**Abby**

by Poppy777

Abby's alarm went off suddenly and she awoke with a groan... Damn. Six O'clock, already. She rolled over and hit the alarm button on her phone. She then sat up and yawning and rubbed the sleep from her eyes. She looked around at the mess that was her bedroom, it was cluttered with normal 18-year old girl things; clothes, makeup, shoes, boots, accessories, a magazine and... a purple dildo? She picked it up and shoved it in a drawer covering it with some thongs, and panties. If mom comes in here and sees that I will absolutely die! I must have fallen asleep right after masturbating... She smiled remembering her intense orgasm from the night before. She bit her lip... did she have time before school...? No. Better go shower and do her makeup. She grabbed some little white panties from the floor, as well as a wrinkled blue t-shirt. She put the shirt on first, then pulled her panties on.

Abby was a cute 18-year old. The firstborn of a family of three kids. She had long, silky, brown hair that went halfway down her back, that was currently up in a ponytail. She was curvy, but not fat. She had developed a woman's body in the last year or two, and she was very active, playing tennis, running, and swimming, so her legs and arms were toned, but not muscular. Her breasts were perky and plump. She had freckles, but naturally clear skin. Her eyes were light green, and she took great pride in her appearance. She often spent a considerable amount of time doing her makeup just right. She was pretty and she knew it.

Abby grabbed a towel from the closet and went into the hallway. She heard her family having breakfast downstairs. Her younger bother and sister were arguing about syrup or something, and she could hear her mother attempt to settle the disagreement diplomatically.

She entered the bathroom and locked the door, then she hung up her towel and sat down to pee, holding her blue t-shirt up, pulling her panties down around her ankles. She heard a lawnmower start up outside. Was that dad? She finished urinating and kicked off her underwear to the floor. Then she stood and pulled up the blinds to see the backyard. Dad wasn't there. She looked around at the neighbors' yards aimlessly, curious as to who would be mowing their lawn on a weekday. It was a clear late summer morning, and the sun was already out. There was no breeze. It would probably be uncomfortably hot today. Then she saw Mr. Parker.

Of course, Mr. Parker. Who else would be mowing their lawn on a Tuesday morning? Everyone else had work. Mr. Parker was just rich. But how? What did he do? He was too young to retire. He was probably dad's age... and he was kinda hot... too hot to be an old man...

Abby watched him push the mower across his backyard. he wore khaki shorts and flipflops and a black t-shirt. His hair was dark and thick, his jawline masculine, his arms toned and strong.

He probably has a home gym in that big house, all alone... I think he has a blonde girlfriend that be brings home sometimes... Abby watched him push the mower along the edge of his backyard while she thought about the blonde woman that must be his girlfriend. The blonde woman has huge breasts, she is kinda fat so I bet they are real too... I bet they have amazing sex... even if she is kinda fat. Her boobs are so big, I wonder if he loves big boobs... I bet she titty fucks him... I bet he fucks her doggy style too. I bet he pulls her hair. Abby realized she was touching herself. She didn't stop.

Her fingers traced the smooth inside edges of her vagina until they were moist, and then she teased her clit with her slippery fingertips. She could feel the stubble from her last shave on her palm. She closed her eyes. Her other hand reached up to squeeze her perky teen breast. Her nipple poked out through the fabric of her t-shirt and she stroked it and circled it with her finger. As it got harder she felt a tingle through her body. She imagined being Mr. Parker's girlfriend and him bringing her home at night after a fancy date.

He would gently take her by the hand and help her out of his Mercedes. "Thank you, my dear," she would say smiling up at him, her hair in a fancy up-do, pearls around her neck, her cleavage pushed up and exposed in a tight black dress, her legs long and sexy in tall black heels. She would wear matching lacy black underwear for him to discover.  He led her upstairs and to the bedroom. After a glass of wine he would probably kiss her tenderly and then unzip the back of her dress.  She would let it fall to the floor, then turn around to face him while he kissed her neck, slowly moving his way down her chest until- BAM BAM BAM BAM BAM! "Abby is that you? I have to pee!" Her little brother Robby destroyed her fantasy with several loud knocks on the door.

"Get out of here you little freak!" She yelled through the door. She heard him leave, muttering something under his breath about girls taking too long to get ready.

Abby had never actually had sex before. She had boyfriends that had wanted to, and she had been pressured by them. But she had never given in - she was never that committed. She had given a couple of them blow-jobs though. Once after a date with Brad McPherson, she gave him a blowjob in his car and got his semen on her skirt. Her mother never found out. If they had kept dating they probably would've had sex, but he moved last summer. Other guys had fondled her during make-out, and once she had been fingered almost to climax, but that was as close to intercourse as she had ever gotten.

Abby turned on the shower, and looked out the window again. She was startled to see Mr. Parker was looking up at her! Oh god! Had he seen her standing there touching herself? She ducked away from the window. What if he had? He didn't know what she was doing, right? She was still in her t-shirt. He wouldn't have seen her naked. He wouldn't have known she was touching herself... and he definitely didn't know she was thinking about him! Right? What if he did? What if he saw her playing with her nipple? He wouldn't have been able to see her lower half, but he could've assumed that it was busy too...

She swallowed hard. The thought of Mr. Parker catching her masturbating made her tingly. She Couldn't keep her hand away from her clit. God he was so hot. She peeked out the window. He was back to mowing his lawn. She kept watching. He pushed the mower along the center of his yard, away from her.

Then suddenly he glanced over his shoulder directly at her open bathroom window. Oh my god... he was looking! He must've seen her. He was looking to see if she was still there. Could it really be that he wanted to see her? She stood in front of the mirror. Her tits were in no way as big as the blond woman, not even close. But they were perky. She turned around and pulled her t-shirt up so that she could see her butt, also firm and plump... She gave it a little shake ...plump, but not as large as the blonde woman. Abby fiddled with her messy hair. It looked OK. She pushed up her boobs and adjusted her t-shirt so that it rested on them nicely.

She looked at herself in the mirror for a few moments. Then she got an idea... Maybe if Mr. Parker saw her body he would want her... Maybe he would know that she was more than just the neighbor girl. She bit her lip. And then what? Nothing could ever happen, anyway. She returned to her fantasy of the blonde woman sitting on top of Mr. Parker. His massive cock deep inside her. Her huge tits bouncing as she moaned. Abby stopped caring about "what ifs"...

She peeked out the window. In a moment Mr. Parker would be turning his mower around and coming back in her direction. He would be facing her. He would see her in the window... And she would let him see. The thought of exposing herself and him lusting after her made her incredibly horny.

She moved directly in front of the window, and stood in profile and pretended she was looking in the mirror and fixing her hair. She glanced to her side just as Mr. Parker rounded the corner and turned his mower to face her. He didn't look up. She stayed and continued to act busy. A thousand thoughts raced through her mind. What an idiot. I imagined the whole thing. He doesn't want me. Why would he want me? ...Then he looked up. Oh my God, he's looking, he's looking. She didn't make eye contact. She wanted him to look for as long as he wanted.

She put her hands down and arched her back. She pushed her breasts forward and cupped them with her hands and let them drop in a playful bounce. She did this a couple more times, then she squeezed them and flicked the hard nipples poking through her shirt. Then she turned her back to him...

Oh my god I hope he is watching. Mmm... you like that Mr. Parker? You like those young teen tits? She was shaky. She grabbed the bottom of her t-shirt and pulled it up over her head. Then she tossed it on the ground.

Abby cupped her hands over her breasts and slowly turned around, her head looking down and left so as not to make eye contact. She held them up and pressed them together, trying to make them appear as big as possible. Her whole body quivered with anticipation as she stood there in front of the window, completely naked and visible from the waist up. She slowly moved her hands and let her soft round breasts bounce down. She took a deep breath and turned her face to look out the window. Mr. Parker was staring.

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For a fraction of a second they made eye contact and she felt every hair on her body stand up straight. Then Mr. Parker quickly looked away. He turned his mower in a random direction and turned his back to Abby.

Oh my god. He saw her. He saw her naked breasts. He was staring. Abby moved away from the window and sat down on the toilet. She giggled to herself and her hand wandered playfully down to her clitoris again. She took a deep breath and got in the shower... She started to masturbate.

This time it wasn't the big blonde woman that was riding Mr. Parker's cock, It was her. She imagined sitting on him cowgirl style, and that he was grabbing her ass while it bounced. She imagined him sucking on her tits and gently slapping them while she leaned forward into him. She squeezed her breast with her free hand.

She imagined sucking his massive cock... bigger than her purple dildo. She sat on the floor of the tub and buried her middle and index fingers deep inside her pussy. With her other hand she grabbed her tit and imagined that Mr. Parker was the one doing it. She started slowly sliding her fingers in and out of her pussy. She propped her leg up on the edge of the tub so that she could go deeper. She started finger-fucking herself faster and faster. Soon she was fucking herself as fast as she could, and then she came.

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That weekend Abby's family was hosting a barbecue for Abby's brother Robby's 12th birthday. It was a hot and sunny afternoon, the kind where the sun lingers forever in the sky. Abby was filling a pitcher of lemonade in the kitchen, and her brother and his friends were in the backyard jumping in the pool. There was loud music thumping, and the sound of kids and adults chatting and laughing filled the kitchen through the screen door.

Abby wore a pink floral bikini and a long white t-shirt over it. Her hair was done up in a sporty ponytail. She had tried to avoid being home for the party, but her mother had insisted that she help make this a special day for Robby.

"Abby would you get some soda from the garage and put it in the fridge to chill?" her mother asked.

"Sure" Abby set the lemonade on the table and went to the garage. She went though the laundry room humming and opened the door. She was startled to see in the garage with her father was Mr. Parker!

They were discussing an edge trimmer. The bay door was open, and the warm summer breeze filled the garage.

"Oh Abby, do you know Mr. Parker? He lives two doors down." her father asked.

"I... uh..." Abby couldn't find the words.

"Yes. Hello Abby. I think we have seen each other around," Mr. Parker said smiling, as he extended his hand for a shake and winked.

"Hi.." Abby said shyly. She took his hand. It was so warm and big. How could he be so casual? He is acting like nothing happened... She could feel a tingle between her thighs.

"You know, Carl, Abby is quite the tennis player," he father boasted.

"Is that right?" Mr. Parker asked looking at her and raising his eyebrows.

"Oh yes. She is varsity doubles and singles this year," her father continued.

"Well, I might have to come watch one of your matches." Mr. Parker said smiling.

Abby bit her lip. "Y-yeah," she squeaked. She picked up a box of soda cans, and started to back into the kitchen.

"Hey Carl," her dad said turning back to Mr. Parker "Why don't you stay and have a burger?"

Abby turned and looked at Mr. Parker, then at her father, then back at Mr. Parker.

Mr. Parker tried to decline, but her father insisted, "C'mon. You take these tools home, and grab your swim trunks and come right back over."

Mr Parker laughed "Well I guess if you're going to twist my arm..." He said laughing with Abby's father.

Abby went into the house.

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Abby was up in her room applying makeup and checking out the back window to see if Mr. Parker was in the backyard yet. Oh my god... how awkward is this? She turned her face side to side to check that her eyeliner was even. Mr. Parker is going to come swim at our house. I wonder if he will imagine me naked when we sees me in my bikini.

She pulled off the big white t-shirt and stood in front of the mirror. She turned around and looked over her shoulder at her plump teen ass. She smacked it once. She turned back around and leaned over, examining her cleavage, and imagining what kind of view she could offer Mr. Parker without being obvious enough for anyone else to notice. She adjusted her boobs in her top and, taking once last look and a sigh, pulled her t-shirt back on.

The thought of Mr. Parker watching her in her bikini with everyone around made her horny. It is our little secret, just between him and me. He has seen me before, and now he can imagine my naked body under this little pink bikini. She bit her lip... then she left the room.

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Downstairs, the party was going in full force. Abby took a soda and went into the backyard. There were easily thirty people around the pool and grill. Abby's family had a large backyard, and it was perfect for summertime gatherings. There was a nice brick patio and a large pool with a hot tub on one end. She went to the edge of the pool and sat down, settling her feet in the water. Then she saw Mr. Parker.

He was standing at the grill, wearing blue striped trunks and a gray t-shirt. He had a beer in one hand and was joking with another neighbor who was grilling some burgers when he saw Abby. They made eye contact and he gave her a smile. She bit her lip and turned away.

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Throughout the afternoon, guests filtered in and out, kids jumped in the pool, food was eaten and messes were made, but Abby and Mr. Parker didn't speak. But she caught him looking at her on more than one occasion. At one time she took off her t-shirt and laid out on a deck chair. She bent over toward him to apply sunscreen to her feet and legs, and let him see her breasts squish against her knees. She made sure to linger and arch her back so that he could feast his eyes. He took advantage of the opportunity, but remained cautious and discreet the whole time.

On another occasion she stood near him with her back to him and bent over to pick up some paper plates. Her ass was close enough he could have reached out and touched it. When she stood up again and turned around to meet his gaze, she winked and bit her lip, but they never spoke.

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As the sun began to set, and the guests were packing up, Abby heard Mr. Parker talking to her dad, "Well, I suppose I had better head out. Thanks for the grub!" They shook hands. As he was leaving he stopped directly in front of Abby who was gathering paper plates from the table.

"Oh hey Abby! It was nice to see more of you," he said shaking her hand.

"Oh yeah, you too," she responded with a smile.

"Let me know when you have your next big match. I'd love to see you show off your skills."

Abby bit her lip.

"I'll... uh... I'll make sure you get front row seats."