

A Perfect Match

by [Daddycums](#)

(Mf, f-solo, implied ff)

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Chapter 1

Lust and Fantasy

Pretty little Leslie Weaver needed sex, and she needed it badly. As she lay in bed with her hand down the front of her panties, she decided she would have to do something about it soon. Lately her fingers just weren't doing the job.

Whoever said that men were more driven by their hormones than women had obviously never met Leslie. Ever since that first time that she had touched herself, she had needed it more and more. Like this morning, for instance. She had already gotten herself off once, but it had done little to quench her desires. All it did was leave her yearning for more.

Depending upon the definition used, the thirteen-year-old girl could still be considered a virgin. She had accidentally broken her hymen with her own fingers one night in her enthusiasm. Fortunately it was in the bath so the telltale signs washed quietly and discreetly away. It wasn't as big a deal as people made it out to be. A little temporary pain, and then it was all over.

Then there was that time, a couple of weeks ago, when she had fooled around with one of her girlfriends. They were just experimenting, and although it had been fun, again it had just been mostly touching with a little kissing and licking. But she had never felt the joy of a deep penetration by a stiff cock, the satisfying fulfillment that could only come from having a man shoot his seed deep within her. Some of her friends who had gone all the way with their boyfriends had told her about such pleasures, and she needed to experience it for herself.

There was one problem though. She didn't find any of the boys she knew the least bit attractive. Oh sure, there were plenty of handsome boys at her school, but their immaturity and constant self-centered attitude turned her off. If any of them were the type who would make her feel comfortable, they sure hid it well.

No, she needed someone mature and experienced, someone who knew what they were doing, someone who had progressed beyond the awkwardness and self-focus of adolescence. But that meant finding an older man willing to do it with a younger girl like her. Basically, the kind of man her mother warned her about.

She wished she *could* find the kind of man her mother warned her about. Sometimes when she hung out with her friends at the mall she glanced around to see if any men were looking at her. Sometimes she caught the eyes of a thirty- or forty-year-old guy checking out the group of girls. The thought of them mentally undressing her gave her such a thrill. Unfortunately, a public place like that was the wrong location for them to proposition her. She needed to find a nice, quiet place where she could be alone with one of them.

She could always take a trip into one of the seedier neighborhoods in the city, hoping to run into some filthy pervert who would rape her. But there was too much of a chance that that would lead to violence. She wanted

to fuck, not get her throat slit.

More than once she had fantasized about seducing one of her teachers. She had heard stories of male teachers seducing their young female students, but sadly nothing like that ever happened to her. Of course, Leslie had been cursed with mostly older, and sometimes hideously ugly, teachers. The only one young and good-looking enough that she would consider giving herself to him was Mr. Collins, and he was openly gay.

Her alarm rang, snapping her out of her fantasies. She groaned in frustration and disappointment, then climbed out of bed and headed for the shower. Well, at least she could continue her self-stimulation under the water. It would have to do for now.

Once in the bathroom, she stripped off her night clothes, then took a moment to check herself out in the mirror. She really was a cutie, with shoulder-length, light brown hair and innocent hazel eyes with long lashes. She had a slightly upturned nose, just enough to give her a bit of a childlike look. Her lips were nice and pouty, and they produced cute little dimples when she smiled. Everyone said she had a nice smile, and she liked to practice it as often as she could.

Her thirteen-year-old body looked absolutely stunning. She didn't have particularly full boobs, at least not yet, but at the rate things were going she would have a great pair one day. She was already sporting nicely curved hips framing a pretty little pussy with just a touch of peach fuzz on it. Right now it was red and glistening from her earlier attentions.

She felt her best features, though, were her legs. Long and shapely, they had a graceful curve to them and tended to sway her hips a lot when she walked. She liked to wear skirts, the shorter the better, although unfortunately the school had a dress code that prohibited her from displaying as much as she would like. She tended to wear short stockings so at least her lower legs were fully visible.

She turned on the water, then stepped into the shower, immediately returning her hands to the task that had been interrupted so rudely by the alarm clock. Playing with herself in the shower was a lot different from playing with herself in bed. The warm water helped to relax her, but because she was on her feet she couldn't afford to apply all of her energy to her self-stimulation. Still, she had brought herself nearly there before the alarm went off, so it didn't take long for her to achieve her second orgasm of the day. She gritted her teeth to keep the sound from escaping; the last thing she wanted was to alert her mother to what she was doing in the bathroom. The pleasure passed through her and slowly faded, leaving her only partially satisfied.

She needed a man. That was all there was to it.

She finished showering, then dried herself and headed back out to her room where she searched through the closet for a tee-shirt and sufficiently short skirt. Something easy to flip up if she found a moment to herself during the day where she could finger herself to orgasm again. She found a suitable outfit and put it on, then returned once more to the bathroom to fix her face. Afterward, she headed downstairs to breakfast. Her mother wasn't up yet; since she didn't have to be at work until nine, she often slept in later than Leslie. That was fine; Leslie had long since learned to get herself ready for school, and since the bus stopped right in front

of her house anyway, she didn't have to deal with a long walk.

Not that she would have minded walking. Maybe some pervert in a car would pull up to the curb and invite her back to his place. Wouldn't that be fun! But unfortunately, her mother would be furious if Leslie skipped a day of school, especially to go get laid by a complete stranger. No, she was going to have to find another way.

She sighed in frustration, wondering just how she was going to get herself a man.

Thirty-year old Roger Gardner needed sex, and he needed it badly. The problem was that he had very specific tastes, the kind of tastes that could get him arrested if he acted on them.

He lay in bed, tossing and turning restlessly. Roger worked as a night security guard at the local mall, so he normally didn't get up until three in the afternoon. Unfortunately, when the dreams hit, he awoke with a raging erection and longing for a bit of teenage pussy.

Most people would call him a pedophile. He disagreed. So what if he liked to look at young girls? So what if he got aroused at the sight of a twelve- or thirteen-year-old? Considering the way the girls dressed these days, who could blame him? It wasn't like he was staring at eight-year-olds, innocent little girls who had no concept of sexuality at all. The girls he liked were old enough to know what sex was, and quite a few of them had probably experienced it first-hand. Why was it socially acceptable for a boy of that age to find such girls sexy, when a man like Roger wasn't allowed to?

Besides, he had never done anything about it. He had his fantasies, and he had his dreams, but he kept them to himself. Hardly a soul knew that he was interested in girls that young, and that's the way it would stay. He knew enough to keep his hands off. He was no child molester by any means. Despite his fantasies, despite his habit of sitting in the mall watching the cute young girls walk by, he would never harm one of them. On the contrary, he would go out of his way to protect them from the real bad men out there, if the chance ever arose.

He often took the role of hero in his dreams, and the one that had been playing out in his mind before he awoke that morning was no exception. This time he was a detective who had rescued the daughter of a prominent politician from a mob hit man. Other times he had been a policeman, or a gunslinger in the old west, or a knight braving untold dangers to rescue the fair young damsel.

The fair young damsel was always very fair, and very young. Sometimes she had blond hair, sometimes brunette. Sometimes she was a shy young thing, sometimes wild and impulsive. But always the dream ended the same way. The girl was so thankful for his bravery that she rewarded him with a kiss from her sweet, delicious red lips. From that kiss she sensed that he wanted more, and she was always willing to provide it. She slipped out of her clothes, baring herself to him. Then she approached him, reaching out to embrace him...

Why did he always have to wake up right before the best part? He would even be satisfied if it ended a little sooner, just after the kiss. At least then he would wake with a happy feeling, because the dream would have had some kind of conclusion. But then his dream girl had to go and tempt him, making it such a horrible experience when he woke. In his aroused state, he always found it difficult to go back to sleep.

He sighed as he stared up at the ceiling of his bedroom. Sometimes he wished he could get away with having an affair with a girl that young. What was so inherently wrong with it, after all? Just because society or the law frowned upon it didn't mean it had to be a bad experience. He would be gentle. He would treat the girl with the respect and caring that she deserved. It could be wonderful for both him and her. He would make it special.

But no, he would never do it. Not as long as the law was against him, and not as long as mothers taught their daughters to fear men like him. If those girls were afraid of him, they would at the very least feel uncomfortable, and it could be psychologically damaging for them. And that was the last thing he wanted. So he would suffer in silence, and the girls would never know how much he was sacrificing for their sake.

He got up to have a drink of water and use the bathroom, then returned to his bed. That momentary reawakening of his muscles usually did the trick for some reason. As he was returning to his bedroom, he happened to glance out the window. That pretty young girl across the street was waiting for the bus. Leslie Weaver. She wore one of his favorite outfits, a light tee shirt and short skirt that showed off her legs beautifully. Not that she was doing it to impress him, of course. As far as he could tell, she didn't even know he existed.

The jacket she wore was a little light, considering the forecast for rain this afternoon. She was bound to come home soaked to the bone. He closed his eyes for a moment to fantasize about that sight. Little Leslie all wet, with her clothes clinging to her body. He couldn't imagine anything sexier.

When he opened his eyes again, the bus had arrived, blocking his view. He managed to catch one last glimpse of her through the window as she sat down in a seat on the near side, then the bus started up again and carried his fantasy away.

He had long since lost track of the number of times he had peeked out the window, watching her as she entered or left her house. He usually got home from work just before she left for school, and this was far from the first time that he watched her as she stood out front waiting for the bus in the mornings, in her pretty little clothes and her made-up hair. Sometimes he wished the bus would be late, to give him more time to sit there hidden from her view, admiring her from a distance.

In the afternoons, she normally just dashed into her house after the bus dropped her off, so it often wasn't worth the effort to wait by the window. On the other hand, he had found himself making excuses to be outside in the yard when she came home from school, such as mowing the lawn or checking the mail. He had never spoken to her, and that was likely how it would stay forever.

Now that she was gone, he headed back to bed. At least the day had started on a good note. Maybe he would

even dream of her, of a world where young teenage girls like Leslie were just as willing to love him as he was to love them, where he could throw off his inhibitions and sweep them off their feet. A world completely unlike the one in which he lived.

Through the whole day at school, Leslie couldn't concentrate. How was she supposed to listen to the lectures when her body was speaking to her much more loudly? It was frustrating to have to sit there in class while she really wanted to do something about the hot and tingly sensation between her legs.

She found a degree of relief at lunch time when she locked herself in one of the stalls in the bathroom and furiously fingered herself to climax. It was getting to be a usual routine for her; she had done the same thing for two weeks without missing a day. It was the only way she could survive the second half of the school day. If she couldn't get some satisfaction during lunch, she would probably end up breaking down and doing it right in front of everybody in class later.

She just knew that if she found a man to take care of her needs, she wouldn't have this problem any more. Once she finally achieved that kind of fulfillment, she would have less need for these unsatisfying orgasms that gave her a temporary respite but left her longing for more.

The afternoon dragged by slowly, and the arousal began to build again. She couldn't wait to get home and spend the rest of the day in the room pleasuring herself over and over again. Her parents were divorced, and she lived with her mother, who worked until 6:00, which should give her plenty of time to squeeze in several orgasms. Maybe that would help to calm her desires so she wouldn't need it so badly tomorrow.

But even that was just a temporary solution. For something more substantial, she needed to find a man.

She sat through her last class, mostly staring out the window watching the rain come down. It had started just after lunch, and showed no sign of letting up. Fortunately, Leslie always rode the bus home after school; she would have hated to walk in this weather. Still, with how densely it poured down she would get soaked just walking from the bus to her front door.

Maybe she would take a nice, hot bath after school. Something to ward off the inevitable chill and help to relax her so that her fingers could more easily accomplish their task. Yes, that would feel nice. A long soak in the bath was just what she needed.

When the last bell rang, she hurried and packed up her things, then dashed out to the bus. She found a seat near the back and sat down, trying to ignore her growing lust and wishing that the bus would just leave already. It seemed like forever before it pulled away from the curb and onto the street.

The random motion and vibrations of the vehicle compounded the frustrating tingling between her legs. It was enough to fuel her desire but not enough to push her over the edge to sweet relief. She needed to get home quickly and into the tub.

The ride took ages, or so it seemed. She almost felt like the bus driver was deliberately driving slower than usual just to annoy her. But when she glanced down at her watch, she was surprised to see that it was actually a minute or two ahead of schedule. Why was it that when she was looking forward to something, time seemed to slow down like that?

Finally the bus pulled up to the curb in front of her house. She hurried up the sidewalk to the front door, not just to get out of the rain but also to finally get some privacy. She fished through her back pack for the key. It wasn't where she usually kept it, so she tried one of the other pouches. She began to grow worried when she couldn't find it there either. That worry turned to alarm when it didn't turn up in any of the other pouches.

Then she remembered, she had left it on the desk in her bedroom before school. She had forgotten to bring it with her.

She felt horrible knowing that she would have to wait until her mother arrived home before she could take care of her needs. Longer, because then it would be dinner time and she would have to sit at the table instead of spending time alone in her room.

During the summer she could just run around into the backyard. She liked to sunbathe out there, and sometimes went nude because the wooden fence was high enough to keep out unwelcome eyes. Usually. Once she had caught a glimpse of one of the neighbor boys peeking through a knothole. Rather than put her clothes back on, she had felt a certain exhibitionistic desire, so she slipped her hand between her legs and gave him a show he would probably never forget.

But with the rain pouring down, that was out of the question. She had to find some place private, and fast.

Leslie had a sudden idea. Mrs. Sargrove, one of her mother's friends, lived next door. No doubt she'd be more than happy to let Leslie come in and wait there until her mother got home. Leslie would ask to use the bathroom, and that would give her the opportunity she needed. Two minutes was all it would take, she was sure.

With the rain starting to seep into her clothes, she left the front step and hurried down the sidewalk and to the house next door. She gave a quick rap on the door and waited.

There was no answer.

She hit the doorbell, listening to see if she could hear it ring inside. It did, but again, no one came to the door. She knocked a third time in desperation, but to no avail.

By now, water was dripping off the ends of her hair, and her clothes were drenched. She was in a near panic as she realized that finding a place to get herself off was the least of her problems. She needed to get inside somewhere, *anywhere*, before she caught her death of pneumonia.

She glanced at the house across the street, and her heart began to pound in her chest. Suddenly, everything began to fall into place. Mr. Gardner lived there. Leslie was not supposed to associate with the man;

apparently her mother thought there was something suspicious about a man who lived alone. Leslie had always thought him to be a little creepy, but now as she stood in the rain staring at the house, she realized that that was mainly because her mother's attitude had rubbed off on her. The man was actually not that bad-looking, kind of handsome really, now that she thought about it. And if he was a little creepy, maybe that was a good thing. Maybe he was a pervert. Just the type of man Leslie was looking for.

She took a deep breath to steel her nerves, then made her way across the street.

Roger Gardner sat in his bathrobe watching television. Ever since his wife had left him three years ago, he rarely felt like doing anything else. In the summer he sometimes took walks in the park, hoping to see some pretty young thing sunning herself. Sometimes he showed up to work early just so that he could spend time sitting in the mall watching the beauties hopping from store to store.

The only other person who knew of his fascination was his ex-wife. He regretted ever telling her, because she wasn't able to handle it. Despite his promise that he would never act on his urges, the revelation had shocked and horrified her. It bothered him that the one woman his own age that he had ever loved had rejected him over it. He didn't think he would ever have a relationship with another woman. It was just too bad he wasn't fifteen years younger. Then he could go out with the girls he liked, and no one would think anything of it.

For the hundredth time, he wished he had not been cursed with such unnatural desires. While other people were married and raising families, Roger Gardner was stuck sneaking peeks at girls at the mall and mentally undressing them. The birth of his brother's third son a month ago had put him in a particularly depressed mood that he hadn't yet gotten over. He wished he could just be like normal people, raising a family and living happily with a woman his own age. But the last woman his own age that had ever appealed to him had left him three years ago.

His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. He wondered who it could be; he wasn't expecting any packages, and he rarely had guests, especially unexpected ones. Clicking off the television, he got up and headed for the door.

When he opened it, he nearly gasped in surprise. Standing there was Leslie Weaver.

Chapter 2

Passion and Restraint

"Um... hi," said the girl, her teeth chattering and her breath visible. With her hair matted by the rain and her clothes soaked all the way through, she looked miserable.

"Hi," he replied, unable to keep himself from staring at her. Then he regained his composure. "Please, come in," he smiled. "I hate to see you standing out in the rain like that."

She nodded gratefully and entered. As he closed the door behind her, she stared around the living room, looking a little nervous. It made sense, of course. She had never been in his home before.

"I hope you don't mind," she told him. "I'm your neighbor from across the street."

"Yes, of course," he nodded. "It's Leslie, right?" There was really no need for the question; he was well aware of her name. Leslie Weaver. Occasional object of his fantasies. But he didn't want to give her the wrong impression.

She nodded, smiling. That was good. That meant she was glad he knew her name, not scared of him as he had thought she might be.

"I kind of... locked myself out of my house."

"Oh, you poor thing!" he exclaimed. "Do you need to use my phone to call someone?"

"No. My mom will be home in a couple of hours. I just need some place to wait out of the rain. I was going to go to Mrs. Sargrove's across the street, but she's not home."

That both excited and alarmed him. He couldn't deny that he would really enjoy spending a couple of hours in the presence of this beauty, but on the other hand, it had been a long time since he had spent any time with a girl of that age. Not since he was that age himself, in fact. He didn't know what to do, how to act, or even how friendly he should be. Too friendly, and she might jump to the right conclusion. Not friendly enough, and she might get angry at him and try to avoid him in the future.

He decided to err on the side of friendliness.

"Well, you're welcome to wait here," he smiled warmly. "My house is your house." Then he realized she might take that the wrong way. "I mean... I didn't mean it's *literally* your house of course... Just..."

She giggled, and he relaxed as he realized his goof hadn't really done any harm after all. One minute after meeting her, he had already nearly made a fool out of himself, but it was all right in the end.

"Anyway, you look terribly cold," he said.

"And I'm afraid I'm dripping all over your carpet," replied Leslie, staring down at her feet.

"Oh, don't worry about that. Even if you ruined my carpet, it's better than the alternative of you getting sick. I'd feel terrible if that happened."

That much at least was true. It wasn't like he was rescuing her from a dragon or evil wizard, but in his own little way, and for the moment at least, he was her knight in shining armor.

She began to unzip her coat, and he tried not to stare. *It's not a striptease, after all*, he told himself. *It's just her coat*. He did, however, catch a glimpse at the perfect moment, where she threw her shoulders back to let the jacket fall off her arms, which had the effect of pulling her shirt tight against her breasts. She didn't have much in the chest area yet, but that move emphasized what she did have, especially since the rain had soaked all the way through to her shirt. Her tee shirt. Her wet tee shirt.

Fortunately it wasn't the type that was particularly transparent when it got wet, or he might have had a heart attack right there on the spot. But it did tend to cling to her body, showing off her underdeveloped yet graceful curves.

"Where do you want this?" she asked, holding out her coat. He took it from her, and for just an instant his hand touched hers. That tiny contact sent an electric thrill through him as he realized it was the first time he had touched a girl her age since before she was even born.

He took the coat and hung it on a peg on the wall near the door. Leslie looked down at the rest of her clothes, just as waterlogged as her coat had been. She shivered, her teeth still chattering.

What should I do now? he wondered. She was still damp and freezing, standing there in her soaked clothes. Her shirt was bad enough, but her skirt, which hadn't been protected by the coat, looked like it had just come out of the washing machine before going in the dryer. His eyes traveled lower, and he noticed beads of moisture clinging to her legs above her socks. Her bare legs. Her shapely, supple, smooth young legs.

"I'm still cold," she mumbled, almost in a pleading voice. He couldn't think of what to tell her. The correct next step would be to have her get out of the rest of her wet clothes and put on some dry ones. But how could he ask her to do that?

"Um..." she said, staring down at the floor. "I don't suppose..."

"What is it?" he asked.

"Well, this is kind of embarrassing. I don't want to--"

"Never mind that," he smiled reassuringly. "Just tell me what you want."

"Well, do you have an extra bath robe?"

The image that flashed into his mind made him feel faint and wobbly in the knees. Somehow by sheer luck he managed to keep on his feet. He even managed to keep from moving too much, or gasping, or staring.

What should I tell her? What should I do? he wondered again. He did have a spare bath robe, although probably a little large for her. What he wouldn't give to see her in it! On the other hand, he wasn't sure such a sight would be particularly healthy for him right now.

"I'm sorry," she said, turning away. "I shouldn't have--"

"No, it's all right," he replied in what he hoped remained a friendly but neutral tone.

"I just wonder what my mom would think if she found out I was over here without my clothes on."

This time the mental image actually did make his knees go weak. Somehow he caught himself and made it look like he was turning to walk away. In his panic, some part of his mind that remained rational took over. "I've got a spare robe in the hall closet," he said, walking toward it. "I'm afraid it probably won't fit you too well, but it's warmer than what you're wearing at least. You can change here in the bathroom."

"Thank you," she smiled gratefully, following him into the hall. He opened the closet and pulled out the robe and a towel, then handed both to her.

"You don't mind if I take a shower, do you?" she asked. "Just to warm me up."

"No, go right ahead," he replied, another mental image threatening to upset his balance. "And don't worry. I won't tell your mom. It will be our secret."

"Our secret," she replied, then winked at him. As soon as she disappeared inside the bathroom and closed the door behind her, his legs gave out and he fell to the floor.

Inside the bathroom, Leslie stripped out of her wet things. She deliberately left the door unlocked, just in case Mr. Gardner decided to come storming in to ravish her body. Not that she really expected him to. He wasn't at all like her mother had led her to believe. Her impression of him before today had been of a creepy, vampire-like recluse just waiting to get his icy cold hands on her body. But in fact, he was rather nice.

Too nice, in fact. There was not even the slightest hint of lust in him, and so far he hadn't shown any interest in her at all. He had been a little formal, in fact. Sure he had been gracious enough to let her stay here, and even use his shower. But she had hoped that the suggestion might get some kind of reaction out of him.

Oh well. Maybe today wouldn't be the day. But she planned to visit him again some time, to keep this option open. No sense burning a bridge she might want to cross again some day.

In the mean time, she had managed to secure a few minutes of privacy. Even if she didn't get a piece of his cock today, at least she could take care of her needs to tide her over until later.

Actually, right now privacy seemed a little overrated. She would much rather do it right out in the front room, where he could watch her. She would love to give him a show. Maybe it would make him so horny that he would mount her right there and drive her wild with pleasure. But that thought had to remain a fantasy. It was clear she was dealing with a man she had to move slowly with. He had probably never even considered having sex with a girl her age. She needed to flirt with him, to gradually wear him down, to warm him up to the idea. And then, once she got that fantasy into his head, she would fulfill it for him.

Even with unkempt hair and unshaven chin, Roger Gardner was a handsome man, she decided. In fact, she preferred him this way. He had that sort of rugged, manly look. Plus there was the smell. There was just something incredibly sexy about that man-scent. She had never seen his body, but on the times when she had spied him across the street, he didn't look particularly heavyset, and so far today she had seen nothing to indicate that he had anything but a fine body. Physically at least, he was well worth seducing.

As she stepped into the shower and turned on the water, she wondered if she would manage to do it today. It would be such a wonderful experience to finally be touched by a man, to learn what it felt like to be penetrated so deeply. Did he have a large cock or a small one? Right now it really didn't matter. She just needed to feel it inside of her.

The heat of the water took away the chill in her cheeks, hands, and legs. She sighed as it relaxed her, spreading a blanket of tranquility over her. With that tranquility always came arousal, so she let her hand slide down her body between her legs. The cold of the storm had calmed her desire, but only momentarily. Now that the chill had vanished, her excitement returned in full force.

There was a certain thrill in pleasuring herself in an unfamiliar location. Sometimes she enjoyed the comfort of her own bedroom or bathroom, but today the thought that she was masturbating right in a stranger's house added its own excitement. It had been the same way in the school bathroom the first time. The thrill of danger, the chance of being caught, made it all the better. Only today, she might be caught by Mr. Gardner.

Her fingers slipped between her swollen lips, pressing in to the point at the top of the slit that she knew so well. As she stood there in the shower, she ran her fingers over it, reveling in the lightning bolts that it sent through her body.

After the long anticipation, it didn't take her long to achieve her desire. She bit down on her lower lip to hold in the wail that she so desperately wanted to let out, and let the orgasm wash through her body. It wasn't the most fulfilling climax she had ever felt, but it would have to do, until either Mr. Gardner took care of her better or her mother returned home so that Leslie could once again enter her house and run upstairs to her bedroom to have another go at it. She hoped it would be the former.

While Leslie showered, Roger busied himself in the kitchen. He had suddenly come up with the brilliant idea of fixing some hot chocolate. It would help to keep Leslie warm, and also put her at ease. There was nothing like sharing a cup of hot chocolate to help people get comfortable with each other. And he really wanted her

to like him.

It wasn't that he entertained any notions of starting a romantic relationship with her. Actually, that wasn't quite true, but that was only a fantasy. Really, he was just happy for the company. The two of them probably had nothing in common to talk about, but he didn't care. Just being with her made him feel good. She had the cutest little smile, with the slightest trace of dimples. Her smiles also touched her eyes, brightening them up and making her look ten times as sweet. He could just eat her out.

Up, he corrected, mentally chiding himself for the Freudian slip. *Eat her up*. Not that it really changed what he was thinking, after all. But as long as those fantasies remained fantasies, what was the harm of spending a little time with a pretty girl like Leslie?

He poured some milk into a pan and set it on the stove to heat. Normally he would just throw it in the microwave, but this was a special occasion, so it called for special measures. He tried to ignore the sound of the water coming from the bathroom as he worked. *The girl of my dreams is in my shower right now!* he thought. Were he a lesser man, he would storm in there right now and ravish her body, but he was too honorable to do that. Besides, she would surely have locked the door.

As the milk heated, he went to the cupboard to retrieve the secret ingredient. Actually, there were several secret ingredients, though he never used them all at the same time. Instead, he alternated between them whenever he made hot chocolate. His favorite was rum, but that was hardly appropriate when serving it to a girl her age. Granted, it might help to warm her up, but he could get in a lot of trouble if anyone found out. Marshmallows were always nice, but perhaps a bit juvenile. He didn't want to insult her by treating her like a kid. Cinnamon worked well when he was in the mood for it, but some people didn't like it, so it was a little too risky. He reached into the back of the cupboard and pulled out a small bottle of vanilla extract. That was nice and safe.

He hesitated for a moment when he noticed the words "Contains Alcohol" on the bottom. Just a trace amount, of course, but it was there nonetheless.

Roger laughed at the absurdity of it all. So what if there was a trace amount in it? It wasn't like he was trying to get her drunk after all. She would have to drink gallons of the stuff to get even the slightest bit tipsy.

He heard the water turn off in the bathroom about the same time as the milk reached the perfect temperature, so he removed it from the heat just before it would have begun to boil. He turned off the stove and poured in the chocolate powder and vanilla, stirring it and then tasting it with a spoon until it was to his liking. Retrieving two mugs from the cupboard, he sat down at the table and waited for his new friend.

Leslie was not the type of girl to spend a lot of time on her appearance. For one thing, she looked great anyway. For another, time spent making herself up each morning meant less time spent getting herself off. Today though, she took a few minutes to apply a minimal coating of makeup, just enough to emphasize her natural beauty. Little touches like that might make the difference between succeeding or failing at her

mission.

She reached for the bathrobe and slipped it around her otherwise nude body. He was right about it being too big for her; the bottom nearly dragged on the floor and even the loops for the sash hung low on her hips. If she were to tie it there, there would be nothing keeping it from coming loose up top.

She giggled as she imagined Mr. Gardner's reaction if that happened. It might be amusing, but most likely it would scare him off. *Slowly*, she told herself. *You need to take things slowly.*

She pulled the sash from the loops and wrapped it around her waist, tying it in a bow. The sleeves were a little long still, but despite the fact that it was designed for a man, she still looked sufficiently feminine wearing it. She loosened it just a little to lower the neckline and give him a healthy view of her upper chest. She was too young to have cleavage yet, unfortunately, but at least she could show a little of what she did have.

After testing out several poses in the mirror to see which ones looked the most sexy, she opened the bathroom door and strode down the hall, looking for her future lover. She couldn't wait to see his expression when he saw her wrapped in his robe.

She found him sitting at the kitchen table. As she entered, she watched his expression. Unfortunately, she was disappointed in her expectations. She saw no sign of arousal or excitement. She would have even settled for a bit of embarrassment. But from his lack of interest, she might as well have been wearing a parka.

"Look what I made," he smiled, standing up to retrieve the pan from the stove. He carefully poured it into two mugs as she came over and sat down in the chair beside the one he had occupied.

"Cocoa!" she exclaimed with delight. "You're so sweet, Mr. Gardner."

"Please, call me Roger. We're neighbors, after all."

"Okay, Roger," she smiled.

"And it was no trouble, really. When I saw you soaking wet on my doorstep, it suddenly put me in the mood for something nice and warm in my stomach." He handed one of the mugs to Leslie, who took it and gave it a sip. It was nice and chocolaty, with a hint of vanilla. She had never thought of using vanilla in cocoa before, but now she realized that she liked it.

She suddenly remembered that vanilla extract had alcohol in it, and for a brief moment she had the absurd idea that he was trying to get her drunk. But of course that was a stupid idea. For one thing, there was hardly any alcohol at all, and for another, all the signs pointed to the conclusion that he didn't find her the least bit sexy.

"I didn't know what to do with my clothes," she told him, "so I just left them on the counter in the bathroom. I hope they dry by the time I need to go home."

"Tell you what," he said. "Why don't I put them in the dryer?"

"Good idea," she smiled.

"Right after I finish my cocoa, of course."

"Of course."

Again, he had that friendly yet slightly formal attitude. Apparently she was going about this all wrong. So far he had given no sign that he was interested in her at all.

She decided to do something to catch him off guard, to see if she could get some kind of reaction out of him.

"I hope you don't mind, but I left off my underwear too," she said. "My bra was mostly dry because it was under two layers of clothing, but my panties are really wet." There was a double meaning there that she hoped he would pick up on. Would he get the hint? Would he realize just how aroused she was? Would he at least stare at her as he realized that she was completely naked under her robe?

"That's all right," he replied without so much as a tremor in his voice. "A few minutes in the dryer should take care of them all."

How frustrating! How could he be so calm like that? Leslie was getting impatient. She needed some kind of sign, anything at all. But he was just too composed. How could a man be so completely indifferent to her charms?

He was probably not interested in girls her age at all, she concluded. To him, she might as well have been eight instead of thirteen. Just a little girl with nothing to offer a guy like him.

Maybe after he saw her underwear he would start thinking more naughty thoughts. She deliberately drank her cocoa slowly to make sure he finished first. If she finished hers ahead of him, he might ask her to put them in the dryer herself, and he might never see them. No, it was absolutely essential that he be the one to do it.

He's going to touch my underwear! she noted with glee. It was just too bad that she wouldn't be wearing them at the time.

They sat in silence for an awkward moment, so Leslie decided to strike up a conversation.

"You're sure it's all right for me to stay here?" she asked.

"It's fine," he smiled. "To tell you the truth, I'm glad for the company."

"So I take it you're not married?"

"No."

"No girlfriend?"

"No."

"Why don't you get one?"

He laughed. "You're pretty inquisitive."

"I'm serious, Mr Gardner... I mean, Roger. You must get lonely sometimes."

He sighed, turning away, and she wondered if she had offended him. So far things were not working out well at all.

"Sometimes," he admitted. "I guess I've never really had much motivation to go find me a girlfriend ever since my wife left me a couple of years ago."

"Oh, I'm sorry," Leslie told him, and she meant it. She hadn't planned to bring up a sensitive subject.

"No, it's all right. I just have to face the fact that she's gone now. It's probably good for me to talk about it. I guess I've been pining for her ever since. That's not really healthy, is it?"

"I don't know."

He laughed then, and suddenly things were all right again. "I don't know why I'm asking you. Obviously you've never gone through something like that. I guess I just feel comfortable talking to you about it, or something."

That made Leslie feel good, that he was willing to bare his soul to her like that. Of course, that didn't mean anything as far as her plan of seducing him was concerned, but at least he was being friendly.

"So why did she leave you?" she asked. "I mean, I don't want to pry or anything, but I just want to know. Did she run away with another man or something?"

"No, nothing like that."

"So why then?"

"Well, that gets complicated. She found out things about me... things I'm not proud of."

"Oh, great, I've just walked right in to the house of a serial killer," joked Leslie.

Roger laughed. "Oh, don't worry. It's nothing that severe. Besides, even if I *am* a serial killer, I like you too much to kill you."

"You like me?" she beamed.

"Sure," he smiled. "It's nice to have someone to talk to for a change."

Leslie smiled, but inwardly she was disappointed. So that was all he meant. He had gotten her hopes up momentarily, but he didn't mean anything by it at all. All she was to him was someone to talk to. It didn't matter that she was a pretty girl. She could have been a man for all it mattered to him.

Well, it would have to do for now. Maybe after he saw her underwear he might start thinking differently about her. She had left them lying in a very conspicuous spot, so he couldn't just scoop them up with the rest of the clothes. He would have to touch them individually.

"So what about you?" he asked. "Do you have a boyfriend?"

Leslie would have been happy to have him ask that question under any circumstances, but her joy was tempered by his casual tone of voice. If he had made it sound like he was hoping for a negative answer, or even just that he was trying to change the subject, it might have clued her in to what he was thinking. But really he was just making conversation. Still, it did give her a bit of an opening.

"No," she replied. "Sometimes I think it would be nice to fall in love, but all the boys at my school are creeps."

"I can certainly understand that," he smiled. "I was that way too when I was that age."

"That's hard to believe," she said.

If he recognized it as a compliment, he did nothing about it.

"Seriously. All boys go through that stage. But don't worry; most of them grow out of it. I'm sure you'll find the right guy eventually."

He's sitting right here with me, she wanted to say.

"I hope you're right," she said instead. "But what if the right guy comes along and he doesn't like me?"

"A pretty girl like you? Impossible."

"You think I'm pretty?" she asked, once again getting her hopes up.

But a moment later he dashed them again. "Of course I do," he replied. It wasn't the words, it was how he said them. He said it the same way he would say it to an eight-year-old. She was a pretty *girl*, not a pretty woman.

"Well, it's not likely the right guy is going to come along in my school. The boys are so immature. Or maybe I just think that because I'm really mature for my age. At least, that's what people tell me." It was a lie of course, but she wanted him to think of her as an adult, not a child.

"I'm sure you are," he smiled.

"Maybe I'll never get along with boys my age. Maybe I should look for someone older and more experienced."

"Be careful with that attitude. It might get you into trouble."

"I wish it would," she mumbled.

Roger laughed. She didn't know what he meant by that. But it wasn't condescending or malicious; it was a warm and friendly laugh. Whatever he meant by it, he wasn't trying to be mean.

She continued to sip her cocoa slowly, watching to make sure he drank his more quickly. Finally, when she was about three quarters finished, he lifted the cup and drained the last of the beverage. Then he put it down on the table.

"Nothing like a nice cup of hot chocolate on a day like this," he smiled.

"You sure know how to make it, too," she said cheerfully.

"Oh, I just heated the milk and threw in some powder. Not much to it." But he seemed to enjoy the compliment.

Leslie continued to watch him to see if he would get up from the table to go fondle her underwear. He sat there for about twenty seconds in silence, seemingly not in any hurry.

"Well, I'd better go throw your clothes in the dryer," he finally said. "When you're done with your hot chocolate, you're welcome to watch TV if you want. The remote's sitting on the couch."

"Thanks," she smiled, secretly wishing he didn't have a TV. After all, the boob tube was just a way to fast-forward the time to make her go home sooner. She would much rather spend it doing other things with him. And if he got interested in the program, he might be less inclined to pay attention to *her*.

On the other hand, sitting down together on the couch might give her the opportunity she needed to snuggle up next to him. All innocent, of course. She didn't want to scare him off.

She could pretend to get sleepy. Yes, that would work. She would lay her head down on his shoulder, maybe start slipping down his chest. He would reach out to stop her, and end up wrapping his arm around her. Then she would gaze up into his eyes with the cutest, sexiest expression she could muster, and then he would lean in...

Even if that didn't work, it would set up a chance for her to pretend to be asleep. Maybe he just needed a chance to molest her without her knowledge. He would undo her robe, then open it to reveal her body. Maybe he would stop there. Maybe he would continue on. Either way, she would wake up at just the right moment, he would apologize, and then she would say it was all right and allow him to continue. Yes,

everything was going to work out after all.

Roger stood and placed his mug in the sink, then giving her one last smile that somehow managed not to show any emotion whatsoever, left the room. Leslie hurried and finished her cocoa, spent a moment loosening her bathrobe just a tiny bit more, then headed out to the living room to put her plan into action.

Chapter 3

Betrayal and Desperation

In the bathroom, Roger paused to stare at the clothes lying on the counter next to the sink. Her cute little tee shirt, skirt, and stocking lay in a soaking wet pile. What drew his attention, however, were the articles next to it. He had already expected to find her underwear there, but seeing the lacy white bra and little tiny cotton panties was a different experience entirely. He hadn't expected to see sexy lingerie by any means, but somehow this innocent little underwear was even more thrilling. Rather than emphasize her sexual maturity, it emphasized her youth instead. Little Leslie probably wasn't old enough to understand what the sight of a girl's underwear could do to a man. He could hardly believe that he was sitting here looking at something that until recently had been in close contact with the most intimate parts of her body.

It also meant that under the robe, she was completely naked. It would take only a slight loosening of the bow, and then the whole thing would come undone. The only thing standing between him and the sight he had for years longed to see was a little friction on the sash.

It had been hard to keep from staring when she walked into the room like that. In all honesty he had never seen anything so sexy in his entire life. Somehow he had managed to keep his cool. If she even suspected the things going through his mind, she would have dashed out of the house and searched for the nearest police officer, clothes or no clothes.

Worse, that conversation had gone in the entirely wrong direction. What was he thinking, asking if she had a boyfriend? When she said she needed someone older and more experienced, he had just about broken down and pleaded with her to let him be the one. But when she mentioned that she wished her attitude would get her into trouble, he realized that she wasn't talking about him. She obviously meant a boy, maybe sixteen or seventeen, who had had a girlfriend before and at the very least knew what *not* to do. Leslie wasn't talking about sex; not at that age. She probably just meant she wanted to feel close to someone, to have a good friend to spend time with, perhaps to hold hands or snuggle with a little. Her desires were completely innocent.

Not so with his own. When she had mentioned that she wasn't wearing any underwear, he had had to fight down the urge to start drooling. All things considered, he deserved an Oscar for his performance.

I'm going to touch her underwear! he noted with glee. It was just too bad that she wouldn't be wearing them at the time.

No, it was absolutely wrong of him to think that. That should be the furthest thing from his mind. It was just clothes after all. There was nothing magical or special about them just because they had recently been on her body.

He reached out toward her bra, surprised to see his hand trembling. What was the matter with him? It was

just a piece of cloth after all. He quickly snatched it up and tossed it onto the pile with the rest of her clothes. Then he did the same with her panties, and bundled the whole thing up.

There. That was all there was to it. He almost laughed at his trepidation, as if the garments would bite him if he touched them. He picked up the bundle and carried it out of the room and down the hall to the washroom. There he tossed the whole thing in the dryer and set the timer. As soon as he heard the familiar hum of it starting up, he turned and exited, still thinking about those two sexy little articles of clothing.

When he returned to the living room, he found Leslie sitting on the couch, staring at the TV. She had left plenty of room for him next to her, but considering the way he had been thinking lately, he figured it was better to take a different chair. She glanced up at him as he crossed the room to his favorite chair in the corner.

"I don't mind you sitting by me," she smiled. "I don't bite."

He hesitated for a moment, considering. It shouldn't have been that difficult of a decision, but considering his growing lust, he knew he should try to stay away from her as much as possible. He might break down and do something he shouldn't, and then she would fear and hate him. She might even tell her parents, which would no doubt lead to him spending some time behind bars as a child molester, not a pleasant thought.

What was he thinking? He was stronger than that. Roger Gardner was no slave to his passions, or he would have made that mistake a long time ago. If there was one thing he knew, it was how to keep his lust under control.

As if to prove the point to himself, he sat down on the couch next to her, earning him another smile from Leslie. She had the cutest, most adorable smile he had ever seen, so warm and inviting. Did she not know what she was doing to him? He could lose himself in that smile easily, bewitched by her charm that she didn't even know she possessed.

She surprised him by wrapping her arm around his. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked.

"No, it's all right," he replied.

"I just don't want you to think I'm being forward or anything."

He laughed. "No, that's fine. You're a really cute girl, you know that, Leslie?"

Where had *that* come from? He had meant to say that he understood it was just a girlish gesture, not to be taken as anything intimate or flirtatious. But somehow it hadn't come out the way he intended it.

Still, he had managed to keep his tone of voice from betraying his attraction to her. She could easily take it as just an innocent compliment.

"Thanks," she smiled, and he relaxed. So she still didn't suspect. It had turned out all right after all.

The two of them watched the TV, or more accurately, Leslie watched the TV and Roger stared at it without seeing it. His attention was fully occupied by the girl sitting next to him. If someone were to ask him what show was on, he wouldn't be able to answer them even while he looked directly at it.

Leslie looked absolutely adorable, and it felt so nice to sit next to her with her arm in his. After her shower she even *smelled* nice. There was a certain fragrance about her that really drew him to her. How was he supposed to keep resisting her when she was just so desirable?

Leslie yawned, and he took that opportunity to glance over at her. She flashed him another smile.

"Sorry," she said. "I'm just getting a little drowsy."

"I must be boring you," he joked.

"No, it's not that. It just feels so peaceful and tranquil here. I'm surprised; usually I'm pretty nervous around strangers, but you make me feel so comfortable. I'm glad I came over."

"It's the cocoa," he grinned. "It's impossible to feel nervous when drinking cocoa."

She laughed. "Maybe. Whatever it is, I like you."

He smiled and turned his attention back to the television. She felt comfortable with him, she said. She trusted him, and that gave him the will to remain strong. He would never betray that trust.

She stretched then, arching her back, and he couldn't help but notice that the motion had the effect of pulling the two sides of her robe slightly apart. He had a good view of the valley between her breasts. There wasn't much there yet, no cleavage to speak of, but she was showing plenty of skin.

What should he do? Should he tell her to close her robe? Should he just ignore it? If he said anything, maybe it would embarrass her and she wouldn't feel comfortable any more. They would sit in an awkward silence the rest of the time, and then she would say goodbye and never come visit him again. That would be a great tragedy. He needed to be strong until she left, because then her first impression of him as a trustworthy, nice man would be solidified, and she would be willing to come see him again. If he gave her even the tiniest hint of what was going through his mind....

She lay her head back against the top of the couch, closing her eyes with a beautiful, serene expression on her face and just a trace of a smile. He tried to ignore her, but that image before him was just too compelling. Over the next few minutes, he stole glances at her every so often even as he tried to focus on the TV.

It wasn't long before he could hear her breathing growing deeper, and he realized that she had fallen asleep. That put his mind at ease. So far, everything she had done had been sexier than she could possibly imagine, but now she would just remain still for the rest of her time here. He would wake her gently when it was time to put her clothes back on, then everything would be fine.

Unfortunately, it was not to be. Leslie was a restless sleeper, perhaps because she couldn't find a comfortable position. She moved around a lot as she slept, and each motion brought his attention back to her. It seemed that every time she moved, she put herself into a sexier position than the one before, and the gap between the two sides of her robe continued to widen. If she kept this up much longer, it was bound to come undone completely.

Then she did something that completely caught him off his guard. She slid her head down and lay it against his shoulder. He had no idea how to react to that. What did she mean by the gesture? Or did she mean anything at all? Maybe it was just an unconscious motion in her sleep, and she didn't even know what she was doing.

He wanted so much to just put his arm around her and hold her to him. He wanted to pick her up and set her on his lap, where she could press her warm body up against him and lay her head down on his chest. But that much at least was completely out of the question, because she would be sure to feel the bulge under his robe. He hadn't been this hard in ages. Fortunately, the robe was thick enough that it hid it from her eyes.

She moved again, and this time it put her off balance and her head began to slide down his arm. He reached out to catch her; the last thing he wanted was to have her end up with her head on his lap where she could feel him poking her in the cheek. He put one of his arms around her shoulder to steady her while he attempted to push her back upright with the other.

Suddenly her eyes opened, and she smiled up at him with the cutest, sexiest expression he had seen on her face yet. He could barely hold himself back. Her lips were just too inviting. He felt himself leaning forward, down toward the inevitable kiss...

Roger stood up, catching himself before it became obvious what he had planned to do. "Looks like someone needs to take a nap," he smiled. "Tell you what. You just lie down right there and I'll go get you a blanket."

"Thanks," she said. "You're really nice."

"Just trying to be neighborly," he replied, somehow keeping his tone friendly without betraying the burning lust behind it. He walked casually into the bedroom, where he immediately took several deep breaths to calm his pounding heart.

He had nearly done it. He had nearly taken advantage of this innocent young girl. Roger was so near the edge now that a single slip would throw him over, sending him tumbling down into the abyss. Were it only for his own sake, he would give in without a moment's hesitation. One afternoon of bliss with this girl was worth a lifetime of consequences. But he couldn't do that to her. She still had her whole life ahead of her, and this might ruin it for her. Girls that age could be so fragile, so precious, and once broken could never be made whole again.

He opened the closet and withdrew a blanket. He sniffed it once to make sure it didn't retain any of that musty closet smell, then returned to the living room, where he found Leslie lying on her back on the couch, her knees slightly spread and that gap in the robe so wide now that he could easily see the swell of her small

breasts. It was a wonder the nipples weren't visible.

Then he gazed at her face, and he sucked in his breath. If he had thought she had looked sweet and kissable before, it was nothing compared to how she looked now. She had her eyes closed again, but this time, her lips were slightly puckered. It wasn't obvious, as if she were actually inviting him to kiss her, but a subtle, probably unconscious expression.

This lovely vision lying on his couch was a goddess. How was he supposed to keep his resolve when she looked so damn fine! Before he knew it, he found himself on his knees, leaning in once again. She had probably fallen back asleep, so now was his chance. What she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

One kiss. That was all he wanted. Just a taste of this magnificent beauty, with her soft skin, gentle curves, and sweet, luscious lips.

At the last moment he caught himself, remembering how much she trusted him.

Trust. She thought he would never do anything to hurt her. His passion and his honor fought within him, and somehow he came up with a compromise. He lowered his head and kissed her on the forehead.

Then he spread the blanket over her, making sure to cover the parts of her body that she shouldn't be showing him, and headed back into his own bedroom. He dropped backward onto the bed and stared up at the ceiling, trying to sort out his jumble of thoughts.

She trusted him, believing that he would never hurt her. She wasn't opposed to getting all cuddly with him, as evidenced by her laying her head against his shoulder and her complete lack of embarrassment when she woke up in his arms. That led to an obvious conclusion.

She saw him as a father figure. The more he thought of it, the more it made sense. Mrs. Weaver was divorced, so Leslie didn't have an adult man in her life. She was probably reaching out to him because she needed someone to fulfill that role.

If that were the case, he was glad. True, he still wanted to do all kinds of naughty things with her, but he could keep that much under control. Since he couldn't be her lover, he was content to be a father figure in her life. Maybe an uncle. Uncle Roger. He liked the sound of that. It would give her an excuse to come visit him often. There was nothing wrong with it because he was a friend of the family, someone completely trustworthy and honorable who would take care of her.

Yes, he could adopt that role. It wasn't what he really wanted, but sometimes he had to settle for his second choice.

The frustration that Leslie felt had almost reached the boiling point. How could he be so indifferent to her? He had actually had the audacity to kiss her on the forehead! Like a little girl, a child being tucked in by her

daddy.

Was that how he felt about her? Did he want to take that kind of role with her? He had admitted being married once, so maybe he had children that he missed. Maybe he had a daughter that Leslie reminded him of. That would horribly complicate her plans. She might get to the cuddling and snuggling stage, but could take it no further. If he thought of her as his daughter, her cause was hopeless.

She wanted to just run up to him and jump on him. If he didn't make a move soon, she would just have to rape him.

But no, that wouldn't solve anything either. For one thing, he was too strong for her; there was no way she would be able to subdue him by force. For another, the whole reason she wanted to lose her virginity to an older man was because he would be experienced enough to know how to take care of her needs. If he was unwilling, that would spoil it. And finally, he was such a sweet man, she couldn't bear the thought of him hating her. He had looked after her when he could have left her out in the rain. Or worse, he could have demanded something from her in return for the use of his house. She half wished he had, but was surprised to realize that the very fact that he hadn't tried to take advantage of her was what made him so special. A man like that was something more than a conquest; he was worth holding on to.

She had to be patient. It looked like she wouldn't seduce him today, but she still held out hope. In the mean time, she was just happy to enjoy his company.

Maybe having him as a father figure wouldn't be so bad, like an uncle or something. Uncle Roger. She liked the sound of that. Even if they never became lovers, she wouldn't mind having him as a friend.

That was a comforting thought. Soothing even. She was curled up on Uncle Roger's couch, safe and protected. He would watch over her as she slept, standing guard to see that she wasn't disturbed. It was such a pleasant thought that she fell asleep with a smile on her lips.

Still staring up at the ceiling, Roger lay on his bed and let the minutes tick by. He had made his decision, and that gave him the strength to hold out. He really wanted to be with Leslie. He wanted to spend time with her, and it didn't matter what they did together, as long as he could gaze upon her smiling face. So he would be completely trustworthy; the idea that he could ever harm her would be the furthest thing from her mind. He would invite her to come visit him whenever she wanted, to share a cup of hot chocolate or just to talk.

Of course, he would need to make friends with her mother as well. No doubt she wouldn't let Leslie visit him unless she herself felt he could be trusted. Maybe he would give her a call after Leslie went home. He was sure that if he just had a few minutes to talk with her, he could win her over.

For now, though, he would just let Leslie sleep. Let her have peaceful dreams, believing herself to be completely safe in his home. Because she was. Safe. Sleeping there on the couch, so vulnerable yet far from any harm. Roger would watch over her, standing guard to see that she wasn't disturbed.

He could still see her in his mind, that peaceful look on her face, her beautiful eyes closed and those pouty lips slightly puckered. He just had to gaze upon her once more. He rose from the bed and made his way back out to the front room for another look at his sleeping beauty.

There she lay, still asleep. Still beautiful. Still sexy. He could hardly believe this was happening, with this gorgeous young thing napping on his couch. In her sleep she had kicked off the blanket, which now lay on the floor. Her hands lay next to her head and one of her knees was spread wide. It was such an inviting pose, so open and willing.

Willing? No, she wasn't willing. She was asleep. How could she be willing?

He glanced around the room, surprised that he had crossed it without realizing it. Now he stood above the girl, gazing down at that beautiful face and the line of flesh revealed by the opening of the robe. It extended down right to the sash, almost but not quite baring her exquisite mounds to his eyes. It would take hardly anything to move the sides of the robe out of the way, then he would finally have his chance to view her young body. He watched as his hand of its own accord reached out toward the girl.

No! he told himself. What was he he trying to do? Was he actually considering molesting her?

He had told himself over and over again that he wasn't that kind of a man. Roger Gardner was harmless. Any girl, even girls of that age that he found so sexy, was completely safe in his presence. Now he was on the verge of proving himself wrong, of completely betraying his character.

But she was so damn fine! Was it his fault that she had showed up on his doorstep, seeking his shelter and protection? Was it his fault that she lay there asleep and half naked on his couch? He was strong, but never before had he felt such temptation. He could just lift up the robe and take a peek. What she didn't know wouldn't hurt her.

Before he knew it, he had grasped one side of the robe and lifted it away, baring her marvelous breast to his eyes. At thirteen, she still had plenty of growing to do, but he couldn't remember ever seeing anything as beautiful as that lovely mound of flesh topped by the most perfect nipple he could ever imagine. He was finally living his fantasy; he was actually looking at a young teenage girl's body.

He felt his body trembling from the excitement of it all, and his heart pounding in his chest. Even his breathing had become shallow and ragged. Not surprisingly, he was as hard as a rock between the legs.

Now that he had taken the first step, it was all too easy to take the next. With his free hand, he reached out and slipped it onto her exposed breast. It was absolutely heavenly. He couldn't believe how warm and soft it felt, so deliciously smooth except for the hardening nipple, which he ever so gently pinched between his fingers. He felt it starting to harden, to his delight.

Roger momentarily withdrew his hands, letting the robe fall back into place. Then he spread it so that both of her breasts were now completely exposed to his view. He glanced down to make sure she was still asleep, then placed both of his hands on her chest and massaged her, enjoying the sensation on his hands.

"Mmm..." Leslie moaned, and he stopped. She had a smile on her lips, but her eyes were still closed. What did that mean? Was she awake or not? In panic, he withdrew his hands and closed the robe back up.

With horror he realized what he had just done. He had sexually molested a girl in her sleep! Everything he had believed about himself had suddenly fallen apart. Roger was not harmless, not if he was willing to do this. The first chance he had to spend some time with a young teenage girl, he had betrayed himself and her by taking advantage of her.

He rose to his feet and hurried back to his bedroom, where he fell to his knees, buried his head in his arms on the bed, and cried like he hadn't cried since he had been a child.

Leslie awoke to the most exquisite feeling. It wasn't the first time she had been aroused the first thing in the morning, but there was something different this time. Somehow it was a little more physical. There was a kind of warm feeling surrounding her, especially her chest.

When she opened her eyes, she glanced around at the unfamiliar surroundings. This wasn't her bedroom. Where was she?

Then she remembered. The storm, the shower, the cocoa, and Roger Gardner. She had only meant to fake sleep, to give him one last chance. If he thought she would never know, he might make his move then. Unfortunately, she really *had* been asleep, so she would never know if he had tried anything or not.

No, it was obvious he hadn't. Not Roger Gardner. He would never do anything like that. Unfortunately.

One thing was for sure, she was very aroused. The tight feeling in her nipples and the stimulation as they rubbed against the fabric of her robe told her that they were hard, probably from some erotic dream she couldn't remember. But it had certainly left its impression on her. She needed to get off again, and soon.

She glanced around but didn't see a clock on the wall, but it was still light outside so most likely her mother wasn't home yet. That meant no privacy for a while. And since her first choice, sex with Roger, was apparently out, it looked like she was in for a rough and frustrating afternoon.

Of course there was still a little hope. She would go find him and strike up another conversation. At the very least, it would give her something to do to pass the time. She really did like him after all.

She yawned and stretched, and the robe finally came completely undone. She laughed quietly and fastened it again. It was a good thing that Roger wasn't there when it happened. By "good," of course, she meant "bad."

Smiling inwardly at the warm glow of arousal that enveloped her, she sat up. It took her a minute or two to let the sluggishness drain away, then she stood up. Slowly moving down the hall, she peeked in the doors until she found his bedroom. He was on his knees by the bed, almost in a praying position.

Could that be the reason why he wasn't interested in her sexually? Was he a devout religious man? Was it some kind of vow of celibacy? No, he had been married once so that could not be it. She felt awkward interrupting him, so she just stood in the doorway and watched him.

A few minutes later he lifted his head. He stared at the wall, still facing away from her and obviously not noticing her there. He wiped his eyes, then turned his head. Only then did he see her there.

"Hi, Roger," she said, beaming him her friendliest smile. He stared at her for a few seconds, and the smile fell from her face. There was something wrong, a kind of despair in his eyes that had not been present earlier.

"Leslie," he said. "Look, I..." It was obvious he wanted to say something to her, but she couldn't figure out what it was. She hoped it was something like pledging his undying love to her, but from the tears in his eyes, it probably wasn't.

Suddenly, he rose to his feet, then grabbed her hand and half-dragged her out of the room, mumbling something about not wanting to be in the bedroom. Of course, that was the exact place where she wanted to be, so it disappointed her to be leaving it so quickly. Something was obviously wrong.

Once out in the front room, he moved the curtain aside and peeked out for a moment, then sighed as he let it fall back into place. It sounded like he was relieved.

"Your clothes should be dry by now," he told her, "and I see Mrs. Sargrove's car in the driveway, so she's home now. I think it would be better if you spent the rest of the afternoon with her."

Leslie was shocked. He was kicking her out? What had she done? She couldn't think of anything she had done that might have warranted that. They had gotten on so well before her nap.

Against her will, tears began to well up in her eyes. This meant she had blown it with him. She was never going to get to visit him again. It shouldn't have bothered her; she should have just accepted it and looked for another man to conquer. But now she realized that there was more to it than just her urges. She had really enjoyed his company, sex or no sex. Here was a man who had been so sweet to take her in, who could have used her in return, but instead he had been friendly, charming, and an all-around nice guy. He had shared a cup of cocoa with her, let her borrow his clothes, and tucked her in when he thought she was sleepy. Not once had he asked for anything in return. But now he was throwing her out of his house. What had happened? What had gone wrong? Her eyes blurred with the tears that threatened to spill out onto her cheeks.

"Oh, Leslie, please don't cry," he said. "I'm so sorry. This isn't your fault; you did nothing wrong. I don't want to hurt you. If there's anything I can do to make it up to you, I would do it gladly."

She dashed over to him and threw her arms around him, burying her face in his chest and sobbing into the soft front of his robe. She needed to feel his arms around her, to know that he really did care about her. But he stood there unmoving, not even hugging her back. Did that mean he hated her? Didn't he care for her feelings even enough to reach around and comfort her?

She had to be strong. It was too late to put on a show of bravado, now that she had already cried. But at least she could be gracious and leave his apartment when he asked her. Maybe he didn't like her, but at least she wouldn't make herself a nuisance to him any more.

Leslie drew back and wiped away her tears. Yes, she would be firm. No sense burdening him any longer.

She glanced up into his eyes, and was surprised to see tears there as well. She could see from the expression on his face that she was wrong about him. He really did care about her feelings after all, and that gave her the strength she needed. Whatever had gone wrong, it wasn't that he didn't like her, and that was enough for now.

There was one more thing she wanted to do. Maybe it would simply seal her fate. Maybe after she did it, he would never want to see her again. But it looked like that was about to happen anyway. But she would always regret it if she didn't take the chance.

She reached up and placed her hand behind his head, then pulled him down to her and kissed him on the lips.

Chapter 4

Understanding and Acceptance

Roger froze, unable to think clearly through the blinding haze of his lust and the shock of that kiss. Leslie had caught him so off his guard that he didn't know what to think any more. What did that kiss mean? Did she think of him like he thought of her? Was this really the girl who had been staying at Roger's house for the past hour? Was this his house? Was he Roger Gardner?

Before he could collect his thoughts, she broke the kiss and dashed down the hall to the washroom, leaving him standing there dumbfounded.

The first thought that managed to enter his addled brain was that he should go and talk to her. That thought seemed to take control of his legs, and he found himself following her.

When he entered the room, he gasped. She had unfastened the sash of her robe and was in the process of slipping it off of her shoulders. Fortunately she faced away from him, so he didn't see anything he shouldn't, but as soon as she discovered him standing there, she quickly covered herself again.

"I'm sorry," she said meekly, still facing away. "I just thought... since you were kicking me out of the house... that this would be my last chance."

"Leslie," he told her in as soothing a tone as he could muster. Unfortunately, he still couldn't think straight, so had trouble coming up with anything to tell her. "Leslie," he repeated.

She turned around then, and wiped her eyes on the back of her sleeve.

"I..." he said. "That is... Well..."

She laughed then, a little weakly perhaps but it was a laugh all the same. "It's okay," she said. "I understand. It wasn't right for me to kiss you because you don't have any feelings like that for me. I'm only thirteen. How could you possibly be interested in me like that?"

Was that what she thought? Roger had a hard time believing what he was hearing. Leslie Weaver thought he wasn't interested in her? But then he realized, he had been trying his hardest to make her believe just that. It had worked only too well.

"Leslie," he said again, feeling foolish to keep getting stuck on her name. Somehow he managed to get beyond that this time. "I... I do like you," he told her.

"I know," she sighed. "Like a daughter. A little girl."

"No!" he exclaimed. "I... well, maybe I shouldn't say this."

"What?"

"Well, first you have to tell me something. Why did you kiss me?"

"I already told you. Because I'm never going to get the chance again."

"No, I mean, why did you *want* to kiss me?"

Her face turned red then, and Roger was surprised to see that she was embarrassed. She actually blushed at the question!

"Please, Leslie," he insisted gently. "I have to know."

"Because..." she mumbled. "Because I think... I think you're..."

"You think I'm what?" he asked.

"I think you're handsome," she said, turning an even deeper shade of crimson.

"You do?" he asked, shocked.

Leslie nodded.

"And are you attracted to me?"

She nodded again.

"Oh my god!" he breathed. "How could I have been so stupid?"

"You're not stupid!" she exclaimed. "You didn't do anything wrong. I was the one who kissed you, remember?"

He sighed. It was time to come clean. "You've been honest with me," he told her, "so it's only fair that I be honest with you. You deserve to know the truth, whatever it may cost me. I *did* do something wrong."

"What?"

"It happened while you were asleep. I... I touched you."

"Touched me?" she gasped.

"I opened up your robe and... well..."

Her eyes opened wide. "Why?" she asked.

"Because I think you're..."

"You think I'm what?" she grinned.

"I think you're sexy."

Leslie burst out laughing at that, a reaction he had never expected. It wasn't condescending or mocking, but it sounded more like a laugh of relief.

He had meant to apologize to her, and despite her strange reaction, he felt he needed to go through with it.

"I'm sorry," he said. "The truth is that I'm kind of a pervert. I'm attracted to young girls like you. Until now, I've never done anything like that before. I thought I was incapable of doing anything to hurt a girl."

Leslie laughed even harder at that. He couldn't figure out what she meant by that. It was hard to apologize to a girl that didn't seem to be bothered in the least by what he had done to her.

It took her a couple of minutes to calm down, but finally a few deep breaths got her laughter under control. He waited patiently, deciding that he had said enough, and now it was her turn to say what was on her mind.

"Roger," she smiled. "It's okay."

"It is?" he asked, astonished. How could she forgive him just like that?

"You didn't hurt me," she said. "The only thing that bothers me is that I wasn't awake when it happened."

He blinked, his confusion returning. He didn't know what she meant. Did she mean that if she was awake she could have stopped him from doing it?

"I can see I'm not getting through to you," she grinned. "Let me put it another way. Do you know why I came over to your house? I mean, aside from the rain. I could have picked any other house on the block, but I chose yours."

"Um... why?"

"Because I wanted you to seduce me."

"You what?" he gasped, his eyes growing wide. Was this a dream? Was she really offering himself to him? How could a girl like Leslie Weaver, the gorgeous and utterly unattainable Leslie Weaver, want to seduce him?

"And now that I know how you feel about me," she said, "I still do." Without warning, she opened the robe and let it slip from her body, leaving her standing there completely naked.

Whatever his fantasies had been, however he had dreamed of her, it could not even compare to seeing her in

the flesh. And what flesh it was! She was still mostly undeveloped, with perky little breasts and dark, nickel-sized nipples. His brief glimpse of her lying on the couch had been of her breasts flattened against her chest, but now with her standing before him in all her glory, he could truly appreciate this marvelous creature. Her arms and legs were just a little darker than the rest of her body, though she had no tan line to speak of. She had a little flat tummy and cute navel surrounded by gently curved hips that were surprisingly well developed for a girl her age. They were what gave her that swing to her walk that he loved watching whenever he got a chance. The V between her legs framed a pretty little pussy with only a limited amount of hair on it, just enough to show that she was no longer a child.

"Oh god!" he groaned. "Leslie, I..."

"Tell me truthfully," she said. "Do you want this as much as I do?"

Finally his resolve broke, and he moved forward to wrap his arms around her and draw her body in to his own. Through the fabric of his robe he could sense the warmth and softness of her teen body, so smooth and beautiful. He kissed her deeply, savoring everything about her.

"I've wanted it for a long time," he told her after he drew back. "I've watched you in the mornings, standing out front waiting for the school bus. I've been a secret admirer of yours for a year now, ever since you started growing up. Don't think of me as some kind of stalker, but I've been watching you from the shadows and wishing I could have you."

"You dummy!" she grinned. "Why didn't you say anything?"

"Because I was afraid of hurting you. I've always had a fascination with girls your age. That's why my wife left me, because I told her and she couldn't handle it. But I've never done anything before now because I don't want to become a monster."

"Well then, I'm glad you waited until I came to you, because now I know I can trust you. I know that you'll be gentle and kind and sweet and caring, everything I've ever wanted in a man."

"But Leslie..." he said.

"Before you say anything, let me put all of your fears to rest," she told him. "First, I know that this has to be a secret. We can never tell anyone, and I'm fine with that. Second, I don't want you to feel any kind of obligation to me just because you slept with me. Let's just agree up front that if either of us feels uncomfortable with it afterward, we'll just pretend it never happened. But if we both want to continue..."

"Now *you're* the dummy," he told her. "How could I possibly not want to continue a relationship with the girl of my dreams?"

"You mean it?" she asked delightedly.

"I want you to come over here every day after school."

"Well then, shut up and fuck me already!" she grinned.

Roger leaned down and lifted her into his arms, causing her to giggle. He turned and carried her out of the room and down the hall to his bedroom. He deposited her gently on the bed, then stood over her. Like before, he trembled with nervousness, but the tightness in his pants reassured him that there would be no chance that he wouldn't be able to perform. Not with the gorgeous young Leslie Weaver to motivate him.

"I want to see you," she whispered, smiling up at him. He immediately knew what she meant. He unfastened the knot in the sash of his robe, then smiling, spread the two sides and let the garment drop from his shoulder.

"Oh wow!" Leslie gasped, her eyes fastening on his cock. He had never considered it particularly big; quite average really. But it was likely that Leslie had never seen one before, so it probably looked huge to her eyes. Then she let her gaze roam up his body to his chest. That was one thing he was particularly proud of. Although he didn't get much exercise and therefore his muscles weren't as toned as they could be, he was actually shaped rather well, with broad shoulders and narrow hips. It had been a long time since a girl had been able to truly appreciate his form though.

"Mr. Gardner--" she began.

"Considering we're about to become more than just friends," he smiled, "don't you think you ought to call me Roger?"

She gave a slightly embarrassed laugh. "Sorry," she said. "I just wasn't thinking. I had... other things on my mind."

"Are you nervous?"

"A little," she admitted.

"Don't worry. I want to make it special for you. So special that you'll want to come back to my house again and again."

"That's not even in question," she giggled. "Unless you *really* screw up."

He climbed onto the bed then, and lay down next to her. He reached out and stroked her cheek with his knuckles, sensing the tremor in her own body. That knowledge actually relieved him; she had always been a teenage goddess to him. Now feeling her vulnerability made her human, even a frightened child.

"You know what?" he said lightheartedly. "It looks like we're both really nervous about this. My heart's pounding in my chest right now. If you listen carefully, you might even be able to hear it."

He had meant it as a joke, but she scooted in next to him and pressed her head against his chest. He had never felt anything so exquisite in his life.

"Yep," she giggled. "And I thought *I* was the nervous one."

"Sounds like we both need to relax a little. I think we both have our expectations way too high. Let's just forget about trying to do everything right, and just have fun with it."

"But I... I mean... I've never... well..."

"This is your first time?" he asked.

She nodded. "I mean, I don't have my... my cherry anymore. I accidentally--"

"It's all right," he reassured her. "I'm actually glad, because that means I don't have to hurt you like that. Otherwise I might not be able to go through with it. I want to make it special for you, and anything that would get in the way of your enjoyment would ruin it for me too. Besides, this is a first for me too. I've never made love to a teenage girl before. So let's not judge each other, okay?"

"Okay," she smiled.

"Good," he grinned. "Because I was really scared that I wouldn't live up to your expectations."

"Thanks, Roger. I feel better now knowing that you're just as nervous as I am."

Roger leaned over and kissed her on the lips again. He reached out and slipped one of his hands onto her stomach, gently massaging her to help calm her nerves. It seemed to help, because her trembling gradually diminished until it ceased entirely.

After a couple of minutes, he let his hands wander higher, up toward her chest. He wanted to feel her cute little breasts again, this time without worrying about her waking up and feeling betrayed. She gazed up at him with an adoring look that told him that it was okay to continue. Gently he let his hand cup one of her tiny little tits, and she sighed in pleasure, closing her eyes and smiling as she basked in the sensation.

Roger gently rubbed her nipple between his thumb and forefinger until it hardened under his ministrations. Then he let his hand move to the other breast for the same treatment. He watched her face as he stimulated her like that, loving the sweet openmouthed smile on her lips and the look of pure ecstasy that covered her face. It was hard to believe that he, Roger Gardner, was giving such pleasure to the girl of his dreams.

He kissed her again, this time on the chin. Then he lowered her head and kissed her on the neck. She had such a sweet, gorgeous neck, and he felt a sudden empathy for vampires. While he had no inclination to bite her, he did want to kiss her all over it. So he proceeded to do just that, running his lips all over her neck and shoulders.

She made little mewling sounds as he kissed her, little high-pitched whimpers that told him that he was having a positive effect on her. He loved those sounds; it had been a long time since any woman had made them for him, and at that moment he thought that no musical composition in the world had ever sounded so beautiful.

He felt if he could just lie here forever kissing her neck like that, he would be a happy man. But there was plenty more of her that he hadn't yet explored. He wanted all of her; inside and out. Lowering his hand, he slid it slowly along her body, down past her ribs, down past her stomach, and right to the heart of her sex. She was already dripping wet, so there was no need for more lubrication. He let his middle finger trace her slit from the base all the way to the top. Perhaps as an unconscious reaction to the stimulation, she spread her legs, and with them, her outer lips.

He rubbed her again, this time letting his finger press gently into her. Her moans intensified at this new sensation, and she began to rock her hips forward. Her body was reacting on its own now, already at the stage where she had lost conscious control.

In the mean time, he wasn't neglecting the rest of her. With his hand occupied, he replaced it with his lips on her breasts. When he sucked one of her perky little nipples into her mouth, she squealed at the contact.

"Oh, Roger!" she exclaimed. "I never knew it could feel that good!"

"I'm going to make you feel better than you ever felt before," he murmured.

"Of course you are," said Leslie. "That's why I came over here in the first place."

He chuckled at that little reminder of just how much she wanted him. He wanted her too, and now he was going to take her. Damn the law, damn the police, and damn everyone who said this was wrong. The two lovers needed it so badly that the bigger crime would be to torture each other by denying themselves this passion.

She reached one of her hands behind his head and pulled it down again to her chest. He suckled on her nipple, savoring the wonderful taste of her body and the feel of it in his mouth. His tongue teased it, causing more of those cute little sounds that she had made earlier. If kissing her neck had been wonderful, sucking her boobs was heavenly.

His fingers sought out her moist opening, plunging at first shallowly and gently inside, but then diving in more deeply as her body loosened up. She was so tight, even around his fingers, that he just knew it would be the most exquisite feeling to thrust his cock in there.

But he wanted to make this special for her, so he planned to do everything he could to make her enjoy it. He removed his lips from her breast, causing her to groan in frustration. However, as soon as he began kissing down her body, she gasped in excitement as she realized where he was headed.

"Oh my god!" she exclaimed. "Are you really going to..."

"Absolutely," he replied. "You don't think I would pass up an opportunity to taste that sweet pussy of yours, do you?"

"Oh god!" she cried out. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god!"

He knew that at this rate she wouldn't last long, and he wanted to make sure she didn't climax before he even reached his destination, so he hurried kissing down her body. He adjusted his position on the bed so that he could place his head between her legs, then lowered his face and stuck out his tongue.

"AiyeEEEEEEEE!" she squealed as soon as he pressed it against her slit. He ran it from the base up to the hard bud at the top, then licked around that bud as she squirmed in ecstasy. Her wails were even more beautiful to his ears than her moans had been. There was a danger that the neighbors might hear, but right now he didn't care. He wasn't going to stop until she screamed in orgasmic bliss.

He plunged his tongue as far into that warm, moist opening as he could, wriggling it around inside of her like a snake. Her hips rode up to meet him as if trying to force him even deeper inside. Unfortunately, there was only so far he could go. He intended to make the most of it, though, so he kept his tongue there inside of her, curling and uncurling it to lap at the walls of her pussy. At the same time, he reached up with one of his hands and ran her clit through his fingers like he had done with her nipples earlier.

The effect was dramatic. "Oh god oh god oh god oh god oh god!" she cried again, the pitch increasing with each repetition until she screamed it out. Her hips lifted completely off of the bed and her thighs clamped down tight on his head, her legs trembling as she exploded into orgasm. Just the knowledge that she was in such complete ecstasy like that was nearly enough to set him off, but he managed to hold on, riding out her own orgasm with his face still between her legs and nearly getting smothered in the process. Had he been inexperienced, he might have pulled back in alarm to avoid being suffocated, but he knew that it could only last a few seconds at most, so he continued to stimulate her right through until her body finally relaxed and her hips collapsed once more on the bed. She let her knees fall open again, releasing him from his temporary prison.

Her breaths came in jerky gasps as she lay there with her mouth open in a smile and her eyes half-closed, the aftershocks of her orgasm still sending thrills through her body with the slightest motion. Roger rose up and crawled over to lie down next to her, slipping a hand once more onto her hips and gently stroking her. He leaned in and kissed her on the cheek as she continued to come down from her high.

Finally, she turned to smile weakly yet adoringly at him. "That was... I don't know. I came over here because I wanted... I mean... But I never expected it to feel *that* good!"

"Oh, we're not through yet," he told her with a grin. "You're not going to get off with just a little oral sex."

"Oh god, yes!" she groaned. "I want it! I want to feel you inside of me!"

When he had woken up that afternoon, he had never expected that in just a couple of short hours, he would have a beautiful young girl begging him to fuck her. Especially not Leslie! It was hard to believe that this was real, that it wasn't just another one of his dreams. But he had already gone further with her than any of his dream girls, and she was so much warmer and softer than those ephemeral phantoms.

He rose up and kissed her on the lips again, and this time she slipped her tongue between his lips, as if searching for a lingering taste of her own juices. He retaliated with his own tongue, penetrating her lips like

he had penetrated her pussy. As they kissed like that, he climbed over on top of her, pressing his body gently against hers. She was so much smaller than him that he had to put his arms down and support most of his weight on his elbows to keep from crushing her.

He removed his mouth from hers and placed it beside her ear. "Are you ready?" he whispered tenderly.

In response, she reached down between them and took hold of his cock. The sensation sent a jolt of excitement through him, causing him to groan this time. She giggled at his reaction, then placed the tip of his cock against her waiting hole. He pressed in gently, letting the dampness of her juices and his saliva coat the tip of his cock. Then he pressed deeper, feeling himself slide in between her lips, into the tight little tunnel of her sex. They both gasped at the wonderful feeling as he filled her up, stretching her as he penetrated further and further inside of her. He could feel her shuddering again and the walls of her pussy flexing as micro-orgasms ripped through her body. She wrapped her legs around his hips and her arms around his neck, hugging him tightly as he reached the end of his journey, buried right to the base inside of her.

He pulled back a couple of inches, then thrust in again, and they both groaned once more. He drew back a second time and pressed forward, then a third and a fourth. As he settled into a rhythm, he reveled in the thought that he was actually having sex with Leslie Weaver! The wonderful feel of her body against his, her tight pussy squeezing his cock, and the beauty of her face filling his view made this undeniably the best moment of his entire life. He couldn't get enough of this feeling, so powerful and overwhelming.

Despite wanting to just pound her as hard as he could, he fucked her gently, some part of his mind that remained rational still telling him that he wanted this to be special for her. While the physical sensation might be slightly better for him if he made it rough, the thought that she enjoyed it as much as he did more than made up for it.

She didn't just lie there, but thrust back with her own hips just as hard. They matched each other's tempo, moving together as one person like experienced lovers. As he bathed her face with kisses and held her body to his own, he felt like this had always been meant to be, that it was their destiny to be together. They were so right for each other.

In a few minutes, he felt his body heading toward the peak. The sensation began building in his loins, slowly rising, the waves reaching higher with every thrust. He heard himself howling in pleasure and didn't try to stop it. The pleasure reached an intensity that he hadn't felt in a very long time, and he suddenly erupted inside of her.

"Oh my god, I can feel it!" Leslie cried out. "I can feel you cumming inside of me! Oh yes! Oh yes!"

Her legs tightened around him again, and her pussy squeezed his throbbing cock, and he realized that she was having another orgasm too. Together they held each other in ecstatic bliss as their bodies crossed that threshold together.

Then they reached the peak and began the gradual descent on the other side. Sometimes his orgasms left him unsatisfied, not wanting it to end. This time though, even the waning pleasure could not dampen the joy of

holding Leslie in his arms. He knew then that there would be other times, other opportunities to feel this way again with her. He would never give her up, and somehow he knew that she felt the same way.

After it ended, he rolled over onto his back, and she lay down next to him, pressing her cheek against his chest like she had before. She threw one arm over his chest and held his shoulder, clutching him like she never wanted to let him get away. He wrapped his arms around her and held her just as tightly, because he never wanted to let her get away either.

Eventually they had to end it though, so they climbed out of bed and headed into the bathroom for a shower, this time together. They spent most of the time hugging and kissing under the water, and washing each other's bodies, focusing especially on the more pleasurable parts. Leslie just couldn't keep her hands off of him, to his delight. He was more than happy to return the favor, so in the end his cock, and her pussy and breasts ended up probably cleaner than they had ever been.

Unfortunately, it was getting late. Leslie's mother was due home shortly, and Roger had to finish getting ready for work. He wanted so much to just stay home in bed with her, but neither of them could afford to do that. They had to hide their relationship from the rest of the world, at least for now.

They returned to the wash room, where Leslie pulled her clothes out of the dryer. She rummaged through them until she found her panties. With a sly grin, she tossed them to him.

"A present, to remind you of me until the next time," she said. Then she put on her skirt and did a little pirouette on the spot. Although he had just been gazing at her completely nude body a moment ago and she was still topless, the little peeks of her unclad pussy and bottom as her skirt flared excited him.

"That feels nice," she commented. "Nice and refreshing. Maybe I'll go without panties every day." Then she proceeded to dress the rest of the way. After she finished, they returned to his bedroom, where he slipped her panties under his pillow to her amusement, and he got dressed himself in his uniform. They headed back out to the front room, where Leslie pulled the curtain aside and peeked out. "Mom's car's in the driveway," she said, "so it looks like she's home. I'd better go."

She gave him one last kiss, letting this one linger for a full thirty seconds. Then he opened the door front door for her, and she skipped out.

"I think I'll forget my house key again tomorrow," she grinned, then headed across the street.

Roger watched her until she disappeared into her house, then closed the door and collapsed on the couch, exhausted yet happy, and for the first time in his life glad that he preferred teenage girls.

THE END

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