

The Girl Next Door

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She used to be a girl on the street, but now she's so much more...

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As her hot, wet mouth took in my erect meat, I had a brief moment of vertigo. This couldn't be the neighbor's daughter I watched grow up. Yet it was. God help me, it was.

Beth and her sister Katrina grew up in the house directly across the street from my family. I had two boys, and they were within months in age of the two girls. The close proximity meant that the four kids were constant playmates. No one ever thought it odd, or a problem, if the door banged with a call 'Dad, I'm going to Beth's,' or 'Hi Mr. Burns, is Kevin here?'

Of course they grew up. They all did; we all did. Only last year my wife finally succumbed to the cancer that had slowly ravaged her. The Whites across the street were broken up from the loss, as were the hundreds, even thousands, of my wife's friends. But they were not in our home. We boys found the loss to be like a hole. Sheila was warm and fun, bubbly and loud. She was full of energy and had a fast temper. She was a yeller, but never held grudges. It seemed that without her, our life was just too damn quiet.

Sara White tried her best to be a surrogate mother to the boys, but she could not be a surrogate wife to me. Nor did she try or did I ask. She was Bob's wife, and they were by all accounts, happily married.

We survived, moving forward, and pretty soon Kevin was named the starting linebacker on the school's football team, and then I was hosting coaches on recruiting visits. Kevin had just returned from his morning football practice, and was outside washing the car. He was shirtless, and I noted how chiseled my son's frame had become. I felt a trace of sadness as I realized that he was becoming a man, and a harder hit of sadness knowing that his mom would miss it.

Just then, Beth White pranced over from across the street.

The sight stole my breath. After Sheila's passing, women were simply an object on the horizon. Women held no romantic or sexual interest. The swell of the breast, or the line of a leg did not draw my eye. It was a mourning period. So when a wave of primal sexual interest hit me as I watched Beth's young body bounce across the street, I was staggered. I recall shaking my head and muttering under my breath.

"Hi, Mr. B!" she called out with her usual pretty smile. "How are you today?"

"I'm good, Beth, very good," I said, mentally slapping my face. The list was too long - neighborhood kid, neighbor's kid, 30 years younger. She was off limits. I forced a smile onto my face. "How are you?"

"Oh, I'm just wonderful," she said in that airy way of hers. I commonly referred to her as a 'flake.' She was just loosely tethered to this reality. Sometimes I envied that. She turned her attention to Kevin. "How was practice?"

"Good," he said with a brotherly smile. "We're going to be pretty good, I think," he said with anticipation.

"Ooh, goody!" she said, clapping. "We'll have lots of fun, the cheerleading squad!" she exclaimed. "Say, will you give me a ride to the mall please? Me and Kat? We need to get some presents for my Mom's birthday."

Kevin rolled his eyes. Beth's family had hit some hard times recently, and one big cut they had to make was to sell one car. Bob was using it for his new job, and so Beth had turned to my Kevin for rides. Since Kevin never minded being seen with the attractive and vivacious Beth, he lately had been giving her rides.

"Sure, if you help me wash the car," he said.

"Okay!" she said, and then turned and yelled back to her house. "Hey Kat, get over here and wash the car with me!"

"Okay..." a faint voice called, and then the sixteen year-old Kat came running over. Unlike her sister Beth, Katrina was still all bone and no maturity. She had not blossomed. Still, she had the same big smile and personality, and I knew that soon she would mature. But, thankfully, she stirred none of the same feeling in me that Beth had.

I watched, and couldn't help but notice the curves on Beth's juicy body. Damn. The curve and flare of her hips, and her legs were long and smooth and her belly flat and her breasts full. Her youthful body was a sight to behold, all tight and taut. A sadness hit me, the realization that I was nearing fifty and would never be tight or taut. Or flat. Or much of anything. I went into the house, aware that the impending melancholy would just have to be withstood.

As football season approached, Beth's visits to the house were rare. She and Kevin did not have a falling out, but they were so busy each with their own pursuits that they were just too busy to get together. I found myself sitting home alone many nights, as Kevin was at varsity football practice, and Blake was at JV practice. I paced the house. It was too damn tomb-like to my liking.

Yet other nights when I was home alone, a different feeling would creep into me. The only object of my sexual attention these days was my neighbor's daughter Beth. It made me angry and hurt that it was her body that reawakened desire. Yet I could not shake the feeling, no matter how angry or confused I felt. Some nights the image of Beth's bikini-clad body would rise unbidden in my mind. At least I knew I didn't have erectile dysfunction. I could get it up just as easily as I could when I was a kid, and I was just as successful at masturbation as I had always been. Doing it to visions of Beth always left me feeling vaguely dirty. But I didn't stop.

For Homecoming, Kevin took Beth. He was comfortable with her. And he told me that he was merely the rebound (sadly it took me a moment to figure out what that meant) but he would enjoy himself anyway. When the time to take pictures came, I was out with the Whites, next to them, the big camera out as the two kids pranced for the camera. Beth was all dolled up, and she was so stunning that my mouth went dry and my heart hammered in my chest. I had enjoyed the look, feel and taste of women before, but never - not even my beloved Shelia - had caused this dry-mouth racing-heart reaction that I had when I looked upon Beth. How did I hold my feelings back in front of her parents? Much later that night I was still awake and sitting in my favorite chair, ruminating. Of all of the women in this world, why did it have to be Beth?

Around Christmas, we were invited to the Whites for the combination Christmas Party and Birthday Party that they always had. Beth was turning eighteen. Our gift was a substantial gift card to the mall's "hottest" store. Beth was appreciative, and when she embraced me as a thank you it took every ounce of forty-nine years of emotional control to keep from squeezing her, growing erect, and smashing her young body against my cock. That was a difficult feat considering how her breasts pressed into my chest.

"Mr B, you look different!" she said stepping back from the embrace. "Have you lost weight..." she asked while tilting her head to one side.

Thankfully, it was Kevin who came to my rescue. “Dad thinks he’s twenty-five again, and he’s doing P90X,” he explained.

“Ah, that’s it. Well Mr. B., “ she said definitively, “it looks to me like it’s working!”

“Thank you Beth,” I said graciously. The deeper reaction was one of glee - she noticed!

I was a tax guy, and winter was longer than usual, colder than usual, and worse than ever. I missed the stability of having a wife at home; at least she’d have something warm on the plate for me after twelve hours of work. Now I came home to an empty, dark and cold home, no food, no warmth, no conversation. It gnawed at me, and I think that it made me miserable all through the season.

On the last day of the season, I stood on the scale, and then stood in front of the mirror. Forty-nine years old, and though I could tell my age I also saw how much younger I looked. My muscles were toned and strong, and I was at a weight I’d not seen in decades. Too bad that P90X couldn’t reverse balding, I thought sadly as I rubbed my hand over my bald skull.

The next day was the first really gloriously warm Saturday of the year. Kevin had accepted his scholarship at Boston College, and was anxious to get into college and on the team. To him, fall felt like an eternity away. I was hugely grateful for the full ride he'd earned. I had been sweating paying for his college tuition. Now I was sweating a concussion.

Blake had been named a starter on the team at tight end, and he too was drawing college interest. His life was now busy with spring training sessions. He had a girlfriend, a young lass named Stephanie. She was nice and came from a good family.

That Saturday both boys were up and out of the house early. They left notes, but they were vague. I had pretty good ideas where they were, and they had earned my trust. So I didn't worry. Too much.

I had been busy all day long. Out front in the early morning, working in the flower beds. I disliked gardening but out of dedication to my wife I kept up with it. Okay, so I liked it, but it was really out of dedication to her that I did what I did. Otherwise I would have left it alone. Then I mowed the lawn and went to the store to buy mulch, then spread that. By the time that early evening arrived I was sitting on my back deck, sipping at a well-earned beer and contemplating whether it would be seven or eight that I would be sleeping in bed. My body felt loose and languid, that kind of feeling you get after a long day of work or a really good workout. I was relaxed, and for once my mind was at ease.

Then, Beth White popped around the corner. She walked over to me, looking directly at me, and looking quite upset. “Mr. B, where’s Kevin?” she asked. “He’s not picking up his cell phone.”

“Fishing, I think,” I said. “Cell reception is spotty at best,” I explained, and noted that she was bordering on tears. “What’s wrong, hon?” I asked. The term of endearment came out naturally, like I was speaking with my own child.

“Everything!” she cried. “I fucking *hate* boys!” she snapped, and dissolved into sobs. I opened my arms (despite being shocked at her language) and she fell into them, and proceeded to curl up into a ball on my body as she cried. Finally, after maybe five or ten minutes, she got herself back under control.

Tear-stained, red-faced and snot-nosed she looked as good to me as she ever had. “Sorry,” she sniffed miserably.

I patted her upper arm. “It’s quite all right. Can I ask what happened?”

“Oh, it’s that Brad,” she said her voice whipsawing to fury. “I...ah, uh, he’s just...a fu...fu...shit, he’s a jerk-off dick asshole!” she vented her voice full of anger. “He dumped me, ME, for that simple-minded big-titted slut Heather Locklear.” Yes, some (half)wit had actually named her daughter for the actress. I’d seen young Miss Locklear - there was a resemblance to the actress. Except perhaps for the breast size. The Locklear whom Beth was referring to looked like she was graduating directly to the stripper pole. The Locklears were not a highly respected family in the school district. Maybe it was because it was common knowledge that young Heather Locklear had already had two breast implant operations.

“Ah, I see,” I said neutrally. I was a teenager once, full of raging hormones and sexual confusion. But at forty-nine I had no real idea what it like for Beth. “I’m sorry, I suppose.”

“Seriously though, why her?” she asked plaintively. “Is it because she puts out so easily?” she asked bluntly. As I colored up, she sat back with shocked, wide eyes and clapped her hand over her mouth. “Oh shit, I’m sorry, I shouldn’t...”

I shook my head and sighed heavily. “It’s all right. I was just surprised by your...forthrightness.”

“Everyone is,” she replied grumpily. “Even Kevin gets upset with me since I’m so blunt about things.”

“Well, it’s hard for people to hear a truth.”

She gave me a curious look just then. “How hard?” she asked seriously. I sensed a dangerous direction to the conversation, but couldn’t figure out a way to deflect it.

“Each person can tolerate it to a limit I suppose. Some more than others.”

She reflected on that. Then as a sly smile traced over her lips, she affixed me with an intent, direct gaze. Dare I say it smoldered? Or was that my damned imagination? “How good are you at handling the truth?” she asked.

It was provocative, how she asked, the look on her face. I felt the sexual tension giving weight to the question. “Fair, I suppose,” I said slowly and very carefully. My gaze met hers.

“What if I told you that I think you are the most sexy man that I have ever seen,” she said slowly.

I repeated it in my head as a mantra: control yourself idiot, control yourself idiot, control yourself idiot. The words penetrated anyway, and infused my brain with ideas. “That would um,” I hesitated, trying to find the right words. “That would uh, be...a compliment.”

“Yes, yes it would, very good!” she said. Her words were sardonic, but the smiling delivery lightened the blow.

“Funny,” I said nonetheless.

She patted my arm. “Here’s another truth, and this one is going to be harder for you to hear,” she promised. I shrank back as she moved her head, but then she moved her hands and held them to my face. Her hands were so soft, so warm, and no woman had placed her hands on my cheeks in a long time. I was immobilized from shock, and watched her head rise until her lips were near my ears. I heard her soft, controlled breathing. “I like to finger myself thinking about having sex with you!”

“No...” I moaned, shaking my head back and forth. But the damage was done. My cock had awakened, and was now rising in my shorts. Worse, I had chosen to relax in loose-fitting shorts and had boxers on under them, so my erection poked easily through the hole in the front of the boxers and pushed the light material up in the air. “Beth...” I said softly.

I had such a dry mouth. My heart was hammering. My stomach full of butterflies. And then her hand dropped gently to my erection, and naturally her fingers encircled it. Her mouth was still near my ear. “It’s bigger than it is in my dreams,” she told me next. “Tell me that you want me!” she said. Her mouth right next to my ear was draining any possible defense I had from me. “I know you want my body, Mr. B. You want to take it and fuck me and taste me and make me cum, don’t you?” she hotly whispered into my ear.

“Beth!” I moaned. “We can’t...we can’t do this!” I said.

"Bullshit," she retorted. "I'm eighteen," she said. "Legal!"

"But we're...we're neighbors. You used to play in my house with my boys' toys!"

"So?" she said hotly. Now her hand began stroking my erection slowly. She noted that I didn't knock her hands away. Truth is, I think she knew at that moment that I was hers. I just had to say the words, right?

"Oh ah oh god," I moaned. Her hand was slow, but maybe it was the fact that it had been years since a woman's hand was on my penis that the sensations made my vision swim they were so intense.

"See?" she challenged. "You like it. You know you want to feel my lips on your cock!" she waid next, and slid down my body, pulling my shorts with it.

"Beth!" I said weakly.

"Shut up," she said softly, and with that my pants were off, and my erection stood upright like a flagpole. Her warm, soft, delicate hands wrapped around it, and I hissed from the pleasure it brought. "Oh, what a nice, thick cock!" she said softly. Her smile mixed arousal with playfulness. "I can't wait to suck it!"

Her mouth slowly descended, and then her lips and tongue were playing over the head of my cock. My breath whooshed from my lungs from the powerful one-two of the vertigo and intense sexual pleasure. In those first few seconds of contact I knew another truth - the little girl from across the street was better at giving head than my wife had ever been. With a moan in her throat that caused a wonderful vibration on my cock, she slipped my mouth further down my shaft. Her tongue danced over searing hot skin, and I felt a swoon in my mind.

She released me with a quiet "pop." "You taste delicious!" she told me.

"And you were wonderful," I said in honest admiration. "But I'm very uncomfortable," I added.

"Oh really?" she asked teasingly, as her fingers gave the base of my hard-on a full squeeze. "This says otherwise!"

"That's my body. That's not me," I replied.

"Oh hush," she grumped, and took me in her mouth again. The pure pleasure...I shivered

uncontrollably from it. I closed my eyes and gripped the edge of the chaise lounge hard in my hands. My arm muscles trembled as she voraciously pleased my member. Opening my eyes all I saw was her sandy-blond hair bobbing up and down.

"Damn, slow down," I moaned.

"Why?" she asked feigning an innocent grin. She had me, and she knew it. At least she didn't gloat.

I gulped. "I don't want to cum yet."

She squeezed me again. "Ooooh," she said softly, "I can't wait to taste your hot cum in my mouth!" She dropped down again, once more enveloping my cock in a warm, wet cocoon of erotic delight.

I flopped back on the chaise. "Oh oh my...my god!" She was skillful. That small, now-defeated part of my brain that maintained rational thought was on board with the sex...yet was still wondering how a woman so young could be so skillful. That same part of my brain also didn't want to know.

Just then, I sat up. I reached down and put both hands on her head. I held her and lifted her head off of my throbbing manhood. She smiled, and watched, waiting. I pulled her towards me and kissed her fully and deeply. I wondered idly if any of the young men to whom she'd given head had kissed her so deeply afterwards. She seemed startled by it. I broke it and stared into her eyes.

"Now," I said smoothly but quietly, "I'm going to show you what years of experience and the control of an older man can do for you!"

Her eyes widened with hungry anticipation. I got her onto the chaise, and knelt between her spread legs. She still had her pants on. I maintained eye contact with her as I undid the button on her fly and lowered her zipped. With one hand I reached around to her back and lifted her; with the other I slid off her pants and panties. I brought her legs together and aimed them skyward in front of me, and slipped her clothes off of her lovely, long legs. I admired the view, and looked down to see a pink, pouting sex organ glistening with womanly moisture. She still stared at me, and lowered her legs back down.

My eyes had to show admiration as I gazed upon her neatly shaven sex. Sheila had never shaved, had never wanted to, and was fairly hairy down there. I had always wondered what it would be like to stimulate a woman with a shaven body. I supposed that yet another fantasy was being lived. I licked my lips, and closed my eyes. Inhaled deeply. I could detect her aroma, and it was a maddeningly alluring scent. I dove.

Those outer lips, pouted, engorged, slick with her hot juices and almost screaming for my touch called to me. I watched her face as I brought my mouth onto her body. I felt two hard, physical jolts. One was her, an instant reaction to my tongue sliding so easily over her super-sensitive button. The other me, a reaction from the taste and the insatiable need I had to taste this young woman's pussy.

I groaned as her taste flooded my lips, tongue and mouth and her musky scent invaded my nostrils. She writhed on the chaise, her hands now on my head, her hips bucking up and down. I moved away and rubbed my hands up and down her thighs, to the ticklish spot where her legs and hips met, to the young muscle of her inner thigh. She had creamy smooth skin, perfect in its youth and complexion.

Bringing my tongue back down onto her made her gasp and cry out anew. "Yes god yes that's so hot!" she moaned quietly. I felt the throbbing in my erection, but knew it (and I) could wait. I wanted to taste her and watch her and experience her young orgasm. I bent to it, and my tongue slid easily over the heated, slick flesh. It gave under my pressure, and soon her hips moved without her complete control. I knew it, their jerky shakes, quick jerks and hard flops. She was gasping, not breathing steadily, but gulping her air. She had her hands on her breasts, squeezing them as she arched her back as she fell deeply into her own need.

"Oh o oh god I'm I'm gonnaa...I'm....oh o ah c-cum!" she gasped. I felt it, felt her sex involuntarily clench hard as her hips bucked wildly and her legs quivered and then slammed together on my head. "Aaaaaahhhhhh!" was about all she could do or say as her body spasmed wildly from the climax.

"Please no, no stop please it's too much stop!" she moaned, finally twisting her body onto her side. She cupped her hand over her crotch as she curled up on her side, now panting and moaning. "T-too much!" she gasped softly. "H-how did you do that?" she asked after another minute of heavy panting.

I lightly stroked her lovely naked bottom. Even that flesh was warm and enticing. I smiled at her question. "Experience," I finally said.

She sat up, taking her hand away and holding it up. I saw how wet it was. I couldn't stop myself from taking her fingers into my mouth and sucking her juices into mine. She moaned and shuddered from it.

"I want to experience making love to you," she admitted quietly, almost shyly. It was funny, I'd just given her a massive orgasm and she was suddenly playing the little girl role.

"I'm ready for it."

"Take me here!" she said almost moaning it.

She scrambled onto her hands and knees, aiming her backside at me. Her asshole was pink and puckering, and looked wonderful. Almost as good as that hot, wet sex, and I just knew that sliding into her body would be the hottest, slickest, tightest fit I'd ever had. I got myself ready, and held the head of my cock against her searing hot lips.

"Put it in me please!" she moaned. She rocked back a little, but I didn't slide it in. I moved with her.

Then the game got to be too much. With exquisite slowness I inched my manhood into her body. The envelopment of my penis was as hot, tight and wet as I had hoped. It was the perfect sex glove, caressing my tool, encasing it in a searing prison of perfect pleasure. I gasped as I felt how tight she was, and she moaned and shuddered.

"It's HUGE in me!" she moaned, wiggling her hips. "Don't go too hard or it will hurt!" she warned.

I pulled out, now me groaning from the pleasure of it. I knew I would not last long, not with the absence of sex and the incredible feelings her body created. I drove myself into her again, and she pushed back into me. She lifted her head up and gasped as I struck bottom. Once more I slipped out of her, and pulled all the way out. My cock throbbed in the air, positioned just at the most delectable flesh I'd ever had. I pushed into her one more time and she gasped once again and shuddered. "F-fuck I'm c-ccuummmminnnnggg!" she groaned as her hips bucked.

Her fast actions and involuntary twitching did it. I pulled out and just barely before my cock erupted with a massive cumshot that sprayed from her butt up her back. I gasped, my own body violently spasming as the eruption of semen seemed to have no end. I stroked myself as my balls completely emptied, and I wasn't fully in control of myself until my cock was just seeping the last droplets of my cumshot. I panted, but was filled with a satiation I'd not felt in a long time.

"Oh that was so much better than my dreams!" Beth said dreamily as she fell forward onto the chaise. She wiggled her butt for me. "You were wonderful."

"Thank you my dear," I said as the post-coitus good feelings were giving way to massive amounts of guilt. "I'm glad you enjoyed it," I said (valiantly keeping up appearances).

She sat up, and caressed my face. "Ever since I figured out that boys were of interest instead of booger-eaters," she grinned, "I've wanted to have sex with you!"

"Well," I said slowly, unsure of what exactly to say.

She leaned forward and kissed my chin. "You fulfilled a fantasy of mine, Mr. B. And real life was better than the fantasy!"

"Thank you," I said. Flattery gets you everywhere, doesn't it?

"Until next time," she said, standing up and throwing her shirt back on, "Keep me in your thoughts. I need a shower!" she said, and bounced off. I stared at the corner of the house for a long time before finally going inside.

Later, in the shower, as I sluiced away the last remnants of her from my body, I realized that she made me feel more pleasure than I've felt in years. I felt awake and alive again. The house wasn't so empty, or cold, or quiet. For that, I thanked her quietly.

And the stirring in my old balls suggested that my body, at least, very much wanted a repeat performance.