**The Pool Girl**

by Leto Armitage

**Chapter 1**

It was a Saturday afternoon in May when my doorbell rang. The summer heat was already starting and I was watching television. I got up, prepared to tell someone off. The only visitors I got were solicitors or people trying to expand their church congregations. Prepared to be gruff I expected a lot of things but the teen blonde dream I saw through the peephole was not it. With more trepidation than a 40-year-old man should have I opened the door. The vision in front of me was 5’8”, blonde with golden straight hair to the middle of her back and blue eyes. I would like to say she was wearing daisy dukes and a skin-tight crop top but she wasn’t. She was wearing denim shorts with a light blue t-shirt that wouldn’t have been scandalous at a church event but her face was sweet and elfin and to my primate brain looked of pure sex. And she was very healthy in front though through the loose shirt I couldn’t tell how big her breasts were. Her legs were toned and athletic and she radiated youth and energy, barely able to a standstill.

“Hi Mr. Carlo, I’m Melissa. Melissa Milton.”

I took her hand and shook it trying not to look like a lecherous old man. Either I was succeeding or she got that reaction too often to register it anymore. I wondered if she was selling magazines or something but she wasn’t carrying anything.

“Can I help you?”

“Um, I’m Tommy Milton’s sister.”

“Oh! How’s he doing? He went off to state to start in the summer term, didn’t he? Extra training for track?”

“Yes, sir. He’s well. They got him a job in the sports department as part of his financial aid package and wanted him to start right away. Since that let him get a jump on training he was really gung ho.”

“That’s great. I liked Tommy. What can I do for you though?”

“Well, I’m coming around because I was hoping to take over the lawns he was doing.”

Shit. “Oh. I’d hired a lawn service since he said he couldn’t do it anymore ... I don’t remember him saying anything about...”

“No, no. I just got the idea the other day. See, my step dad said I’d have to save for a car myself and... “ she looked back over the vast suburbia behind her, “well, kind of hard to get a job without a car.” She looked a bit dejected.

“Have you gotten many?”

“None. Some have gotten services and others ... I don’t think they can see a girl mowing lawns.”

“Really you look perfectly fit.”

For a second she smiled and it was glorious. Then she came back to reality but forced a less bright smile. “Thanks for your time.”

She started to turn. “Hold on,” I said. “You know there is another thing Tommy used to do that the lawn guys don’t.”

“What?”

“The pool.”

“Woah.”

The pool gets that reaction a lot. It’s a full Olympic pool with a hot tub offset from it and the yard was wrapped by both a privacy fence and thick tall trees inside it that blocked the view from and of the neighbor’s houses. It made it my private slice of the world. Last year I’d gone further and built an outdoor kitchen and lounge space just because I liked spending so much of my time out here. The kitchen included a big charcoal grill, prep area, stone wood oven, and bar. The lounging area was covered with a fan and four outdoor loungers, a couple of chairs and side tables. It was way more than just I needed but the big patio would have looked bare with just one lounger and side table.

“Yeah. The folks I bought the house from had built on a double lot and already had a huge patio here so I decided to splurge on a full-size pool. I don’t like covering it up in case I want to use it. I also don’t like using a lot of chemicals so it needs checking regularly. I love my trees but they drop stuff in. Interested?”

“Yes, sir. How much?”

“$20?”

I could see the wheels turning in her head. It wasn’t a lot of money but it wasn’t a lot of work either.

“I need it done daily so that’s $140 a week with no taxes out or anything.”

“You sure you want to spend that much every week?”

“It’s worth it to not have to think about it. There is one concern though. You aren’t allergic or phobic of bees are you?”

“Uh, no, why?”

I made a follow me gesture and walked around the side of the house to point to a large box underneath two maple trees. We could see a small cloud of black and yellow shapes around it. “One of my hobbies, honey bees.” As I said that one flew towards us, a big fat bee that lazily danced near my face and then wandered off.

Melissa stared obviously a bit dumbstruck but not wanting to panic. “Are ... they like wasps?”

“No, no, these are honey bees. They aren’t aggressive at all. If you don’t swat at them they’ll ignore you. They may fly nearby but they won’t sting. I’ve had plenty of them land on me and never been stung once. You do need to be more careful if you get near the hive since they want to defend it but it’s all the way over there.”

There was a pause where I could tell she was thinking. As silly as it was I didn’t want her to back out.

“Besides, I don’t think they’d sting one of their own so you should be fine.” I grinned. She looked at me like she didn’t understand the joke. “Your name, Melissa, means ‘bee’ in greek, honey bee in fact I think.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

Somehow that seemed to decide it for her. She smiled and reached out to shake my hand. I took it. Right then I would have paid her daily just to see that smile. I took her around to show her everything including how to measure the levels and what to do. A few times she asked me to repeat myself and she took a lot of notes on her phone. After a bit, I asked her to step through it all herself. She did it well, with only a few minor corrections.

“Tomorrow?” she asked.

“Sure.”

“What time?” She was almost bouncing on her feet.

“Anytime. I’m home most of the time but even if I’m not you can go ahead and take care of it.”

She laughed and it made all of her bounce a little. “Yeah, Tommy called you eccentric.”

It was my turn to smile. “I just like my life simple. Here... “ On the way through the house I had grabbed the spare fence key and some spare cash and gave both to her. “I like to square up accounts on Saturday so you’ll get paid then for each week and it’s Saturday so...”

“There’s $60 here.” She looked suspicious.

“Yeah, I figured the training took you about three times as long as actually doing it usually will so that’s your pay for today.”

“Oh, wow, thanks!”

I walked her back to the front door and said goodbye.

Sunday came and I found myself puttering around the house and resisting the urge to be outside just to watch her when she showed up. She did eventually show up at about 2 pm. She rang the doorbell first rather than go around the back. I opened the door to find her wearing a yellow sundress that was modestly long and loose. It looked gorgeous on her but not sexual which was oddly very sexy.

“Hey, did you forget the key?”

“No, but I figured you may want to watch me since it’s my first time to make sure I don’t mess anything up.”

“I think you’ll be fine.”

“I’m just a bit nervous. I want to do it right.”

“OK.” I motioned her through and we walked through the house. “Aren’t you a bit overdressed for pool cleaning.”

“I was at church and came right over. Mom insists we go every Sunday.”

“Ah.”

“You?”

“No. I’m not religious.” I was pulling open the sliding door to the deck. I wondered if she was religious if that meant she was more conservative ... well, I wasn’t getting in her pants so that didn’t matter. But I knew I’d think it anyway. She began the process and rather than hover over her shoulder I went to lay down on a lawn chair and watch her. By pure coincidence it also let me see a lot of her thighs when she bent over in the sundress, not all the way up but enough.

After a few minutes, I said, “I feel like I’m being lazy laying here while you do that.”

She grinned. “Not at all. You’re the boss here, you enjoy overseeing your employee and relax. That’s why I’m here.” She had kicked off her flats and was walking around barefoot. It didn’t take her long and I started to get up to see her out but she waved me down and told me to relax. In a few minutes, she let herself out by the gate through the fence. After she left I thought the yellow was perfect for a little worker bee.

Monday came and she arrived at noon. I happened to be having lunch and was eating a sandwich outside when she came in through the gate. She beamed at me and she was wearing what I soon learned was her, except for Sunday, a uniform of some kind of shorts and a t-shirt. This time the shorts were white and the t-shirt was for some band I’d never heard of but it had tour dates on the back so I assume it came from a concert.

“Oh, you’re here, great!”, she said.

“Why is that great?”

“Well, I was hoping you’d be here if I had questions.”

“You could always ring the bell, I’m probably home.”

“Tommy said you don’t like to be interrupted when working.” I couldn’t really tell her that I’d make an exception for her...

“True,” I said “but if you really need something, it’s OK.”

“What do you do? Tommy just said it was computer stuff.”

“Data modeling and analysis. I tend to hyper-focus at work but I enjoy it.”

“What time do you usually finish up work?”

“About four.”

“So, if I come over then I won’t be interrupting?”

“Sometimes I work late but ... yeah, that would be a good time.” “Awesome.” During this whole time, she worked as we talked. She was clearly a better multitasker than I am. She called out the water test levels, checked several different places, made sure everything was circulating, skimmed the pool, and did the whole work. Before long she was gone again. The best part was she stopped to smile and wave as she left.

The next day was Tuesday. As silly as it was I found myself making sure I was at a good breaking point by four and outside by four-thirty. I was reading when she came through the gate again a moment later, wearing jean shorts again and a baggy white t-shirt. Where her blonde hair fell over it, it looked gold, as if it was reflecting the light.

She waved, “Hey Mr. Carlo!”

“Robert.” I put the book down. “Call me Robert.”

“You sure?”

“I know I’m old but I’m not your parent or teacher so I get to decide.”

She was already skimming the pool. She had that same focus her brother had.

“I don’t think you’re old. Maybe old enough. Robert seems formal but it suits you.”

Old enough? What did that mean?

“Robert. My dad was Bobby, my grandfather Bob, and an uncle Rob and a cousin Robby. Robert was the only one left for me.”

She laughed gently and I could have recorded it and listened back to it. When did I get so enamored of a teen goddess? I was more than twice her age. It was stupid but I could look, and did. She moved quickly around the pool, her legs long and perfect as she worked.

Soon enough she was finished. “Same time tomorrow?”

“Absolutely,” I said before I knew I was saying it. And so it began. Every day, even on Saturdays and Sundays she would come over at 4:30. It remained this way for three weeks until early June. It was a Friday when she came into the yard. I had brought out a pitcher of lemonade and she smiled but lacked animation. She was scooping the leaves and a big bumblebee flew by. Melissa had gotten used to the occasional bee by this time it just landed on her hand refusing to move. Melissa began to move very slowly expecting it to just fly off but instead it placidly just sat there as Melissa watched it.

“I think it wants to know what’s up.”

She looked at me. “Can I come over there?” It occurred to me that she hadn’t been within ten feet of me since that first day. The bee flew off.

“Of course, come on over. Like lemonade?” She nodded so I gestured that I’d be one second. I stepped inside, grabbed another glass and was right back. I found her not sitting in a chair but sitting on the very end of the lounger I reclined on. I poured a glass and handed it to her while moving to sit behind her.

“What’s up?”

She sighed as I imagined only a teenage girl could, beautiful and forlorn at the same time. “It’s stupid.”

“But you’re still feeling something.”

“Yeah.” Her shoulders came down a bit like some of her strength had gone out. “OK, it started because my mom told me that tomorrow I have to be out with them at a family dinner thing tomorrow at 4:30.”

“So, what’s the...”

I trailed off because she was looking at the pool.

“You can do that anytime you know.”

“I know.” She sipped the lemonade. “But it’s not really about this... “ she motioned around her, “though it does piss me off ... no, it’s about me and my mom, about me making decisions for me instead of her, about me not being treated like a kid anymore. So, of course, I blew up about something silly. Not a great way to convince her I’m an adult.”

“So you’re irritated at her but mad at yourself.”

“Yeah.”

“You seem to be ... you seem to have a pretty good grasp on it. You picked the wrong fight but are learning from it. Welcome to humanity.” I smiled at her. I had to keep myself from patting her arm, I could touch her.

“I am sorry though.”

“Why?”

“Tommy told me that you like things very routine. I figured coming every day at 4:30 would be nice.”

I started to laugh but ... that wasn’t right, I saw she really meant it... “That’s very considerate of you. It has been nice and ... I’ve enjoyed chatting with you every day.” There was something else there but I figured this wasn’t the time.

“Me too, with you I mean.”

A moment of silence hung between us.

“So, what is the big deal tomorrow?”

“Birthday party and dinner.”

“For?”

“Me.”

I blinked and looked at her. But I understood.

“And you wanted to be the one to decide ... even if it was with an old man instead of a nice dinner.”

She punched me gently on my leg. I tried to think of what to say...

“Old enough man, we established that already.” There was that phrase again.

“You know, you can come by earlier tomorrow. The pool will still need it.”

“What time?”

“Noon.”

“I’ll be here.” And she was.

It was right at noon and she was there. The shorts and t-shirt were gone. Now, Melissa wore jeans and a white peasant blouse that was loose and flowing and invited hands to get underneath.

“Hey.”

“Hey.”

She smiled and started her routine while I fiddled on my phone and waited. She looked over after getting the net out to skim the pool and noticed me just standing there in my khakis and polo shirt.

“I don’t think I’ve ever seen you out of jeans,” she said.

“I think this is the first time I’ve seen you in them.”

“Really?”

“Really. You always wear shorts or a dress.”

“You noticed?”

I felt like I had just been busted. “Uh, yeah.”

She gave me that smile again. “I don’t think most guys would notice.”

I shrugged, not sure what to say to that. “Have you had lunch yet?”

“No.”

“Well, I was going to fix you something but it occurred to me I have no idea what you’d like. I could take you out.”

“You cook?”

“Everyday.”

“How about we fix something here.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Can you make hamburgers?”

“Certainly. But...”

“My mom never lets me have any of that kind of stuff. It’d be a treat.”

“Not healthy?”

“Bad for a cheerleader she says.”

“Oh.”

“You didn’t know?”

“No.”

“Yeah, I’m a senior on the squad this year. My mom was a cheerleader too. I think she’s trying to relive high school through me.”

“Why would anyone want to relive high school?”

“I know, right?”

We walked into the kitchen where she emitted a single exclamation.

“Fuck!”

I smiled. I don’t live in a mansion. My living room was simple as I never had guests but my kitchen ... I like to cook. I’d outfitted the place with a deep fryer, double ovens, lots of gear from restaurants going under. A large TV was mounted over the large double sink so that I could watch TV. I had a trio of glass-fronted stand-ups, a freezer, and a refrigerator along with a narrow wine cooling case.

“You really do like cooking don’t you?”

“Eating is one of life’s great pleasures. I like to do it well. Not healthy mind you but well. That’s the fryer. Turn it on to 325. I’ve precut some fries in the fridge I was to fix tomorrow. Today they go with burgers.”

Shortly we were fixing burgers. Melissa was putting together the patties under my directions in addition to running the fryer while I got the pan ready, cut the brioche buns and got condiments.

“I feel kind of bad. This isn’t much of a birthday meal.”

“That’s OK. This is cool. Besides, you don’t like going out and my mom might not like me running off with a strange man.” She smirked.

“I’m not that strange...”

“When was the last time you drove somewhere?”

“This morning actually.”

She nodded as if I’d scored a point. “Before that?”

“Ummmmm a few months?”

“My point. Tommy told me how you have everything delivered.”

“I think he may have oversold the recluse thing. I don’t really hate going out. I just don’t want to waste time doing things like driving and shopping. And yeah, I kind of get in a rut.”

“Do you ever get tired of it?”

“Sometimes but not exactly. Sometimes I feel like I wish I had more but I’m never unhappy with what I have. I like my life.”

I turned on the stove and put the butter on to start the burgers.

“By the way, this is how Gordon Ramsey makes burgers, with a lot of butter, your mom would definitely not approve.”

“Awesome.” She looked thoughtful. “So, what is it you are missing? Companionship?”

I poured butter over the patties. “Better no one than the wrong one. Been there.” When I turned around Melissa was sitting at the island leaning forward over it to me.

“How about you? Boyfriend?”

“Not exactly.”

“Girlfriend?”

“Ha! No. Girls are cute but I like men. Technically, I have a boyfriend but mom keeps me on a pretty short leash. He plays football. She likes that. She doesn’t like her football boyfriend knocked her up in her junior year.”

“Wow.”

“Yeah. I’m the poster child for receiving mixed signals. So I go on dates but it doesn’t really feel like a boyfriend. Not like I have a ... you know ... connection with him.”

“A simple prop to occupy your time?”

“That sounds familiar.” She already had her phone out.

“An ... old song. Old now I guess.”

“REM.”

“Yep.” I started to hear it coming from her phone and I sang along.

This one goes out to the one I love This one goes out to the one I’ve left behind A simple prop to occupy my time This one goes out to the one I love

“Holy shit!” Melissa cursed a lot but casually without a sense of vulgarity, it was oddly cute.

“Huh?”

“That is cold as hell.”

“People have proms with that as their love song for the prom.”

“That is so messed up. Was that yours?”

“No, they picked Don’t Worry Be Happy for ours. So, he’s a prop?”

“Yeah, I guess but more my mom’s than mine. Heck, I’m her prop.”

“And you?”

“I avoid the fight. And Jerry gets a blonde cheerleader on his arm.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be.”

I brought the burgers over to the island and I assembled them while she put the fries in a bowl and salted them. We worked silently except for her asking where things were. We stood and ate. She chewed for a minute.

“This is really good ... you know what occurred to me.”

“What?” I had to pause while swallowing.

“No one can see me here.”

“Not sure I follow.”

“A prop is something you ... set a stage with, put on display ... tell me when I said we’d just have something here how did you feel?”

“Honestly?”

“Yes.”

“Relieved.”

“Why?”

“Going out would be a bit awkward. People would stare.”

“You don’t want them to think you have a cheerleader on your arm? A teenage cheerleader.” She smiled and had a glint in her eye.

“No, I wanted to do something for you. And give you this.” I handed her the box. She opened the unwrapped box from the jeweler’s store, what I’d gone out for this morning.

“I wanted to find something with bees but I thought you might like those better.” Inside she pulled out two earrings, black spheres embedded in bright gold circles.

“Onyx?”

“Black sapphires.”

“Woah.”

“Don’t be impressed, they’re cheap gemstones.”

“Not that cheap.” Her eyes were huge.

“I didn’t know if you’d like them, but I thought they’d look nice on you.”

She ran around and hugged me. “I love them.”

She left that afternoon but came back on Sunday wearing the yellow dress again and the earrings. As days passed I began putting out drinks, lemonade or tea and she would sit with me for a bit before heading home. Every day she wore the earrings. Every day before she left she gave me a hug. It wasn’t tight, or long, just a nice goodbye hug, not sexual. Yet nearly everyday it gave me a raging erection. I felt bad at first but she never seemed to notice or be embarrassed so I began to feel like it was normal.

The days came and went and we settled into a routine. I was often outside reading and one day she asked what I was reading. It was Their Eyes Were Watching God. It was on her summer reading list but she hadn’t started it yet. I commented that it was more interesting than what I’d read in high school for English. The next day she had started it and we talked about it. She tore through it in less than a week and on Saturday we sat outside.

“Final thoughts?” I asked.

“I have mixed feelings about Nanny still.”

“She wanted a good life for her granddaughter but she was always unhappy until she met the guy no one approved of.” I offered.

“I don’t think it was so much that he wasn’t what they approved of but he represented chance, a loss of stability but that letting go, put her in God’s hands and that way she found happiness.”

“So, you think Hurston thought you had to take chances?”

“Not exactly. I suspect she saw it as surrendering to God but to me yeah, it’s about taking chances and ... yeah, surrender.”

“Didn’t she surrender to Starks though?”

“No, I don’t think so, she did what he said but he himself said that he never knew her because he never let her be free. If you’re not free you can’t really make the choice to surrender, you’re just arrested.”

I smiled at her choice of words, correct and not what I’d expect of a high school student. We continued on until after six. She texted her mom to let her know where she was and then headed back. We had talked about religion, sexuality, life. I think she saw something of herself in Janie, what high teenage girls wouldn’t - seeking identity and bristling against the controlling conservative desires of parents. I watched her leave after she hugged me and at the fence, as she often did, she stopped, leaving that perfect ass where I could see it. Then she turned her head to wave bye to me.

I sighed and headed inside. For a moment I’d had the urge to ask her to stay for dinner. And I needed to get a copy of the next book on her reading list.

Early June came and it was a Tuesday when she appeared. She looked like hell. She did her work and came over. Normally she would use a lounger next to mine but this time she sat on the edge of mine near my legs.

“I didn’t get any of the Steinbeck reading done,” She offered.

“You don’t look well.” I reached out and moved some hair from her face before making her jump jerking my hand away. “Sorry.”

She turned back to face me suddenly. “No, no, that’s fine. I just didn’t expect it. You ... you’re always super careful. Trust me it’s fine.”

“Well, I...” what did I say? The truth. “I’m a middle-aged guy and you’re a teenager. I don’t want you to think I’m creeping on you.”

“You must look though. For a while, I wondered if you were gay or asexual. I’ve had guys watching me since I started getting these when I was twelve.” She breathed deep and pushed her chest forward. She seemed sad and older than her years for a moment. “There. For just a second you couldn’t help yourself but then you looked back to my face.”

I smiled wanly, “Your face is nice too.”

“Yeah, but there’s a difference. When I say guys have looked at me I mean I’ve had to learn how guys look. Do you know what it’s like to be blonde and well built?”

I shook my head no.

“I watch behind me, I’ve learned the body language of guys trying to seem like they’re not looking. It’s being safe. I’ve had guys looking at me like meat since I was twelve. I can usually tell a gay guy by how they don’t look at me.” She seemed tired and was that almost drunk quality you had when tired enough.

“Then how did you know I’m not gay if you said I don’t look like that. I have definitely noticed you though.”

“That day you gave me the earrings.” She still had them on, she did nearly every day. “I hugged you because it felt right and I figured at that point you weren’t interested like that anyway...”

“And?”

“You had your own reaction and you have each time since.”

I probably blushed but I looked at her, no reason to deny it if I’m busted. “Sorry. Unlike where I look I can’t control that.”

“I know.” Now she smiled, just a thin tight smile. “Can I have a hug?”

“Sure.” I leaned forward but instead, she laid down so that she was half on top of me. I hugged her to me, feeling her breasts against me. She shifted her leg to where she could feel my erection through my jeans and left her leg there.

“I’m sorry I’m being emotional and stupid.”

“Emotions are never stupid.”

“When they’re just your hormones they are.”

“We can’t separate the mind from the flesh.”

She settled down and closed her eyes, making sure she could feel my erection against her leg.

“I just figured something out,” she said.

“What?”

“You do look at me like you’re hungry but that’s not all. There’s more there. It’s more complicated.”

I didn’t know what to say. A minute probably passed before I said, “Yes.”

“You can look more if you want.” Then she went still until she fell asleep wrapped in my arms. She woke up half an hour later and said she needed to be off. Her mom watched her time. She looked embarrassed but also more peaceful. After that day she still hugged me goodbye but I held her a bit tighter. I also looked more, almost challenging her to be creeped out, watching her as she cleaned my pool. She just smiled at me.

It was two weeks later when things changed again. Once again I was waiting for her but this time she looked rough as she arrived. It was hot, ridiculously hot at 108 degrees and had only cooled down two degrees from its earlier high of 110. I was in swim trunks having been in and out of the pool a few times. Melissa showed up this time in red shorts and a light pink crop top. She was sweating so badly the top looked nearly translucent. She went to work but partway through looked ready to pass out. I tried to signal her over but she waved me off and didn’t do so until she was done. She collapsed into the wooden deck chair next to me.

“You shouldn’t have walked over here in this heat.”

“I didn’t have your number to call you.”

I blinked. “You don’t?”

“You never gave it to me.”

“I’m so sorry. Still, you didn’t...”

The look she gave me had emotion, not anger, not humor, but frustration. I didn’t understand it but I understood now was the time to not talk. She stood up.

“Give me the number later. Right now I have a favor to ask.”

“What?”

“Can I use the pool? It’s hot and...”

“Certainly.”

She stood up, walked to the edge and removed her shirt and dropped her shorts. She kicked off her sandals. Standing there in a classic white bikini she turned around. Her breasts were larger than I thought, maybe large C cups and she was perfect, a goddess putting up her hair in a blonde ponytail with a hair tie. Her legs ended in a perfect juncture that just hid the mons of Venus. I stared and she watched me watching her as she put up her hair. Then she turned and walked into the water using the steps, dipped her head and then rose to sigh in pleasure at the cooler water. She dove and played before coming back up for air. I noticed that she was still wearing the earrings.

She was a teenage girl. She cleaned my pool for me. She motioned for me to come to her and she looked afraid. I got up and as I walked ate her with my eyes.

**Chapter 2**

Melissa looked at me. She was blonde in a wet white bikini with long hair that clung to her while two dangling earrings caught the light standing in water to her knees. “Are you going to get in?” She asked.

I sat down on the edge and put my legs in the water. “Maybe.”

“Maybe?”

“I’m trying to decide how bad an idea this is.” She swam over and stood next to me, the water was only a few feet deep here so when she stood we were at eye level. Her breasts stood out proudly, large C cups. She positioned the cleavage right under my face. She stroked my knee and I put my hand on her arm. It was the second time I had touched her, at least that I had initiated it. Her eyes were bright blue and her nipples little points that were not quite hidden by the bikini top. As I looked she breathed deep and brought her hands up to cup the tits. I could see her building courage. So was I, but mine was different. She didn’t want to be rejected. I didn’t want to make a mistake.

“These are eighteen years old,” she said as she cupped them.

“I figured that. I didn’t think you’d put me in a position to get arrested.”

“But... ?”

“But I don’t need an angry mother after me with a shotgun.”

“I thought it was fathers who had shotguns.”

“You always mention your mother.”

Her voice raised, just a tiny bit. “I’m on the pill. I’m safe. I’ve been on since I was fifteen.”

“You seem to assume I’m talking about sex.”

“You’re ... not interested?” She looked hurt but it also looked fake. She knew I had daily hard-ons from her.

“I am. But I’m not jumping into the pool like a rutting satyr.”

She smiled. “We could go somewhere else if you want to rut like a satyr.”

That made me laugh and suddenly things seemed a lot simpler. “God, I want you.”

“Then what’s the problem?” She mock pouted a little and ran her hand up and down my leg. “I’m not a virgin.”

“I didn’t think you were. What I don’t understand is why?”

“Why what?”

“Why me? Why this routine?”

“That looks uncomfortable.” She pointed at my erection, straining my swim trunks.

“You’re changing the subject.”

“Yes, I am.” She reached out and stroked me through the shorts which made thinking hard. Her small hand pressed against it and I looked at the simple nails, trimmed without paint. I moved to put my hand on her wrist to tell her we weren’t done talking when she pushed herself against me and attacked my mouth with hers. Her tits pressed against me and my brain stopped working. I could feel the nipples through the bikini top and raw flesh of her cleavage against me. Her mouth tasted of heat and pool water. Turns out, we were done talking. She won that fight, our first in a way. I opened my lips and took her tongue in, attacking back. She tasted of her, no lipstick, no added element just her breath that came quick and hot.

We broke contact as I slid into the pool. She backed up and her hips made perfect resting places for my hands. I felt the elastic straps of her bikini bottoms as I pushed her further back. I met her eyes, our noses touching. We were already in the shallows but I pushed her back to the circular concrete steps. It was only an inch deep at the top and we went to it. All the way I didn’t kiss her, I just held her eyes.

“Umf.” She landed when her legs couldn’t keep walking backward. She made a tiny splash but I didn’t let her fall, holding her weight as she descended bottom first onto the wide concrete steps that descended into the pool.

“Are you...”

“Maybe.” My voice was flat again, controlled. I was hard as iron. “I want you. I want you badly, violently,”

Melissa flushed. “Do it.”

“Not yet.”

“Please.” Her hands came up, caressing my face.

“I don’t have a condom.”

“I told you, the pill.”

“Are you safe? Other things?”

“Yes.”

My brain knew I should ask more. I should demand a history. Fuck, I should demand a test. But, right now I needed her and ... I realized something. I trusted her.

“Do you understand that I’ve wanted to rape you since I first saw you?”

“This isn’t rape. You wouldn’t do that.”

“It could be. If I take you in that house I’m not going to be gentle. Not today. I only have enough control right now to walk away.”

“Would you hurt me?”

“Maybe. I don’t know what I’d do.”

“You’re trying to scare me. It won’t work. I trust you. You can hurt me.”

She put her hands on me. I’m not rocking a six pack but under my softness, I have a bit of muscle. I’m heavier than I should be but not fat. She ran her hands over me smiling. Her fingertips felt ... as perfect as I had imagined them.

“Do you hide out in this quiet house because you’re a secret rapist who is a danger to society?” She said it jokingly and teased one of my nipples.

“No,” I said flatly.

“Then I do this to you?” She has reached under my trunks, snaking one arm through the leg and danced fingertips across my balls. My swim trunks tented out. I’m only about average length, I’ve been told, but a bit thick and right now I could hammer nails with it.

“Yes, you do it to me. Every day.”

“Good.” She looked at me in the eyes and smiling beautifully said, pausing after every word, “I. Trust. You. You can hurt me, I won’t break. I want you to rape me.”

“No. You don’t.”

“Maybe not rape, not real rape, but” she leaned back resting her back against the metal handrail and pulled her bikini bottoms to one side, “I am ready for you to stop being so in control.”

I said nothing but got on my knees, on a lower step and pulled her to me, shifting her by her hips. I didn’t ask and don’t think I could at that point. She was shaven with a light patch of blonde hairs above her pussy lips which swelled with arousal. Then I showed her how hungry I was. She tasted of pool water of course, and sweat and her own nectar. She was aroused and I licked slowly French kissing her delicious pussy and occasionally lapping at her clit, making her buck a little each time. She came, not a big orgasm but it was quick so I continued. As I felt her get close I stopped. I blew air on her clit.

“Do you like that?”

“Oh god, yes.”

“I’m not going to let you cum again for a while.” I kept my arms wrapped under her legs and held my mouth to her. I circled her clit with my tongue top and lazily dragged myself through her opening. She bucked her hips up at me as if my tongue was a penis but I held her in place.

“Oh fuck, you bastard, you bastard,” she chanted. I ate her, stopped, kissed her thighs while she cooled off and then returned to it. I don’t know how long I kneeled there in the water but she called me a bastard quite a few more times as I stopped her before she could finish again. It was as I felt the sun on my back I realized we couldn’t stay out here long.

I stood and offered my hand. She stood with me, her suit still on, hiding nothing. Her legs trembled as she held onto the railing and adjusted her tiny bottom to cover her pussy again.

“Take it off,” I said.

“Out here?”

“Yes.” I took off my own trunks and threw them towards the chairs.

I walked to the large rack I kept fresh towels on, large fluffy extra-large towels. I turned around and she was walking towards me, her bikini held in one hand, tossing it onto a chair. She was perfect, soft and toned, natural blonde hair. Her breasts were full, without sag. The only thing she wore was the earrings. And yet only one thought came through my fog. Not that she was blonde, or hot, or a teenager or a cheerleader. My honey-bee. It struck me then. I’d had this silly nickname for months in my head but never said it out loud.

I wrapped her in the lush towel but when she went to take the edges I shooed her hands off. I used it, toweling her off, starting at her breasts, down her ribs, across her stomach, each leg, then turned her around and her back and then carefully dried her hair.

“My turn,” she said and took the other towel I had laid on the chaise lounge and used it to dry me. She paid particular attention to my cock, being extra careful with it, which had remained partially hard. She dried my back and pressed herself against me from behind. For the first time, I felt those nipples and I reached back, finding her thigh and squeezed. I felt her tongue on the back of my neck as she licked from my ear to my spine before she started drying me again. It didn’t take nearly as long to dry my hair and I released her leg as I felt her back off.

She was putting the towel away when I grabbed her. She squeaked a little exclamation and I kissed her. I grabbed her bottom lip between mine and traveled with my lips, giving her tiny kisses all over her mouth, her cheek, her neck. I took her hand and headed to the door. We went in, up the stairs, to the bedroom she’d never seen. I had a king-size bed with dark purple sheets that I rarely bothered making overlooking the backyard and pool.

“Sorry, for the messy bed.”

She smiled and looked around. My bedroom is very monochrome. The only decorations are black and white photos and art prints. A TV hung on the wall and other than dark sheets the only color came from the nearly full wall windows that overlooked the backyard. We could see sunlight off the pool water.

“So, this is what looks over the yard,” she said.

“Yep. Until you made it clear you were OK with me there I ... well, I might have harbored a few ideas about watching you from here.”

“Look all you want.” She walked to the bed and laid back on the dark sheets. She displayed herself, her tanned skin still pale compared to the darkness of the sheets. She rolled, parted her legs, a nymph. “How do you want me?”

I climbed over her. I stared in her eyes. “Immediately.” I began rubbing my hard crown between her lips. She still had some moisture from before and began wetting again quickly. Within seconds I could get an inch in. She was tight and wet.

“You need me?” She spread more and I shifted to kneel between them.

“My honey bee.” I felt a panic rise in me. I wanted to destroy her on my prick. It was irrational and violent and possessive and at the same time I loved her and I suddenly felt stupidly vulnerable.

Her response to my profession was to wrap her legs around me and pull me in. She was tight and it took a minute. Her face strained and glowed. I hurt and wanted more. I fucked her, feeling her loosen every few strokes until she was taking me. She’d never come down from her almost orgasms in the pool, not all the way. I fucked until I could bottom out in her. She opened her mouth and her body shook. It was a small one. I kept fucking. I fucked her slowly with long strokes now that she’d had an orgasm and found her to easily come from just penetration. In just a few moments she came again, cutely squeaking with her eyes shut. Then I changed tempo, held her knees in my hands and fucked her hard. I watched breasts shift, slightly to the side but with the defiance of gravity that only youth has. I bent her legs back as I exposed her as much as I could to get my dick in her. In moments she was screaming. I’d like to say I lasted hours but it was minutes, I was ready to explode before we reached the bedroom and barely made it this far.

“You fucker, fuck me, YES!”

Her back had arched and she fell back on the bed.

“I can’t ... I can’t ... Ah”

I pulled out and sprayed the stomach of this young woman with my cum. She lazily took it in her fingers and rubbed it into her skin. Three ropes stretched from the patch above her mons to under the right breast. I laid down next to her and she put her head on my chest, her hand on my cock, her leg over mine and we said nothing. Almost immediately I hardened, just a little, in her grasp.

She gasped.

“Can you ... again?” I was getting harder quickly and she was playing with it like a toy.

“Yeah, I can pretty much stay hard. I might not cum though, or just make a few drops.”

“I think I love this little guy.”

“Well, he definitely likes you. Sorry, I came so soon.”

“That was soon?”

“Yeah. I lost control.”

“Not as much as you said you would. You even pulled out.” She was still stroking me, long and slow pulls. She had either done this before or was a natural.

“I didn’t want l ... well ... shouldn’t get you pregnant.”

“I’m on the pill.”

“It’s not a hundred percent.”

“You changed what you were going to say. Do you want me to get pregnant?”

“You are entirely too perceptive.” I smiled and felt my hips buck a bit. She sped her hand up, jerking me off as we talked.

“You’re not answering.” She smiled.

“Part of me, yeah would love to knock you up. That’s not the smart part of me.” I sighed. “Do you think I’m a creep?”

“I think you’re a man. An honest man with too much self-control.”

“Not that much, you made me lose it.”

“Way too much. I’ve been trying for a while.”

That was when I grunted and froze as I felt like I was coming again but nothing came out but a single little drop, probably leftover. Melissa took it with her finger and tasted it lightly with the tip of her tongue, then looked back at it. She was sitting up now and never took one hand off. She wasn’t so much jerking me off as just massaging it.

“I could call him Zeus since I want to take care of him.”

I laughed. “You’ve been reading Greek mythology.”

“Just Wikipedia.”

“Well, he doesn’t shoot lightning bolts.”

“I’ll just call him Mine then.” She huffed a little.

“OK.”

“No argument.”

“He can be yours.”

“Good.”

We remained in silence for a few more minutes then I got up and motioned for her to remain. I returned in moments awkwardly carrying two glasses of ice water and two thick slabs of fresh bread with clotted cream and honey. She was cleaning up with a towel from my bathroom and dropped it to grab bread and water from me.

“You are wonderful!” She drank three large gulps before nibbling on the bread. “Ooh, this is so good.” She nibbled on the bread. “Mmmm warm.”

“I made the loaf right before you got here.”

“How am I just now finding out you make bread?”

“You need to eat with me more often.”

I wasn’t sure I should have said that but she smiled and said, “Yes, I do.”

“Your mom may not like it.”

“She can deal. By the way, is this your honey?”

“Yeah.”

“Your bees deserve an award. Sooooo good.” A little dribbled and she caught it and licked it off her fingers. “What was it you called me earlier, your bee? No, honey bee, that’s it!”

“Sorry, that was probably silly.” We were both sitting cross-legged on the bed.

“No, I liked it. It was sweet. It was the first time you called me that though.”

“Not really, just the first time you heard it.” It was her turn to blush. “Getting creepy now?”

She smiled. “Maybe, but I like it.”

“You’re a strange woman.”

“Girl, you mean.”

“No, young but definitely a woman.”

“Well, now I am.” She grinned in that way that made me think dirty things but something brought me back.

“You said...”

“Yeah, and kinda true, kinda not.”

“Kinda?”

“No hymen. Lost that years ago when playing with my mother’s dildo.”

“You didn’t?” I tried to raise one eyebrow dramatically.

“Yeah,” she laughed, “I’d tried a cucumber but it was too thick. She had this tiny one that at thirteen was just right.”

Trying to ignore the growing lightning god in my lap, “OK, but usually, we consider when we have sex is what loses virginity.”

“I’ve been with two guys, both about my age. They got on top, they came. I didn’t feel like I lost anything, didn’t even feel like we did anything. After that, I decided my fingers were more reliable than boys. You’re my first I think.”

I pondered this. “I don’t think you’d get a dictionary to agree with you but I’m not a dictionary.”

“Hmmm.” She had finished her bread and snuggled against me. That was all that was said for a while until she had to get up and find her phone outside. I watched her walk naked and text her mother. I didn’t have a hair drier but she said it had been long enough that with the walk home it’d be fine. She dressed. The bikini was so small it was already dry from the heat and she put it back on and her clothes over it. I kissed her and she was gone. The house was a bit quieter than I remembered it being before.

**Chapter 3**

The next day was Saturday. Again, at four-thirty Melissa appeared. She was wearing cream-colored shorts and a matching t-shirt with a single pink stripe that unusually hugged her chest instead of being loose. As a result, I could see the shape of the hefty breasts I had seen yesterday as she walked around the pool.

I didn’t know how to act at first but she was totally normal. I was different though, watching closely as she cleaned the pool, eating her with my eyes. After she came up to me and I squared off for the last week, one hundred and forty dollars. She tucked it away as she always did and then instead of sitting on a lounge near to mine she laid down with me, partially on top of me. As she did, she let out a sigh and seemed like she melted into me.

“Thank you,” she said.

“What for?”

“Being here.”

She ran her hand across my chest and I kissed the top of her head.

“I don’t think we got started on the new book yesterday.”

She laughed lightly. “No, maybe later?” She looked up at me and ran her hand into my swim trunks.

“Later.”

We went inside and I made love to Melissa. I also had made the bed and put on clean sheets. This time I wasn’t on edge though I was eager. She stripped without formality but kept her back to me, turning around with her bra held up by her hands, covering her but its clasp undone.

“Maybe I should keep it on?” She grinned.

“No, you definitely should not,” and I nearly ripped it out of her hands. She shrieked playfully and jumped on the bed away from me. I lunged and caught her by her legs, pulling her towards me. She went limp.

Now I could take my time. I kissed her, my hands running from her thighs to her shoulders. Then I turned her over and grabbed her ass hard. She let out another sigh as I rubbed her ass in my hands and then moved up to the small of her back. I gave a short massage to every muscle group, up her sides, to her shoulders and then wrapped my right hand around her neck and rubbed.

I nearly had her asleep when I started kissing her again. I kissed her ears, her neck, her shoulders and ran my tongue down along her spine. I even laid gentle silly kisses on her ass and made her jump with a little bite. Then I turned her over and devoured her again. She tasted sweet. I haven’t had experience with a lot of women and I’ve always enjoyed their taste and Melissa was the sweetest of them all. I didn’t tease her this time. I just made her come twice. It took her longer with my mouth than fucking her did, which was not my past experience. She definitely was vaginally orgasmic.

And then I did fuck her. She laid on her back again, me between her legs. We fucked slowly. I adored watching her body move, her breasts shift, her long blonde hair moving across the sheets. When she came there was a hard whisper and I could swear I heard “fuck” guttural at the edge of my hearing. Then I sped up, long faster strokes. Then ‘fuck’ became a chant and this time she exploded, shuddering, a spasm starting around my prick and crossing her like a wave until she screamed. I tried fucking her slowly again but she pushed back hard, challenging me with each thrust to go harder. “Please” she groaned. I then hammered her, bottoming out and going as fast as I could.

“Fuck yes!” She came a third time and despite my attempt to hold it I couldn’t and pulled out. I spread my cum across the soft down of her pussy hair and thighs. I was still hard though and preparing to re-enter when she said, “No more. I’m fucked out.” She sounded like she had run a mile.

“I thought you teenage girls could go all day?”

“We can but we need rests, unlike you rutting satyrs.”

I lowered myself next to her and kissed her nipples. “I’m just drunk on the nectar of the nymph.” I suckled at her nipples, feeling content.

“How do you not have girlfriends lined up for this?”

I paused sucking on one pointy nipple, my hand cupping her breast. “I’ve never had complaints in bed but women usually don’t like the rest of me.”

“No friends with benefits?”

“I’ve never been good at making friends. When I did ... well, one needed a restraining order. At some point, I just decided I didn’t want the drama.”

“Oh.” Suddenly her manner changed and Melissa seemed to grow cold. “I have a date with Jerry tonight. I gotta go.”

She got up quickly and left not even giving me a kiss as she left. I lay there covered in the remnants of us.

On Sunday she showed up in shorts and a t-shirt again, this time very baggy. Coming after four meant she had time to change post-church so I hadn’t seen the dresses in a long time. She quickly cleaned the pool, said bye and left. She was polite but it was perfunctory. I asked her if she wanted to discuss Steinbeck but she said she was fine. She wasn’t wearing her earrings.

By Monday I couldn’t work, I was knotted up, so I waited not by the pool this time but in front of the house on the steps. I didn’t come out here much and it was weird watching people come to and from their houses. I realized they were strangers to me though I lived next to them. As Melissa approached I watched her. I had never watched her when she was unaware of me before. She was bopping her head and had her phone out. She waved at people and called a few by name. As she approached she took off headphones and carefully wrapped them in a loop and put them in her pocket along with her phone. She came up to my walkway and stopped suddenly, obviously surprised.

“Robert?” At least it wasn’t Mr. Carlo.

I patted the stairs next to me. There were only three leading up to the front door but you could sit on them if you stretched your legs out. She walked up but didn’t sit down.

“Are you firing me?”

“Wha?!? No!” I was louder than I meant to be.

“I won’t make a scene and I haven’t told anyone.” She was not happy, clearly sad, her body language was defeated but there was a fire in her voice.

“Why would you think that?”

“Get your key back, minimize drama if I got mad. That’s why you’d be out here.”

“I thought you’d feel safer out here.”

She blinked. “That doesn’t make sense.”

“You haven’t done more than wave to me since ... since Saturday.”

“Since we fucked.”

“Yes.”

“You were really great and you never lied to me. I don’t have any reason to be mad at you.”

“But you are?”

“Yeah, and myself.”

“Why?” I stood, I felt my blood go from cold to a frantic pulse in my head.

“Why do you care?” She was angry and it hit me like a whip.

“Why do I care? Look, if you don’t want a physical relationship with me I get it but at least say something.”

“It’s been one day.”

“One day of whatever this is is too goddamn long you frustrating... “ I stopped before I said something I meant but would regret. I was controlling my voice but it was a strain and I could hear it in the way it came out too slow and too quiet. Melissa, in contrast, was rising in preparation to broadcast to the neighborhood with her voice.

“Too much drama, you need it to be over!”

“You’re the one that walked out. I don’t get why. I’m more than twice your age so I get ... shit ... anyway,”. I was frustrated and couldn’t think of the words I wanted. “I get why you might not want to continue things, and I don’t want to sound clingy, but ... goddamn it ... I feel like shit.” There I said it.

She stood up, now with tears in her eyes. “Stand up, we need to go inside where people don’t see us.” She matched action to the word and I followed.

Standing in my living room, the door not even quite shut, she took a deep breath and said, “You’re the one that said you didn’t do complications. I get that you’re older than me but I like you and I won’t just be a fuck doll for you!” Now she was yelling.

I was boiling, raging, fuck I was angry but I found a calm voice from somewhere, fuck if I know where.

“What did I say that prompted this, please remind me?”

“You said you don’t do friends with benefits, you don’t want the drama.”

“You’re right. But do you understand I don’t do sex with someone who isn’t at least a friend?”

She just looked at me. There was moisture but it might be a stretch to call them tears.

I raised my palm up but stopped short of touching her cheek. “May I touch you, your face?” I asked in a voice calmer than I felt.

She sniffled and nodded yes.

I wiped the moisture leaking from her eyes away and cupped her face, making her look at me. “You are not my fuck-doll. I can’t do that, I have to have some personal connection, at least like someone I’m fucking.”

Between tight breaths she looked at me and asked, “You said no drama, no friends.”

“You dense, infuriating, woman I’m trying to tell you that you’re more than a friend. If I read something interesting I think about sharing it with you. I wait all day not to see you naked but to see your smile. I stupidly imagine eating meals with you and waking up next to you.”

“That’s not stupid.” She smiled, a thin smile, her eyes red.

“They’d think I was your father if I took you out.”

“I don’t care so long as I’m not some prop. And we can eat here.”

“Do you trust me?”

“Yeah, maybe, fuck, I was just so mad at you and now I’m not and I don’t know.”

“Everything is upside down.”

“Yeah.”

“Feelings. Hormones a bit too?”

“Probably. Fucking hate them,” she said.

“I’m not feeling so great either.”

“Mad at me?”

I looked in her eyes. She was scared and that’s what I’d been for since Saturday, afraid.

“No, not mad. But coming down from a lot of feelings.”

She walked away from me and started pulling her shirt off. I caught myself watching the gorgeous things it did to her waist and breasts as she stretched. Her bra was plain white, nothing fancy but encasing those breasts it was a work of art.

I found my voice. “Is this a good idea? Right now?”

“No, probably not. But I need to feel you against me.”

I nodded. “Leave your bra and panties on, come here.” I stripped to boxers and laid on the couch. Her panties were as plain as her bra, just white cotton but she was a vision in a bra and panties. “We can talk with you in my arms and feel you against me.”

She smiled. “I’d like that.”

As soon as I laid down on the couch she laid on top of me, her nipples hard against me.

“Cold?”

She smiled, “Yeah.”

“Blanket?”

“No, don’t get up.”

“My honey bee.” I wrapped my arms around her.

“God, I was so mad at you, you confusing bastard.”

“Now?”

“I’m too tired to be mad anymore. I was ready to tear into you but I’m wiped.”

“I’ve been in knots. I took today off, I couldn’t think straight with you mad at me.”

“Really?”

“Yeah.”

We were quiet for a while.

“I don’t want to say anything about this but I’m afraid I have to,” she said after a while.

“What?”

“Jerry.”

“Oh. Yeah, you kind of threw that at me.”

“Sorry.”

“Don’t be. It was a true thing. I just didn’t want to hear it.”

“I was a bitch.”

“Yep.”

“No argument on that, huh?”

“You said that, like that, to hurt me.” I debated whether or not to say the whole truth and figured I had to. “It worked.”

She went still against me.

“I’m so sorry. I acted like my mom.” She sighed. “I’m so sorry, so sorry.”

“Shush.” I stroked her hair. “One day I’ll have to meet this horrible woman who raised such an amazing daughter.”

“Probably.” Another moment passed with just our breathing, my hand in her hair and her playing with the hair on my chest.

She broke the silence. “I guess it bothered you. What I said.”

“Uh ... yeah.” What should I say? “I have no claim on you, I know that, but yeah, I didn’t like it. I don’t want you to lie to me but I’d rather not know about it.” Then I sighed... “But ... he might not be safe, not always so I guess I do need to know.”

“I didn’t do anything with him. I thought about it. I wondered ... but even mad I didn’t want him, I wanted you. Well, I did give him a handjob.”

“I had a sense you were practiced with those.”

She snorted. “Yeah, they’re good for keeping guys calm. It’s weird though. Yours is the first I’ve ... really paid attention to. The boys I’ve gone out with I just learned how to get off quick and calm them down.”

“You make them sound like farm animals.”

“They are.”

“They’re kids.”

“So am I.”

“Girls mature faster.”

“Yeah, I’ve been really mature the last few days. I keep hearing I’m supposed to be a woman now and if it’s true shouldn’t we be interested in men, like you?”

“This much older?” I pointed at myself.

“How old are you?”

“Forty.”

“Well, there are two ways to look at it I figure. One is that you’re more than twice my age. If you subtract the time we’re little kids not functioning as people even more than that. But another is that some people live a lifetime in a few years and others live their own lives with no real experience.”

“I take it you’ve thought about this.”

“For a long time.”

“Most of the summer?”

“Before that, it was just thinking though, not about anyone. Until now.”

“I suspect it’s a bit messier in reality than theory.”

She harrumphed slightly. “Do you think I’m wrong?”

“No. Actually I think you’re right.” There was a lot more to it but I realized this wasn’t the time and I didn’t have any real answers anyway.

A few more minutes passed and I got up, shifting her off me. I made a pot of hot pomegranate tea and brought it and cups back to us. She was walking in a bra and panties around the living room looking at my books. My living room isn’t much - a TV, a couch, a coffee table, one chair, and five bookshelves.

“No DVDs?” she asked.

“All streaming.”

“But not E-books?”

“If I’m eager to read something, yeah, but I like actual books.”

I handed her the tea and she sipped it. “It’s sweet.”

“I added some honey to it.”

“I approve.”

“I just do it so that I can do this.” I kissed her and tasted the honey second hand. We kissed for a while, sipped tea and kissed again. Returning to the couch she sat between my legs, my cock hard against her side through the boxers and we drank tea and kissed for half an hour. I was hard and horny and completely satisfied with life.

Eventually, she reached down. Her hand enclosed the head through the cotton. “Does it hurt?” She asked.

“Kinda. It’s hard to explain.”

“I should take care of it.”

I softened my voice to let her know it was OK. “You’re not responsible, it’s my reaction.”

“So you’d be like this even if I hadn’t gotten mostly naked and rubbed against you?” She looked at me. She wasn’t trying to be alluring but an almost smile played at the edges of her lip and made me feel not just content but happy.

“Well...”. She didn’t let me finish. She started pulling aside the opening in my boxers and fishing for my cock. As she got it free she began playing with it, staring at it, inspecting it like she was figuring out how to operate it.

I hesitated but forced myself to talk. “I thought we were just going to talk. Is this a good idea?”

She looked me in the eyes. “You don’t want a blow job?” She started moving down a bit to get her face in my lap.

Brain, full stop. “I...”

“He’s mine. You said it Saturday. And I have to take care of my pets.”

I stopped all the arguments forming in my head as her lips enclosed the head of my cock. There are things you don’t pass on without a damn good reason, a sincerely offered blow job is one of them. Objectively she didn’t do much, she sucked on the head and licked a little but watching her lips wrapped around me was the single most erotic thing I have ever seen. I took her hand where it rested on my leg and pulled it to my shaft. What she lacked in blowjob experience she made up for knowing how to stroke. I have no idea how long it lasted but when I came my hips bucked up and she sucked my head through the spurts.

“Mmmm not bad. I’ve heard girls say they love it and some that they hate it. It was ... OK, but I didn’t love the taste. It was thicker than the watery bit I tried before.”

“You didn’t have to swallow.”

“It was the first time I’ve gotten to have it in me. I wasn’t going to pass up swallowing on my first blow job.”

“First?”

“You get all my cherries from now on. That’s a promise.” I couldn’t see her face but she had that silly playful tone in her voice again. She knew she was being a tease and it made me smile.

“Well, I really enjoyed it.”

“Good. Not that it’s shocking that a guy likes a blow job.”

“Just promise me one thing.”

“Yeah?”

“Let’s do that a lot when we’re not making up because I really don’t want to associate something that wonderful with fighting.”

She giggled and it was heavenly. Then she got serious. “I promise to talk to you about what I’m feeling instead of defaulting to cheerleader bitch mode.”

“I will too.”

She hummed to herself a few more minutes, her head still in my lap. She never repositioned from the blow job and hummed gently, some tune I didn’t recognize.

“I’m not going to touch Jerry anymore. Maybe a friendly kiss on the cheek but no handjobs, definitely no sex.”

“You don’t...”

I didn’t get to finish because she sat up quickly and kissed me.

“I do.” Then she kissed me again. “This is for me, not you. I can’t pretend to be with someone else. It hurts. It’s like saying there isn’t an us. That’s what the whole date Saturday felt like. And it was so confusing because I was also pissed at you.” She laid back down again. “And it’s not fair to him. I’ll find a nice way to break it off. Jerry is actually a nice guy and deserves better than a fake girlfriend.”

Silence didn’t return. She returned to humming and I joined in. She turned over and smiled and everything I wanted in life was right there. I ran my hand over her stomach and cupped her breasts, reaching into the bra one by one. But it was her smile that made me happy.

All good things come to an end though and she sat up. “I need to get dressed. How are my eyes?”

“Better, still a little red.”

“I can blame hormones. Mood swing, crying for no reason.”

“So your mom won’t suspect?”

“Oh, she’s already on high alert. I didn’t think about it but I should have showered before leaving here on Saturday.”

“Fuck,” I said flatly.

“Yeah, but I’m eighteen. I don’t want to advertise it but...”

“Whatever you want, I’m fine with.”

“You mean that?”

“I trust you and by that I mean I trust your judgment.”

She was now putting on her clothes again. “Not yet. My mom will go nuclear. I ... I’m not ready for that just yet.”

“I understand. Do you think she would throw you out?”

“Probably not but a lot of kids who get thrown out probably think that.”

“You don’t have to worry about a place to live at least.”

“I don’t?”

“No.” I shook my head.

“I think it’s a little early for that.”

“It is but I don’t want you to do anything because you’re afraid. Even if we didn’t work out I’d clear out a room and you could lodge here.”

“You’d ... do that?”

“For you.”

I smiled. She smiled back. Sometimes she made me feel like I was just having these feelings for the first time. Maybe I was. She looked up from buttoning her shorts.

“I never did give you my number.”

“Oh yeah.”

We exchanged numbers. We both have iPhones so it was easy to airdrop my whole contact to her and hers to me. She had me pose for a caller ID photo and insisted I straighten out my hair and put a nicer shirt on. I came down with a dress shirt and she rolled her eyes and pointed back up the stairs. A few minutes later she was in my walk-in closet. I’d bought the house from a married couple. I’d never filled more than maybe a fifth space. After what felt like an eternity she found one she found acceptable and had me change before we went outside.

“Why out here,” I asked.

“So if it comes up my mom doesn’t see a picture I took of you in your bedroom. This seems more ... neutral.”

“And if she sees messages?”

“She can deal.”

“Is she likely to invade your privacy?”

Melissa gave me a look then. It was disdainful and spoke volumes.

“So ... that’s a yes.”

“Yes. But I’m going to change my passcode and if she wants a war over it we can have it.”

“She’ll know something is up.”

“But not what. And maybe she’ll think I’m pregnant by a drug-dealing gang member with metal spikes in his face or something. Then when she finds out it’s you she’ll say ‘oh, that’s a relief.’”

I blinked. Her face was absolutely graven. Then I started giggling and she couldn’t hold it anymore and we both giggled.

“You are a wicked honey bee.”

“You have no idea. Now, it’s your turn.”

“For?”

“A photo.”

She did something with her shirt, pulling it back and tying it behind her, suddenly every curve was defined and with one hand she pulled it down to show generous cleavage. And she smiled, not her lovely natural smile, but a focused predatory one that promised something. It technically showed nothing but cleavage but no one who saw it would mistake what she wanted me to think. I took the picture. Actually a dozen of them. Then she untied her shirt, relaxed and suddenly was the girl next door again. As long as I live I will never understand how women can manage that transformation. Then she started heading to the shed.

“Where are you going,” I asked.

“To clean the pool silly.”

“You don’t have to do that...”

“I do if I want to save up. Remember, I no clean pool, I no get paid.”

And that was that. I paid her to be the pool girl and after she cleaned the pool we could spend time together except today we’d done it in reverse. That was how the days would pass. A lot of other things were to change though.