his embarrassment.

'I was pruning the wisteria. It's the best time of the season. It's grown through the pickets you see. That's what pried off this panel,' he explained the opening in their divide.

'Oh, and you're going to put it back?' she surprisingly questioned.

'Of course,' Lionel raised the hammer, laughing to himself.

'Well, that's a shame,' she unexpectedly suggested. 'If you took off another, we could come and go between.'

'I... why would we need to...?' Lionel asked, perplexed by the idea.

'I don't know,' the girl shrugged. 'It's just, I'm here all alone this week. If you left it off, we could at least talk through the fence.' The thought of daily seeing this goddess, even in a more clothed state, admittedly didn't sound that unappealing but even as he weighed up the advantages, he considered the potential repercussions. How would it look to her parents? The old man next door keeping their daughter (parading around in her swimwear no less) company, whilst they were away from home. From the outside, it might not seem so wholesome.

'Ah, where are your parents... Ashley?' Lionel recalled the girl's name, veering from the matter. He remembered being invited in to join her birthday party some time back as he'd passed by the house, politely declining, but the recollection of it being her 18th relieved some of the anxiety he felt at her being so exposed in his presence.

Ashley smiled at his obvious remembrance of her name. 'They've gone back to Atlanta to check out wedding venues with Jimmy,' she alluded to the older brother. 'There was no way I was going to tag along. Boring!' The sound of a landline ringing from her house had Ashley looking over her shoulder before turning back with a grimace on her face. 'That'd be Mom now,' she rolled her eyes. 'I baked this morning and she'll be checking up to see I didn't burn down the house.'

'Well, you'd best go allay her fears,' Lionel laughed, and Ashley smiled back warmly before skipping back to her towel. There was nothing lecherous in Lionel's eyes alighting on the girl's rear. The thong back a mere floss of string as it disappeared between her well-rounded globes, and in that moment, he could think of nothing more beautiful in the world.

'Hey. Do you like cookies?' Ashley quickly turned and Lionel hoped she hadn't caught where his eyes had focused.

'Of course,' he shrugged, smiling at her wide-eyed youthful playfulness. 'Who doesn't?'

'And you won't put the fence back up!?' She pointed at him accusatorily, frowning until Lionel raised his hands in defeat.

'You're the boss!' He again laughed.

'I'm the boss,' she quoted and smiled to herself as she sashayed toward the back door of the house. 'I like that,' she took a last look at the older man to be sure he still watched her before she entered to answer the call.

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Lionel was pondering on what to make for dinner when the doorbell rang. He looked at the time and questioned who would be calling at the late hour of the afternoon, a part of him openly hoping it was the girl. A blurred pink form stood behind the frosted glass, his heart rate quickening as he approached and upon opening, he wasn't disappointed to see Ashley patiently awaiting his arrival.

'Hey Mister B,' she smiled, pointing her thumb over her shoulder to her bike positioned against the wall. 'I brought over some cookies.'

'Oh, goodness, what a lovely surprise,' Lionel smiled, once more feeling his face flush in her presence, so unlike his normal demeanor. 'Well... would you like to come in?' he offered, watching her turn to retrieve the Tupperware container attached to the rear of the pink bike with octopus straps. More clothing adorned her body than previous, he noted, but admittedly not much. Her

dress clung to her figure and just succeeded in stretching over her buttocks, Lionel questioning how she managed to ride a bike and retain any level of modesty. 'You know you can call me Lionel,' he said as the girl slinked past him to enter the house. Wide he'd held the door and yet she still managed to brush against his body, goosebumps breaking out on his skin as her upper arm touched his chest.

'Lionel,' the girl repeated, seemingly weighing up the name in her head. 'You don't mind if I keep calling you Mister B?' she asked as he closed the door behind them. 'I like it. It's cute.'

Nothing about him had been called "cute" for more than fifty years and his face reddened further as he acquiesced.

'No, that's fine,' he smiled. 'Please, come through,' he pointed into the house and led the way back to the kitchen. 'All is well with your mother I take it?'

'What? Oh, yeah,' Ashley smiled, placing her container on the kitchen table before dismissing his concern with a wave of her hand. 'She was just checking up on me.'

There was an awkward moment of hesitation between the two, broken by Lionel questioning if she'd like something to drink.

'Do you have a beer?' The girl attempted, a wry smile coming to her face at Lionel's surprise before relenting. 'It was worth a try,' she giggled, Lionel, heading to the fridge chuckling to himself.

'I think milk is more appropriate for cookies. Heaven forbid what your parents would think of me providing you with alcohol,' Lionel proposed.

'I AM an adult,' Ashley stated as she opened the plastic container, Lionel returning with a carton of milk and two glasses. 'Turned eighteen six months ago,' she seemed proud to affirm.

'Oh, I know,' Lionel nodded, returning to a cabinet to fetch two saucers. 'I remember when you had your party.'

'Oh. Hope we didn't make too much noise,' Ashley laughed, pulling out a chair when Lionel gestured for her to sit. She left the chair faced in his direction and as Lionel filled the glasses, he was granted a clear upskirt in his peripheral vision. Ashley leaned forward, momentarily closing her parted thighs as she placed a cookie on each of their plates, quick to go back to her pose, legs naively or perhaps suggestively spread.

Lionel turned his back on the almost wanton display and returned the milk to the fridge before attempting to take his own seat and remove the temptation from his gaze. She was wearing panties; of that he was sure, the pure white having demanded attention under the impossibly short skirt. He imagined her riding the bike and felt a welcome stirring in his loins.

'Delicious!' Lionel praised the cookie after swallowing, having perceived the girl's watchful and expectant gaze as he'd bitten and chewed. Ashley beamed at the news, and it made Lionel smile that he'd pleased her.

'It's Mom's recipe,' Ashley shrugged, nibbling at her own cookie.

'Then you've inherited your mother's skill at baking,' Lionel raised his milk and Ashley did the same, the two touching their glasses, giggling before sipping the beverage.

A silence descended between them, the clock awkwardly ticking the break in conversation.

'I know about your wife,' Ashley nodded. 'Dad told us. I'm sorry,' she offered, and Lionel was taken by how genuine her sympathy seemed.

'Oh Sweetheart, thank you,' he nodded back. 'It's been six years,' he managed to smile. 'Time. It goes by so quickly,' he paused. 'You know, that's why I was out there pruning the hedge. Dorothy told me it would get out of hand... I was just distracted for a while you see.'

'Well, it's lucky for us it did. I mean, it must have been fate, otherwise, we probably wouldn't be talking now, right!' Ashley proposed. 'I wouldn't have made a new friend. And you wouldn't have seen me pretty much naked!'

Her words caught Lionel by surprise. He'd assumed she had no qualms about how she'd appeared before him, that the fact he had indeed seen more than was possibly considered appropriate hadn't fazed her in the slightest. But now she was bringing attention to herself, which could also lead to the fact he had admittedly been caught spying.

Words struggled to come to Lionel, and he was glad when she continued.

'You know Mom would kill me if she knew I was wearing something like that,' she referred to the bikini. 'It's stupid though. I mean girls wear less at the beach nowadays,' she defended her choice of swimwear.

'Well, I think you looked beautiful,' Lionel risked, and it drew another smile from the girl. 'And you were in the privacy of your backyard,' he added. 'If not for a dirty old man spying on you, no one would know,' he shyly smirked and Ashley laughed.

'You weren't spying Mister B!' She defended him, and it made Lionel feel better about the situation. She was clearly not going to tell her parents about his actions and in return, there was no way he'd inform her mother about her attire. 'Anyway, I don't mind if you look,' her eyes found his and penetrated, an unspoken link developing between the two. 'Do you really think I looked beautiful?' She sought clarification, and disarmed, Lionel was now eager to define.

'You know, I'm nearly seventy-one,' he nodded, noting the girl didn't recoil at his confession. 'And if I'm honest... I've never seen anyone as beautiful as you, nor as...' he struggled to find the word, '...intimately, if you understand my meaning.'

It was now time for Ashley to blush and Lionel was relieved she was showing some sense of awareness as to how open and honest their discussion was.

'But your wife?' Ashley questioned his confession and Lionel was quick to elaborate.

'Oh, please don't misunderstand. Dorothy was, is, the love of my life. We were high school sweethearts,' he admitted. 'She's always with me,' he placed a hand on his heart. 'But I'll confess, I never saw her wearing what you...' he needn't finish the sentence. 'Nor as, well... how you are,' he again didn't need to spell out the words.

'You mean waxed?' Ashley dragged her eyes from his and looked down at her lap. 'It's no big deal,' she edged her chair sideways marginally on the floor to expose her legs once more to him before casually shifting her dress the mere inch needed to slip up over her hip. 'All girls are shaved down there nowadays!'

Lionel looked upon the sight. The girl's thighs were well spread and as he'd already ascertained, a tiny panel of white underwear hugged her crotch, so small in fact, again he was witness to the uppermost labia of her pussy peeking over the hem.

'Oh goodness,' Lionel breathed, the heat rising on his neck and cheeks. 'As I said,' he swallowed as his eyes dragged back up her body, seeing her nipples proudly poking against the tight dress. 'You're beautiful Ashley,' he reassured her when she once more found his eyes, breaking from them to take another bite of the cookie. 'And your confidence, brought forth with an endearing innocence. Well, it's especially attractive. To an old codger like me,' he threw in, smiling.

"'Endearing innocence'," Ashley quoted. 'Hmm... I kinda wish you'd just say I was fucking hot!' She laughed to show there was no ill will.

'Well, I thought that was a given,' Lionel too laughed.

'My brother thinks I dress like a hooker,' Ashley confessed, in no hurry to lower her dress. 'He calls me a slut,' she added searching Lionel's eyes. 'But here's the thing Mister B. I've never even seen a dick!'

Again, Lionel was taken by surprise by the girl's forthrightness. He was about to offer his thoughts when she continued.

'I mean, not really,' she smirked. 'I've seen Daddy's, and Jimmy's. I even walked in on Jimmy in the bathroom when I knew he was jerking off, just so I could see one hard.'

'Oh,' Lionel breathed out.

'Weird right?' She smiled and Lionel marveled at the girl's candor, her self-awareness.

'I won't say that,' he disagreed, pausing before going on. 'I believe you're just curious. You're young and exuberant, clearly confident in your body, as you most certainly should be. As for that word your brother uses. Well, I think a lady should be free to wear what she pleases without the fear of label. People seem so eager to judge others these days, though I suppose it's always been the way. You're a free spirit Ashley, and I for one find that most enchanting.'

Ashley grinned before taking a sip of her milk.

'I like the way you talk, Mister B.'

'Well, that may be because I'm lavishing you with veneration,' Lionel smiled, becoming comfortable within her presence, undressed as she was.

'You see!' Ashley laughed. 'I don't even know what you just said but I love listening to you speak,' she admitted, and Lionel joined in with a chuckle of his own.

'Then let me declare my door always open to you my dear. For conversation, even just affirmation if that's what you need,' he nodded, smiling kindly before taking another bite of his cookie.

There was a pause and Ashley looked over her glass at him as she sipped.

'Is the door open for anything else Mister B?' she cryptically inquired as she lowered the glass, her top lip lined with milk before she licked it off, in Lionel's eyes possibly more overtly than needed.

'I, well...' he struggled, the heat again rising on his neck.

'I loved it when you were watching me,' Ashley seemed to divert from her question, quickly reverting. 'Do you like looking at me, Mister B?'

'Oh,' he swallowed. 'As I said Ashley, you're most beautiful.'

Their eyes locked, Ashley casually placed her near-empty glass on the table and using both hands, lowered the front of her dress to allow her breasts to fall free. Lionel had no power to resist gazing upon the unveiling, his own private screening of youthful perfection right there in his kitchen.

'Do you like my tits, Mister B?' Ashley questioned.

His heart racing, Lionel managed to once more lift his eyes to see her studying his reaction.

'Ashley, I don't think it's approp...' he was cut off mid-sentence.

'Can I see your dick, Mister B?' The girl almost begged and shocked, Lionel released a long-held breath.

'It's probably not the best idea,' Lionel rose from his chair, reaching for his glass and placing it upon the empty saucer, Ashley shifting her chair out slightly to face him directly.

'Please Mister B.' She looked up at him with doe eyes and Lionel paused his clearing of the table to fix his gaze on her. Thighs parted and micro panties on display. Her perky upturned breasts were exposed; the nipples erect. Who was he to deny this natural beauty of anything she craved? 'I just want to see one up close,' she added, her eyes dropping to his crotch expectantly.

'I'm not sure if...' Lionel whispered in his final halfhearted attempt to diffuse the situation, but Ashley was already reaching for his fly.

'I am!' She excitedly unbuckled Lionel's belt and found the button securing the waist, the zip of his fly relented and came down with his pants and shorts with the tug of the girl's hands to leave him open for her perusal. 'Oh Mister B.' She gasped exaggeratedly, lifting her wide eyes to grin up at him. 'It's bigger than Daddy's!' Her eyes dropped just as quickly to take him in.

Turned on as he was, he should have been hard for her, Lionel reflected, but took solace in her seeming lack of concern as she allowed his pants to fall to his ankles.

'It's got such a big head,' she giggled as her fingers wrapped around him, lifting his cock to the horizontal to draw closer to her opening mouth.

'Oh Jesus,' Lionel sighed as his cock slid between her lips, the softness of her tongue like velvet but hot and wet. 'Ashley,' he breathed out deeply, 'you sweet princess,' he proclaimed her as she took his flaccid length deep within and sucked.

His head swam. Her exposed breasts were just visible beneath her bobbing head as she endeavored to have him harden in her teenage mouth. So welcoming, so generous. Such a precious gift to give a man of his years. He wanted to praise her. To confess his appreciation and growing infatuation, dare he consider, love? Instead... he came!

It happened upon him so quickly that he had little warning himself let alone prepare her for his premature ejaculation. The pleasure had been too great, his last sexual encounter too distant in the past, he'd been unable to control himself, giving over to his basest impulse.

'Oh God,' he gasped as he released into her mouth, Ashley responding with a gulping, slurping groan. 'I'm so sorry,' he apologized for the indiscretion, pleasurable as it was, pulsing and pumping God only knew how much semen down her throat. He expected her to wrench from his cock in disgust as he continued to spurt, vomit his shame out onto the floor but was surprised by a hand placed on his balls, squeezing as her eyes looked up to catch his, her cheeks sucking in as she siphoned him dry.

He relaxed as his orgasm subsided, finally able to once more take in a breath just as Ashley's mouth popped off the end of his still limp penis, now glistening with spit and cum.

'I always wondered what it tasted like,' she said as she took her hands from him, using a finger to wipe her mouth, her face reddening. 'You don't mind that I swallowed it?' She looked up with the same innocent doe eyes he was beginning to adore.

'Why would...' he marveled, shaking his head. 'I'm just so embarrassed that happened,' Lionel admitted, and Ashley misconstrued his comment.

'You regret it? Did I do it wrong?' She rose from the chair, her breasts still exposed, now so close to his chest.

'Oh goodness me no, Princess. I mean, that I did that. That I was so...' he couldn't bring himself to say the word "premature", raising a hand and touching her upper arm with affection. 'It's been so long you see,' he confessed and felt his face redden, suddenly aware of his state, a limp old man with his pants around his ankles. A ridiculous scene. What must she think of him?

Trying to avoid staring directly at her breasts, Lionel stooped to take hold of his pants and lifted, Ashley seeing it as direction and covering her exposed chest to see the couple quickly reclothed, an innocence returning to the kitchen.

'Um... so, I better get going,' Ashley awkwardly segued, and Lionel jumped at her words.

'Oh, yes of course,' the embarrassment and realization of what had occurred setting in.

'Oh, your container,' he reached for the Tupperware, but the girl was already moving toward the door.

'Ah, that's ok,' she said as he needed to hurry to keep up with her. 'I'll just grab it when you finish them,' she offered and admittedly Lionel wasn't upset by the idea, necessitating a further meeting between the two, Ashley only pausing her apparent escape when she reached the front door.

'Thank you,' Lionel offered as they once more faced each other, leaving her to interpret as to what for, and again there was an uncomfortable moment of silence as he held the door ajar for the girl, surprised when she quickly leaned forward, raising onto her toes to kiss his cheek so close to his lips. A cheeky grin came to Ashley's face as without another word spoken, she made for her bike, Lionel left to merely watch and admire as she cocked a leg to climb onto the saddle. Some adjustment was made to her dress as it crept up over her buttocks, but it did little as the girl rode out of his property, impetuous, proud, and certainly beautiful.

And as she was lost from sight on her short journey back home, Lionel raised a hand and touched gently the cheek she'd kissed.

It was as he lay in bed that he fully replayed the day's events. The vision of her rising from the pool, body glistening in the sun. Her well-formed breasts and that pussy. So bare and beautiful. That she had been in his house seemed almost a dream now, a false memory he'd concocted. The dirty unobtainable fantasy of a foolish old man. The feeling of her mouth around his penis was so heavenly that it could only be imagination. It was as his cock twitched into life under the thin bedsheet that he was brought starkly back into reality.

'Of course, you work now!' Lionel lifted his head on the pillow to see the tower of desire halfway down the bed, snickering at the sight before once more resting and turning to look at the second pillow beside him. He breathed deep the perfume of his wife and reached out to lay a hand on the cold softness. 'Is this what you meant by me moving on?' He once more chuckled and the echo of his laughter, admittedly restrained as it was, seemed to chisel away the six years of sadness that had accommodated the house.

He did sleep well that night.

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The light of day had sobered the fanciful meanderings his mind had taken overnight. In the reality of an empty house with only a Tupperware container as evidence of his tryst, the illicit nature of his affair overtook the fantasy. The next-door neighbor's daughter, he reflected. How would it look to an outsider? A seventy-plus-year-old man surely taking advantage of an innocent teen. Could he ever face the parents? He couldn't even summon the ghost of his wife to whisper encouragement, and it wasn't until late morning could he even look in the direction of the missing picket in the back fence.

He'd heard the music coming from the pool of course. Rekindling memories of past neighbors, only now more than aware of the protagonist, the tunes akin to a siren's call that he'd (for multiple reasons) avoided the beckoning. It was only with the summoning of courage and the generation of an ulterior motive that he once more ventured toward the gap.

'Oh, finally Mister B,' Ashley called out when she saw the shadow pass across the missing picket, Lionel's face appearing in the gap.

'Oh, hello Dear,' he said, his neck and cheeks immediately coloring.

'I've been out here for hours,' she rolled her eyes, shaking her head as she rose from where she'd been seated leaning over a magazine, legs spread wide on either side of the banana lounge. There was no malice in her expression, and she seemed proud as she stood fully, clearly eager to reveal her swimsuit to her audience.

'I just had to get some new nails for the fence,' Lionel revealed his cover story. 'The others were bent and rusty.'

'I thought we agreed to leave it down,' Ashley headed toward the boundary, and up close, Lionel took time to admire her appearance.

Why hadn't he come down sooner, he wondered? Amid the embarrassment of his cowardice, he looked the girl up and down, astonished, near dumbstruck by her stunning nature.

'Oh, I suppose it wouldn't hurt for a few more days,' he falsely conceded, having had no intention of replacing the board just yet.

'Good,' Ashley stopped merely a foot from him, close enough Lionel thought, to touch.

'Now... I've been dying to know what you think about this swimsuit,' she beamed, twirling for him to show the design. 'Of course, Mom can't know!' She quickly added, giggling as she once more locked eyes on her neighbor.

Lionel, his confidence restored despite the worrying mention of the parent was eager to accommodate. The so-called swimsuit was merely a piece of green string that looped her body.

'It's a sling,' Ashley divulged as Lionel traced the material's path from laying over her breasts without even attempting to sit upon the nipples, down to where it converged at her groin, the string sitting deep within her labia. 'It's Wet Waves of course. I love how it goes at the back,' she once more turned to reveal her ass, planting her hands on each cheek to spread her buttocks, showing the way the swimsuit separated as it left her vulva, leaving the asshole uncovered. 'Well?' She again turned to Lionel to expectantly receive his verdict.

'You know Ashley, when I spied you leaving the pool yesterday, I couldn't perceive a more beautiful vision. Today I stand corrected,' he nodded and studied her eyes.

'That's good right!?' She questioned and laughed as Lionel in turn released a chuckle.

'Oh, my dear. You're stunning,' he smiled, willing her to seek further evidence of his affection as he felt the stirring behind his fly.

'You know Mister B,' Ashley placed a hand on the fence to steady herself as she moved to kneel down on the grass. 'I bet there's enough room here for us to...' she left the sentence unfinished as she reached out and through the divide, seeking Lionel's crotch.

More than happy to comply, Lionel sidled in and sighed as the girl lay a hand upon the front of his shorts, quickly looking up excitedly as she discovered the hardness within.

'Oh, Mister B!' she enthusiastically exclaimed, looking into his eyes with wonder, not needing to say anything more as she hurriedly worked to extract her prize. 'This is way better!' She praised his state.

Lionel's momentary sense of yesterday's shame was quickly banished as the girl brought forth his erection, impressive in her small hand, better as she brought her face up closer.

'I thought it was me,' her eyes looked up over the bulbous head to stare into his and Lionel wanted to kiss her, hold her, and dispel any self-doubt she harbored with whispered confessions of his desire.

'I was just nervous,' he openly admitted and was proud of his candor, more impressed when Ashley pressed her cheek to his cock.

'Well, I love it any way,' she declared and affectionately rubbed her face against him, nuzzling like a cat against his column.

Her grip tight around his girth, Ashley moved his cock back and forth across her forehead, bringing it down against her nose to breathe in his manhood before pressing her lips to the head, tasting the clear liquid that daubed the eye.

'Mmmm,' she purred, staring up into Lionel's eyes. 'I love this,' she licked her lips, drawing the precum between them and savoring the taste before wrapping her mouth around him.

'Ahhh,' Lionel breathed as her tongue bedded his shaft, his length too great to be accommodated by her small mouth but the pleasure unequaled prior. 'That feels so good,' he praised her, passing a hand through the opening in the fence to caress her head.

'Am I a good cocksucker?' Ashley took her mouth from him to question, her tongue poking out, slapping the head of his dick against it as she awaited his answer.

'Oh God yesss,' Lionel sighed, marveling at the sight.

'I hope so,' she moaned. 'I've practiced a lot,' she admitted as she again brought him into her mouth, her lips lovingly embracing his size, willing herself along his shaft to gag as he filled her throat. 'Ugh,' she recoiled from him, grinning as she used his cock to smear the copious saliva across her cheeks, lips and jaw. 'I fucking love this!' she exclaimed as she sucked him back inside, her head bobbing along his rock-hard flattery.

'Yes!' Lionel gasped as she sucked him, his hips moving in time with her efforts, slowly fucking the teenager's mouth as she devoured him. 'So very good,' he praised, admiring her work, her willingness and seeming delight in pleasuring him. 'Such a great little cocksucker,' he heard himself say and was surprised at mouthing the words.

'Hrmm,' Ashley moaned as if pleased at his confession, one hand jerking the length of cock she couldn't fit into her mouth, the other caressing, kneading Lionel's ball sack.

'Oh God,' Lionel panted, grasping the top of the fence for balance with one hand, the other combing through the girl's half-dried hair. 'My p... princess,' he struggled as he knew the inevitable approached, Ashley to his blessing, well aware.

'Yes Mister B. Cum!' She avidly declared, more a demand as her mouth popped from his cock 'Cum in my face,' she added, as she jerked his lubricated length. 'Cum all over me!' She was quick to reattach her lips to his head, her tongue rolling around the mushroom swelling.

'Oh, Jesus!' Lionel cried, attempting to stave off the encroaching flood, to hold out and extend the buildup to the release. But why keep the audience waiting, he reasoned as he submitted to the moment.

Ashley could feel the dam break before the flow. The movement of his balls in her hand preempted the eruption and she was quick to pull her mouth from his cock as she felt him cum. Regardless, the volcano caught her by surprise as he exploded upon her, screaming with delight as she took a blast across her face, squealing with pleasure as she continued to furiously jerk him and aim his cream down onto her body.

'Oh, fuck Mister B,' she enthusiastically exclaimed as he shot his load onto her neck and breasts, pulse after pulse of mature seed coating her teenage body. 'You cum heaps!' She looked up into his eyes.

Lionel was still holding his breath as his body shuddered with the orgasm, finally gasping as he groaned, his dick twitching in the vice-like grip of his smiling angel.

'It's you,' he panted, wanting to declare his love in the moment, deciding against the foolish sentiment. 'It's because of you my princess,' he provisioned. 'It's all for you.'

Ashley rose from the ground and keeping his dick in hand like a treasured possession stood face to face to look into the eyes of her elder.

'So, you'll let me do this again?' She ridiculously pleaded and he wanted to pull her through the gap in the fence. To take her into his arms and never let her go.

'Oh, my dear girl,' he managed to once more regulate his breathing, laughing at her request. 'I wouldn't dare deny anything you desired.'

'Then don't even think of replacing this fence,' she wickedly rebuked him, pointing playfully with her one free hand, her other squeezing his softening cock.

'I swear,' Lionel chuckled, raising his hands in defeat and Ashley smiled at the power she felt flowing through her whilst holding his affection. 'I'll do whatever you say, Princess,' he professed.

'I like it when you call me that!' Ashley admitted grinning, releasing his cock from her balled fist. Her hands went to the cum on her chest and began casually playing with it, smearing it over her breasts and down onto her bare belly. 'My aunt's coming around for lunch,' she changed the subject and Lionel instinctively looked from the wicked display and over her shoulder for fear of being discovered by the relative with his cock through the fence. 'I'm sure Mom organized it just for her to check up on me. But...' she paused, looking up into his eyes. 'She'll be gone by four if you want to come around?' She suggested.

A visit to the girl's home. Things were getting serious Lionel thought. Was it overstepping boundaries should something sexual happen under the parent's roof? The answer came back a definite yes and he pondered putting an end to it all. He'd had his fun. The girl had given him some of the best experiences of his life and calling it off now before someone was surely hurt was probably for the best. The idea lasted mere seconds.

'Four you say?' Lionel repeated tucking his now flaccid cock back in his pants.

'I'll be alone,' Ashley smirked as if reading every thought Lionel held.

'I just don't want anyone to get into trouble,' Lionel offered, and Ashley used a finger to wipe up the cum that lay from her forehead down the side of her face, scooping it into her mouth.

'Oh... we're already in trouble Mister B,' she giggled as she turned to head back into her house.

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He waited until 4:30 pm before he walked around the corner and up the drive of the neighboring house. Thirty years he and Dorothy had lived behind the property and never had he set foot upon their land. Now, knocking on the door and feeling like a nervous teen on the threshold of his adolescent crush.

A sudden vision of the aunt opening the door to him came to mind and he wished he'd thought up a reason for being there but for the actual, allayed when Ashley swung the door inward. He could never tire of seeing her. And if possible, he felt she looked more beautiful every new time they met. Assisted by makeup and high heels, she looked more mature to Lionel's eyes and now on her own territory, a home-ground advantage possibly, there was even more of a pronounced confidence in her demeanor.

'Lucky,' she laughed as she welcomed Lionel inside, closing the door behind him. 'Aunt Trish only just left!' She revealed and Lionel again cursed himself for not having that cover story ready to go. He'd be more prepared next time, he thought to himself.

'Ashley...' Lionel paused to take in her appearance, and Ashley understanding his aim, twirled for him much as she'd done at the fence. 'You look amazing,' he pressed a hand to his heart.

'Threw it together in five minutes,' she declared before noticing Lionel's surprised expression. 'Well, not the makeup,' she confessed, smiling, looking down at herself. 'I just wanted to look pretty for you.'

She was beyond pretty. The makeup was worthy of a movie star, Lionel thought, and the dress, little that there was of it wouldn't be out of place on one of those music video clips he sometimes stumbled upon. There were cutouts showing her bare flesh down one side and the rest was translucent enough to allow him to make out her lack of a bra. The line of a thong was visible through the black material and her heels made her only fractionally shorter than his eyeline.

'You're magnificent,' he praised her, looking down at himself and feeling quite out of place in her presence, being dressed in shorts and a t-shirt as he was. 'I feel I should've worn a suit,' he self-consciously laughed.

'Nah, that's how we all know you,' Ashley divulged, and seeing Lionel's brow furrow with confusion she elaborated. 'When we see you passing on one of your walks. Mom calls you the silver fox,' she laughed. 'She makes fun of Dad because at half your age he doesn't have as good legs as yours.'

'I... I'm not sure how I feel about that,' Lionel admitted, suddenly more aware of the age disparity of all concerned parties, those present most notably.

'No. It's a good thing!' Ashley was quick to defend. 'Dad was first to notice how fit you are,' she moved closer to be within touching distance. 'He said you nearly broke his hand when you shook it. Said you had some "wiry old man strength" or something like that,' she reached out and pressed her hand upon his chest, running it across his pecs. 'I just thought of you as the nice man that lives behind us,' she revealed and the fact she mentioned nothing about his age went to placate Lionel's anxiety. 'My brother thinks you're a dick,' she laughed, 'but he thinks everyone's a dick, so...' she shrugged.

All the new information took Lionel by surprise, no idea he'd been the focus of such conversation.

'Goodness,' he raised his eyebrows. 'Well, that proves Eleanor Roosevelt wrong then,' he posited and watched Ashley frown in response. '"You wouldn't worry so much about what others think of you if you realized how seldom they do" I believe she said.'

Ashley thought of the quote for a moment before grinning.

'But didn't Oscar Wilde say, "There is only one thing in the world worse than being talked about, and that is not being talked about"?' she questioned and was clearly pleased by the look of surprise on Lionel's face.

'Ashley!' he exclaimed. 'I'm impressed,' he marveled, every minute spent with her becoming more enamored. By her beauty, her humor, and now it seemed, by her wit and intelligence.

'Saw it on TikTok,' she shrugged and Lionel having little knowledge of the app but mentions in the news, didn't allow it to change his opinion of her. 'Oh! What kind of host am I?' She changed the

subject. 'Can I get you a drink?' She headed toward the living room and a bar against the wall.

'Oh, ah... are you sure you can... I mean I don't want to upset any apple carts,' Lionel following, thought of the girl's parents.

'You see,' Ashley laughed. 'No one talks like you, Mister B. It's so cute. Don't worry. Aunt Trish just raided the liquor cabinet at lunch, Mom and Dad will expect to see a dent in their supply!'

'Oh, well in that case, a scotch would be lovely,' he accepted, admittedly somewhat still anxious at being there, a libation welcomed to ease his nerves.

'You can sit anywhere,' Ashley said, and Lionel took up position on a couch before a coffee table facing the girl. 'Where do you go on your walks Mister B?' she asked as he watched her, allowing his eyes to scale her body from behind. The dress taut across her rear allowed the flesh to easily show through, the thin line of her thong disappearing tantalizingly between her buttocks.

'Oh, usually just up into the hills. There are many hiking trails easily accessed from here. They offer great views of the city,' he divulged, thinking there no greater view than that he currently surveyed.

'Maybe I could come with you?' Ashley suggested and Lionel beamed at the prospect. 'Ice?'

'That would be lovely!' He smiled. 'Oh, ah, neat is fine my dear,' he added, and Ashley returned with his drink.

'We could go tomorrow,' she handed him the glass, 'it's still meant to be warm.'

'We'll call it a date,' Lionel raised his scotch in gratitude and Ashley took up her own drink, previously prepared, from the table, noting Lionel's curiosity.

'It's just Coke, Mister B,' she laughed and took a sip, their eyes locking, the house so quiet around them, their break in conversation, extended. 'Do you want to see my room?' Ashley posed and watched as the blood rose on Lionel's cheeks.

'Ashley I...' Lionel once more began to see his presence from an outsider. The old neighbor now talking his way into the teenage girl's bedroom. It had news stories written all over it and he questioned every decision that had led him to where he sat. A blow job (or two) was one thing, entering her bedroom to do who knew what was entirely another. There was no coming back from this, he reasoned. 'I'd love to,' he relented, seeing the enthusiasm in her eyes.

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This was a mistake, he immediately thought as he was greeted with a shock of pink. Pink walls. Pink bedspread upon the single mattress and even an array of similarly colored plush toys. What was he thinking, he questioned his sanity at even being there. His libidinous presence alone somehow sullied the childlike nature of the space.

'Ashley I...' Lionel paused as Ashley moved to stand before him, reaching to take his glass. Lionel resisted, quickly lifting the scotch to his lips and downing the alcohol, Dutch courage for the coming statement. 'I believe I'm having a crisis of conscience here.' He admitted, allowing the girl to take possession of his now empty glass, watching her place it upon her dresser and reach into the topmost drawer before heading back to him, smiling.

'Of course, you are Mister B,' she consoled, her eyes conveying a tangible empathy. 'I'd expect nothing less from you. It's because you're one of the good guys,' she took hold of his arm and guided him toward the bed, effortlessly seating him. 'Maybe this'll help you relax,' she whispered, as standing before him, she drew his hand between her legs, allowing his fingers to caress the silkiness of her skin above her knees before slowly guiding him higher to encounter the slick upon her uppermost thighs. Finally pressing his fingers to her saturated gusset, the pliable softness of her lubricated vulva within.

Lionel struggled to release his long-held breath, coming out in fits.

'A... Ashley,' he studied her eyes, his cock like a tepee at his crotch. 'You're so wet,' he marveled.

'Of course I am, Mister B.' she smiled, shaking her head at his wonder. 'Take them off,' she whispered her demand.

Anything she ordered, he'd fulfill, and with both hands trembling Lionel moved his palms to the outside of her hips, the dress rising with his endeavor to reveal the black lace thong hugging her pussy. Eager fingers slid under the waistband of her delicate panty before he slipped it down to stare directly into her exposed sex.

'My heels too,' Ashley added, in full command as Lionel eased the thong to her ankles, slipping her feet from the pumps to leave her bare from the waist down. 'I didn't just think of you as the nice man that lives behind us,' Ashley said as she climbed onto Lionel's lap, pressing her breasts against his chest as she lowered her crotch onto his, leaning into his ear to whisper. 'You're the one that I think about when I finger myself.'

Lionel groaned as she confessed, her pussy grinding against his erection. He lifted his hands to her bare ass and cupped the smooth roundness of her buttocks, cradling her as she humped his arousal.

'I... I don't know what to say to...' he fumbled over his thoughts and words. 'I'm just nervous about...' he began but Ashley interrupted, pulling back.

'I got this from my brother's room, she revealed the plastic square of the condom wrapper she'd secreted in her hand, continuing to grind her pussy into him, Lionel more than aware he was close to cumming. Not again, he thought.

'Ashley,' he paused her gyration, hugging her into his body. 'I just don't want to hurt you,' he insinuated her virginity and she looked into his eyes, respect, desire, and understanding reflected.

'You won't,' her nose touched his, her lips following to press against his awaiting mouth.

'I want you so badly,' Lionel breathed as they kissed, her tongue inside his mouth, his hands once more caressing her buttocks.

'And I want to do so many things!' Ashley left his lips, kissing and licking her way to his ear. 'Will you let me Mister B?' She almost begged as she nibbled his lobe.

'Anything, Princess,' he sighed, goosebumps upon his neck and arms, his fingers digging into her asscheeks to pull her onto his hardon.

'Princess,' Ashley repeated, panting into his ear. 'But I want to be your queen!' she gasped, once more finding his mouth. 'Can I sit on your face, Mister B?'

Lionel thought himself to be surely dreaming. He'd wake with a jolt from this fantasy at any stage now, in his own bed, back in his own reality, but whilst this summoned nymph existed in this realm, who in the world would deny the request? And without his needing to respond in the positive, the two worked their way into position, Ashley ripping Lionel's t-shirt from his body as he lay back on the bed. Giggling with anticipation, Ashley climbed over Lionel's torso and positioned her rear above the awaiting throne, allowing her admirer to gaze up into her dripping pussy and seductively winking asshole.

'Oh, my goodness,' Lionel managed to gasp before Ashley smothered him with ass, the lights going out as his face was filled with flesh. His nose buried in her asshole, Lionel welcomed her slathered slit as it sat upon his mouth, her lubed lips sliding over his, his tongue quick to poke, tasting and probing her fiery quivering sex.

'Mmmm, Mister B!' Ashley sighed as his tongue entered her body, a fantasy realized as she ground herself into his jaw, her hands diving toward the man's fly, eager to release the cock she could see twitching against its restraints, stripping the man to his thighs.

That Ashley set free his erection was a godsend. Lionel fighting against orgasm from the pressure of his pants alone. His cock emancipated, he resumed his dining with relish, wrapping his arms around her hips to pull her harder onto his face, burying his hungry mouth and nose in her lean teenage meat. He found her clit as she fumbled with the condom, enjoying the feeling of her inexperienced fingers attempting to sheath him, twitching and pulsing with her giggles as she finally succeeded and then the pleasure of her mouth, so familiar, so welcomed as it enveloped his desire.

'Oh, fuck Mister B,' Ashley gasped as her mouth popped from his cock. The strawberry-flavored condom not entirely masking the taste of rubber. 'Right there,' she panted as Lionel sucked on her clit. 'Right there, she repeated. 'Don't stop, Mister B. Please, don't stop!'

Straightening as Lionel ate her out, Ashley released her hold on his cock and tugged down the front of her dress, clutching at her breasts, massaging them with nipples pinched between her fingers. Her head thrown back; she closed her eyes as the pleasure engulfed her body, allowing the magic Lionel delivered upon her pussy to flow through every pore.

'I'm... I'm cu... I'm cumming Mister B!' she stammered as Lionel nibbled away on her little engorged button, feeling her vulva quiver as he brought her to orgasm, gorging on the excess juice that flowed freely from her, happy to drown in pussy. 'Yes. Fuck yes,' she cried as she came, biting her bottom lip, grinding her cunt obscenely into Lionel's face to smear herself from jaw to forehead. 'I... I need you inside me,' she burst into action as her nerve endings continued to tingle, lifting her hips from Lionel's face to spin atop his body and come down on his pelvis. As if a seasoned hand, she guided his rock-hard head effortlessly between her labia and fell down heavy on his cock, enjoying every inch as he penetrated her tight virginal welcome.

'So deep,' she gasped as she lifted her dress up over her head and slumped forward onto his chest. Lionel embraced her, hugging her small body against him just as he'd desired, their mouths meeting for Ashley to taste herself on his jaw, his lips, his tongue. 'It feels better than I imagined,' she whispered and Lionel put an exclamation mark on her words, thrusting into her to fill her pussy completely with his penis.

Grinding his pelvic bone into hers, the two were locked in an ageless embrace, Ashley wrapping her arms beneath Lionel's head to secure their bond.

'I could fall asleep like this,' Ashley sighed, squeezing her pussy as Lionel made small thrusts, keeping himself on the edge of ejaculation.

'Oh! I'll try not to be offended,' Lionel smiled.

'You know what I mean, silly,' Ashley bit his jaw playfully, kissing her way back to his mouth. 'It just feels so good. It's like your dick was made to be inside me.' She joined with Lionel's rhythm, lifting as he withdrew, settling as he entered her, Lionel groaning with the added stimulus. 'I want you to cum, Mister B,' she purred. 'Can you do that for me?' she increased her gyrating. 'Can you cum deep in my pussy. I want to feel it. I want to feel you cum in my pussy,' she insisted and the freedom of the condom was a blessing for Lionel, at the moment wondering why he wouldn't have thought of it himself. Wasn't he the more mature party here? Hadn't he come to her house knowing full well the possible outcome!

With her lips around his tongue, as if mimicking the action below, Lionel surrendered to the pleasure and released. He held her tighter as he pumped his load, the condom doing nothing to lessen the moment. So intimate, so affectionate as Ashley moaned her appreciation, feeling the pulse of his ejaculate as his love was delivered.

'Ashley,' Lionel gasped, his body twitching with each spurt. The euphoria of the orgasm tempted him to admit his feelings for the girl. Confess the love he felt for her not just in the moment, but continually in her presence. 'Aaah...' he sighed as Ashley squeezed her pelvic floor, milking the last of his climax and he was partially grateful for the interruption. What a fool she'd think him, he realized. To profess love during sex. Mere days after truly meeting. She'd laugh at his fatuous admission, pity the old man. 'You're wonderful,' he resisted, breathing out deeply before inhaling the sweet scent of sex that filled the girl's room.

'You are!' she playfully giggled, kissing his mouth as she eased herself slowly off his softening cock.

'Ooh, careful,' Lionel reached down to hold the base of his penis, securing the condom. 'They can slip off,' he explained his action and Ashley slid in beside him on the bed, her eyes dropping to Lionel's semi-erect dick.

'Can I pull it off you?' Ashley asked and Lionel's hand was replaced by the girls. 'How? Like this?' She queried but didn't wait for guidance, easing the condom from his slick, now flaccid shaft.

'It seems a waste,' Ashley lay back, swinging the loaded condom above her before cheekily glancing at Lionel.

'You can just tie it off like a balloon,' he suggested, admittedly proud of the amount of semen weighing down the rubber.

'Or I could...' Ashley giggled as she turned it upside down and emptied the contents onto her chest, sighing as it hit her skin.

'Or you could do that,' Lionel laughed, marveling at the girl. Yes, he did love her. And every extra minute he spent with her increased the feeling.

'I love cum,' Ashley moaned as she pressed her hand onto the mess, she/they'd created, smearing Lionel's seed over her breasts to form a creamy slick.

I love you. Lionel voiced, but only inside his head.

'Ashley,' Lionel whispered after watching the girl play with the evidence of his desire. 'How is it you were you so...' Lionel debated his choice of words reflecting upon the girl's virginity, '...comfortable?'

Ashley looked into Lionel's eyes, smiling before lifting onto an elbow and then climbing once more upon his body, settling her wet pussy down on Lionel's belly. She leaned over him, reaching for her bedside table and a boob fortuitously came down on Lionel's face, his lips puckering to kiss the unexpected offering to which Ashley giggled.

'I've got this!' Ashley moved back and proudly held the realistic dildo she'd pulled from the drawer. 'It's what I practice on,' she confided and the statement explained much she'd said and done, Lionel noted.

'You never cease to amaze me, Princess,' Lionel shook his head, his cock, the head pressing Ashley's asscrack beginning to harden once more as he watched her demonstrate her oral skills on the dildo.

'Your queen, remember!' Ashley grinned, nuzzling against the side of the dong as she'd done his own through the gap in the fence.

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Lionel lay in his bed, his hand around his erection as he thought of her in the darkness of the night. The shower they'd shared. Thigh fucking her from behind, his hands clutching her breasts as the water cascaded over their bodies. Cumming once more on her face, between her lips. Ashley proudly displaying his deposit with an open mouth before she swallowed his affection with relish. Kissing her. The taste of his semen on her tongue, the taboo nature of the act be damned. He found himself ejaculating onto his stomach before he'd even realized he was close, groaning and laughing at his own clumsiness.

Lionel looked to the empty pillow beside him and gently threw a hand out to caress the cold.

'Did you send her?' He asked the empty room and a tear formed in the corner of his eye but it was not sadness he felt. It was love.

*

'You ready Mister B?' Ashley grinned as Lionel opened his front door to the girl. It was true, Lionel thought. Every new time he saw her she looked more beautiful, and today was no exception. Her favorite color, the pink gym shorts she wore seemed made of the thinnest material imaginable, labia clearly visible behind the fabric. A white tube top just managed to contain her breasts, and with her nipples standing to attention as if awaiting his word, Lionel was quick to convey his compliments.

'You look gorgeous my dear,' he admitted and Ashley, clearly flattered, turned for him to display the rear, the shorts riding up between her buttocks and it was all Lionel could do to not drop to his knees and worship her ass. 'The perfect Georgia peach,' he smiled when she once more laid eyes upon him.

'I'll let you in on a secret,' she grinned, stepping upon the threshold to press herself up against him. 'I'm not wearing panties.'

Lionel welcomed the kiss when it came, her tongue eagerly seeking his as she pushed her bare belly into his groin. Enamored by the soft moan she released as she felt his response, the swelling

pushing back.

'Oh? I hadn't noticed,' Lionel lied, his smile giving away his deceit.

'You're funny Mister B,' Ashley laughed as Lionel left the house, securing the door behind them.

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'How are you not pooped?' Ashley paused on the trail, removing her cap to wipe her forehead of sweat before returning it, carefully threading her ponytail through the back.

'Well,' Lionel removed the backpack he carried and passed Ashley the water bottle. 'I do complete this hike twice a week. One would say I'm accustomed I suppose. It's not much further to the lookout,' he divulged, 'then it's all downhill from there if that helps.'

Ashley passed back the bottle of water and Lionel took a drink before they again went on, Ashley taking the lead to Lionel's unending gratitude. He'd never tire of staring into her ass, he admitted to himself, before questioning how long indeed he could. Her family would return and it would surely end their romance. No one would possibly accept the disparity in age, and it was only time before Ashley lost interest in him, the fascination or fantasy of the older man bound to wear off eventually. But until then, he thought. Enjoy it while it lasts.

'I'm sorry we couldn't spend the night together,' Ashley called back over her shoulder, referring to the day before. 'My friends didn't leave until late,' she explained and Lionel was quick to dismiss her concern.

'Don't mention it, my dear. But I wonder... would you allow me to make you dinner tonight?' he tentatively proposed, having waited for the moment to do so. 'Only if you've no prior engagement of course,' he hurriedly added and Ashley stopped and turned.

'Like a real date!?' She looked down on him from her higher position on the trail.

'Well, yes I suppose,' Lionel felt his face blush, surprised at still being so bashful around her despite all they'd done.

'Well, can I get dressed up? It's at your house, right? Could I stay over?' She excitedly questioned and Lionel was more than enthusiastic by her response.

'Yes, yes and yes!' He beamed, admiring her beauty, allowing his gaze to take in her pronounced cameltoe and rigid nipples, enamored by her still childlike exuberance and excitement.

'I wish I had more notice. I would've bought something new,' Ashley divulged, adjusting her shorts to emphasize her current attire, pulling up on the waist to hug them further into her pussy. Nothing left to the imagination.

'I'm sure whatever you wear, you'll look divine,' Lionel dismissed her concern. 'In fact,' his eyes not disguising where they settled, devouring her highlighted vulva. 'I find it hard to believe you ever look anything less than beautiful.'

'Ha,' Ashley laughed, turning her rear to him once more and continuing along the trail. 'You haven't seen me first thing in the morning!' She laughed.

No. Not yet, Lionel enthusiastically thought.

'You're right,' Ashley agreed as they stood at the lookout, eyeing the city stretched out below. 'This is an amazing view.'

'And you can make out,' Lionel squeezed in beside her, pointing his arm out for her to follow. 'Our houses, just down there.'

'Oh goodness!' Ashley squealed. 'I can see them.' She placed her hand on Lionel's opposing shoulder, hugging them closer and Lionel responded, lowering his raised arm to affectionately lay across the small of her back. 'I can't believe we've been living here two years and never come up here.'

'It's a pretty popular trail on the weekend,' Lionel reflected. 'I prefer it on days like this.' He again pointed out down the hill. 'You see, there's the path we took up.'

'There's no one else coming,' Ashley stared at the trail before turning her head to look at Lionel. 'It feels like we're the only people on Earth right now,' she stared into his eyes, adjusting her body to face him, pressing herself against his strong frame. 'Dad was right about you Mister B.' She ran a hand down from his shoulder along his bicep.

'Ahh, yes,' Lionel sighed. 'What did he say? "Wiry old man strength", wasn't it?' He laughed.

'Something like that,' Ashley smiled, her eyes still on his as she caressed his tricep. 'I just think you've got a great body.'

'For a man my age,' Lionel added.

'I didn't say that,' Ashley lost her smile, lifting her chin to kiss him on the lips, Lionel welcoming her tongue when it came, running his hands over the girl's back, his cock swelling against her belly.

'What's up there?' Ashley abruptly broke their affection, pointing over Lionel's shoulder to a smaller trail leading off behind large boulders.

Lionel looked to where she directed. 'It just leads to a higher outlook. It's not the official trail.'

'I wanna see,' Ashley left Lionel's embrace and he watched her walk toward the "desire line".

'Princess, I don't know if we should leave the...' he began but she was already heading behind the nearest of the rocks, '...trail.' He slumped, disappointed their kiss had been so prematurely interrupted.

'Come on Mister B,' Ashley called back and Lionel, summoned by his queen, stepped into action, following after her.

'Oh!' he sighed as he rounded the boulder and caught up with her.

'See, the view's better up here isn't it!?' Ashley smiled down at him from her position on a flat rock against the boulder. She'd lowered the tube top below her breasts and was in the process of teasing down her shorts, turning to present her ass as she completed the task.

'Oh my,' Lionel breathed as he moved closer, Ashley leaning forward and using the edge of the larger boulder to steady herself. His face level with her rear, there was little doubt what the girl had

in mind and he was eager to satisfy her desire. 'Ashley. Here? Are you sure?' He halfheartedly questioned but was already reaching for her ass as he said the words.

'Hush now Mister B,' Ashley laughed. 'Just stick your face in there before anyone comes along.' To emphasize her point, she grabbed a handful of her own cheek and spread, revealing her pink asshole and clearly lubricated pussy below.

Wasting no more time, Lionel leaned in and immediately breathed deep her feminine scent, his lips pressing into her labia, nose well within her sweaty ass crack.

'Mmmph,' he groaned as his tongue entered her body, Ashley releasing her grip on her buttock to clasp a breast, pinching her already erect nipple.

'That's it, Mister B,' she gasped. 'Stick your tongue in that pussy. Suck my juicy wet slit.'

'Mmmm,' Lionel obliged, reaching down to unzip his fly, setting free his raging boner.

'Oh, fuck yes,' Ashley moaned, pushing her ass back into Lionel's face, smearing herself from chin to eyebrows, his tongue licking from her bald mound to asshole. 'Taste it. Eat me out, lover.' She looked between her spread legs to see Lionel jerking on his cock. 'Oooh! I want some of that,' she declared, her ass popping from Lionel's face as she slid down off the rock.

Lionel wrapped an arm around her, cushioning her body as she sought his cock.

'That's my job, Mister B,' she panted as their mouths came together, sucking Lionel's tongue to taste herself once more. Lionel slid his hand between her slick upper thighs and cupped her pussy, a finger slipping like a hot knife through butter into her vagina. 'Mmm, oh fuck yes. Finger me Mister B. Finger fuck my pussy.'

Another finger Lionel introduced, causing Ashley to moan with pleasure as his long digits filled her pussy. Her hand beat his throbbing cock expertly, the copious precum flowing from his eye lubricating the action, heightening the glorious sensation Lionel was experiencing.

'I'm going to...' Lionel huffed, the exertion of furiously fingering Ashley's vagina more taxing than the hike.

'A little bit...' Ashley gasped into his mouth, her hand piston-like around his shaft. '...longer,' she stammered. 'Wait... wait... for...' she couldn't complete the sentence as her legs grew wobbly. 'Don't stop,' she managed as Lionel's forearm began to ache with his thrusting before she began to cum.

He could feel the orgasm. A sudden tensing of her entire body, her vagina quivering around his saturated fingers. Her hand ceased its beating of his cock but it was irrelevant as he in turn began to ejaculate, her tightly gripped fist releasing the pressure to allow him to begin spurting, great bursts of cum blasting feet from the source to splatter against a boulder.

'Oh God,' Lionel cried, kissing the side of her face as they watched the spectacle.

'Mister B,' Ashley sighed, Lionel, needing to hold her body upright, her legs like jelly amid her orgasm. 'That was...' her sleepy eyes conveyed how at ease she'd become in his presence.

'Wonderful!' Lionel finished her thought and again their mouths met, locked in a lover's embrace.

The ice cream van had positioned itself in the parking lot at the base of the trail, hoping for business from the school nearby and the afternoon walkers taking on the hikes.

'Ooh. I deserve ice cream after that walk, don't I?' Ashley ventured as they neared, squeezing Lionel's hand tighter to emphasize the point and Lionel smiled.

'You're just taking advantage of the fact I can't say no to you, Princess,' he laughed and they stopped at the rear of the van to look at the menu.

'Soft serve, I think,' Ashley decided and Lionel took his wallet from his back pocket as they made their way to the window.

'The sprinkles are complimentary, for your granddaughter, Sir,' the man inside mentioned as he passed over the ice cream cone and Ashley couldn't contain her laughter. Lionel was not as enthused as he handed the vendor the money.

'Did you hear that, Grandpa?' Ashley giggled as she took a lick of the multicolored-flecked soft serve. 'Wasn't that nice of the man! Ooh, it's yummy too. Here, have a taste,' she added as she took another lick, this time leaning into Lionel to draw her mouth to his. Her tongue extended to penetrate Lionel's lips, sharing an ice-creamy kiss. 'I think my grandpa likes it,' Ashley looked to the stupefied vendor, his eyes following her hand as it caressed the front of Lionel's shorts.

Lionel was as dumbfounded as the ice cream man as he whisked Ashley away from the van, his face red but more exhilarated than embarrassed.

'You're incorrigible,' he allowed himself to laugh when they made it onto the next block.

'That's why you love me,' Ashley immediately replied and Lionel could see, that voicing the "L" word had taken even herself by surprise. 'Want some more... Grandpa?' She quickly added, in effect changing the subject and Lionel shook his head, smiling as they walked back home, hand in hand.

It was true though, he thought to himself. He did love her, and now it seemed, she was aware.

*

Lionel opened the front door to a failing sunset and the cool breeze more appropriate for the time of year. Ashley's presence however provided light in the encroaching darkness and though she smiled as Lionel laid eyes upon her, he sensed something intangible about her demeanor. Almost a reservation.

'I brought dessert!' Ashley beamed as she presented her second Tupperware container to Lionel, entering as he ushered her inside. 'It's apple crumble. Mom's recipe,' she added and her enthusiasm seemed to dispel her previous air of uncertainty.

'Wonderful,' Lionel accepted the offering, closing the door behind them. 'Which reminds me to return your cookie container. We don't want your mother wondering where all her Tupperware has run off to.' The mention of her mother, Lionel noticed, brought back Ashley's look of unease but it was quickly dispelled as she focused on her attire.

'I had to wear a jacket,' she looked down at herself, the long black woolen coat covering far more of her body than anything previous.

'Yes, I noticed it's become cooler out,' Lionel began and Ashley quickly giggled, interrupting.

'Oh, not because of the weather, Mister B,' she smiled, undoing the two fixed buttons and allowing the jacket to fall from her shoulders.

Lionel was left momentarily speechless.

The skin-tight dress or more appropriately, lingerie, was lavender in color and made of nylon lace mesh leaving it entirely transparent. The act of walking around the corner had forced it high on her thighs which left a small triangle of her panty-less pussy exposed under the hem.

'Oh Ashley,' Lionel managed as he dragged his eyes back up her body, pausing at her breasts to take in her erect nipples. 'I'd been thinking every time I see you, you're more beautiful,' he confessed. 'I don't know how you'd ever eclipse this,' he exhaled, his cock agreeing as he hardened behind his fly. 'But somehow, I know you will.'

Ashley took the compliment and as if to emphasize his sentiment, removed the jacket completely and revealed the rear of the dress. Backless, it dropped to the top of her buttocks, allowing the crack of her ass to peer over the hem, the curve of her perfect peach below.

'So, you get why I had to wear the jacket!' She laughed and Lionel shook his head.

'In a perfect world, such beauty should never be shrouded in shame,' he accepted her embrace when it came, balancing the plastic container in one hand as he hugged her to him, caressing her bare back. She leaned up on her heels and kissed him, her belly pushing hard into his erection.

'Oh, Mister B!' she laughed. 'You really do like it!'

No. She was wrong.

He loved it.

*

Lionel watched Ashley push the food around her plate, eating sporadically. He'd ensured she was happy with the meal as they dined, her assurances dispelling his fears her obvious aura of uncertainty had anything to do with his cooking.

'You don't have to finish your greens,' Lionel laughed as she separated a bean from the rest of the meal.

'What?' She looked up from where she sat at the far end of the six-seat dining table. 'Oh, no it's fine,' she smiled, Lionel catching a sadness in her eyes.

'Ashley,' Lionel placed his cutlery down. 'You know you can tell me anything,' he declared and they locked eyes.

'Mister B,' she looked thoughtfully, pausing. 'Can I sit down there with you?' She asked and Lionel laughed his blessing, more than happy to have her nearer.

'We were a little formal weren't we,' he acknowledged as she rose to slide her placemat and plate along the table. Again, the dress rose to reveal her groin and she did nothing to remedy the situation as she took the seat nearest him.

'That's better,' Ashley raised her glass of Coke and Lionel matched the gesture with his own.

'To us,' he smiled and Ashley looked over the rim of the glass as she sipped, her other hand reaching below the table to press upon Lionel's knee.

'My parents are coming home tomorrow,' she spontaneously divulged and Lionel understood it was the news she'd been harboring the entire evening, their return a full three days early.

'Oh,' the information deflated Lionel, aware of the implications of the fact.

'We can still see each other,' Ashley was quick to suggest. 'I mean, nothing has to change, does it?' She added but Lionel could see she wasn't entirely convinced herself.

'I'd like to think not,' Lionel studied her eyes, 'but...'

'Don't say "but",' Ashley rose from her chair and climbed into the space between Lionel and the table, lowering herself onto his lap. Her lips found his and gently kissed, breasts pressed hard against his chest, her pelvis grinding into his crotch. 'I don't want this to change,' she licked his lips and Lionel allowed entry, the kiss extended, his cock rising.

'Do we even know what "this" is?' Lionel breathed into her mouth and didn't resist as Ashley lowered a hand between her spread legs to unzip his fly. She held off responding until she'd managed to extract her prize, positioning herself above him before ever so slowly sliding down his length.

'We both know what "this" is, Mister B,' Ashley sighed into his ear as she penetrated herself fully on his erection.

'A... Ashley,' Lionel stammered as her pubic bone met his fly. 'I... I love you,' he openly declared and after days of restraint, a burden was lifted from his soul.

'Say it again,' Ashley begged, grinding her hips on Lionel's lap, enveloped in the intimacy of their unprotected intercourse.

'I love you, Ashley,' he repeated and felt he could've ejaculated, the perfect exclamation point to emphasize his confession, sensibly resisting.

'Take me to your bedroom,' Ashley whispered and Lionel did as his princess, his queen commanded.

Her weight was no impediment to his desire as he carried her on his cock the short distance to his room, laying her as he'd only ever done his wife upon the bed. Their detachment was thankfully short-lived as Lionel undressed, Ashley, diving a hand between her legs in his cock's absence, fingering herself as she watched her hero disrobe.

'You have such a great body,' she once more complimented him as naked, Lionel climbed onto the mattress, admittedly flexing his abs and arms as he knelt beside her. She reached out, rising to take his cock between her lips and Lionel's jaw dropped, his mouth agape as he filled her throat with hardon. 'Oh god,' Ashley slurped her mouth off him as she gagged, sucking up the saliva that flowed from her along his cock. 'I love your cock, Mister B,' she gasped, drawing him back between his dripping lips.

Lionel reached down and caressed her head, Ashley quick to drag his hand to her breast where he took over, easily drawing it from the dress. So soft was her skin, the nipple its complete opposite as Lionel gently pinched its hardness between his fingers. Her legs obscenely spread, he was drawn to

the sight of her glistening upper thighs, his hand following to press his palm against her slick puffy vulva, his finger slipping between her labia to penetrate her body.

'Fuck me,' Ashely popped her lips from Lionel's impressive erection and fell backward onto his pillows, maintaining her spread thighs and releasing her other boob.

Lionel climbed between her legs and knelt for a moment above her, his hand on his cock gently stroking, enjoying the vision of the angel awaiting him, her hands caressing her exposed breasts as her eyes begged for the penetration to come.

And he was inside her. His engorged penis found her limit as their bodies connected. Ashley's hands were on his back, his ass, to pull him into herself, to lock him to her sex. His stamina was surprising, Lionel revered as he fucked her. So turned on, he could've cum with a word from her lips but held out as she clearly neared orgasm.

'S... So good,' Ashley gasped as they kissed, Lionel thrusting as hard as he could, the bedhead slamming into the wall behind it. 'So, d... deep,' she stammered. 'So... fucking... good, Mister B,' she gasped as her climax swept her body. A slow-motion explosion of ecstasy filled her pussy, extending through her body to her limbs, her brain an electrical storm of exhilaration. Never had she felt so connected to another. Not for a moment so in touch with her own pleasure as the orgasm bared her very soul. 'I love you,' she heard herself admit. 'I love you... Lionel,' she said his name as she came.

Her vagina quivered around him, squeezing his cock as he thrust, Lionel was on the verge of ejaculation. Hearing her confess her love. His name from her lips, sent him over the edge. Keeping himself inside her until the very last second, Lionel withdrew and rose between her legs to begin his very own and most intimate declarations.

'Ashley!' Lionel yelled as his love burst forth. A fountain of creamy adulation surged from within his fist to spray the receptive focus. Ashely lifted her breast up into the flow, taking his full shower from belly to neck. Again and again, Lionel came, his most sincere flattery bathing the girl with his molten semen to leave her adorned. His signature spattered across her torso.

*

'You could've cum inside me,' Ashley whispered as Lionel lay beside her, his arm beneath her head, cradling his love.

'Ashley,' Lionel merely replied, his tone sensibly disapproving.

'What!? Then others would just have to accept it.'

'You know that wouldn't be for the best,' he said, kissing the side of her head.

'So, what do we do?' Ashley lifted her chin to look Lionel in the eyes and he paused, breathing before he responded.

'These three days have been some of the most enjoyable of my life,' he nodded his head on the pillow. 'Of that, of you. I'm forever grateful. You know Princess, that day I first saw you through the fence. It was the anniversary of Dorothy's passing,' he confessed and Ashley winced her sympathy. 'Somehow, though I don't generally believe in such things. I feel her presence guided me to you, or you to me. I don't know, stop me if I'm babbling,' he chuckled. 'It's just that, I'll be here for you. Whatever decision you make... and I know it'll be the right one. I'll be on your side. By your side'

Lionel's phone rang on his bedside table, breaking the silence as they searched each other's eyes and it caused them both to jump, before laughing.

'It's one of those "suspected spam" calls,' Lionel dismissed it as he tilted the screen in his direction.

'Give it here,' Ashley demanded and received the phone from Lionel. 'You can just block the number,' she explained, and pressed the relevant icons on the screen, about to pass it back before pausing. 'I know!' She giggled before opening the camera app, holding the phone out at arm's length, and taking a photo of herself, aiming the screen at Lionel. 'What do you think?' She smiled.

'You know what I think,' he returned the smile as he looked at the image, her breasts exposed, his cum still wet upon her lavender slip and skin.

'Good. I'll make it my contact photo,' she proposed and began adding her phone number to his address book. 'I don't know if I can tell Mom and Dad about us yet, Mis...' she began to say "Mister B" before pausing, '...Lionel. But I'm not giving you up because of what others may think about our age difference,' she declared and Lionel's heart swelled. 'So...' she finished adding her details, '...now we can talk and text whenever we want... And! You can jerk off to a photo of me whenever I'm not around!' she giggled as she handed back the phone.

'I do love you, Ashley,' Lionel lost his smile, his heart clearly on his sleeve, and Ashley climbed atop his body, lifting the lavender dress over her head.

'And I love you, Lionel,' she leaned in to press her body to his, her lips meeting his mouth. 'So, let's fuck again and then go have some of that dessert,' she breathed as they kissed.

*

Her photo came up full screen on his phone, his cock reacting as quickly as his fingers as he admired her nudity, twitching as he answered the call.

'Can you meet me down at the fence?' Ashley whispered and Lionel found himself whispering in response, unsure as to why as he stood alone in his living room.

'What? Why?' he answered.

'Just come down there now,' she hung up, Lionel noting excitement in her tone.

Beckoned by his queen, he quickly put on his shoes and left the house, entering the backyard and the fading sunlight of the early evening. Ashley had texted him throughout the day with updates on her parent's return and he was enjoying the constant connection, be it merely an emoji or three-word affirmation of love.

The fence repaired; Lionel was unsure of what awaited at his destination and when he approached, he was at a loss as to what he was doing there.

'Psst, down here,' the quiet voice came from a distance to his right and Lionel looked to see a hand poking through the fence, waving several yards away.

'What are you doing!?' Lionel marveled as he lay eyes upon Ashley through a newly formed gap in the fence, the picket lying on the ground in his garden bed.

'I just pushed off the thingy,' she looked proud of herself. 'Well, I had to use a hammer,' she added. 'I think I might've split the wood,' she grimaced and Lionel shook his head dismissively.

'But, why?' he questioned the action.

'You know, so we can still,' she reached through the gap in the fence, attempting to make contact with Lionel's fly.

'Ashley!' Lionel took her hand. 'We can't. Your parents. Your brother.'

'No one can see down here,' she explained, looking over her shoulder. 'There are bushes...' she looked back into Lionel's eyes. '...they block the...' but stopped as she saw the concern in Lionel's eyes, her own beginning to tear up. '...We're going back to Atlanta,' Ashley confessed after a pause, a tear running from her eye to flow down her cheek, much where Lionel's cum had lay two days earlier.

Lionel felt something inside him break. He reached through the fence with his free hand and cupped her cheek, his thumb wiping her tears.

'Oh Ashley,' he wanted to break down with her. To hold her close to him and share their combined grief. 'I... I don't know what to say,' he admitted a lump forming in his throat.

'Say you love me,' Ashley cradled her head in his hand and Lionel moved further in, their faces meeting through the divide.

'I love you,' he kissed her, tasting the tears that had reached her lips. 'It'll be ok,' he breathed deep, their noses touching as he looked into her eyes. 'You'll be ok.'

'Ash!?' they heard the call from behind her and Ashley quickly looked over her shoulder.

'Oh shit,' Ashley whispered, pulling back from the fence, wiping her face as she moved away.

'You there?' the voice came again, this time closer.

'Yeah Dad, here,' Ashley finally responded and Lionel watched her give a quick glance toward him before she moved through the bushes, the last sight he had of her, her ass in impossibly tight grey leggings.

'What were you doing?' Lionel listened to the voice, unnecessarily holding his breath for fear of giving the game away.

'Oh, ah, just chasing a lizard!' Ashley lied and Lionel heard the surprised and somewhat skeptical laugh from her father in response.

'Ok, well your mother says dinner's ready,' he informed her and Lionel was able to breathe again as their voices slowly faded. He looked at the empty gap in the fence and then the picket lying on the ground at his feet.

He couldn't bring himself to return it.

*

"A week." Ashley's text came back as Lionel sat at his kitchen table and he closed his eyes at the short time they'd have together. "I'll come over. Meet me out the front." Came Ashley's quick follow

up and Lionel jumped at her word.

The morning was cool but remained sunny and Lionel was at his front fence when Ashley rode her bike around the corner. She stopped level with him and to any neighbor watching, their meeting seemed as innocent as any.

'How can it all move so quickly?' Lionel questioned and he noticed her settle her groin down on the frame of her bike, the jeans she wore tight enough to display cameltoe, intimately bisected by the bar.

Ashley noted where his eyes had glanced and she smiled in response, her nipples suggestively poking against the tight white t-shirt.

'Dad's firm had only sent him here temporarily,' she explained. 'They want him back in Georgia, so...'

'But your course,' Lionel challenged, intimating her current studies.

'Mom says I can just find a beauty course in Atlanta to finish it off. They've offered to pay,' she divulged and Lionel involuntarily slumped in defeat, seeing Ashley notice and immediately correcting his demeanor.

He wanted to hold her. To carry her inside his house and treasure. Instead, he raised a hand and placed it upon the fence where Ashley immediately covered it with her own.

'We can still talk... and text, Mister B,' Ashley attempted to ameliorate the situation but it did no good, tears welling in her eyes before she wrenched them away from Lionel's. 'Fuck this,' she groaned as she slipped her hand from his and turned her bike back in the direction she'd come. And Lionel was left watching her ride away, the string of her thong rising high above the waist of her jeans.

*

Lionel walked through his empty house, glancing at where she'd sat at his table in the kitchen; the chair they'd fucked upon in the dining room; the front door where she'd kissed his cheek; and finally entering his bedroom. All filled with memories of her, all now so devoid of life. He paused at the dresser in contemplation before opening the topmost drawer and looking at the keepsakes. The small box of perfumes and jewelry nestled in the corner, taking one from its home and heading back toward the kitchen.

"Meet me at the fence." Lionel sent the text and his heart beat rapidly as he awaited the reply.

"Ok!?" the response immediately came back and he moved swiftly toward his back door.

'You didn't put it back,' Ashley beamed when Lionel appeared in the gap she'd created. 'But I thought you said we couldn't...' she paused seeing the expression on Lionel's face.

'Ashley,' Lionel paused. 'I love you,' he professed and saw immediately the now common tears begin to form in her blue eyes. 'I may be a fool, but I've only ever felt this way about one other,' he stated and lowered himself to a knee. 'You may be gone from my life in a number of days, but whatever happens, I want you to have this,' he raised his wife's engagement ring in his hand, presenting it to the girl. 'A princ... a queen,' he corrected himself, 'should have a ring befitting.'

Ashley dropped to her knee to match Lionel, the tears lining her cheeks.

'Lionel,' Ashley gasped.

'I want you to take it as a sign of my love,' Lionel continued. 'Of my gratitude for the time spent. Though we'll not be together, take it as a piece of my heart, forever yours.'

Ashley lifted her hands up through the gap in the fence and reached for the ring, the diamonds and gold catching the last light of the sunset.

'You ARE a fool,' Ashley whispered as she closed her hands over Lionel's, leaving the ring in his care and Lionel lifted his eyes to hers for an explanation. 'I have a better idea,' she smiled.

*

'Thank you again, Mr. Baxter,' Ashley's father reached out to shake Lionel's hand.

'Lionel, please,' Lionel accepted the handshake, standing at his front door.

'We honestly can't thank you enough,' Ashley's mother leaned in to kiss Lionel on the cheek, Lionel noticing her husband over her shoulder opening and closing his grip as if suffering pain. 'We really didn't want to affect Ashley's studies, so you allowing her to board here is a godsend,' she stated, backing away to look toward Ashley coyly standing beside her bike. 'Now we don't want you causing Mr. Baxter any trouble young lady,' Ashley's mother pointed at her daughter before drawing her into an embrace.

'That's right Ash, be good!' her father followed up with a cuddle of his own before releasing her and looking at Lionel. 'You'll only have to put up with her for six months Lionel,' he smiled.

'Well, that's if I don't get a job after!' Ashley disputed, smiling broadly as she looked at Lionel. 'Then you might never get rid of me Mister B!' she giggled and the awaiting rideshare car at the curb tooted its horn, Ashley's brother leaning out the window pointing at his watch.

'Goodness, impatience,' Ashley's mother shook her head as the parents headed out of Lionel's property, the final goodbyes with Ashley at Lionel's front gate.

'Are we doing the right thing?' Ashley's mother looked at her husband in the back seat of the Uber as they drove away.

'Oh, of course!' Ashley's father dismissed his wife's concern. 'I'm sure Mr. Baxter will take good care of our little girl,' he nodded as they headed toward the airport.

*

Ashley closed the door behind her and looked at Lionel standing in the hallway. She unbuttoned the front of her dress as she approached him revealing open cup and crotch underwear, her nipples and labia on full display.

'Now Mister B,' she sighed as she found his cock, stiffening as she pressed her hand against him. 'Let's see what kind of trouble we can get up to!'

*

The End

Thank you for reading

