**A Girl Called Alexa**

by Tempest

**Chapter One**

Mitch Masterson rode into town on the back seat of a Trailways bus. It had traveled overnight from Topeka, Kansas. Mitch liked to travel overnight since the backseat of a bus was a lot cheaper than a motel room. It was sort of like a twofer—a ride and a room all for the price of a ticket, not that he couldn't afford a motel room on his pension but he had always been frugal where money was concerned. Mitch wasn't what you would call a vagrant or a drifter. He liked to think of himself of a traveling man who wanted to see parts of this vast nation that he had not visited before.

He got off the bus in Lexington, Kentucky, at their depot on Lexington Road carrying his large rucksack over his right shoulder. The comforting feel of the broad shoulder strap reminded him of the forced marches during his basic training in the Marine Corps at Paris Island, South Carolina. Pensioned out as a major at the age of thirty-eight, he had roamed the country for the last twelve months.

Mitch chose the life he was living. His next destination was an easy choice—south in the winter—north in the summer. He would spend a few days or a few weeks in a new town as the urge took him. Then he would look at a map, choose a destination and either buy a bus or train ticket or hitch a ride if he felt lucky. His aim before settling down was to visit forty-nine states. He had already been to Hawaii when still on the service. He also crossed California, North and South Carolina and Georgia off his list, as well as Maryland where he attended the Naval Academy.

Right now, the only thought on Mitch Masterson's mind was breakfast. He walked out of the bus depot in search of a fast-food place. He was soon rewarded with a Burger King one block later. He wondered if they still called themselves The Home of the Whopper? He paid for his meal, a Sourdough King, an order of hash browns and the largest cup of coffee offered—black, no sugar, just the way he liked it.

Mitch sat at a table by the window eating his meal when he saw a young girl staring at him from outside. She was a pretty girl with ash-blonde hair that looked like it needed washing and cutting, and the most gorgeous deep-green eyes he had ever seen. They reminded him of agate stones, a layered form of cryptocrystalline chalcedony quartz. He had collected stones as a boy and had amassed a decent-sized collection. It stayed behind in his bedroom at his parent's house as he set off for basic training.

He looked down to pick up a hash brown and when he looked back through the window, the girl had gone. A few moments later, he saw her at the order station talking to the cashier. They exchanged a few words; the cashier shook her head, and the girl left.

**Chapter Two**

Mitch finished his breakfast, emptied the remnants of his meal into the trash container and left. Two blocks down the street, he spotted her again sat on a concrete bench at a bus stop. She stood as he approached the bench. He estimated that she was fifteen or sixteen judging by her figure. She didn't have an adult's classic hourglass figure, but her development was well on its way. She stood around five foot five with long slender legs and weighing maybe a hundred and ten pounds. She was a slender girl—almost willowy.

"Can you spare a couple of dollars, mister?" the girl said.

"You don't have any money?"

The girl shook her head.

"Where are your parents, your mother or father?"

"Don't have a dad and Mom's at the motel down the street."

"When was the last time you ate?"

"I ate lunch yesterday."

Mitch thought about just handing her ten bucks and leaving her to her own devices, but this wasn't the nicest part of town, and a young girl with no money and a mother in some motel, doing heavens knows what, was easy target for those guys who prey on young girls on the streets. He decided to get some food in her stomach then walk her to her mother's motel. No long-term commitment—easy-peasy.

"Okay, come with me," Mitch said as he offered the girl his hand.

She took it and they walked back to Burger King, where he sat and watched as she downed two breakfast biscuits, two servings of hash browns and two cartons of milk. The cashier had whispered a thanks in Mitch's ear while the girl waited on her order. Apparently, when he saw her talking to the cashier earlier, she had been asking for free food.

"What's your name and how old are you," Mitch asked the girl.

She swallowed a piece of hash brown, took a sip of her milk and replied, "It's Alexa and I'm fifteen."

"My name's Mitch. Nice to meet you, Alexa. What a pretty name for a pretty girl."

She smiled and thanked him. He watched her eat. It was obvious that she was hungry, but she didn't wolf the food down—in fact, she took dainty bites of her biscuit; it took three bites of a hash brown to consume it.

"What's your mother doing at the motel, Alexa?"

She blushed a little. "Earning some money."

Mitch figured that her mother was on her back earning a living, but spared Alexa the embarrassment of asking her how. It saddened him that here was a pretty girl—almost to the point of being beautiful, hustling money for food while her mother was letting some guy fuck her for a few bucks in a seedy motel room. Alexa should be in school not out here on the streets.

"Shouldn't you be in school, Alexa?"

"I guess, but we moved to town a month ago, Mom didn't enroll me anywhere yet. I'm not sure she's going to as we might not be staying long if she can't find a job."

"Where do you live?"

"At the motel."

"Thanks for breakfast, Mitch," Alexa said as she emptied the last carton of milk. She carried her tray to the stand, emptied the contents into the trash container, put the tray in the stack and followed Mitch outside. They walked for fifteen minutes to the motel where Alexa and her mother were staying. As they drew near, Mitch saw a couple of Lexington City PD cars, an ambulance, and a Medical Examiner's van. It didn't look good for one motel guest. He hoped they weren't there for Alexa's mother.

They stood and watched the scene below. Alexa asked what was happening.

"Looks like someone died I'm afraid."

Just then the ME guys wheeled a gurney out of a motel room with a black plastic body bag strapped to it. Mitch could see a man in the back of one of the squad cars being talked to by what looked like a detective. Mitch looked at the numbers on the motel room doors either side of the one out of which the two ME guys had just wheeled a gurney—it was number fifteen.

Mitch turned to Alexa and asked, "What room were you living in, Alexa?"

"Number fifteen," she replied.

Mitch walked her away from the scene, and they sat down on a concrete bench outside the motel office.

"It looks like they were removing a dead body out of your motel room."

"You think it could be Mom?" Alexa replied, her voice trembling.

"There's a good chance it could be."

Alexa looked at him and tears formed in her eyes and tumbled down her cheeks. Mitch put his arm around her shoulders and held her while she cried.

"We need to go and talk to the police to find out for sure," Mitch said.

"No, Mitch I can't do that. Please don't make me."

"But, why, don't you want to know?"

"You go and find out for me."

"But . . . Alexa—"

She cut him off. "If she's dead, and they know I'm her daughter they'll do what they did the last time she went to jail—put me in temporary foster care, and I can't do that again."

"Why not?"

"The foster care family's eighteen-year-old son tried to rape me. Please don't let them put me in foster care, Mitch."

Mitch sighed heavily, "Easy-peasy, no long-term commitment, huh Mitch!" he said under his breath.

"What did you say?"

"Nothing. Listen, Alexa, stay here and don't move."

Mitch walked to where one of the police officers was putting yellow POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS tape across the closed door.

"Was the person in the body bag the woman who was renting the room?" Mitch asked the officer.

"Who wants to know?" the officer replied.

"Just curious that's all. I love to watch those CSI programs on television."

Mitch saw the tattoo on the guys left arm.

"You're a Second Division guy. Camp Lejeune right?"

"Yeah, did my thirty years. You?"

"Camp Pendleton."

"First huh. You look young to have retired as a non-com."

"Retired a year ago as a major. How about the woman?"

"The motel clerk said it was a woman who rented the room. He identified the body, said he checked her in a few days ago. Told us that he suspected she was using the room as a place to bring her johns. I guess he didn't care as long as he rented the room. At least we got the guy, admitted to strangling her. Some sort of a dispute over how much she wanted and how much he wanted to pay. Happens all the time. According to the woman's ID her name was Joyce McHenry."

"Okay, thanks, officer, Semper Fi," Mitch said and left. Alexa was still sitting on the concrete bench where he had left her. He sat beside her and put his arm around her shoulders.

"Looks like it was your mother. Don't you want to see her again before they . . . you know . . . ?"

"I know she was my Mom, and I loved her, but she wasn't much of a mother, and I don't want to get put into foster care. She tried to keep a roof over our heads letting men fuck her for money."

"But what are you going to do, Alexa? Do you have any relatives?"

"Don't know what I'm going to do. I have an aunt, but I've no idea what her address is. All I know is that Mom said she had a sister and her name's Rose, and she lives in Vermont, and she never got married." Alexa showed Mitch a small photo her Aunt Rose and her mother with Alexa standing between them; both women had a hand on each of Alexa's shoulder. Judging by the size of Alexa, the photo looked to be about four years old.

"Do you have stuff in the motel room?"

"Just a few things, clothes mainly and a couple of paperbacks."

"Okay, we'll wait until the police have left and we'll go and get them."

**Chapter Three**

Mitch and Alexa walked for a couple of hours, and when they returned, the place was quiet. The yellow tape was still there. They walked into the motel office.

"How can I help you?" the young guy behind the desk said.

"We need to get into room 15 for a few minutes, so this young lady can get her things."

"No can do," the clerk said. "Police have it taped up."

Mitch peeled a twenty dollar bill off a roll and lay it on the counter.

"In and out in two minutes. You'll never know we were there."

The kid looked at the bill, then at Mitch. Mitch peeled another off and laid it on top of the first one. Fifty dollars lighter, Mitch and Alexa, ducked under the yellow tape and entered the room. Alexa quickly grabbed her few things out of the drawer and put them in a beige canvas backpack. After dropping the door key-card back with the desk clerk, they headed off.

"Where do you live, Mitch?" Alexa asked as they walked.

"Oh, here and there. Last night I was in Topeka, Kansas, and today I'm in Lexington. Tomorrow, who knows?"

"So you don't work?"

"No, I was gainfully employed by the United States government for a while."

"You worked for the government?"

"In a way. I was an officer in the Marine Corps for the last twenty years. Retired a year ago on a full pension as a major."

"Mom told me my Dad was a soldier. Said he went missing in Iraq. I never knew him."

"Sorry about that, all girls need a father to call her his little girl."

"Can I come with you, Mitch? I'll be no trouble, I promise. I'm pretty good at cooking. You won't even know I'm there."

Mitch sighed. He had to admit, that although he loved his life roaming the country seeing different places, it was a lonely existence. The longest he'd stayed in one place was a month and that was because of the redhead he met in a grocery store in San Diego. She tried to get him to stay; the sex was incredible, but he didn't want to be tied down—not yet anyway.

"I guess you can, for a while anyway."

She grabbed him around his waist and hugged him. They walked until three o'clock when they stopped for a late lunch at a Subway in a strip mall. There was a chain hotel across the four-lane divided highway. Mitch had stayed at several of their hotels and liked them. They had free HBO and free hot breakfasts and their beds were really comfy.

After lunch, they crossed the highway, and Mitch checked in as uncle and niece using his ATM card. He never used a credit card since that required a statement and a payment. All of his correspondence—such what it was—was sent to a UPS store post box near Camp Pendleton. He had paid for a service for them to overnight its contents to a UPS store where he was staying after calling them on his cell phone. That way he stayed up-to-date with his phone bill which he paid via his bank app on his iPhone.

The room was comfortable with two queen-sized beds. Alexa said she needed a shower. She stripped off her clothes unconcerned that he could see her naked, went into the bathroom and closed the door. Mitch looked at her underwear. It had definitely seen better days. One strap of the bra was broken, and her underpants had holes. The waistband looked like it had lost most of its elasticity as had the leg openings. He looked at her other clothes in her backpack, and they were in equally bad shape.

In a pocket of the backpack where she had put the paperbacks, was a shoulder patch. It was a blue chevron shape with five white stars and a white skull inside a red square. It was a Marine Raiders shoulder patch, and Mitch figured her father had given it to her mother. She had picked it up when she got her things from the motel room. It was sad that all she had to remind herself of the father she never really knew was a shoulder patch.

Mitch felt for the girl. A missing father presumed dead, raised by a mother who turned tricks to eke out a living, yet Alexa seemed to be a well-adjusted girl. He guessed she had to adjust to what life threw at her, sort of like a Marine—improvise, adapt, overcome. He was beginning to like this girl and she was the daughter of a fellow Marine. He was going to protect her, that was for sure.

Alexa opened the door to the bathroom; steam poured out as she emerged with a bath towel wrapped around her torso and a hand towel around her head.

"This is much nicer a place than we normally stay in," she said. "They even have little bottles of shampoo, and the soap is in a wrapper."

"Glad you liked it, Alexa. I saw your clothes—sorry for snooping, but we need to go shopping for new outfits. If you're going to pose as my niece, we have to get you some new clothes. You up for that?"

She hugged him again and kissed him on his lips. "Thanks, Mitch."

He sat watching television as she dried her hair with the dryer in the bathroom. She had wiped a big clear patch on the mirror. When she was done, she came back into the bedroom, rummaged through her backpack and fished out clean—albeit worn underwear. With not a whit of embarrassment, she dropped the bath towel to the floor. Mitch pretended not to look, but out of the corner of his eye, he saw a very sexy sight.

Alexa had a killer body; he knew she had B-cup breasts since he had seen the faded label on one of her bras. She had quarter-sized dark-pink areolas and small red nipples. Her vulva had a vee-shaped mons with a smattering of ash-blonde hairs and a tight slit. He was not drawn to young girls in particular, but Alexa was different. With the street grime gone and standing there naked, she was quite the most desirable female he had ever encountered.

She looked at him glancing sideways at her naked body and smiled. She pulled on her underpants, hooked her bra at the front, pulled it around and adjusted her breasts inside the cups, before putting her arms through the straps. After stepping into a pair of no-name brand jeans and pulling on a simple cotton top, she slipped her feet into a well-worn pair of Keds, no socks.

"I'm ready," she said.

"You hungry?"

"Starving."

"Okay, Alexa, we'll eat dinner first and then go shopping."

**Chapter Four**

They ate at a Mexican restaurant a block from the hotel. It was almost nine o'clock when they left the restaurant and walked across the grassy area at the back and onto the asphalt parking lot of a Walmart Superstore. It was getting dark, and the parking lot lights hadn't yet come on. Up ahead, Mitch saw two guys hanging out by a dumpster. As Mitch and Alexa got near, the two men approached them. One had a switchblade knife; he thumbed the button, and the blade flicked out.

"Just hand over your wallet, and no one will get hurt," the second man said. Alexa hid behind Mitch peering at the two men, shivering with fright.

"You really don't want to do this," Mitch said, "and I'm sure you would rather not spend a night in hospital, because that's where you're going to end up, that's for damn sure."

"My buddy's the one with a knife, asshole, not you."

Two against one, even when one of the two had a weapon was odds Mitch would take any day of the week. He was well versed in the art of hand-to-hand combat. His size, at six-one and a tad over two hundred pounds, usually deterred anyone from trying anything, but it was obvious to him that these two guys were drug addicts and it was his opinion that drug addicts will do anything to score their next hit.

"Listen, pal. Don't fuck with us or we'll carve you up and fuck your little girl in all of her holes," the man with the knife said. "I bet she loves it up her ass."

He stepped forward and held the knife in front of Mitch's face—a big mistake. Mitch's right hand shot out with the speed of a snake striking its prey and grabbed the man's wrist, twisted it behind his back. The man screamed in pain as Mitch broke his wrist. At the same time, Mitch's right foot caught the other man in his groin. He doubled over in pain. Mitch let go of the man's wrist, picked up the switchblade, closed it and put it in his pocket.

"Have a good evening," Mitch said to the two men crumpled on the ground and walked off toward the store with Alexa clutching his arm looking back every ten paces to see if they were following them.

"Don't bother, honey, they aren't about to go anywhere for a while," Mitch said.

When they were inside the store, Mitch told Alexa to get six sets of underwear since it may be a few days before they could wash clothes.

"And get pajamas," he added.

"Why?" she asked.

"Because we'll be sharing a hotel room and sometimes maybe a bed."

"I sleep naked," she said.

Mitch blushed.

Alexa smiled. "You're embarrassed, aren't you? You just beat up two guys, but you're afraid of sleeping with a naked girl."

"Just go shop and make sure you get good walking shoes," Mitch said and wandered off.

An hour later, Mitch met Alexa at the checkout and paid with his ATM card. They walked back to the hotel. The two men had disappeared. In their room, Alexa took her old clothes and dumped them in the trash. She cut the tags off with the switchblade knife while Mitch lay on his bed in just his boxers watching television. After putting her new clothes in her backpack, she got undressed, threw her old clothes in the trash and got under the covers of her bed.

At ten, Mitch turned off the television, got under the covers and switched off his bedside light. He looked over at Alexa who was lying there looking at him. He turned over and tried to sleep, but the sight of Alexa's naked body kept drifting in and out of his mind. Ten minutes later, he felt the bed move as Alexa slipped under the covers and hugged his back. Although Alexa had lost her mother, she felt she had gained a father. Despite her loss, she felt the happiest she had in quite a long while.

She kissed his shoulder and said, "Thanks for saving me from those men, Mitch, and thanks for buying me all new clothes."

"You're welcome, Alexa, but you shouldn't be in my bed."

"But you said we would be sharing a bed from time to time."

"Yes, but only if necessary. You have your own bed tonight. In any case where are the pajamas I told you to get?"

"I don't like sleeping in anything, so I didn't buy any. If was cold I usually slept in my clothes."

Mitch could feel her firm breasts pressing into his back. A few moments later he felt her hand grasp his semi-erect cock.

"Alexa, honey, I don't think you should be doing that," Mitch said with not a lot of conviction in his voice.

"Hush," she said.

Alexa moved him onto his back and pushed the covers down. Mitch gasped as she lowered her mouth over his now fully hard cock. It was apparent to Mitch that she was no stranger to oral sex. He wondered if she was a virgin. He lay there while Alexa sucked the head of his cock and stroked its shaft with her right hand.

Mitch groaned; he was getting what was probably the second best blowjob he'd ever received—only the redhead in San Diego gave better ones.

"My God, Alexa, that feels incredible," Mitch said, followed by a sharp intake of breath as she licked his shaft from root to tip, pausing to lick his sensitive frenulum with the pad of her tongue.

Mitch could feel the warmth of his impending orgasm rise up from the depth of his bowels and spread throughout his groin. He wondered if she was going to let him ejaculate in her mouth. He got his answer a few moments later.

"Cumming, Alexa," he cried as he felt his cock swell and the first rope of his pearly-white semen spurted into her waiting mouth. His shaft burned as more ropes of his teeming fluid hit the back of her mouth. She swallowed hard to keep up with his spurts. Finally, he was done, and his cock started to soften. Alexa turned her back to him and pulled his left arm over her and settled his hand on her left breast.

"Mmm, this is nice, Mitch," she said. A few minutes later she was snoring lightly.

Mitch snuggled up to her, smelling the hotel shampoo in her hair and her unique smell. He soon fell asleep.

**Chapter Five**

Mitch woke early as he was wont to do on the road, ready for a new day and maybe a new town. He looked at Alexa lying on her front with one arm over his chest and the other tucked under her pillow. Ash-blonde hair spread out on the pillow. He thought her ass to be one of the finest he had ever seen, and although she was not at the end of her growing stage, the twin orbs of her buttocks rose up from the small of her back with a deep cleft in between. She had small indentation at the tops of her cheeks, and he could count the knobs of her spine. He leaned in and planted a kiss on each buttock.

She stirred and rolled to her side and smiled at him. "You like my ass?" she asked.

"I think it's a stupendous ass, Alexa."

"I thought so, because you kissed it."

Mitch leaned in and kissed her lips. "C'mon, Alexa, there's a whole new day out there waiting to be explored."

He got out of bed and walked to the bathroom. Alexa shouted after him, "You've got a nice ass as well, Mitch."

Mitch was taking a leak as Alexa padded into the bathroom.

"Alexa!" Mitch said as he finished peeing and shook his cock.

"It's not like I haven't seen a man take a piss before. Hurry up, I need to pee as well."

Mitch moved aside and started to brush his teeth as Alexa sat on the toilet and proceeded to urinate. When she was done, she wiped, flushed the toilet and stood beside Mitch at the double vanity and brushed her teeth. They both washed their hands and face.

They sat and ate breakfast in the dining area off the hotel lobby—waffles and orange juice for Alexa—bacon and scrambled eggs with coffee for Mitch—black, no sugar, just as he liked it.

"What are we going to do today, Mitch?" Alexa asked.

"I think we should try and hitch a ride northeast. Summer's almost here, and my two rules of the road are quite simple—south in the winter—north in the summer. I thought maybe we could head up to Vermont, to look for your aunt."

"You looking to dump me at my aunt's house?"

"No, Alexa. After all, she is your only living relative."

"I'm glad we got that straightened out 'cause you're not getting rid of me. You're stuck with me whether you like it or not."

"Let me make one thing clear, Alexa, I like having you around. Life on the road can get lonely and it's nice to share it with you. And after last night, you're not going anywhere that I'm not going."

That last comment made Alexa very happy. She liked Mitch—liked him a lot and couldn't wait for him to make love to her.

**Chapter Six**

They managed to get a ride to the edge of town with a businessman, who said he was heading northwest on I-64, so he dropped them off at the cloverleaf. They waved as he hit the on-ramp then they headed northwest on highway 68. After a few miles walking with Mitch's thumb stuck out, a woman driving a burgundy, late-model Ford F-150 crew-cab pickup slowed and pulled onto the shoulder ahead of them. There were bales of hay in the bed of the truck. Mitch walked up to the passenger window that the woman had buzzed down.

"Where you guys headed?" she asked.

"Northeast," Mitch replied.

"That covers a lot of territory," she said. "I can give you a ride as far as Paris if that helps."

"This thing float as well?" Mitch replied with a smile.

"I like a man with a sense of humor," the woman said. "Paris, okay?"

"That's just fine, ma'am."

The woman hit the door unlock button and Mitch threw their packs into the back seat. Alexa climbed in after them and Mitch swung his large frame into the front passenger seat. He put his hand out.

"My name's Mitch Masterson, and this is my niece, Alexa."

The woman shook his hand. "Nice to meet the two of you. My name's Holly Johnson."

Holly put on her left turn signal and pulled back onto the four-lane divided highway.

"So you're just headed northeast huh? That covers a lot of territory."

"That's right. I got out of the service a year ago and I decided that after spending so much time abroad, I wanted to explore the United States. Alexa elected to tag along as a sort of learning adventure which is why she's out of school."

"Oh, that's nice. A way to bond with your niece."

If you only knew, Mitch thought. "I'm also her guardian since both her parents passed away."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Holly said.

They drove on. Mitch sat almost sideways looking at her. She was an attractive woman with dusky-blonde hair and pale-blue eyes. He figured she was in her early to mid-thirties and he didn't see a wedding band. She was dressed in a pair of plain, boot-cut Levis that were tucked into a pair of well-worn, calve-length brown boots with raised heels. The jeans hugged her slender thighs and calves. Her short sleeve blouse was a cream color and Mitch could see the outline of a bra underneath. When she looked at him, he thought he saw something—the same look that the redhead in the grocery store in San Diego had given him. It piqued his interest.

"What do you do, Holly?" Mitch asked.

"I own a farm. We raise corn and soya beans."

"We, is there a Mr. Johnson?"

"No, never been married. The farm was my parents. They got too old to farm it anymore and gave it to me and my sixteen-year-old daughter Maggie—she's the 'we.' Mom and Pops, Maggie and I live at the main house and Mom does the cooking, and Pops—well, Pops just putters around when he's not sleeping or getting under Mom's feet."

Holly was quiet for a few miles. Then she said, "Do you have some sort of timetable to get to the northeast, Mitch?"

"Not really, we take each day as it comes."

"You know, I could use some help on the farm for a while. I couldn't pay you, but I could let you use the guest apartment over the garage and three meals a day."

"I don't know a thing about farming, Holly, but three squares a day sound good to me—been eating those for twenty years."

"You any good with your hands—you know fixing things?"

"Yes, they taught us to be self-sufficient. Can't call a mechanic when you're in the field under enemy fire to fix something. Improvise, adapt, overcome."

"All I need is someone to do general handiwork. The farm buildings are fairly old, and things always need fixing, and it gets expensive calling in a plumber or electrician or a mechanic every time something breaks."

Mitch looked back at Alexa. She nodded. "As long as you know we can't be tied down for a long time and that we can up and leave when we want to, I think we'd like to take you up on your offer."

Holly breathed a sigh of relief. "Thanks, Mitch, I appreciate that. The apartment only has one bedroom I'm afraid. You or your niece could take that, and the other could use the pull-out bed in the living room."

"That's okay, Holly, Alexa and I have shared hotel rooms before where there was only one bed."

Ten minutes later, they drove through the small town of Paris, Kentucky. Highway 68 turned into High Street straight ahead after the bypass headed west. Then, after they drove through the center of town, High Street turned into East Main Street. Holly took a right onto Middleton road just before the junction where the bypass rejoined the highway. She drove for a few miles before turning onto a gravel road under a sign that said The Johnsons' Farm.

She stopped the truck head on to a detached three bay garage. Mitch retrieved their packs from the back seat, and he and Alexa followed Holly up an outside staircase, all the while Mitch was looking at her stupendous ass.

"It's not much, but it's clean, and it has air-conditioning and a TV. The password for the WiFi network is on a Post-it note on the table over there." Holly nodded to a side table by the sofa.

Mitch dropped their packs on the floor and looked around. "This is just fine, Holly, thanks."

"Okay, I'll let you guys get settled in. Come to the main house whenever you like, and I'll introduce you to my parents."

When she left, Alexa said, "She likes you, I can tell by the way she looks at you. You know I wouldn't get jealous if you wanted to do anything with her."

"Alexa! We've only just met. In any case, I have you."

"I saw the way you looked at her ass as we climbed the stairs."

Mitch blushed. He didn't know what it was with Alexa. He almost never blushed, but with Alexa . . . They took their packs into the bedroom and put things away in the drawers of a tallboy and a walk-in closet. Alexa checked out the queen-size bed.

"Bed's nice and comfy," she said. "Better than some of the motel beds I've slept in."

Ten minutes later, they made their way to the main house. It was an old farmhouse, two-story, white-painted clapboards with a wraparound covered porch. An older man was sitting on a porch swing. He got up as Mitch and Alexa approached.

"My daughter said she'd hired someone," the man said. He put out his hand. "The name's Henry Johnson."

Mitch shook his hand. "Mitch Masterson, pleased to make your acquaintance sir. This is Alexa, my niece."

"My, my, what a pretty young girl," Henry said. "Go on inside, my wife wants to meet you both."

Mitch and Alexa entered the house. They were in a living room. It was full of what looked like antique furniture. Holly came out of the kitchen.

"Come and meet Mom, Mitch," she said. "I guess you just met Pops."

Mitch and Alexa followed Holly into the large kitchen. It had modern appliances and in the middle was an old, wooden oblong kitchen table; it looked like it had been there forever, it was so well worn from countless hands and arms rubbing on it. Holly's mother, a sixty-year-old woman with gray hair and wearing a white apron, set down a mixing bowl, wiped her floury hands on the apron and put out her hand.

"Mary Johnson," she said.

Mitch took her hand, she squeezed it. "Mitch Masterson, nice to make your acquaintance ma'am. This is my niece, Alexa."

Mary put her arms around Alexa and hugged her. My, what a beautiful child," she said. "You guys hungry? I'm about to serve lunch."

"That would be nice, thank you, ma'am," Mitch replied.

"Oh, please call me Mary," she said.

Mr. Johnson came in off the porch, and they all sat around the kitchen table and ate lunch.

After lunch, Holly took Mitch on a quick tour of the farm and its outbuildings. There was a horse stable with six stalls of which two were occupied. The main barn was a large open structure with a high ceiling that housed a tractor, a corn harvester, and a combine harvester. The whole time she kept touching his arm or shoulder, and she was standing so close to him, Mitch could smell her subtle perfume.

"If you would, Mitch please take a look at the tractor since it seems to be running rough."

"Okay, I can do that, Holly. You have tools?"

"Over there next to that bench. I'll leave you to it."

It took Mitch around twenty minutes to figure out what the problem was with the tractor; it was a partially clogged fuel filter. He rummaged around in the drawers of the bench and found a new one. It took just a few minutes to swap it out. Just as he turned off the tractor after checking that the filter had fixed the problem, Holly came back into the barn.

She looked at him and smiled. Then she put her arms around his neck and kissed him hard. "I've wanted to do that ever since you got into my truck," she told him.

Mitch picked her up and carried her to the back of the barn where there was a thick covering of hay on the floor. They tore at each other's clothing, and in the space of thirty seconds, they were both naked.

"No foreplay, Mitch. Just fuck me," Holly said.

She lay on her back, her small breasts with their dark-brown areolas and pink nipples stood proud of her chest spaced close together. Her mons was smooth as a baby's bottom and moisture glistened in her cleft. Mitch swiped his cockhead up and down her cleft, oozing aside her plump labia, settling at the opening to her vagina.

"Please," was all Holly said.

Mitch pushed his hips forward, and his cock slipped inside Holly's snug, moist hot pussy all the way to the end.

"Oh gawd, Mitch. That feels so damn good."

Holly put her long slender legs around Mitch's waist and locked her ankles at the small of his back. He started to fuck her with long steady strokes. Her pussy gripped his cock like a snug silken—sheath. Her moans were echoing off the walls of the barn as Mitch made love to a beautiful woman who he had know a mere three hours. He was breathing hard as he stroked in and out of Holly's pussy. Then she climaxed. He felt her pussy spasm as it clenched then released its grip on his hard cock. Her body was shaking, and her legs were jerking as she orgasmed. Mitch could wait any longer but didn't know if he should cum inside her or not.

"I'm close Holly," he said.

"Cum inside me, Mitch. Spurt your stuff, I'm safe; I'm on the pill."

That was all Mitch needed. His cock swelled, and he exploded inside her, filling her with his teeming fluid. Holly climaxed again as she felt his cock grow and he spurt inside her. When they were done, they lay in each other's arms—exhausted. After a few minutes, Holly got up and brushed the bits of straw off her body and got dressed. As she kissed Mitch, he pulled a few stalks of straw out of her hair. She giggled like a schoolgirl.

"It's been a while since I had a roll in the hay," she said and left.

Mitch lay there for a while, then he got dressed. As he exited the barn, Alexa came walking up. Without saying a word, she brushed a few pieces of straw off his clothes. She gave him a knowing smile.

"That didn't take long, did it?" she said.

Mitch shrugged, took her hand and they walked back to the farmhouse just as a girl was walking down the driveway in the distance, carrying a book bag on her back. Mitch could see a yellow school bus slowly pulling away, grinding the gears as it slowly accelerated, blue smoke pouring out of the exhaust single side exhaust.

"That must be Holly's daughter Maggie," Mitch said as they walked up onto the porch where Mr. Johnson was dozing, and Holly was waiting for her daughter. She looked at Mitch with her pale-blue eyes and gave him a shy smile. Mitch pulled a short straw of hay out of her hair without her noticing. Alexa nudged him with her elbow and smiled.

Holly hugged her daughter and introduced her to Mitch and Alexa. "Maggie, this is Mr. Masterson and his niece, Alexa. They're staying over the garage, and Mr. Masterson is going to help out for a while."

Mitch shook Maggie's hand. She was a beautiful young woman with the same dusky-blonde hair and pale-blue eyes as her mother. As Maggie and Alexa talked, Maggie took an immediate liking to her. The two of them went inside and upstairs to Maggie's bedroom.

"Well, looks like my daughter has a new friend," Holly said.

"She as beautiful as you, Holly," Mitch said.

"Thanks, Mitch. Listen, about what happened in the barn, I hope you don't think I make a habit of bringing strange men home and having sex with them. I'm not that kind of woman. I . . . I don't know what came over me."

"That's okay Holly. It was a spur of the moment thing. It won't happen again."

"Sorry, Mitch, you've got it all wrong—I want it to happen again if that's what you want."

"I can see that you're going to make saying goodbye very difficult."

"Then don't."

"I'm a restless sort, Holly, and I have to try and find Alexa's long-lost aunt. She's her only living relative."

Mitch almost caught that last sentence before it left his lips. He hoped Holly didn't pick up on it, and it seemed as if she hadn't. They parted, and Mitch went upstairs to the apartment over the garage and took a shower. He was lounging in an armchair dressed in a fresh, blue cotton shirt, a pair of chinos slightly crumpled from being in his rucksack, and a pair of penny loafers, when Alexa came in.

"How did you get along with Maggie?" Mitch asked.

"I like her; we talked, and she told me that they have horses and she promised to teach me how to ride."

"I hope you didn't tell her about us . . . you know in bed."

Alexa cocked her head to one side with an expression that said, 'you think I'm that stupid?' "Of course not, Mitch. I'm going to take a shower and get changed."

Mitch watched as she headed off to the en-suite bathroom. She came out twenty minutes later, naked, with a hand towel. She was busy drying her hair when Holly knocked once and walked into the living room. She saw Alexa's naked body, quickly told them that dinner was at six and beat a hasty retreat.

"Shit," Alexa said.

"Shit, shit, shit," Mitch said. "Oh well, no use crying over spilled milk, my mother always said. What's done is done."

**Chapter Seven**

Mitch and Alexa walked to the main house at five minutes to six. Mr. Johnson's porch swing was empty. Holly came out to greet them and told Alexa to go on inside.

"Mitch, about the thing in the apartment. I'm sorry for barging in like that—"

"It's okay Holly. Alexa is, how can I phrase it, a free spirit. She's not ashamed of her body, and I can assure you there's nothing sexual going on between us."

Holly put her hand on Mitch's arm. "It's okay, Mitch, if there is, it's no business of mine—she is a beautiful young woman. Come on, let's go and eat."

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After a wonderful dinner, everyone relaxed on the porch. It appeared as if Mr. Johnson had nodded off. Holly sat next to Mitch on a double swing and Alexa and Maggie on another chattering away as only teenage girls can.

"This is very nice, Holly," Mitch said.

"I want to be with you again, Mitch, but it's difficult with my parents and Maggie around."

"Maybe tomorrow night being a Friday, Maggie can invite Alexa to a sleepover," Mitch suggested.

"That's a great idea, Mitch. I'll talk to her about it."

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At nine, Mitch and Alexa said their good nights and headed up to the apartment. As soon as they were inside, Alexa headed for the bedroom and quickly got undressed and onto the bed. Mitch followed and looked at Alexa's naked body as he slowly got undressed. He marveled at how her breasts stood off her chest, firm, yet soft. Lying down, her mons looked like a large mound rising up from between two bony hips. She spoke.

"Mitch."

"Yes, sweetheart?"

"Can we have sex tonight? I want you to make love to me."

"I don't know, Alexa, I don't want to hurt you."

"I'm not a virgin if that's what you're worried about. I've had sex with a man several times, and he wasn't some guy my Mom picked up either. I could never do what she did, even if I was down to my last dollar."

"Who was he, if you don't mind me asking?"

Alexa was quiet for a while as if she was either embarrassed to tell Mitch or she wanted to protect the identity of the guy. Now naked, Mitch sat on the edge of the bed.

"He was a teacher at the last school I attended in a small town in Oklahoma where we lived for a short time last fall. I had just turned fourteen, and he was my English teacher. He was in his mid-twenties and he was really nice to me. He knew Mom and me didn't have much money and he would give me twenty dollars here and ten dollars there. He didn't ask for anything; it wasn't like he gave me money then asked for sex.

"His name was Jake, and he was a little shy—a bit of a bookworm. He would lend me books to read and ask me what I thought about them. Then one day, I missed the school bus, and he offered me a lift. I really wanted for him to be the first. There had been a few boys who I'd dated, but all they wanted to do was grab my tits or put their hands down the front of my panties. I didn't want one of them to be my first. Do you understand, Mitch?"

"I do, Alexa. I remember what I was like at fourteen."

"Anyway, I asked him if he wanted to take me to his house. At first, he said that it wasn't a good idea since he could get into a lot of trouble. I kept after him, telling him I wanted him to be my first lover. He finally agreed, and we went to his apartment. We showered together. It wasn't the first time I'd seen a man's erection. Mom brought this guy home one Friday night. I woke up the next morning to him standing next to my bed naked. He was jerking off and spurted his stuff all over my face. I screamed, and Mom came in and hustled him out of my bedroom. I kept the door locked after that.

"My teacher was so gentle with me, Mitch. We kissed, and he fondled my tits. He took his time. It hurt a bit—more like a twinge, and I bled just a little. After the first time, it was okay and didn't hurt again. We were lovers for three months. Then Mom lost her job as a waitress, and we had to move out of the house, as she was behind on the rent. We moved away, and I was sad that I couldn't say goodbye to him."

"I'm glad you lost your virginity that way, Alexa. You were lucky to have found someone so caring and gentle. Yes, we can make love tonight."

Alexa beamed a big smile. "Thanks, Mitch. I was also lucky to have found you. But you can't cum inside me, I don't want to get pregnant."

Mitch lay beside Alexa, put his left arm around her shoulders and pulled her to him. They kissed at first; gentle kisses with lips brushing lips. Mitch had his hand on Alexa's left breast, squeezing it gently, feeling her pea-sized nipple press into his palm. Alexa opened her mouth and felt Mitch's tongue enter. Heads tilted, lips locked and they started a five-minute session of intense French kissing. Alexa broke their kiss first, gasping for air as well as with passion.

"Jeez, Alexa, where did you learn to kiss like that?"

Alexa giggled and replied, "I had a good teacher."

Mitch chuckled. His hand left Alexa's breast, slid down across her flat tummy and cupped her vulva, feeling the sparse pubic hair tickle his palm. She opened her legs, inviting him. Mitch slipped his middle finger inside her slit, pushing aside her plump hairless labia. He found her wet opening and inserted his finger. A sharp intake of breath escaped Alexa's lips as she felt his finger inside her.

Alexa climaxed as soon as the tip of Mitch's finger found her clit. He continued to press and rub it with the pad of his finger as she writhed on the bed. It was too intense, so she pulled his hand away.

"That was insane," she said after she calmed down. "Make love to me, Mitch."

Mitch shuffled down the bed and got between Alexa's legs. He draped her legs over his thighs and grasped the shaft of his cock. He looked at her face, there was an aura of excitement that she was going to have sex with him. He swiped the end of his cock up and down her wet cleft, oozing plump labia aside. He stopped at the opening to her vagina and pushed. The tight ring of skin refused to move. Even though she was not a virgin, Alexa was tight as a drum. He pushed some more and ever so slowly, her vagina dilated and then, all of a sudden as if a switch had been thrown, he slipped inside her.

He hadn't noticed that Alexa had been holding her breath, but as soon as he penetrated her, there was a loud whoosh as she exhaled. Now he knew why she had been so tight, she had tensed up.

"Alexa honey, next time don't tense up so much, it'll make it easier for me to penetrate you."

"Sorry, Mitch. I thought it was going to hurt since your cock is fatter than Jake's."

Now that Alexa had relaxed it was relatively easier to fully penetrate her. Mitch's cockhead bumped her rubbery cervix—she had taken all of his average six inches. He placed his hand on her prominent mons, feeling how it filled its palm as her breast had done. And her mons was as firm as her breast, but he could feel her pubic bone underneath. As he began to stroke in and out of her, he rubbed her clit with the pad of his thumb.

It didn't take long for Alexa to climax a second time. This time it was more intense. He whole body shook like she was having some sort of epileptic fit. Her head was moving side to side on the pillow, and Mitch could feel her vagina spasming—clenching then releasing his cock. Clench and release, clench and release. Finally, she calmed and opened her eyes.

She felt his hardness and reminded him, "Don't forget to pull out before you cum."

Mitch continued to thrust in and out of Alexa's very tight, but very wet and slippery pussy. He could feel his own orgasm rising, spreading warmth throughout his nether regions. Then he felt his ball sack tighten. To err on the safe side, he pulled out and began to masturbate. The first rope of white, semi-translucent liquid spurted out the end and hit her tummy. It formed a straight line that started at the top of her mons and ended at her innie where it pooled but in a reverse direction. Subsequent spurts were weaker and ended up covering her mons where the viscous liquid got trapped in her pubic hairs.

Mitch flopped beside her, spent, exhausted, happy. He could hardly believe that he'd just had sexual intercourse with a fifteen-year-old girl. An act considered statutory rape. Other charges would be contributing to the delinquency of a minor, and transporting a minor across state lines for immoral purposes. If convicted he would spend a very long time in prison as well as having to register as a sex offender, and the least of which he would lose his pension. Of course, none of those thoughts crossed his mind as he lay in a post-coital stupor.

He heard Alexa snoring. He hauled himself out of bed, fetched a damp washcloth from the bathroom and cleaned his semen off Alexa's body, dropped the cloth on the wooden floor, climbed back into bed and promptly fell into a deep and satisfying sleep.

**Chapter Eight**

Around ten the following morning, Holly asked Mitch to take a look at a leak from the drain in the vanity of her master bedroom en-suite. As he walked in, there was the distinctive aroma of a woman's bedroom and bathroom. It reminded him of the redhead's in San Diego. It had been tough for him to leave her since she gave the best head ever, and he'd had a few over the years, including some from very experienced call girls in the Reeperbahn in Hamburg while on leave.

Mitch was laying on his back with a wadded up towel under his head that was inside the vanity searching from where the leak was coming. It was a coming from around the large brass nut the held the tailpiece of the P-trap against the basin. He would have to remove it and replace the rubber gasket, and he was sure she didn't have a spare.

He was just about to come back out when he saw a pair of legs clad in Levi denim come into the bathroom. He heard the click of the door lock and the next thing he knew, Holly got on her knees and slowly unbuckled his belt. She undid the snap at the waist of his jeans and drew his zipper down.

Holly grasped the waist of his jeans, and, as he lifted his butt, she pulled them and his boxers down to his ankles. He groaned with pleasure as she took his flaccid cock into her mouth and began to suck. It didn't take long for him to get fully hard. Holly proceeded to give him the very best blowjob he had ever received—including those given by the redhead in San Diego and the girls in the Reeperbahn in Hamburg.

"Good grief, Holly, that's the best blowjob I've ever had."

"Mmm," was the only sound she made. Soon Holly was deep-throating him; he could see the outline of his cockhead in her throat. After a few moments she would come up for air, and thick and thin white tendrils of spittle would stretch from her lips to the end of his cock. She would wipe the spittle with the back of her hand then go back to fellating him.

"I'm very close, Holly," Mitch said as he felt the warm glow spreading throughout his groin area.

Holly lifted her head until just the end of his cock was in her mouth, her lips clamped tight under the head. She had the finger and thumb of her right hand around his shaft stroking it, while her other hand fondled his scrotum. Mitch felt his cock swell followed by the first rope of cum burning through his shaft and exploded out of the end into Holly's waiting mouth. He saw her throat move as she swallowed it. More cum spurted into her mouth that she easily swallowed. Then, all too soon, he was done. His cock started to soften, and she squeezed the last of his semen out and swallowed it.

"Mmm, yummy," she said. "Sorry, Mitch, I saw you lying there and couldn't help myself."

"Don't apologize, Holly. That was one incredible blow job. I think I might have to lie here for a while to recover."

Holly giggled like a schoolgirl, unlocked the bathroom door and left. Mitch lay there for a minute then got up before anyone found him lying half inside the vanity with his pants and underwear around his ankles. Now dressed, he went downstairs and told Holly he had to run into town to get a gasket. She smiled and tossed him the keys to her truck.

**Chapter Nine**

Thirty minutes later he returned to find an old, beat up pickup truck parked in front of the garage. It was a Chevy Silverado, and at one time was probably white, but was now covered in what looked like twenty years of grime and rust spots. A guy around Holly's age was stood arguing with Holly. Alexa was sat on the porch, and a second guy was leaning on the fender of the Chevy. Mitch saw the back of Mrs. Johnson as she disappeared inside the house.

"Oh boy, you're in deep shit now," Alexa said toward the man arguing with Holly when she saw Mitch pull up. The man never heard her warning since he was too busy arguing with Holly.

Mitch got out and walked over to where Holly and the stranger were standing.

"It's none of your goddamn business. Jesse, who I hire or who stays in my guest apartment," Holly shouted. Mitch could tell she was angry. It was a side he hadn't seen before since she had seemed so calm and laid-back.

"You're spoken for Holly, get that into your head."

"Jesse, you don't own me just because we went on one date, and what a fucking disaster that was."

"What's going on?" Mitch asked. He looked at Jesse, who was a big farm boy—bigger than Mitch. Six foot four and over two hundred and fifty pounds.

"You better pack your things and leave old man, if you know what's good for you," Jesse said. "Holly's spoken for."

Mitch looked at Holly and said, "Well, I don't see a collar around her neck with your name tag on it. I would appreciate it if you and your buddy over there would climb into that fine piece of Detroit iron and leave this lady alone."

Jesse grabbed Holly by the wrist. She struggled to free herself. "Let go of me, Jesse, you're hurting me," she said.

"I'll give you to the count of three to let go of Holly's arm."

Jesse just smiled.

Mitch started counting, "One, two—."

Mitch's first shot out like a dragster off the start line—fast. It hit Jesse in the solar plexus. There was a loud whoosh as all of the air in Jesse's lungs got pushed out as his diaphragm was forced upwards by the blow to his midriff. He doubled over and collapsed to his knees. He was out of it for a while, but the guy who had been leaning on the fender of the Chevy decided he wanted a piece of the action—big mistake.

Mitch figured it was Jesse's buddy and he was even bigger. He came roaring at Mitch like a Mac truck. Another big mistake, because Mitch could use all that kinetic energy to his advantage. The guy tried to steamroll Mitch with a tackle's shoulder charge. Mitch stepped to one side, lifted his boot and stomped hard on the guy's knee. The guy's whole weight was on that leg at the time, and his kneecap exploded and his lower leg was bent double in a way it was never designed for. He collapsed on the gravel holding his now useless knee, screaming in agony. Mitch figured he'd be on crutches for a long time and would probably walk with a limp for the rest of his life.

Just then, Mitch heard the distinctive sound of the siren of a deputy sheriff's cruiser. It turned into the gravel driveway and came to a stop behind Holly's pickup spitting stones everywhere as the brakes locked.

"I called the sheriff," Mrs. Johnson said, now back standing on the porch.

The deputy came up to the scene of two oversized farm boys writhing in obvious pain in the gravel.

"Care to tell me what the hell's been going on here?" he said, and turning to Mitch, added, "and who might you be, sir?".

"I'm the hired help of Miss Johnson, the name's Mitch Masterson."

"And what did you do before coming here?"

"Spent twenty years in the Marine Corps. Retired with the rank of major twelve months ago. I just got back from town and Jesse here was harassing Miss Johnson. He grabbed her wrist, and I politely asked him to let go, but he needed persuading. He'll live, I only tapped him."

"I did my thirty years in the Army. I guess these two boys picked the wrong Marine to mess with," the deputy said, looking at Holly rubbing her wrist. It was quite red.

"And what about Seth here?"

"He decided he wanted a piece of me. I think you'd better call for an ambulance. My boot caught his knee as he charged at me."

"That's exactly what happened," Mrs. Johnson said from the porch. "I was the one who called nine-one-one."

The deputy tipped his cap. "Thank you, ma'am," he said and left to call for an ambulance.

"You okay, Holly?" Mitch asked.

"I'm fine, thanks, Mitch. I dated this guy one time over a year ago, heavens why I don't know. Now he thinks we're an item."

Jesse finally got enough wind back in his sails. He staggered to his feet. He looked at Mitch, then at his buddy still writhing in agony and then looked back at Mitch, amazed that an old man had taken out his old high school's star offensive tackle so easily.

"Count yourself lucky, son. At least you'll be able to walk without a limp for the rest of your life unlike your buddy here," Mitch told Jessie.

Jesse looked totally defeated. The deputy returned.

"You want to press charges, Holly?"

"No, Fred, that won't be necessary," Holly replied.

"Jesse, I suggest you leave and never set foot on this farm ever again, because if you do. I'm going to arrest you for trespassing. You got that, son?"

"Yes, sir," Jesse replied. He climbed into the Chevy Silverado and left.

Fifteen minutes later the ambulance arrived. The EMTs looked at Seth.

"What happened to him?" one said.

"He tripped and fell," Mitch said. "I think he twisted his knee."

"It's way more than twisted," the second EMT said after examining Seth's busted knee.

"Well, he is a big guy, and you know what they say—the bigger they are, the harder they fall."

After the EMTs had loaded Seth into the back of the ambulance and left, Alexa came over and said, "Mitch broke some guys wrist in Lexington who threatened us with a knife. They wanted money for drugs."

Holly looked at Mitch in a whole different light. "I'm glad you were around, Mitch. Things could have gotten ugly. You never said you were a retired Marine Corps major."

Mitch just shrugged.

**Chapter Ten**

Friday Morning, Alexa told Mitch about the slumber party with Maggie.

"Did Holly tell Maggie to ask me to a sleepover?" Alexa asked as they sat on the porch having just eaten breakfast of local egg and homemade ham biscuits.

Mitch replied, "Yes she did."

"Is that so you and Holly can have sex again?"

"Yup."

"Me and Maggie are gonna have sex too."

"You are? How did that subject come up?"

"Maggie just came out and asked me if I'd ever had sex with a girl."

". . . And have you?"

"Just the once with a girl I used to know. I was eleven, and she was fourteen and more experienced."

"Did you enjoy it?"

"It was okay. Not as good as sex with Jake and you though."

"I wish I could be a fly on the wall for that."

"And I wish I could be a fly on the wall and watch you and Holly."

"Touché."

"What does that mean?"

"It means you made your point."

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After dinner that evening everyone congregated on the porch. Holly was sat next to Mitch on the double swing. Her hand was surreptitiously brushing his bare arm. The thought of spending the night with her in his bed after making love excited him. It was like the redhead in San Diego all over again, but he knew that in another week or two, he and Alexa would have to move on. There were another few months before fall, and Mitch intended to be in warmer climes before the onset of winter.

At nine, Alexa and Maggie headed upstairs to Maggie's bedroom. Mitch and Holly waited until Holly's parents had gone to bed. She kissed Mitch and followed him up the apartment. In the bedroom, Holly started to unbutton her cream colored blouse. Mitch stopped her.

"Let me undress you," he said.

Holly smiled and dropped her hands to her sides. Mitch slowly unbuttoned her blouse. When all buttons were open, he pulled the tails out of her black denim jeans. He moved the blouse over her shoulders and let it slip off her arms. Mitch looked at the sky-blue, lacy bra she wore. It was small, it barely covered her nipples, and it had a slight underwire since it pushed her small breasts together forming a small cleavage. He could see her brown areolas through the lacy material.

Next came her jeans. Mitch unsnapped the fastener at the waist and drew the zipper down. It was the loudest sound in the room. Holly wiggled her ass a little to allow Mitch to pull the tight jeans over her hips. She kicked off her shoes and put her hands on his shoulder to steady herself as he pulled the jeans down and she stepped out of them. He picked them up together with her blouse and dropped them on a chair.

Holly stood there. It was the first time he got a look at her body. She had a petite frame but was willowy with long slender legs and sexy calves. Judging from her small hips and the thin, slightly red arc of a scar above her mons, she had given birth to Maggie by C-section. Mitch leaned in close, feeling her hot breath on his neck, and put his hands behind her back and deftly unhooked her bra. He pulled its thin straps over her shoulders and caught it as it slipped down her arms. It joined her clothes on the chair.

Mitch thought Holly's breasts a thing of wonder. A-cup size which made them seem larger on her small frame. He touched them, feeling how firm yet soft they were. There was a thin red line under each globe where they joined her chest where the underwire had dug in. Her underpants matched her bra. He could see the smattering of her dusky-blonde pubes through the lace panel. There was a pronounced camel-toe in the soft cotton gusset.

Holly giggled like a schoolgirl, and Mitch knelt, drew her panties down and kissed her mons. She became serious as he kissed each of her breasts in turn, sucking her nipples. A tinge of red started covering her upper chest and spreading to her neck.

She put her hands on his forearms and bade him stand. "My turn now," she said.

Mitch stood and kicked off his penny loafers as Holly started unbuttoning his short-sleeve, cotton shirt, slowly one button at a time. When all buttons were undone, she pulled the tails out, and the shirt slipped off his arms onto the floor. She noticed a three-inch long scar on the left side of his chest. It was white and it looked like it had been hastily stitched. She ran her fingers along it.

"How did you get this?" she asked.

"From a roadside bomb outside Fallujah Iraq. My driver wasn't so lucky. The bomb was on his side, and he lost a leg from the knee down."

"Oh, that's awful," Holly said.

"The scar's not a pretty sight as it was done in a hurry by my corpsman, but at least I have all my appendices."

Holly continued undressing him. First came the belt buckle, then the button at the waist of his chinos. There was that noise again as Holly drew the zipper down and let go. Gravity took over and, since the pants were looser than her figure-hugging jeans, they fell to the floor. He stepped out of them and Holly picked them up. They joined her clothes on the chair.

Mitch was stood there in a pair of dark-blue, stretch cotton briefs. Holly rubbed the long outline of his erection through the cotton, feeling the bulbous head that was poking at the elastic waistband. She hooked her thumbs in the waistband and tugged them down and off. Now it was her turn to caress him, she knelt and kissed the head of his cock; first the head, then all the way down its shaft planting little kisses as she went. Holly lifted his erection away from his muscular stomach and blew on its tip causing it to twitch. She looked up at him and smiled. Holly lowered her mouth over the end and began to suck and stroke it.

Meanwhile, in Maggie's bedroom, a similar scenario was playing out. Maggie called it the clothes game. First one girl removed an item of clothing then the other did. They did the rock-paper-scissors to determine who went first. Maggie's paper beat Alexa's closed fist. Alexa pulled her pale-green camisole over her head and threw it on the floor. Next Maggie removed her simple white cotton teeshirt.

After removing shorts, both girls stood facing each other in their underwear. Alexa put her arms behind her back, released the fastener and let her bra fall to the floor. Maggie did the same.

"I like your tits," Maggie said to Alexa. "I wish mine were as big, but Mom's are small, and she said I was probably going to be small as well."

"But you've got nice puffies, Maggie."

Alexa's underpants came off next followed in short order by Maggie's Alexa looked at Maggie's smooth vulva.

"You shave?" Alexa asked.

"No, it's a wax treatment. I used to shave, but the stubble when the hairs grew back was annoying."

"Sounds painful."

"Not really. I'll do yours if you like."

"Okay, I'd like that."

"You think Mom and your uncle are having a good time?"

Alexa acted dumb when she replied, "What do you mean, Maggie?"

"I looked out my window and saw Mom and Mitch go up to the apartment. I know Mom likes him a lot. She told me he's an ex-Marine major and what he did with that creep Jessie today. I never could figure out why she agreed to go out with him in the first place."

"I'll let you in on a secret, Maggie, I saw Mitch's erection once when he didn't know I was looking."

Maggie put her hand over her open mouth. "My God, Alexa, was it really big?"

"Not really, he was average. I'm not a virgin, you know. I had a lover when I was fourteen."

Maggie sighed. "I'm still a virgin."

Both girls got on the bed, Alexa on her back, legs open with Maggie lying between them inches from Alexa's pussy. She parted Alexa's plump pussy lips and went to town on her small clit that was nestled in its protective cowl. Alexa was writhing on the bed as Maggie sucked and licked her pussy. She had two fingers inside Alexa's vagina, finger-fucking her as Alexa moaned.

Then Maggie turned sideways and told Alexa to do the same. They each lifted a leg and locked their bodies together—groin to groin, scissoring their pussies into each other's. In just a few minutes both girls climaxed together, their bodies writhed and shook, each in their own way as their orgasms grabbed them differently. They finally calmed, got side by side and hugged each other as sleep and tiredness overtook them.

Back in the apartment, Holly lifted her head off Mitch's hard rod and took his hand and led him to the bed.

"The other day in the barn, I wanted to just fuck. Tonight, I want foreplay," Holly said.

"I can handle that," Mitch replied.

He lay beside her with his arm around her shoulders and they kissed. Heads tilted, mouths opened, tongues began a sensual dance. Mitch held Holly's left breast; it was a nice palmful, and he was gently squeezing it, feeling how firm yet how soft it was. Her nipple was now hard as a frozen pea, pushing into his palm. Holly was moaning into his mouth. They kissed for a long while, passion building, excitement climbing, anticipation intensifying.

Mitch's right hand left Holly's breast and slipped down across her flat tummy. As he cupped her mons, she opened her legs. He could feel the heat emanating from her vulva. A finger parted her plump labia and slipped lower, finding her very wet and very hot opening. She moaned into his mouth as he slid his finger inside her vagina, curling it against her g-spot causing her to climax immediately.

"Oh my God, Mitch," she cried as her body shook and her legs trembled with her orgasm. She had her hand at the back of his neck pulling his lips tight against hers. She sucked his bottom lip as her orgasm peaked and started to wane.

When she started to calm, she said, "I can't wait any longer, Mitch. I need you inside me, and I need inside me you now."

"You want on top?" he asked.

"God yes," she replied.

Holly straddled Mitch's pelvis; she lifted up, took his cock between her thumb and forefinger and guided it to the opening of her vagina. She let go and quickly lowered herself, impaling herself on his rock-hard erection. She started to scrub back and forth on his cock, her clit dipped and kissed his shaft sending incredibly intense shards of pleasure stabbing into her pussy, her breasts felt heavy, and her hard nipples tingled.

Mitch reached up and pinched her nipples as she chased her second orgasm. It didn't take long. He felt her pussy spasm, and her legs started to jerk. She dropped down onto his chest, her small breasts squashed, her forehead against his and her hands on his cheeks. He could feel the hot puffs of breath on his face.

Holly lay there, feeling Mitch curl his groin up against her, his cock moving in and out of her snug pussy as she rode her orgasm to its peak. Then she started to come down off her orgasmic high. She lifted up off his chest and smiled.

"I've had several lovers, but I've never had orgasms like I have with you, Mitch. I don't know what it is, but they are so much more intense."

"I'm glad, Holly. You want to make me cum now?"

Without a word, Holly started scrubbing back and forth, grinding her loins into his. It didn't take long for Mitch to climax. He grasped her ass—one hand on each firm buttock—and slammed his cock as deep as he could, thumping her cervix as he hit the depth of her. That's when he exploded. He pumped Holly's pussy full of his hot, teeming fluid. Then, all too sudden, he was done. His hands fell to the bed, and it felt as if his bones had gone soft.

Holly lifted and watched as a river of semen poured out of her, puddled in his navel and ran into the mass of his sandy-colored pubic hairs where it stayed. She climbed off him and padded to the bathroom. Mitch watched her stupendous ass, her buttocks moving in sensual counterpoint. She came back a few minutes later and cleaned him up. A quick suck of his now deflated cock cleaned off her juices and his semen.

She climbed back into bed and snuggled up to him. He didn't say anything for the longest time. She asked what was on his mind and was dreading his answer.

Before he spoke, she said in a voice that was both sad and resigned, "You're going away, aren't you?"

He put his arm around her and pulled her tight to him. "I've been checking on the Internet to see if I could locate Alexa's aunt. Her name's Rose McHenry, and all we know is that she lives somewhere in the state of Vermont. It's a somewhat unusual name probably her ancestors immigrated from either Scotland or Ireland. I found twelve—well twelve who had a presence on the Web."

"I understand her need to find her aunt, but I'm not happy that you're leaving."

"I need to tell you something, Holly. Alexa is not my niece, and I'm not her guardian."

Mitch went on to tell Holly how he had met Alexa. He didn't tell her that they were lovers since he didn't know how she would react.

Holly kissed him softly. "That was very kind of you, Mitch, to take her under your wing so to speak. When are you leaving?"

"I think in a few days."

"Will you come back?"

"Do you want me to?"

"What kind of question is that?" Holly replied a little indignantly.

"Sorry, Holly, that came out all wrong. I only have two rules of the road, and they are south in the winter—north in the summer. So I will be back through here on my way to somewhere."

With no more words, they both went to sleep. Holly quietly cried to herself. Another man she was starting to have feelings for was leaving her. It was a painful reminder of Maggie's father, who left to join the army, never to return. Killed in action, body never recovered, the Army's responded to her inquiry. She had no standing since they weren't married. She was left to raise a daughter who never knew her father. Holly often wondered if he would have stayed if he knew that he was going to be a father.

**Chapter Eleven**

The next morning, Mitch awoke to an empty space next to him. He wondered if Holly was mad at him. He showered, dressed and went down to breakfast. Alexa and Maggie were already eating when he walked into the kitchen. They were whispering to each other in between spoonfuls of cereal. Mrs. Johnson smiled at him.

"Morning, ma'am," Mitch said.

"I keep telling you to call me Mary," she replied.

Mitch ate breakfast in silence. Holly could hardly look him in the eye. Afterward, he took Alexa to one side.

"We'll be leaving in a few days, Alexa."

"Do we have to? I like it here and last night with Maggie was really, really good."

"Let me ask you this, do you want to spend the next half-dozen years on the road, or do you want to try and find your Aunt Rose and settle down and maybe finish your education?"

Alexa thought for a good few minutes. Then she said, "Find my Aunt Rose and see if we can get along with each other. But how?"

"I've been doing some research, and I've found ten Rose McHenrys in Vermont, four in the capital Montpelier, three in Burlington, one in New Haven and two in Addison. Now Rose may not be any of those—your Rose may not even have a computer, but I think it's worth a try."

"Did you tell Holly?"

"Yes, and she's not a happy camper."

"You like her, don't you?"

"I like her a lot."

"Maggie told me that her mom likes you a lot too. That's probably why she's not happy with you for leaving."

Alexa told Mitch about Maggie's father which further upset him. He sighed. "We leave the day after tomorrow—Monday."

Mitch worked fixing things the rest of the day on a list that Holly handed to him without comment. Dinner was a somber affair, and Mitch and Alexa retired to the apartment soon afterward. They made love that night, but Alexa, being the smart girl that she was, thought that Mitch was only going through the motions.

**Chapter Twelve**

Sunday went by quietly. Holly and her parents went to church. Mitch wandered off by himself while Maggie taught Alexa the rudiments of horse riding. Back from church, Holly caught up with Mitch as he made his way back to the apartment.

"Mitch, I don't want us to part like this. Can we go upstairs? Maggie and Alexa won't be back for a couple of hours."

Mitch followed Holly upstairs, admiring her stupendous ass again. They quickly got undressed and onto the bed. They kissed passionately and made love as if it was the last time. Holly had her long slender legs wrapped around Mitch's waist and he was buried deep inside her. Holly climaxed first. It was an incredibly intense orgasm. Her legs and butt jerked, and her body shook. Mitch was on the very cusp of his orgasm. Holly was urging him on.

"Cum inside me, Mitch. Fill my pussy with your cum."

Her words took him over the top. She had her arms at his back pulling him deep inside her, the end of his cock was pushing hard against her rubbery cervix, and the first rope of cum spurted deep inside her. Spurt after blissful spurt filled her with his teeming fluid. When he was done he rolled off her, and they lay there, arms and legs entwined, enjoying their post-coital euphoria.

"I have to go help Mom with dinner," Holly said after five minutes.

She got out of bed, pulled her underpants on followed by her bra, teeshirt, and blue denim Levis.

"Mitch, there's one thing I'd like to know, and if you don't want to tell me, then you don't have to, as it's probably none of my business anyway."

"What do you want to know, Holly."

"You having sex with Alexa?"

Mitch thought for a moment. He figured it wouldn't do any good to hide the fact since they were leaving and, in all likelihood, he would probably never see Holly again.

"Yes, Alexa and I are having sex. Sorry to hide that from you."

"That's okay, Mitch. Alexa is one very lucky girl to have someone like you to teach her all about sex."

Mitch didn't tell her that he wasn't her first, but her attitude surprised him somewhat.

She kissed him on his lips and left. Mitch lay there torn. He was beginning to have deep feelings for Holly. She was a beautiful and sexy woman, and he loved her independence. But he needed to get Alexa settled, then take one day at a time.

**Chapter Thirteen**

Monday morning, at eight thirty, after eating a hearty farm breakfast of eggs from Holly's chickens, bacon from the farms' hogs and homemade biscuits, Holly drove Mitch and Alexa into town and dropped them off on East Main Street. Mitch kissed Holly's soft lips and climbed out of the truck. Alexa got out of the rear and Mitch retrieved their packs. They stood there as Holly drove away.

"You think you'll ever see her again, Mitch?" Alexa asked.

"We'll see, honey, we'll see."

They walked out of town to where the bypass rejoined route 68 and two lane East Main Street became a four lane divided highway. Within ten minutes they hitched a ride with an elderly couple who said they were going to Maysville to visit relatives. Mitch asked if there was an Amtrak station there. There was. Less than an hour later, the couple dropped them off at the Amtrak station on West Front Street on the banks of the Ohio River. There was a train leaving that day at eleven-thirty non-stop to Union Station, Washington, DC. Mitch purchased two tickets. The train was due to arrive in DC at just after one o'clock Tuesday morning.

Mitch purchased some magazines and Alexa some new paperbacks since she had read the ones she had when she met Mitch. He thought she had a strange taste in books for a fifteen-year-old. She had picked out books by Vince Flynn who wrote thrillers, all with the same bad ass character Mitch Rapp.

**Chapter Fourteen**

The train ride, while long, was uneventful. They ate in the buffet car and sat and read or just looked out the window as they passed through West Virginia, Maryland and finally rolled into Union Station at one twenty-three on Tuesday morning. They asked about a nearby hotel and took a short cab ride and checked in at the Washington Court hotel. It was probably the most Mitch had ever paid for a hotel room, but he had never had the opportunity to visit the nation's capital before, and he and Alexa were going to explore over the next few days.

Alexa was the first to get undressed. Mitch had removed his shirt and pants and was sitting on the edge of the bed in his boxers looking at Alexa's naked body. The youngest female he had ever seen before was a twenty-two-year-old waitress in Portland Oregon. Her name was Carla, and she had put her phone number on the back of the check. He called her the next morning. She said she had the day off. They made love four times that day, taking breaks to eat and nap.

Mitch wasn't a spry lad anymore, so he had to rest to recharge his batteries, but Carla was a sexual dynamo. She kept calling him old man humorously. "C'mon old man, get it up for me," or "you're not too bad for an old man." He looked at Alexa's naked body standing in the bathroom brushing her teeth. He had never really examined it before; they were too busy making love. Her body was that of a fifteen-year-old: taut, toned, firm in all the right places and soft in all the right places.

At fifteen years of age, Alexa's body was still defying gravity—nothing sagged, breasts standing out from her chest, buttocks firm and rounded with small sexy as hell creases at their confluence with her thighs. Legs slender and long. He wanted to pick her up, take her to bed and make love to her. But he was tired and in any case she had started her period that day. It reminded him that she wasn't just a fifteen-year-old girl, she was a young woman. Even though he had dozed off a few times, it was still a tiring journey, and all he wanted to do was sleep. He shed his boxers and got under the covers.

Alexa shut off the bathroom light and climbed into bed with him, pushed her back into his front, took his hand and place it over her left breast and promptly went to sleep.

**Chapter Fifteen**

For the next three days, Mitch and Alexa played tourist. They took in the Jefferson and Lincoln Memorials, took a tour of the White House. Spent hours in the Smithsonian and looked at the names on the Vietnam Memorial wall, where they found that of his father's. Since Alexa was on her period, she brought him to fruition with her mouth, swallowing his cum, of course, as she loved to do.

It was Saturday morning when they checked out of their hotel. They took a cab to Union Station where Mitch purchased two tickets to New York for seventy-five dollars each. The journey took just over two and a half hours. They arrived at Pennsylvania station on West Thirty-First Street at eleven o'clock.

"Are we staying in New York?" Alexa asked as they got off the train.

"I don't think so. We need to head northeast. Let's find out how to get out of the city."

They asked precisely that at the information booth. They were told they could take the number 5 subway train to Wakefield-241st Street, the line's northernmost station. They got lucky because on the train Alexa struck up a conversation with a girl her age. It appeared that the girl, whose name was Joannie, and her mother were being met by the girl's father and they lived in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Joannie's mother offered them a lift, which Mitch readily accepted.

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Mitch thanked Joannie's parents as they dropped Alexa and him off on the north side of town on route seven. There was still a good six hours of daylight left, so Mitch stuck out his thumb, and they started walking. They were getting close to New Haven Vermont, the first location of a Rose McHenry. It was a mere fifty miles away, but they needed a ride. I took just an hour to get a ride. A man in a dark-blue, four-door late model Audi pulled ahead of them onto the shoulder of the two-lane highway. He buzzed the passenger window down.

"You guys need a ride?" he said.

"That would be great," Mitch replied. "How far you going?"

"Salisbury, it's only about fifteen miles though."

"Every little helps," Mitch replied, "thanks."

The man popped the trunk, and Mitch put his rucksack and Alexa's backpack inside and closed the lid. Mitch got in the front passenger seat and Alexa behind him.

"The name's John," the man said as he extended his hand.

Mitch shook his hand and said, "Mitch, and that's Alexa, my niece."

John put on the left blinker and pulled back on the highway. A coupled of minutes he spoke, "Where you guys headed?"

"We're trying to find someone in Vermont, and our first stop is New Haven."

"You have somewhere for the night? There's not a lot in Salisbury."

"Oh, I'm sure we'll find somewhere."

"We've got a couple of spare rooms. You could stay with us for the night and make a fresh start tomorrow."

"That's very kind of you. You married—children?"

"Yeah, my wife's name is Hazel but no children. You ex-army, Mitch, 'cause you sure look like it?"

"Marine Corps, did my twenty and got an honorable discharge with the rank of major."

"Marines, huh. I was in the Army. Did two tours in Iraq."

They drove for another five minutes then John turned on his right blinker and pulled off the highway and drove for another few minutes through a residential neighborhood before turning into an asphalt driveway of a modest two-story house built of red brick on the lower floor and gray ship-lap siding on the upper floor. Mitch saw the curtains on the ground floor window part, and a woman looked out, then let the curtains fell closed.

John popped the trunk, and Mitch retrieved their packs and followed John into the house. A woman, who Mitch presumed was Hazel, stood in the decent-sized living room.

"Mitch and Alexa, this is my wife, Hazel. They're on their way to New Haven and I said they could spend the night. I hope that's okay, honey," John said to his wife.

Mitch looked at Hazel; she was a petite woman around five foot five, maybe a hundred and ten pounds—about the same size as Alexa, but that's where the resemblance ended. Whereas Alexa had breasts, Hazel looked to be flat chested. Hazel was an attractive woman; Mitch figured she was in her mid-twenties. She looked a little shy, not holding Mitch's gaze for more than a few moments.

Hazel smiled at Mitch and Alexa and said, "Of course it's okay, John. Welcome to our home," she said.

Everyone shook hands. Mitch thought that Hazel held his hand a little longer than was necessary and squeezed it.

"Let me show you where you'll be sleeping," Hazel said. "When my mother came to live with us, we had a separate nanny apartment added on, but unfortunately, she passed a year ago. Alexa can sleep there, and there's a guest room upstairs where you can sleep, Mitch. This is a three bedroom house, but we made the extra bedroom into a nursery, but unfortunately it's unused."

Mitch thought that a little strange since most people get pregnant first, then convert a bedroom to a nursery. Maybe she had a miscarriage. He put the thought out of his head since Alexa looked a little disappointed at sleeping on a different floor.

"That's perfectly fine Hazel. We appreciate you and your husband's hospitality."

John put Alexa's backpack in the downstairs bedroom and Mitch followed him upstairs. Mitch dropped his rucksack on the bed in the guest room.

"Can we talk soldier to soldier, Mitch," John said.

"Sure we can," Mitch replied.

"I'm sure you've seen action, right?"

"Two tours in Iraq."

"Did you ever get hit by an IED?"

"As a matter of fact, I did. I was lucky to get off with just a shrapnel wound; the other members of my squad didn't fare so well."

"My platoon got hit. four killed, two lost limbs and I got hit with shrapnel."

John paused for a few moments, swallowed hard and said, "I've said this a dozen or more times, but it never gets easy. I got hit in the groin, and . . . I lost my penis and testicles."

"I'm sorry to hear that, John, you being so young and all. But why are you telling me such personal information?"

John paused, then swallowed again and looking at the wall behind Mitch's head replied, "It's Hazel, you see. She has needs—sexual needs that I can only partially fill. I mean I can give her orgasms, but she needs a man's penis inside her to truly satisfy her. We've also been trying to get her pregnant for going on a year now with other men, but we've had no luck so far. At first, we tried in vitro fertilization one time, but it didn't work and we can't afford to keep trying. You seem like a decent guy, Mitch. Can you help us out?"

Mitch was shocked. He didn't know what to say. But he felt a sense of sadness for the two of them. They seemed decent folk in a tough situation. It must have taken a lot of courage and swallowing of his pride for John to tell Mitch about his wounds and to ask a total stranger make love to his wife and try to get her pregnant. It was evident to Mitch that the man loved his wife so much to be doing this for her. The thought of having sex with another man's wife with the husband's blessing was certainly a turn-on. She was also an attractive woman.

"Well, John. To be honest, I have never heard of that before. You must love your wife to be asking me to do that. How can I say no."

John hugged Mitch a little awkwardly. "Thanks, Mitch, Hazel and I really appreciate you doing this for us."

"How's this going to work, John? Where will you sleep?"

"In here, of course. We'll have dinner, watch a little television and Hazel will go to bed around nine-thirty. After Alexa is in her room, you go on up."

"And I don't need to wear protection?"

"No, as I said, we're trying to get pregnant."

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After dinner, Mitch took Alexa aside and told her not to come to his bedroom after everyone's gone to bed. She wanted to know why but he told her he would explain everything in the morning once they were on the road again. She wasn't happy but agreed.

Hazel said her good nights at nine-thirty on the dot. Alexa went to her room at ten, after which Mitch headed up to Hazel and John's master suite. He closed the bedroom door behind him. Hazel was in bed with the sheet pulled up to her neck. She watched as Mitch got undressed. He sat on the edge of the bed.

"You sure you want to go through with this, Hazel?"

"Quite sure, Mitch. As soon as I saw you, I knew I wanted to make love with you. John has brought home some men that I have refused to have sex with. You've got a great body and I love your cock." Hazel was holding it in her hand.

Mitch pulled back the sheet. Hazel wasn't flat chested as he thought. She had what looked like a young girl's developing breasts. He'd heard from some of the married men under his command who had little girls, and that the first things that a girl grows when she entered puberty are what are called breast buds. Hazel's looked like the size of walnuts, but she had the longest nipples he had ever seen. It was a strange combination—tiny breasts and long nipples on a fully grown woman.

"I know," she said as she saw him looking at her breasts, "they're not much to look at. I grew breast buds but then they stopped growing, but my nipples didn't." She pushed the sheet off with her feet. "But I make up for it with this."

Mitch caught his breath as he saw Hazel's vulva. He thought Alexa had a large mons—one that almost filled the palm of his hand. But Hazel's was larger. It was a large delta-shaped pad that rose up under her small tummy between bony hips. It must have been two—maybe two and a half inches high. She smiled as she saw him looking at it.

"It's going to be a very soft ride for you, Mitch."

She was a petite woman with a small waist and narrow hips, but the gap between her thighs was at least two—maybe three fingers wide and it was filled with oversized plump labia with a tight slit between. It reminded him of his sister's baby—his niece that he had changed her diapers one time. Her name's Emily and she's grown up now, but back then it seemed to Mitch that her vulva was oversized—it looked like it belonged on a one-year-old and not a month old baby, plump with large labia and a tight slit. Hazel's was the same, but proportionally larger and she had pubic hair that was neatly trimmed. He put that comparison out of his mind and got onto the bed.

Hazel attacked his erection right away. It was like she had been lost in the desert with no water for a week and his cock was a spigot. She deep-throated him right away with no hesitation, with her nose buried in his pubes. Her spare hand coddled his ball sack while her other hand stroked his cock with an expert twisting motion. This wasn't the first cock she'd taken into her mouth, Mitch was sure of that.

Soon Mitch was on the receiving end of one of the best, if not the best blowjobs of his life so far. He had to stop her since he was close to climaxing. He got between Hazel's legs and swiped the head of his cock up and down her cleft between plump labia. He found the entrance to her vagina and pushed. He slipped inside a very hot, very wet, very tight velvet sheath. It was nothing like he had ever experienced before. As he thrust into her, it wasn't pubic bone on pubic bone, it was as she had said—a soft ride. It was as if he was fucking a firm pillow.

Hazel had her long slender legs around his waist, her ankles locked together and her hands on his buttocks urging him on. She wasn't concerned about having an orgasm, she was enjoying the feeling of having a man's cock inside her, stretching her, filling her up, bumping against her rubbery cervix. It didn't take Mitch long to climax.

"Fuck me, Mitch," she cried. "Fill my pussy with your seed. Give me a baby."

Mitch's cock was buried deep inside Hazel's tight pussy, its head pushing against her cervix as he pumped his teeming fluid into her womb. Hazel climaxed as she felt his cum pumping into her. She let go of his buttocks, her legs fell to his side, and she collapsed back on the bed, panting hard. Mitch collapsed on top of her, his cock held tight by her vaginal muscles, their sweat trapped between their bodies.

They lay there for ten minutes, while they calmed. Then Mitch rolled to her side. Hazel kept her legs closed tight, holding his semen inside her just as her OB-GYN had told her to. She leaned over and kissed his lips.

"Thanks, Mitch, that was incredible. If I get pregnant with a boy, we'll name him Mitch. If it's a girl, we'll call her Alexa."

They made love three more times that night. Mitch finally fell asleep at two in the morning.

**Chapter Sixteen**

When Mitch awoke, it was eight o'clock. Hazel was already up, so he showered and got dressed, picked up his rucksack, and went downstairs where Alexa was eating breakfast at the dining room table.

Mitch kissed her. "Morning, honey," he said.

"Morning, Mitch," she replied between spoonfuls of cornflakes laced with milk.

Hazel came out of the kitchen with a plate of eggs and bacon. She put her hand on Mitch's shoulder and squeezed it as she set the plate down in front of him.

"Good morning, Mitch," she said.

"Morning, Hazel," Mitch replied. "Where's John?"

"John left for work at seven. I'll drive you to New Haven after breakfast."

"That's very kind of you."

"No trouble at all, Mitch," she said and went back into the kitchen.

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Hazel let them out in the center of New Haven at the junction of Main street and route seven at eleven o'clock. She kissed him on his lips, and whispered, "I feel different this morning, I think I'm pregnant." She hugged Alexa, got back in the car, and drove away.

"Okay, what's deal with you and Hazel?" Alexa said as they watched Hazel's car disappear. "I know you had sex with her last night."

As they walked hand in hand, Mitch told her the story of how John got injured and John and Hazel's desire to have a child.

"That's so sad," Alexa said. "You think you got her pregnant?"

"She thinks so, but it's really too early to tell. She has my phone number. You know what they're going to name the child if she is pregnant?"

"No, what?"

"Mitchell if it's a boy and Alexa if it's a girl."

"I hope it's a girl," Alexa said. "So, how do we go about finding a Rose McHenry?"

"I think a good place to start is the post office."

As it turned out, the post office was right there next to a Dunkin Donuts. They walked inside. Mitch knew the town was small since he had seen the sign on the way in:

NEW HAVEN

Pop. 1,760

They walked up to the counter where the female clerk was putting a postage sticker on a small parcel belonging to the woman in front of them.

"Thanks, Mrs. Levinson," the clerk said. The woman left and Mitch stepped up to the counter. "Can I help you?" the clerk asked.

"You know most people in town?" Mitch asked.

"I like to think I do."

"Do you know of a woman by the name of Rose McHenry?"

"Yes, I know, Rose. What is your connection?"

"We're looking for this young woman's aunt by the same name."

Mitch showed the clerk the photograph of Alexa with her mother and aunt. "Is the woman on the left the Rose McHenry that you know?"

The clerk took the photo and examined it. Then she said, "No that's not the Rose McHenry that I know—sorry."

Mitch took back the photo. Are there any other Rose McHenrys in New Haven?"

"No, I'm sure of that."

Mitch thanked her, and he and Alexa left. "Well," he said, "I guess we need to move on to Burlington, but first we eat lunch."

**Chapter Seventeen**

They walked north on route seventeen, also known as Ethan Allen Highway until they found a barbecue place—Porky's Backyard BBQ. They ate and then walked north again; Mitch had his thumb out. Half an hour later, a black Crown Victoria pulled up and the driver, a fifty-year-old man, buzzed the passenger window down.

"Where you guys headed?" he asked.

"Burlington," Mitch replied.

"Well, it's your lucky day 'cause that's where I'm headed. Hop in."

Mitch followed his usual routine, packs on the back seat, Alexa in the back and Mitch in front of her in the passenger seat. The driver pulled away.

"I'm Seth," the driver said.

"The name's Mitch, and that beautiful young lady in the back is my niece Alexa," Mitch said.

"You have business in Burlington?" Seth asked.

"We're looking for a woman named Rose McHenry. You wouldn't happen to know anyone by that name by any chance?"

"Sorry, no. I don't live there, I'm just there to pick up my daughter who rode in on a train from Ontario, Canada."

They drove in silence since it seemed that Seth wasn't the talkative sort of guy. On the outskirts of the city, he asked where they would like to be dropped off. Mitch told him Hotel Vermont on Cherry Street. Ten minutes later, Mitch and Alexa waved as he pulled away. It was two o'clock. They walked into the lobby and got a room.

"I've finished my period, so we can make love tonight, Mitch," Alexa said when they were inside the room.

"I can't wait, Alexa."

Alexa watched television while Mitch checked names in the phone book. There were twenty entries with the name McHenry, but all but four had a man's first name. He tore out the page with the four addressed on and stuffed it in his back pocket. He decided to see if he could at least cross two off the list today. He waited in the room until after six, giving Rose to get home from work. At five after six, Alexa followed him down to the lobby where Mitch asked the concierge to call him a cab.

"Riverside Apartments on Riverside Avenue please," Mitch told the cab driver.

It took just under ten minutes to get to the apartment complex. Mitch paid the fare and they got out. It took them ten minutes to find Rose McHenry's apartment. Mitch rang the doorbell, and a forty-something woman came to the door, but it wasn't Alexa's aunt. Mitch apologized and used his iPhone to call for a cab.

"Two-twenty six College Street," Mitch told the driver twenty minutes later.

Fifteen minutes later the cab driver dropped Mitch and Alexa off outside what looked like a block of fairly new luxury apartments. They entered the lobby and looked for a letterbox for Rose McHenry. The found it; it said she was in unit number 23, which Mitch assumed was the third unit on the second floor. They took the elevator.

The woman who answered the door wasn't Alexa's aunt, but a beautiful woman who Mitch figured was in her mid-forties. She was fairly tall at five eight with ash-blonde hair, deep-green eyes, and a body to die for. She was wearing a pair of white cotton tennis shorts and a simple, short-sleeved cotton top. She invited them inside. Alexa looked at Mitch as if to say, "why are we going inside, this isn't my Aunt Rose?" but Mitch ignored her. Then he wondered why a beautiful woman would invite a complete stranger into her apartment. He had seen the way she looked at him with some gleam of interest, after all, Mitch was a tall, good-looking guy. But that was not it, it wasn't him—it was Alexa she was interested in. He stepped inside followed by Alexa.

"How can I help you?" the attractive Rose McHenry but not the Aunt Rose McHenry said. She was addressing Mitch but looking at Alexa, and to Mitch's surprise Alexa was looking back at her and smiling.

"Well, we're looking for a Rose McHenry, but you're not the Rose McHenry we're looking for."

The not Aunt Rose McHenry smiled and asked, "So which Rose McHenry are you looking for?"

"The Rose McHenry who is this young woman's aunt."

"And what's the name of this beautiful creature who's looking for her aunt?" Now Rose's and Alexa's gazes were locked together. It was obvious to Mitch that there was some sexual chemistry between them. Alexa never failed to surprise him.

"My name's Alexa," Alexa said before Mitch could speak, "and this handsome guy is Mitch—he's my traveling companion."

"And where have you been traveling from, Alexa?"

Mitch now felt like the tag-along on a date.

"Mitch and I met in Lexington, Kentucky. We hitchhiked, rode the trains and the subway to get here."

"Wow, a very resourceful couple. And why are you now looking for your aunt?"

"My Mom was killed and Aunt Rose is my only living relative. Mitch offered to help me."

Rose hugged Alexa and said, "I'm so sorry, honey, that's awful."

Rose turned to Mitch. It was only the second time she had looked at him since she opened her door. "Do you have somewhere to stay while you search for Alexa's aunt, Mitch?"

"We have a room at the Vermont," he replied.

"Nonsense, you'll shall stay here. I have two guest rooms."

"We couldn't impose on you, Rose—"

"We'd love to stay here, Rose," Alexa said cutting him off, "thanks for the offer."

"Okay, let me call a cab," Rose said, "and you can go back and check out and bring your things back here."

Mitch looked at Alexa and shrugged as Rose called a taxicab service.

"The driver will meet you outside in two minutes, Mitch."

Mitch left Alexa and went back downstairs and waited. The cab pulled up at the curb, and Mitch got in.

"Vermont Hotel please."

When they pulled up outside the hotel, Mitch told the driver to wait. He went up to their room, picked up their packs, went back down and checked out. The cab driver dropped him back at Rose's apartment. When Rose opened the door, she had changed into a pair of designer, low-waist jeans and a pale-blue camisole with spaghetti straps that came to just above her innie that had a gold stud through it with a diamond on its end. It was apparent she wasn't wearing a bra evidenced by the lack of straps and two nice bumps where her nipples pushed against the cotton. Her braless breasts moved sensuously as she moved.

"Put your stuff in the guest bedrooms," she said, "they're the two doors on the left down the hallway."

When Mitch got back, Rose said she was taking them both out to dinner. Mitch protested and said it was he that should be taking them out for dinner, but Rose would hear none of it. They walked to the elevator and rode it to the underground parking garage where they piled into Rose's dark-blue Lexus RX. She drove for ten minutes and pulled up at a French Bistro.

**Chapter Eighteen**

Over a delicious meal Rose told them that she was forty-two, divorced, no children and that she owned a clothing boutique in town and two others in Montpelier, the state capital. She was interested to hear that Mitch was an ex-Marine and had retired as a major. She said she was interested in seeing the wound that earned him a Purple Heart. Mitch took that as a sign that Rose was not solely lesbian but bi-sexual. Throughout dinner, it was obvious that there was something between Rose and Alexa, the sexual undertones in the air were palpable. Mitch could see that Alexa couldn't wait to get into Rose's bed; he just hoped that he was included.

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When they got back to the apartment, it was eight thirty. Rose made no bones about what she wanted when she said, "I'm going to shower, you guys want to join me since it's big enough for three—four at a pinch. Ask me how I know that," she added and giggled.

Her bedroom had a large, king-sized bed and her equally large bathroom did indeed have a shower stall big enough for four—at a pinch. She quickly got out of her clothes, and Mitch had to stifle a gasp as he saw her naked body. Rose had a classic hourglass figure with, he guessed C-cup size breasts that had started to sag a little but not a lot. Her areolas were the largest Mitch had ever seen, the size of silver dollars and were just a tad darker skin than her breasts. Her nipples were equally large like pencil-top erasers. Her mons had had the wax treatment since it was as smooth as a baby's bottom. Her plump labia was squashed in between a sexy two-finger gap at the top of her legs, creating a deep cleft only her clitoral ridge showed.

Mitch dropped his boxers, and his erection sprang free. Rose looked at it, her gaze was like his cock—long and hard. She said, "You've got a nice cock, Mitch, can't wait to put it in my mouth."

Alexa had gotten undressed, and Mitch noticed that she too had had the wax treatment. He figured it had to be Holly's daughter Maggie who had done it. He didn't mind since he loved hairless pussies. All three of them piled into the large shower stall. It was as big as his sister's walk-in closet.

Rose adjusted the water temperature and proceeded to soap up and wash Alexa's body while Mitch, standing behind Rose, washed her body. Starting with her shoulders and back, he moved down and washed her buttocks that were soft and rounded. He thought he heard a gasp over the noise of the shower as he washed between her legs, parting her labia and pausing to wash her anus.

He cupped her breasts; they were more than a handful that was for sure. He felt her nipples harden as he washed her breasts. Next was her stomach, his cock, now standing straight up against his stomach, pressed into the cleft of her ass as he put his hands around her waist. She pushed back at him.

With Rose and Alexa now clean, they turned their attention to Mitch. It was an incredible feeling to have two pairs of hands roaming all over his body. He felt a finger enter his ass and didn't know whose it was and didn't care. Alexa was already familiar with his cock, so it was down to Rose to wash it. She drew his foreskin back and washed his glans.

When they were done with him, Rose turned off the shower, and they all stepped out. Ten minutes later the three of them were on Rose's large king-sized bed. Alexa was on her back with Rose on her knees with her head between her legs and began to eat out her pussy. Mitch got on his knees behind Rose, guided his cockhead to her waiting pussy. He felt how wet she was and it wasn't water from the shower—it was her creamy vaginal secretions.

With Mitch's cockhead at the opening to her vagina, he grasped her hips and pushed forward. In one continuous stroke, he entered her and buried his entire six inches bumping her end. Rose's pendulous breasts hung down; he felt around and held them steady as his cock plunged in and out of Rose's snug wet pussy, moving her body forward on the in strokes. A minute later he heard whispering. Rose put her hand on Mitch's chest and pushed indicating for him to pull out of her. Mitch obliged and lay on his back as instructed.

Alexa straddled Mitch's hips. Rose lifted his cock up and looking between Alexa's legs guided its tip to the opening to her vagina. Alexa slowly lowered herself impaling herself onto his cock. Then Rose straddled Mitch with her knees either side of his head and lowered her wet pussy on to his face.

Mitch lay there sucking and licking Rose's clit and vagina while Alexa scrubbed back and forth on his hard rod; she cupped her own breasts and was squeezing them and tweaking her nipples for added stimulation.

Both women chased their orgasms. Rose was the first to climax. She had her hands on Mitch's shoulders and had been grinding her pussy into his chin, stimulating her clitoris. She stopped and inhaled, held her breath for a few seconds then let it out with a loud whoosh.

"Oh God," she cried, "this is fucking insane." She sat there on Mitch's face, her juices wetting it as she panted loudly. He body shuddered with her intense orgasm.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck," Alexa cried as she too orgasmed. Mitch could feel her vagina pulsing on his cock. He was making love with two women—two women, very sexy in different ways. One was young and nubile, the other was older and more experienced. It was all he could do to hold back his own orgasm—he didn't want to cum inside Alexa and get her pregnant.

When both women had calmed. Rose was the first to climb off Mitch's face. Then Alexa lifted, and Mitch's hard erection slapped back down onto his stomach. Rose was the first to put his cock in her mouth. She attacked it with as much enthusiasm as Hazel had.

"Gawd, Mitch," she said. "None of my lovers have cocks, so it's been quite a while since I've had a man's cock in my mouth and yours is spectacular."

Rose went back to performing oral sex on Mitch while Alexa lay beside him waiting for her turn. Rose offered Mitch's cock to Alexa who gladly lowered her mouth over it. Rose stroked his shaft while Alexa sucked it and swirled her tongue around its bulbous head. Mitch had been holding off ejaculating inside Alexa's pussy since he didn't want to get her pregnant. Now that was no longer a possibility, he closed in on his orgasm.

"Cumming, Alexa," Mitch cried as Rose felt his cock swell in her grasp. He exploded inside Alexa's waiting mouth. Spurt after spurt after spurt until he had no more to give. He lay there in amazement as Alexa kissed Rose. Their mouths opened, and Mitch was sure that Alexa was giving some of his semen to Rose since they broke their kiss and both swallowed.

Mitch groaned. "My God, girls. You two are minxes."

They both smiled as they licked their lips. The three of them fell asleep all arms and legs akimbo.

**Chapter Nineteen**

Mitch's search for the last Rose McHenry came to a dead end when the last person on his list of four turned out to be a seventy-year-old grandmother. He and Alexa stayed with the younger, bisexual Rose. They all slept in the same bed and made love together. When they had tired Mitch out, he would just lie there watching Rose and Alexa make love. Four days later, Rose came home with some news. One of the sales girls in her store had brought to work a newspaper clipping and gave it to Rose. When Rose got home that evening, she showed it to Mitch and Alexa. It was an obituary for a Rose Mary McHenry who died of cancer a week ago in a Hospice facility.

"Could this be your aunt?" Rose asked Alexa.

Mitch and Alexa looked at the clipping and compared it to the only photograph she had.

"She looks a little older, but I'm pretty sure it's her," Alexa replied.

"I agree," Mitch said. "It says she has a sister named Joyce, that was your mother's name right?"

Alexa just nodded.

"I'm so sorry Alexa."

"Thanks, Mitch. What shall we do?"

"There's not a lot we can do. Seems like your aunt lived alone in a small apartment, and according to this she left whatever money she had to an animal shelter. We need to visit the graveside and pay our respects."

"What's going to happen to me now. Do you want me to come with you again, Mitch?"

"Do you want to, Alexa?"

"I don't know."

"She can live with me, Mitch," Rose said. "I'll take good care of her."

"Thanks, Rose, that's very generous of you," Mitch replied.

"It's not an entirely philanthropic offer since sex with Alexa is incredible. I've never had sex with one so young and so experienced."

Mitch chuckled. "Yeah, she's good in bed that's for damn sure."

"How do you feel about it, Alexa?" Mitch asked.

Alexa looked at Rose, then at Mitch and replied, "I think I'd like that. Is there a good school nearby?"

"Yes, honey, Burlington has a good school system."

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The next morning at nine o'clock Mitch said his goodbyes.

"You're going to be fine, Alexa, but I'm going to miss you."

"I'll miss you too, Mitch."

"Okay, sweetheart. I've loved being with you, and I'll never forget you."

"So what will you do now?"

"I don't know, Alexa. I thought I might pay a visit to a small town in Kentucky called Paris."

"I thought you would. Is it time to settle down?"

"I think so, sweetheart."

"I like Holly. You've been good to me, and I know you'll be a good father to Maggie."

"Thanks for being so understanding."

"I love you Mitch and I always will."

"I love you too, Alexa."

"Stay in touch, Mitch Masterson. And don't be a stranger, you know where I live."

"I will Alexa McHenry, and I won't."

They kissed, and Mitch left and walked south out of town with a heavy heart but with a confident stride. He knew he was going to miss Alexa, but if Holly would let him stay with her, then he would make sure to come back to visit Alexa from time to time. He stuck his thumb out.

Epilogue

It was almost a month later; it was a Saturday afternoon; Maggie was on the porch when she saw a pickup stop at the end of their driveway. A tall man got out.

"Mom, there's a man coming down our driveway," Maggie shouted into the house.

Holly came out pulling her apron off. Underneath she wore a loose-fitting, summer print halter dress leaving her shoulders bare. When she saw the man, a big smile lit up her face. She walked to meet him with a certain amount of trepidation. After all, it was early October, and she remembered what he had told her—south in the winter—north in the summer. Was he stopping by on his way south?

"You're back," she said.

"Couldn't stay away," he replied.

"How long are you staying this time?" Holly asked nervously.

"Oh, I think my days on the road are over. I'd like to stay with you. That's if you'll have me. The last time we parted you weren't pleased with me if I remember correctly."

"I wasn't mad, I was just so sorry to see you leave. We would all love it if you stayed."

"That settles it then. No more goodbyes. I'll stay until you kick me out."

She flung her arms around his neck and kissed his lips.

"Welcome home, Mitch, and by the way, you're going to be a father."

"But . . . how did you know?" Mitch asked wondering how on earth Holly knew about Hazel's pregnancy since the two women didn't know each other.

Holly didn't pick up on what he had asked. If it were her he was asking about, he would have said, 'how do you know,' meaning how could she be sure that she was pregnant, and not 'how did you know?' Implying he was asking about someone else. He was relieved she didn't parse his words.

"Because I missed my period and used a test kit. I've already seen my OB-GYN to confirm it."

Mitch was still confused, as he asked, "Didn't you tell me you were on the pill?"

"I am, but as the package says, only ninety-nine-point nine percent effective. You okay with this because you sound confused?"

Mitch hugged and kissed Holly. "I'm sorry, Holly, it came as quite a shock. And yes, I'm fine with it—in fact, I'm over the moon. I never thought I'd be a father at my age. How about you, Holly?"

"I was shocked at first, then worried since I'm thirty-six. Then I got rational since a lot of women older than me have babies. Then I told Maggie, and she was thrilled to be getting a baby brother or sister."

"But why didn't you call me to let me know? You had my cell phone number."

"I didn't want you to come back just for the sake of me being pregnant—you know, like it was an obligation."

"Let me get cleaned up," Mitch said, "I'm taking you all out to dinner to celebrate."

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Nine months later, in a hospital in Lexington, Holly gave birth to a healthy baby girl, they named Alexa. All through that nine months, Mitch had become three things that he never thought he would become. He became quite a good farmer, a husband and now he was a father.