**Cassandra**

by Tempest

*Fourteen-year-old Cassandra moves in next door to a fifty-seven year old bachelor. They strike up an unusual friendship.*

**Chapter One**

Mike Ryan was one fortunate fifty-seven-year-old guy, and he didn't yet know it. Never married, he was a confirmed bachelor although he did enjoy the delights of exploring a woman's body from time to time. However. in recent years the available pool of eligible women had been shrinking. They were either getting married for the second or third time or had found that an older man was not as attractive as it was when they were younger. He was no spring chicken either and had all but given up that he was going to meet a woman who he could have a relationship with; then Cassandra Merriweather moved in next door—well Cassandra Merriweather and her parents to be accurate.

The Merriweathers, he decided after meeting them for the first time, were a nice couple. The wife Charlotte was a five foot four, petite forty-two year old with light-brown hair and beautiful green eyes. Mike learned that she had been a dancer in her youth and it showed in the way that she seemed to float, her long slender legs carrying her seemingly effortless along. The husband Sean was older at forty-eight, and he was a tall distinguish-looking man who owned his own manufacturing company.

The first time he met Cassandra, it was a glorious day early in August. It was a Saturday at one o'clock in the afternoon. Mike was sitting on the rear terrace of his modest single story, four-bedroom house, reading a novel by Daniel Silva. He was just getting into the story of master art restorer, assassin, and Israeli spy Gabriel Allon when he heard a voice. He looked up and was greeted by the sight of a beautiful goddess.

"Hi there," the beautiful goddess said. Her voice was equally as beautiful with a slight huskiness like that of his favorite actress Lauren Bacall.

"Hi there back," Mike said as he slipped a Barnes and Noble bookmark in between the pages and closed his book. He laid it on the large round teak table that was shielded from the sun by an oversized, octagonal canvas umbrella.

The goddess was standing at the gate in the six-foot-high wooden privacy fence that closed in his backyard. Because the houses either side of him were single-stories like his, the fence offered privacy such that he could skinny-dip in his swimming pool which he did quite frequently. He enjoyed the feel of the water on his naked body as he effortlessly swam laps.

Mike rose from his seat and beckoned to her. "Come on in."

She unlatched the wrought iron gate and came into the yard, closing it behind her. The six-foot-tall gate was the only way anyone could see into the yard which is why Mike had added a secondary wooden gate that could be closed to make the yard entirely private. Cassandra walked around the pool and onto the terrace that was an extension of the pool deck. He watched as she seemed to glide effortlessly.

"I'm Cassandra, and we've just moved in next door," the goddess said.

Mike though Cassandra to be stunningly beautiful with long light-brown—almost chestnut hair and large hazel eyes that had green tinges around the edge of the irises. She, like her mother, was willowy with long slender legs, but taller at five six. She said she was fourteen but looked more like she was eighteen. She wore a pair of jeans that hugged her behind and slender legs. They were fashionably torn at the knees and had patches sewn here and there in what seemed like a haphazard manner. Her top was a simple pale-blue camisole with spaghetti straps over a plain white cotton bra. Her feet were shod in a pair of pink Keds, no socks.

Mike extended his hand and greeted her, "Nice to meet you, Cassandra. My name's Mike. Do you go by Cass or Cassandra?"

She shook his hand and said, "Same here, and please, it's Cassandra."

"Okay, Cassandra it is, the name Cass will never again escape my lips."

She laughed and immediately he was smitten. Her laugh reminded him of Lauren Bacall's smoky, sexy laugh.

"You're funny, Mike, and you're a Brit right?"

"Through and through I'm afraid. Your eighteen right? The realtor who told me about a family that was moving in said they had an eighteen-year-old daughter."

"No, I'm fourteen."

"And a very beautiful fourteen-year-old you are, if I may say so."

Cassandra blushed a little and looked down. "Thank you. And how old are you?"

"I'm an ancient fifty-seven I'm afraid, Cassandra."

"Fifty-seven! I would never have thought you were that old—more like mid-forties."

"Well thank you kindly young lady, you are now my new very best friend."

"You're welcome, Mike."

"Tell me something about yourself, Cassandra."

"Well, I'm enrolled in the local Catholic school for girls, although I missed the first few weeks while we moved."

"Oh, that's good. So you'll be able to come and visit with me—that's if you want the company of a fifty-seven-year-old Englishman."

"That would be nice, I think I would like that."

"You can use the pool as well if you like."

Her eyes lit up at Mike's offer. "I can?"

"Sure you can. You like to swim?"

"I love to swim. I was on my old school's swim team."

"What else do you like to do Cassandra? What books do you like, what movies?"

"I love all the English classical writers such as Jane Austen, Agatha Christie, Emily Dickinson. But my favorite is Bram Stoker. I absolutely loved Dracula."

"Ah, Dracula. A very erotic novel in its own way. I always thought that the movie remake starring Gary Oldman as the count was a more accurate rendition of the story."

Cassandra blushed slightly as she said, "Yes, I've seen that movie. Lots of nudity and sex."

That last comment surprised him since it was preceded by a blush. But it also excited him that a fourteen-year-old young woman would use such suggestive language in front of someone she had only just met.

"You're a very interesting young woman, Cassandra, and I think I'm going to enjoy talking with you."

"Me too, Mike. Oh, before I forget, Mom told me to ask if you'd like to come over for dinner next Friday evening around six."

"I'd love to, and thank your mother for me."

"Gotta go, Mike. I still haven't fixed my room the way I want it. To be honest it's a mess."

Mike stood, and proffered his hand, "Thanks for coming by and saying hello and please come again."

Cassandra ignored his hand and gave him a quick slightly awkward hug instead. For a brief moment, Mike felt her firm breasts press against his chest.

"Bye, Mike. I'll maybe come 'round tomorrow."

"I look forward to it, Cassandra."

With that, she ran around the pool, through the gate and was gone from his sight. Mike went inside his house, fixed himself the usual cocktail that he had every day at the stroke of four o'clock. It was an Belvedere vodka martini straight up with a twist of lemon. He took it back out to the terrace and reflected on the new woman in his life. She was an exciting young woman, and although there was no chance of sex with a fourteen-year-old, he was going to enjoy her company nonetheless.

Mike decided that, even with their short conversation, she was intelligent, smart, well-read, older than her fourteen years, and incredibly beautiful and sexy. What puzzled him the most was something that intrigued him. It was the hug as she said goodbye. Definitely unexpected but his ancient body most certainly welcomed it.

**Chapter Two**

Mike sat at the round teak table with an oversized, octagonal canvas umbrella at one o'clock the next day—a Tuesday. It had been three days since meeting Cassandra and already he was missing her. He had just eaten a tuna melt sandwich for lunch. Although he would have preferred eating with company, he had resigned himself to dining alone. He was a good cook and enjoyed trying new recipes. He was reading a Daniel Silva novel 'The Other Woman.' A gift-wrapped book sat on the table next to a cup of black coffee. It was a present for Cassandra. He waited, and waited but no Cassandra.

He had just about given up when, at three thirty, she appeared at the wrought iron gate. She didn't wait for an invitation; she opened the gate and came through closing it behind her. Today she was wearing a summer dress with a fitted bodice and a loose skirt that came to just above her knees. It was her favorite—a Charlotte Russe floral bib skater dress. There were leaves of varying shades of blue and white on a coral background. Mike thought it absolutely beautiful. The fitted bodice emphasized her breasts that he was positive were not covered by a bra since he could see the two bumps of her nipples.

She came bounding up and put her arms around his neck and kissed the corner of his mouth. She smelled of floral soap and a perfume he was not familiar with. He thought he knew the smell of the more popular perfumes, but those were on women three times the age of Cassandra. She sat down opposite Mike.

"I was worried you weren't coming today, Cassandra. It's been three days since we met and I missed you."

"Sorry, Mike, but I just had to get my bedroom straightened out. Then I attended my new school. It's been a crazy few days. "

"Can I get you a drink?"

"No, I'm fine thanks."

"I've got a small gift for you, Cassandra." Mike handed her the gift-wrapped book.

"You shouldn't have," she replied as she took it from him. She was sat opposite him with her legs parted slightly. The hem of her dress had pulled up to mid-thigh, and he could see the white triangle of her panties between her slender thighs. He didn't know—and didn't care if it was accidental or on purpose—he just enjoyed the sight. Cassandra tore open the wrapping paper and looked at the book. It was Bram Stoker's Dracula.

"Wow, Mike! Thanks a lot. Then she opened the book and saw that on the information page it said 'Published 1897'. She looked for the date of the reprint—there was none.

"Oh my God, Mike, this is a first edition," she said, confirming Mike's assessment that she was very smart. "I can't possibly accept this. It's worth a lot of money."

"I insist, Cassandra. It wasn't too expensive. If it still had its original dust cover and it was in better condition, it would be worth a lot of money. In any case, I can afford it."

She handled the book like it was a piece of fine porcelain china. Then she put it on the table, stood up and bent over and kissed Mike on his mouth. And it wasn't just a quick peck, she lingered for a good five seconds.

"Mmm, that was nice, he said. "I think I could get used to your kisses."

"There's lots more where that came from."

That last comment excited Mike beyond belief. She sat back down, but this time she put her heels up on the edge of the chair and wrapped her arms around her legs; she rested her chin on her knees and looked at him with her large hazel eyes rimmed with green. Mike could see all of the crotch of her white panties with a nice camel toe where the thin material had been sucked in between her plump labia. He was excited that she was not making any attempt to cover up. Mike's cock immediately started to grow and harden.

"So how's school going, Cassandra?"

"Just fine. So far I like all my teachers." Cassandra was quiet for a while. Then she said, "Can I ask your advice about something?"

"Of course you can, honey."

She was quiet again for a few moments. "There's a boy I've been sort of dating on and off for the last month or so. He's older than me, he's seventeen. All we've done so far is kiss. I like him, but he's been pressuring me to have sex. He's not very subtle; he just grabs my tits and my ass. I'm still a virgin, and I'm not sure what to do. A lot of my friends are not virgins, and there's a lot of peer pressure to start having sex."

"Cassandra, your virginity is very precious. You can only give it to a guy one time. I would advise against having sex just for the sake of having sex and giving in to peer pressure."

She sighed. "I guess you're right. Most of my friends who've lost their virginity said it wasn't how they expected it to be. Most said it was rushed and they didn't get a lot of enjoyment out of it."

Mike and Cassandra chatted for another half hour. Then she said she needed to go. They both stood. Cassandra put her arms around his neck, tilted her head up and kissed him. Mike had his hands at her shoulders and pulled her close to him, feeling her bra-less breasts pushing against his chest. His semi-erect penis pressed against her tummy. After a good thirty seconds of kissing, she broke off panting.

"God, I love kissing you, Mike. Boys don't know how to kiss a girl."

With that, she picked up her book, thanked him for the tenth time and left. At the gate, she turned and blew him a kiss. Then she was gone. Mike went into his bathroom, fished his cock out of his pants and, with one hand on the wall to steady himself, proceeded to masturbate. With the smell of her hair still in his nostrils and the sensation of her breasts pressing against his chest, he came, and he came hard. He spurted a surprisingly large load of semen into the toilet bowl.

**Chapter Three**

It was four o'clock the following day—a Wednesday, and it was hot. Mike came out of the house with a martini in one hand and his book, 'The Other Woman' by Daniel Silva in the other. He had a hand towel draped over his arm and was wearing a terrycloth bathrobe and nothing else. He put the book down on the table, took a sip of his martini, laid it down and took off his robe. He was swimming laps when Cassandra appeared at the gate. She had changed out of her school uniform and was wearing a skirt and camisole. She walked around the pool and stood and watched him swim. Then she realized that he wasn't wearing a swimsuit; it caused pleasant tingles in her pussy.

Mike swam to the shallow end and climbed up the steps with not a whit of embarrassment. Cassandra looked at his cock hanging straight down. She admired his toned body, hardly believing he was fifty-seven. She watched as he walked to the table, picked up the hand towel and proceeded to dry his hair and face. Cassandra couldn't tear her gaze away from his cock that was starting to get fatter. She was disappointed when he put his robe on. They kissed and this time mouths opened, and tongues came out to do a little dance.

Cassandra was gasping as she broke off their kiss. Her breasts felt full and heavy, and her pussy ached. She always gravitated to older men but never would have thought that she would enjoy the hugs and kisses and get turned on so much by a fifty-seven-year-old man. They both sat down, Cassandra with her feet up on the chair, her arms wrapped around her legs, and her chin resting on her knees giving him an uninterrupted view of her lemon-yellow panties.

"Mike."

"Yes, Cassandra?"

"I felt your erection yesterday when we hugged. Did I cause that?"

"Yes you did, Cassandra and I have an erection now looking at your panty covered pussy."

She smiled. "I like I can do that. You know I told you about the boy I've been dating, well he gets hard as well when we kiss. He keeps taking my hand and putting it over his crotch to feel his cock."

"Boys—and girls for that matter in their early teens have raging hormones. What are you feeling right now, Cassandra?"

"I'm feeling really turned on that you can see my panties and that you have an erection inside that robe. It makes me feel really sexy."

"Do you feel the same when you're with the boy you're dating?"

Cassandra thought for a few moments, then said, "No, I don't. I mean I know he got an erection kissing me, but it's not the same. It's different with you, and I don't know why."

"How do you feel about your father?"

"How do you mean?"

"Sexually."

"I love Dad, but I'm not sexually attracted to him. I had a crush on him when I was ten, but that was all it was—a crush. He is a good-looking guy after all."

"You think he sees you as a very sexy and desirable young lady or just as his little girl?"

"You know, Mike, I don't know for sure. Sometimes I see the way he looks at my tits, and then he blushes. I've also seen the occasional bulge in his pants when we've been swimming at the HOA pool at our last place."

"Do you do for him what you're doing for me, showing him your panties?"

"Good heavens no. He's my Dad."

"You do know how bloody sexy and desirable you are don't you?"

"To be honest, Mike, I've never thought of myself like that. Mom says I'm a bit of a late bloomer. I was twelve when I started to grow breasts. Most of my classmates had tits when they turned nine or ten. It was embarrassing in the showers after Phys-Ed."

"I'm sure you've seen the way men look at you."

"Uh-huh, like you do."

"Cassandra my dear, if I were forty years younger, I'd be chasing you like there was no tomorrow."

She didn't reply but stared into his pale-blue eyes. She knew she had feelings for him, but did she want to act on them? She wasn't sure about that, so she changed the subject.

"Can I bring my swimsuit tomorrow after school and use the pool?"

"You can swim now if you want."

"You mean skinny-dip?"

"Yes, skinny-dip."

"I'd be too embarrassed."

"You're not embarrassed now letting me see your pussy."

"But I've got my underpants on."

"Okay, sorry Cassandra I don't want to embarrass you."

"You didn't seem embarrassed when I saw you naked, Mike."

"Cassandra, at my age nothing embarrasses me. Bloody oodles of woman have seen my naked body, but that was when I was in better shape."

"You've got a great-looking body, Mike."

"For my age you mean!"

"No, I didn't mean that. My Dad's forty-eight and I've seen him in a swimsuit, and you've got a better-looking body than he has."

"It must be the four days a week I work out at the gym."

Cassandra stood. "Sorry, Mike but I have to go home since I've got homework to do before dinner."

Mike stood as well, and she hugged him and kissed him on his lips. He squeezed her buttocks.

"Nice arse, Cassandra," he said.

She squeezed his. "Nice ass, Mike."

They both laughed.

He watched as she went through the gate. He took off his robe, and before he dived into the water he caught a glimpse of her looking at him, then she was gone.

**Chapter Four**

On the stroke of four the next day—a Thursday, Cassandra appeared at Mike 's gate. She opened it and walked to where he was sitting. She had on a dark-blue string bikini and carried a beach towel in one hand and a bottle of sunscreen in the other. Mike put his book on the table next to his martini and stood. They embraced and kissed for a minute, tongues darting in and out of each other's mouths. She trembled as he sucked her bottom lip.

"God, I love kissing you," she said.

Mike looked at Cassandra's bikini bottoms and had to catch his breath as he saw coddled in the thin fabric of the bikini the largest mons he had ever seen. It stood out between her bony hips like a small hill. Cassandra smiled as she saw him looking at it.

"Blimey Cassandra, you have the biggest mons I've ever seen."

"It's embarrassing sometimes because guys and girls are always looking at it. I rarely wear a bathing suit in public because I get so many stares. But I don't mind you seeing it."

"And this old man thanks you for that. I can see why people look at it. You know that bikini, which I love, by the way, is just a few pieces of fabric away from you being naked."

"A few pieces of modesty though."

"Well if you're not going skinny-dipping, I am."

With that, Mike walked over and closed the wooden gate. When he came back, he took off the robe and dove into the pool. She watched as he swam a couple of laps. He got out and walked over to the table and sat down. Cassandra watched him the whole time through the anonymity of the dark lenses of her sunglasses. He did have a nice cock she thought. She'd seen quite a few on the Internet, and his was the nicest. She wondered how big it would get when he got an erection.

She sat on the edge of the chaise and proceeded to apply sunscreen.

"You know I could do that for you," Mike said hopefully.

Cassandra handed him the bottle and lay on her front on the chaise. Mike bunched up his robe and knelt on it. He began applying lotion to her legs, then her back and finally her shoulders and neck. All the time he was rubbing the lotion into her skin, he could feel little shudders in her legs. He patted her butt. She turned over and watched his cock get hard as he looked at her breasts inside her bikini top and the camel toe inside the bottoms. Lying down, made her mons seem even larger as it rose up between two bony hips.

By the time he was done his cock stood straight up against his muscular stomach—something it had not done for some years. She resisted the urge to reach out and grasp it. He stood and walked to the pool and dived in. Five minutes later when he got out, his erection was gone.

Mike sat reading his book when he happed to glance over at Cassandra lying on her back with no bra on. He admired her perfect B-cup size breasts. They stood proud of her chest spaced far apart with quarter-size, dark-pink areolas, and small red nipples. He couldn't believe his luck that a beautiful fourteen-year-old girl had moved in next door and was willing to share her thoughts and feelings with him as well as letting him look at her gorgeous breasts. He wondered how much further she would go with him. Would she have sex with him . . . ?

Cassandra could hardly believe what she was doing with Mike. She had shared thoughts and feelings that not even her best friend Ellie knew. She surprised herself with the ease in which she let Mike see her panties and now her naked breasts, and how comfortable she was around him naked sporting an erection with no embarrassment. If her parents only knew . . .

To Mike's surprise and delight, Cassandra got up off the chaise, pulled the strings of the bowties at her hips and let the bikini bottoms fall to the floor. It joined the top on the table. Mike gasped as he saw her plump vulva with its tight slit and ridge of her clitoral sheath poking out at the top. What excited and thrilled Mike was the fact that she only had a small triangular patch of light-brown pubic hair, the point of which stopped short of her slit. Her labia were smooth and bare. If there was one thing on a woman that he had found he didn't like over the years, it was a large bush—particularly if it covered her vulva.

"Bloody heck Cassandra, you've got the most gorgeous body these fifty-seven-year old eyes have ever seen. What made you decide to get naked?"

"You've about seen all of it anyway. The bikini doesn't hide a lot."

She walked over and dove into the pool. Mike watched as she swam effortlessly, her legs scissoring, her arms high overhead, elbows bent then straightening as her hands plunged into the water with hardly a splash. She said she didn't wear a swimsuit often, and he could see why since her skin was pale like alabaster. After swimming six laps, she got out. Mike watched as water cascade off her body, running down her breasts and dipping off her nipples. She picked up the beach towel and proceeded to dry her hair and face. She walked over to where he was sat at the table.

Mike opened his legs, and she moved in close and put her hands on his shoulders. He put his hands on her hips and pulled her close, her breasts were inches away from his face. He looked up at her face. She smiled as he sucked each of her nipples in turn, feeling them swell and harden. She had her eyes closed as he held her firm buttocks in his hands and kissed and sucked her breasts.

After a few minutes, she backed away as if she was uncertain if she wanted to take their relationship further.

"That was nice Mike. I want to do more with you, but I'm scared. I'm not normally like this. I mean telling you all these things, letting you see my panties and taking my bikini off. This is all so new to me, and it both excites and scares me. I hope you understand. I'm not trying to be a tease or anything."

"Cassandra honey, you don't have to do anything you don't feel comfortable with. I've never pressured you to do things with me. I'm eternally grateful that you've done the things you have. They've been more than I expected when we first met and if our relationship doesn't go any further, then I'm okay with that."

She leaned in and took his face in her hands and kissed him. "That's what I love about you, Mike, you're so gentle with me, and I know I can trust you. I have to go now, and I'll be thinking of you tonight in bed."

"And I'll be thinking of you too my love."

Cassandra put her bikini back on, slipped her feet into her sandals and kissed him one more time. He watched as she walked through the gate, turned blew him a kiss and then she was gone.

**Chapter Five**

On Friday at six, Mike knocked on the Merriweather's front door. He hated doorbells as he thought them too clinical. Cassandra answered the door. She looked behind to make sure no one was watching then put her arms around his neck, tilted her head up and kissed him. Mike could feel her breasts pressing against his chest.

"Come on in, Mike," she said as she stepped aside. Mom's in the kitchen and Dad's about to fix your cocktail—Belvedere martini straight up with a twist of lemon right?"

"Perfect, Cassandra just like you."

Mike followed Cassandra into the kitchen where Charlotte Merriweather as draining some potatoes. She put down the colander and accepted a kiss on her cheek from Mike.

"Thanks for inviting me to dinner, Charlotte."

"You're welcome, Mike. Sean's in the living room, and I believe he has a cocktail for you."

Mike left Charlotte and Cassandra and found Sean Merriweather holding a cocktail glass.

"Here you go, Mike. Belvedere martini straight up with a twist."

Mike took the proffered glass. "Thanks, Sean."

"Thanks for letting my daughter come and swim in your pool. I hope she's behaving herself."

"She's a charming and beautiful girl, Sean and these old bones enjoy her company."

"Charlotte and I are very proud of her. She's very respectful and she gets great grades. What more can parents expect of their kids?"

Just then, Cassandra came into the room and grabbed Mike by his arm. "Come on, Mike, I'll show you my room."

Mike put his martini glass on the side table and followed Cassandra down the long hallway, admiring her stupendous ass in a pair of pale-blue capris that could have been painted on since it hugged every sensuous curve of her ass. He could see both of her buttocks and the sexy cleft in between.

"You have one very sexy arse, Cassandra, and I love your pants."

Mike squeezed one of her buttocks. She swatted his hand away. He followed her into her room, where she closed the door and flung her arms around his neck and they kissed. She could feel his erection growing inside his chinos. Mike disentangled himself from her embrace.

"Cassandra, I can't go back there with a raging erection inside my pants. Your dad'll kill me."

She pouted. "You're no fun, Mike. I missed you today. Sorry, I didn't come over, but Mom insisted I stay and help prepare dinner."

"I missed you too sweetheart. I love our time together. Can you stay all afternoon tomorrow?"

"I think so."

"Tell you what. Come at noon, and I'll fix us lunch."

"Okay."

"Now let's go and eat dinner."

**Chapter Six**

Mike was in the kitchen when Cassandra came in from the pool area, she had on the same string bikini that she wore before with a long, loose tee-shirt over the top. Mike took her face in his hands and kissed her lips.

"I may be fifty-seven, but I'm falling in love with you Cassandra."

Cassandra put her arms around his neck and kissed him back. She stared into his eyes for the longest time and said, "It may not be in love with you since I've never been in love and don't know what it feels like, but I have feelings for you Mike, very intense feelings. You're a significant man in my life. I dream about you, I visualize what your erect cock looks like as I masturbate in bed at night."

"I'll settle for that Cassandra—in fact, I'd settle for anything you could give to me."

"I don't know about you, Mike, but I'm starving."

They sat at the kitchen island eating a lunch of grilled cheese sandwiches and soft drinks. Afterward, Cassandra removed her tee-shirt, shed her bikini and lay on the chase on her front. Mike got out of his shorts and shirt and applied suntan lotion to Cassandra's back. His cock grew as he saw her plump peach of her vulva squashed between her slender thighs. He kissed each of her firm buttocks and told her to turn over.

Mike was still in awe of Cassandra's mountain of a mons. He applied lotion to her legs, upper chest, neck, and shoulders then attacked her breasts. Her nipples grew and hardened as he rubbed lotion into them, feeling how firm yet how soft they were. The whole of her upper chest was tinged with red from her intense arousal.

Cassandra opened her legs as he applied lotion to her mons. As he cupped it with his hand, it filled his entire palm. As he pressed down, he felt how fleshy it was with the firmness of her pubic bone underneath. She gasped as he slipped his finger into her cleft, pushing aside her plump engorged labia. She started moaning as the pad of his finger, covered with her creamy secretions from her vagina, began circling her clitoris.

Moaning turned to rapid breathing as he ministered to her clit, now larger and out of its protective hood. Cassandra's butt was lifting off the chaise as she bucked against his two fingers inside her vagina while he pressed and rubbed her clit with the pad of his thumb. Mike massage her breast with his free hand.

"Gawd, Mike, that feels so fucking good," she murmured as she started climbing toward her orgasm.

Mike felt a hand explore his erection while he finger fucked Cassandra's tight vagina. She ran her fingers along his shaft and over the head, spending his precum. She wrapped her hand around his shaft gauging its thickness. Then she started to stroke it. She was moaning loudly as she raced to meet her climax. Suddenly he felt her whole body shudder, and she froze, her muscles tensed up like violin strings.

"Oh jeez, Mike," she cried as she orgasmed. Her legs snapped shut on his hand, and her whole body shook, legs jerked and spasmed. All the while she was stroking his cock furiously—almost on autopilot.

Mike couldn't hold back any longer. He felt his cock swell and spasm as semen burned through the shaft and spurted out the end and splashed on Cassandra's breasts. He spurted again and again, covering her breasts and stomach with his pearly-white cum.

As her orgasm passed, her muscles relaxed, and she released her grip on his cock and his hand. Mike rocked back on his heels panting hard. It had been thirty years since he had spurted so much. Cassandra opened her eyes and looked at his semen covering her breasts and stomach. Some had pooled in her innie, and some had run down either side of her mons and between her legs onto the beach towel.

She rubbed his cum with her hand, spreading it around her chest. "Good God, Mike, that's a lot." She giggled. "Will it serve as sun blocker?"

"Probably not, but I've read it makes your breasts bigger. Come on, let's go shower."

**Chapter Seven**

"Will you cover for me, Ellie?" Cassandra said.

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

"I'm sure."

"Will you at least tell me who the lucky guy is?"

"Sorry, Ellie. I can't do that. All I can tell you is that he's an older man, and he's the sweetest, most gentle, most considerate person you could hope to meet."

"Is he married?"

"Heavens no! I'd never do that. He's never been married."

"I can't believe my best friend is finally going to take the plunge."

"I can hardly believe it myself."

"Did you go to the doctors and get the pill?"

"No, he gave me a prescription for a patch that's just as effective. That way there's no way I can forget to take anything. The only problem is that I have to make sure my folks don't see it."

"Why spend the night, Cassandra?"

"It was his idea. He's taking me out to dinner."

"Like on a date?"

"Yeah, I guess. He's a romantic guy."

"You're a lucky girl Cassandra."

**Chapter Eight**

"Dinner was great, Mike. This has been a really romantic date."

"I wanted it to be special for you, Cassandra as losing one's virginity is a once in a lifetime event."

"That's what I love about you, Mike, you're such a romantic. I love you very much."

"I love you too, darling."

Cassandra had been meeting with Mike almost every day after school for going on two months now. Sex had been wonderful. Almost every time they met she had masturbated him while he lay on the chaise. The first time he brought her to an orgasm with his tongue, she had to stifle a scream. Sometimes they would lie side by side on his large king-sized bed and masturbate together.

A month ago, he had coached her in the art of fellatio. At first, she didn't let him cum in her mouth, but when she finally got her to taste his cum, she decided to let him. The first time he came in her mouth was a disaster. She had forgotten to breathe through her nose as he instructed and his cum came down her nose. When she wiped up his cum and had blown her nose, they both laughed. From there on out oral sex was one of her favorite ways to pleasure him.

Cassandra had fallen in love with him two weeks ago and had finally decided that she wanted to give him her virginity. Mike was over the moon when she told him what she wanted to do. That first day when he met her, he would never have thought in his wildest dreams, that the fourteen-year-old goddess who appeared at his backyard gate would become his lover.

They went into his master suite, and as Cassandra undressed, Mike sat on the bed and watched. Watching a woman undress was one of his favorite things to do. Cassandra's blouse came off, and it joined her designer jeans on the chair. Mike smiled as he saw her underwear. Her bra was made from white lace with solid satin side panels and straps. It was small—it barely covered her breasts, and he could see her darkened areolas and red nipples. Through the front lace panel of matching panties, Mike could see the small triangular patch of light-brown pubic hairs.

"Bloody heck, Cassandra, those are sexy underwear."

She pirouetted letting him see her but crack through the lace panel. "I got them just for tonight."

"Virginal white, quite beautiful."

As she shed her bra and panties, Mike quickly got undressed. They lay side-by-side on the large bed. Mike put his arm around her shoulder and kissed her. Cassandra opened her mouth and sucked on his tongue as he gently squeezed her breast. She had his cock in her hand and was stroking it. Cassandra was the first to break their kiss.

"Gawd, Mike, I've always loved our kisses."

"Me too, darling. Now it's time to kiss your pussy."

Cassandra was still giggling as Mike got between her legs. She got serious as he planted a big kiss on her vulva. Lying down looking up at her face, her mons looked even larger. The sides between her mons and her bony hips looked like deep valleys. Mike parted her plump outer labia with his thumb and forefinger, exposing her thin, bright-pink inner labia that formed her clitoral cowl. Nestled in the cowl was the white nubbin of her clit. He proceeded to suck on it while at the same time penetrated her vagina with first one, then two and finally three fingers.

Cassandra was gasping as he finger-fucked her and sucked on her clit. It didn't take long for her to climax. Her slender thighs closed on his head also trapping his three fingers inside her now very creamy vagina. She held his head in her hands pushing his face into her pussy. She shook and trembled as her orgasm coursed through her body. Finally, after a good minute, she started to calm. She released his head, and he withdrew his fingers from her vagina and sucked them clean.

"Gawd, Mike, you give me the most intense orgasms."

"I'm glad I can do that, Cassandra. Are you ready for me?"

She bit her bottom lip. "I think. Will it hurt much?"

"I can get three fingers inside you, and I'm pretty sure you can stretch some more, so probably just a twinge."

She nodded. Mike sat up on his haunches and lifted Cassandra's long slender legs over his thighs, nestling the head of his cock on her very prominent mons. She kissed two of her fingers and touched his cockhead as if to give it her blessing to penetrate her—to take her virginity.

Mike held the shaft between thumb and forefinger and moved its head to the opening of her vagina. After swiping his cockhead up and down her creamy slit, he paused at the entrance to her vagina. He pushed down on the head with two fingers, feeling the ring of skin start to dilate. He kept steady pressure, and all of a sudden Cassandra's vagina dilated, and he penetrated her. She had her eyes closed tight expecting it to hurt, but all she felt was a twinge, and she felt his cock enter her.

"That wasn't bad at all, and it's a very strange feeling to have your cock inside me."

"I'm glad it didn't hurt you, Cassandra."

Over the next few minutes, Mike slowly worked his way into Cassandra's vagina until he bumped her rubbery cervix. He let it rest there so she could get adjusted to having a cock inside her.

"Feels like I'm stuffed—but a very nice stuffed."

Mike withdrew and then slowly plunged back in, inverting her inner labia. She put her hands on his chest.

"Take it a little slower, Mike until I get used to having your cock inside me."

Mike made love to Cassandra with long slow almost languorous strokes. As she became accustomed to having his cock inside her, she told him to go a little faster. Soon he was bumping her cervix, eliciting little guttural noises."

"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh."

She had her long slender legs around his neck allowing him to penetrate deeper, pushing hard against her cervix. Then she cried out as she climaxed for the second time.

"Oh gaaaawd, Mike. It feels so fucking good."

Cassandra dropped her legs to her side, put her arms around Mike's waist and pulled him on top of her. He could feel her heart beating in her chest and hot puffs of her breath on his neck. Mike had been holding back his climax since he wanted Cassandra to cum first. Now he started thrusting into her again, and in the short space of twenty seconds, he orgasmed. Cassandra felt his cock swell and his cum spurting against her cervix causing her to climax for the third time.

They both lay in the post-orgasmic euphoria—she with her head on his chest, holding his now semi-erect cock and him with his hand on her breast. For a good ten minutes, neither spoke. Then Cassandra turned to him and kissed him.

"That was incredible, Mike. Thanks for making this evening magical. I'll never forget this night as long as I live. And I'll tell you another thing when I've graduated from college I'm going to have your baby."

"Me, a father? I never thought I would ever have children.

"I love you so very, very much, Cassandra."

"And I love you too, Mike."

**Epilogue**

It was a cold October day, and the weatherman said there was a chance of snow flurries in the afternoon. Two women got out of a Jeep Cherokee. Bundled up in a fur-lined parka, wearing woolen, multi-colored leggings and a pair of UGGS, twelve-year-old Mikaela held onto her mother's gloved hand as they left the parking lot and entered the Sisters of Mercy Cemetery. It had been almost ten years since Cassandra had stepped foot in the cemetery—in fact, it had been nearly ten years since she had stepped foot in the city in which she grew up. After college, she had moved to California where she had accepted a job as a research assistant at a large pharmaceutical company. There had been nothing to keep her here, her parents had retired early, sold their house and purchases a condo in Boca Raton.

The two women walked up the gentle slope of the cemetery. They passed large and small headstones and the occasional mausoleum. At the top of the hill, they took a left turn and stopped at a simple grave with a black granite headstone. It bore the simple inscription of a man's name, his date of birth and his age at death.

Cassandra placed a bouquet of flowers on the granite slab that covered the grave, put her finger to her lips and touched the headstone and remembered the first time she had gone off to college. She had missed Mike terribly and looked forward to the breaks when she could return home and be with him again. The last time she saw him, was on Spring break of her Freshman year. They had made love with the bedroom window open and a fresh breeze blowing across the bed, cooling their hot bodies.

"I wish I could stay with you forever, Mike."

"I do too, darling. But go and get your education, and then we'll take it one day at a time."

A month later, Cassandra found out that she was pregnant. She called her mother and gave her the news. Her parents were not very happy that their Catholic daughter was pregnant and even more unhappy when she wouldn't tell them who the father was. She drove home the next weekend to break the exciting news to Mike. There was an argument with Cassandra's father, and she was about to storm out of the house when her father asked her where she was going.

"I'm going to see my friend Mike, at least he won't be so judgmental."

"You haven't heard?" Cassandra's mother said.

"Heard what?"

"Mike died yesterday of a massive heart attack."

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Mikaela looked down at the grave, turned to her mother and asked, "Who's buried here, Mommy?"

"Your Daddy sweetheart."

"Will you tell me what he was like?"

"Sure I will, Micky."

As they walked back to the car, Cassandra told her daughter about the man she fell in love with when she was a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl. She thought that now Mikaela was twelve, it was time to make a pilgrimage back to where she grew up and to tell her daughter of a man she had fallen in love with.

"How old was he Mommy?"

"He was a lot older than Mommy; he was fifty-seven."

"That is old isn't it?"

"Uh-huh

"What was he like?"

"Your Daddy was the sweetest, most gentle, most considerate person you could ever hope to meet, Micky. He was handsome, and he loved me with a passion. He was also the most generous man. He left everything to me in his will. The money put me through college and took care of you while I was in class. There's more than enough to pay for your college education."

"How old were you when you had me?"

"I was eighteen. And you were unexpected, Micky."

Mikaela looked up at her mother and said, "Why's that Mommy?"

"Because I was using birth control since it was not my intention to get pregnant—I had just started college. The pregnancy shouldn't have happened since the doctor told me that the birth control he prescribed was 99.9 percent effective."

"What does that mean?"

"It means you're a miracle baby, Micky, and you remind me of your father since you have his pale-blue eyes."

"I wish I could have met him."

"I wish you could have too, honey, but he died a long time before you were born."

Mother and daughter got back into the car and drove away. Mikaela looked back as the cemetery which was slowly faded in the distance.

"I just met my Daddy," she said to herself.