

Friendly Neighbors

A Friend Zone Story

By Isaac Byrne

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“I dunno, I guess the new place is OK. My room is way bigger, like my mom pointed out like a million times. And I have my own bathroom, which is cool, I guess. It’s right next door to her room, though,” I griped into the phone.

“How’s the pool?” my friend Jennifer asked. Yesterday, and for twelve years leading up to it, she’d lived across the street. Now, she was almost two thousand miles away.

“O.M.G. Jen, that lying bitch,” I began, my blood heating all over again. “She said we were going to have a pool here. She never said it was a community pool! Like, who wants to go swimming with a bunch of total randos, right? Way to lie to me just to get me to go along with it.”

“Not that you had a choice,” Jennifer said softly. We’d said goodbye this very morning, and I already missed her like crazy.

“Not that I had a choice,” I agreed. “I hope my dad chokes on his stupid secretary’s stupid giant fake boobs.” It was a sore subject; I’d definitely gotten my DD cups from my dad’s side of the family, weird as that was.

“Almost as big as yours,” my friend teased.

“You’re one to talk. And please don’t compare me to that ho. You know how I—” A sharp rap of my mother’s knuckles on the door cut me off.

“Dana? You in there? Come on, sweetie, these boxes aren’t going to unpack themselves. And you said you wanted input on how we decorate. Now or never.”

“Jesus, mother, I’m on the phone with Jennifer, if you’d give me like ten seconds to myself,” I responded hotly.

“Oh. All right, well whenever you’re done.”

“Fine.” I waited until I heard my mother’s footsteps recede. “Sorry, Jenn, my mom needs me to keep unloading stupid boxes. Mother-daughter bonding scheme number four so far today.”

“Oh come on, she just wants to be closer with you.”

I made a face. “Ew. She’s like, old. Lame. What am I supposed to do, take up knitting?”

Jennifer laid on the sarcasm. “Yeah, she’s like, what, thirty-eight? You’re totes right, she’s sooooo old for a woman with a daughter about to graduate high school.”

“Eh, age is all mental. She thinks like an old lady. Anyway, looks like I gotta go.”

“Text me later, OK? Let me know how many friends you make the first day.”

“Let me save you the suspense. Zero.” I frowned.

Jennifer’s laughter was a small comfort, transmitted through the phone, but it was a comfort nonetheless. “Totally, nobody wants to meet the new hottie in the neighborhood.”

“Oh, whatever,” I said, giggling. She always knew how to cheer me up. I was too academic to be part of the hot popular crowd, so Jennifer always liked to remind me I was the hottest girl in the nerdosphere. At my old school, anyway.

“Or her milfy newly single mom.” Not an untrue assessment; Dad’s infidelity was all the more mystifying to me in that his secretary couldn’t hold a candle to his wife, boobs aside. Now ex-wife. Mom was a real looker, and if I had anything to brag about in my face, it was all her genes.

Anyway, I yelled for my bestie to shut up, and soon the two of us were too giggly for even that. “All right. Talk later?”

“Talk later,” Jennifer promised. “Love you, gurl.”

“Love you, gurl,” I said. There was a click, and then it was back to helping her mom unpack in our new, lame, sucky house in our new, lame, sucky neighborhood.

As it so happened, I was totally right: I made zero friends my first day here. Maybe the memo hadn't gotten out, or nobody was big into making introductions in this neighborhood, but we worked tirelessly as a mother-daughter duo, uninterrupted throughout the day and into the evening. Through it all, my only human interactions were with my infuriatingly glass-is-half-full mother. I was there to bring her down to earth.

Her: "Oh wow, look how great the natural lighting is in here!"

Me: "It's going to put a glare on the TV."

Her: "Don't you think the air smells cleaner not living in the city?"

Me: "It doesn't smell like anything, Mother."

Her: "Did I tell you the high school's softball team went to state last year? They must have a pretty amazing coach, don't you think?"

Me: "It sounds like I won't make the team then. Awesome."

And so on. Deep down I guess I knew it wasn't mom's fault. It didn't make me like it any better though, and I felt entitled to being a little spiteful for a while. At least until I started meeting people and feeling like myself again.

Then the doorbell rang.

"Can you get that, Dana?" Mom called from under the sink, where she was trying to get the garbage disposal working.

I sighed and put down the dishes I'd been unpacking. Was someone finally here to check out the fresh meat, like Jennifer had said would happen? I hoped it was someone cool, and not some geek here to ogle the new girl.

As it so happened, it was neither.

I opened the door to find a total stranger on the other side – which should be no surprise, considering I didn't know a soul for a thousand miles. He was older, maybe late twenties or so, roughly halfway between my age and my mom's. In one hand was a pizza box, heat visibly radiating from within. A six pack of cheap beer was clutched in his other.

"Well hello there," he said. He didn't check me out, not quite, but I'd known enough horny older dudes to know the twinkle of a man appreciating jailbait. Not that I was as of two months ago, but it was fair to say I looked the part.

"Um, sorry, the people who lived here are, like, gone," she said. As if it shouldn't have been obvious.

"I know – I'm here to see you, actually. My name's Todd. I live next door." He gestured to the house beside ours on the left, the one I'd seen earlier outside my bedroom window. This subdivision favored small lawns; his house probably wasn't forty feet from ours. "I'd hoped to swing by earlier, offer a hand unloading boxes, but I got caught up at work. Work wife needed some hands-on support and all that. Figured if I couldn't help with the hard stuff, the least I could do was bring you some grub."

I wasn't sure what to make of him, but in the end, the simple fact that I was actually getting borderline hangry won out. "All right, come on in," she offered. "MOOOOM! NEIGHBOR'S HERE!"

Todd followed me into the kitchen, setting the pizza down on one of the few bare spots on the counter. Mom was still under the sink, oblivious to our presence. "Dana, is that you? Who was it, sweetie?"

"Are you deaf? I told you someone's here. It's our new next-door neighbor. Todd. Todd, this is my mom." I noticed his eyes lingered on my mother's legs in her jogging shorts. Perv. But I guess better her than me. Who knows, maybe mom could bang the younger dude next door and it'd help her old ass mellow out. Ever since she'd found out about the affair, she'd been really uptight about the most minute details.

"Oh! Todd, was it? Well in case you don't want to call me Dana's mom, I'm Shari. And this is my daughter Dana, in case she didn't introduce herself."

"She did," the man reassured her. "I brought you guys some dinner. I was just saying I meant to stop in earlier and pitch in, but—"

"Well aren't you just the sweetest thing," mom said. "Isn't that just too nice, Dana?"

I mumbled something, then dug into the pizza while Todd and her mom made smalltalk. They launched into boring garbage like the homeowner's association and the rising property taxes, so I made myself scarce. Only my mom could find that kind of discussion worthy of her time. Eating with one hand, texting Jennifer with the other, I hardly heard any of it.

At least, not until she heard her own name come up. "So you and Dana are close?"

"Oh, we try. She's... well, we've had a rough last year or two. She was always more daddy's princess than mommy's riveter. Clothes, shopping, social media... we've just gotten some distance as she's grown up."

"Yeah, kids these days, right?"

My mom laughed softly. "She gets decent grades, I think just to keep us off her back about the rest of it." (This was true.) "She can just be kind of immature, and if she still plans on moving away once she has the money saved up for it, I just hope she does her growing up soon."

I glared through my bedroom door at her. Immature, am I? Strong words for a grown woman with pathetic little B cups. So what if I was into music and instagram instead of getting a job and responsibly saving? I was eighteen. Fuck all that grown-up shit. I put in my earbuds to drown out the rest of it and vented some to Jennifer; her poop emoji said it all. My mom didn't even let me have a beer, so given our empty refrigerator, I was left to the tender mercies of city tap water.

The neighbor guy left before too long. "He sure seems friendly," my mom said. "And don't you go getting excited about an older boy next door now, young lady."

"Mom, ew! Maybe you don't get excited about a younger man living next door, huh? How about that?"

Mom just laughed. "I think I'm perfectly happy being single for now."

"Let's hope."

Moving in near the end of the school year sure made meeting new friends near impossible. And really, I wasn't the sort of girl to be easily pigeon-holed, no obvious niche to fit in with. I played softball, but I definitely wasn't a jock. I had a 3.2 average, neither stupid nor a brainiac. My hobbies were things like browsing social media and hanging out with her friends doing nothing. Which, I was learning, was difficult when you had no friends.

More than anything, I just wanted to be back home. I ate lunch in a quiet corner of the auditorium by myself, didn't raise my hand, didn't join any clubs. I'd been right; even the worst softball players here would be the best on our team back home. Whenever Mom asked if I'd made friends yet, I just raised my voice and made myself so obnoxious to be around that the question died without being answered. Jennifer called every day. At first. But she had all their other friends, and soon every day became a few times a week, then once on weekends. I knew that monthly was soon to follow.

My mother, meanwhile, seemed to be getting along fine. She'd settled into her new job contentedly, and – called it! – even struck up a friendship with our neighbor, that Todd guy. I made myself scarce whenever he came over; I swear I'd seen him peering through the blinds across the way at night a couple times. I don't care if he was trying to peep on me or not; I wanted nothing to do with him. I put up thick black curtains to make sure he wouldn't see so much as a silhouette of me changing.

Then one day I was out doing some yard work, getting our garden ready for planting, when I heard Mom and Todd over in his yard next door. A short wooden fence separated the two properties, but crouched down as I was, I guess they didn't know I was outside.

"... probably not ready yet. Girls her age, they're just not mature enough for some things," Todd was saying.

My ears perked up in an instant. First my mom talking about me like I was some little kid, and now this neighbor creep?! The fucking balls on this guy!

"It's too bad," my mom replied. "Even if your little... trick, or whatever, hasn't worked like it's supposed to, it's done such wonders for my state of mind, and Dana... she's just been so unhappy. 'Stressed' doesn't begin to cover it. I don't think she's made any friends yet, and she won't talk to me about anything..."

I frowned as her neighbor addressed her mother in a soothing tone. "Hey now. It's going to be OK, sugar." Sugar?! Oh that's it. I crawled over to the fence and put my eye to a thin crack in the fence, where I saw that Todd giving my mother a firm hug. Where did this prick get off?

And what was it exactly that I was supposedly too immature for?

I watched my mom slowly detach herself from our neighbor and the two sat down at a patio table. Mom's back was to me, affording me a good view of our neighbor's smug

face. Whoa, was he looking at me? No, he couldn't be. Could he? He wouldn't talk about me like that if he did, right?

"I don't suppose, you could, maybe...?" My mom asked.

Todd smiled as if to prove she hadn't known what smug meant prior to this moment. "Oh, why not. As a favor to my favorite new neighbor. At least I know one lady mature enough to expand her mind a little."

Expand her mind? Holy shit, was he selling my mom drugs?! I readied myself to stand up and make the accusation when instead... he unfastened a necklace from beneath his shirt. It was a simple pendant with a small purple-tinted crystal on it. It looked like it cost \$20 at a pawn shop or something. My mom, however, sighed in audible relief and slouched in her chair.

"So I'm going to need you to focus on the crystal, just like before. Look for the little light inside, just like the little light inside you. I'm going to start moving it now, but you can focus. If you focus all your attention on it, you can keep with it. Just focus as it swings, back and forth. Back, and forth..."

Holy shit, the man was... hypnotizing my mother! Is that what he thought I was too immature for? I watched in shock as he murmured soothing words repetitively. My mother just stared unmoving, occasionally mumbling something I couldn't even make out. Not that I was trying. That cheap crystal really was distracting. Maybe there was a maturity factor after all; I found my mind wandering no matter how much I tried to focus on what he was saying.

Hypnosis? I'd never heard of anyone attempting it in real life. Could he be serious? And what was it supposed to accomplish? It was relaxing, I supposed. If it was even working. Maybe I should simply accept that it didn't work and drop the paranoia. There was obviously no need for it. He was just trying to help my mom relax. Because she was mature enough to let her mind go a bit.

I was mature, too.

I thought of my mind like a book. Immature little girls were into dolls and glitter and unicorns and stuff, but I liked books. Only... what was written in it? I just needed to open it up and find out. So I did – wide open. Nothing holding it shut. What was in it?

Nothing.

There was nothing there. A clean slate. I could write anything I wanted there. I started with some simple words. Relaxed. Yes. That was a good word. Trusting. Was I? Mature women were – they weren't chickenshit little girls like the ones she'd met at school. She trusted people. I watched the pendant swing as I wrote a few more words in my Mind-Book. Happy. Friendly. Grateful. Trusting. So very trusting.

Sexy.

Wait, sexy?

It made sense, I supposed. I wasn't a little girl any more. I was a mature girl. Jennifer hadn't been wrong about my big boobs, and the rest of me wasn't disappointing either. It was one way to show my maturity, to not try to hide the ways in which I'd been marked as an adult. Not that I was going to be, like, slutty. Just... sexy.

That was the mature thing to be.

As I was fixating on my book, my words, the things I'd written there, I realized Todd had stopped. He was putting the crystal back around his neck, and my mother was snapping out of it like I was. Not that I'd been hypnotized. That was ridiculous. I'd merely let my mind wander while the neighbor tried out his dorky thing on my mom.

"Feel any better?" he asked.

I almost answered before remembering I was hiding. My mom said she did, though. "You know I don't believe in hypnosis and all, but sometimes, it's nice just to be allowed to let my mind wander free. You know?"

"Sure, sure. I'm just glad I could help. All I want is to be a good neighbor."

"Me too," she said. Then... was Mom undoing her top button? Good grief, Mother! Though come to think of it, it was kind of sexy, and I realized I was a bit overdressed myself. I lifted my t-shirt to expose my midriff, tying it in a little knot just below my breasts. That was better. I looked more adult this way. More mature.

Sexier.

I didn't say a word to my mom about what I'd seen. What would I say? Hey Mom, I noticed you're turning to the weirdo neighbor guy for hypnotic relaxation. How's that going? It was a non-starter.

What was funny, I reflected as I rang his doorbell, was that I'd made up my mind that Todd wasn't such a bad guy. I trusted him, somehow. My mom certainly thought he was a nice guy, and aside from Dad, she usually had good intuition about people. Usually. So when Mom asked me to bring back the toolbox he'd loaned us, I changed into a cute dress that would show a little more of my figure and went right over.

Let him try to say these DD cups were immature.

"Dana! What're you... oh, my toolbox. Thanks," Todd said upon opening the door. "Come on in, I'll show you right where it goes."

I stepped inside, peering around more nervously than I really needed to. Lots of plush furniture, thick carpets, soothing colors. It was like he'd designed his house so you could just lay down anywhere. "Yeah. My mom said to say thanks."

Todd lead the way down the hall and down a flight of stairs to the basement. "She's so sweet. Tell her I said she's welcome any time. You know, I ought to just go ahead and get her a toolbox of her own, just so she has the basics."

"So she doesn't need to keep borrowing yours?"

Todd looked over his shoulder at me. Several steps down, he was probably pretty close to being able to see my underwear. It was a pretty brief dress, one I usually only wore when I wanted to attract notice. Come to think of it, I'd first bought this for that time Jennifer and I tried to sneak into a club underage. (No dice, but it had been fun trying.) "Nah, you guys are welcome to it. I hardly ever use the thing, honestly. Glad it's not gathering dust."

"We're pleased to be your damsels in distress," I muttered dryly. Todd showed me to a storage room and gestured to a vacant spot on a shelf, where indeed a rectangle in the dust showed it had been doing just as he said. I replaced it.

"So yeah. Um, thanks." I turned to leave. Not that I was nervous around him – I actually felt perfectly comfortable even alone with him in his basement – but I didn't plan on making a day of it. Todd followed me back upstairs, though as I turned towards the front door, he spoke again.

"So how do you feel like you're getting along in your new town? I know moving can be pretty hard. My best friend's family moved to town not that long ago, and I'm still basically the only person they know. They can be kind of a handful, honestly. Eight handfuls, to be honest."

The way he held out his hands looked for all the world like he was cupping a pair of breasts, which made no sense, so I just assumed he was kind of awkward and moved on.

“Um, it’s going OK. Kind of sucky, moving in last semester senior year. Like, everybody’s saying goodbye already, so who’s gonna say hello.”

“Well... hello.” Todd smiled at me. It radiated warmth.

After a moment of it, I actually burst into giggles. “OK, seriously? That was the cheesiest thing I ever heard in my life.” I gave myself a moment to recover from laughing. “Try that shit on my mom, ‘cause it’s not gonna work on me.”

Todd seemed amused by my amusement. “Your mom? Come on, do I seem like the kind of guy who’s trying to get with somebody’s mom?”

“Oh? I guess I just figured the pair of panties on the arm of your couch there were the kind of thing that says ‘player.’ I must be imagining stuff.” I folded my arms across my expansive chest. Not to show it off. Just being friendly. Nothing wrong with being a little sexy.

Rolling his eyes, Todd looked to where there was indeed a bright red pair of satin panties sitting. “When will Stacey learn to pick up after herself, I swear...” he grumbled. “Well sorry. I mean, I think your mom’s a nice lady. Probably a little old for me, though.”

In most situations, I’d have assumed that a man saying such a thing meant he intended to hit on me instead. But I had already decided that I trusted Todd, and dismissed the notion as quickly as it occurred to me. “I thought you liked... mature women.”

“I guess it depends on what you mean by ‘mature.’ If you’re talking about confidence, collectedness, then sure, sign me up for that. If you’re suggesting I’m into granny porn, then yes, also sign me up.” My eyes widened as he quickly held up his hands. “I’m kidding, Dana. Geez. Your grandma’s safe.”

I allowed myself a laugh. “Talk is cheap.”

Todd’s face grew earnest again. “Really though, your mom talks, and... look, I know you haven’t had an easy time adjusting. I might be able to help, you know.”

“What, you going to introduce me to a bunch of your 30-something buddies, let me tag along while you guys are out... I dunno, bowling, or whittling, or whatever you guys do?”

He smiled. “First off, I’m twenty-six, not thirty-something. Second, you’re not ready to meet my friends, trust me. What I’m actually talking about is... well, I’ll just be blunt. I dabble a bit in hypnosis. Not the whole cluck-like-a-chicken thing,” he said quickly, seeing my eyebrow arch skeptically, “but just helping people relax, look deep, figure stuff out.”

I thought for a minute, then figured I may as well out myself as a snoop. I wasn’t afraid of Todd being upset. I trusted him. “What, I’m not ‘too immature’ all of the sudden?”

I was surprised he didn’t look more surprised. “You heard that, huh? Well what do I know. You definitely look plenty mature to me.” His eyes flicked to my dress, and I

couldn't help but smile, pleased that he'd noticed my figure. The dress didn't show any cleavage even, but it was really tight across the bodice, and it was obvious I was all woman underneath.

"What am I supposed to get out of this, exactly?"

He shrugged. "Nothing in particular. Some people I've tried it on say it helps them relax, some say they think better, sometimes folks even seem to reach some pretty big epiphanies. Look, worst case scenario, you waste a few minutes and go home with a story to tell your friends back home about your weirdo new neighbor."

"Oh, I got that already just from you offering," the girl said. "But you know what? Fine. I've been bored to tears in this stupid town, so maybe this'll at least pass the time."

After hastily discarding that girl's panties, Todd had me lie down on his couch. He opened just like he had with my mother, retrieving that chintzy crystal and swinging it back and forth. The sound of a clock tick-tocking away on the wall only emphasized its steady cadence, as did his repetitions. I tried to focus like he said, but ultimately? Just like last time, my mind just wandered off on its own.

My neighbor was definitely a little weird, but he seemed like a nice guy. Harmless enough, for sure. It was hard for me to imagine a guy like Todd ever doing anything that would make me uncomfortable, or offended, or hurt. Mom liked him, after all. I did too, I decided. Todd was a good neighbor. A great one, really. Going out of his way to help us out all the time? It was above and beyond. Really, I felt guilty about how little we two had reciprocated.

But how to do that? Todd was already settled and established. He didn't need us loaning tools or recommending contractors or any of the (I was sure) countless ways Todd helped us out. I could be friendly, sure. Say hi, stop over. I was discovering I liked hanging out with him. I should encourage my mom to do the same. It'd be good for her, especially if he kept the woman nice and relaxed. I knew I wasn't making my mom's life easier, and I was starting to feel bad about that, too. Anything I could do to make my mom – or my neighbor's – lives better, I ought to do.

Being a better daughter was easy. My mom just wanted me to do my chores and not sulk quite so much. It was easy. Maybe Todd would appreciate some of that too? I'd have to figure out what he liked. Girls, obviously – he'd had panties on his couch, for crying out loud. That was kind of hot. Todd was probably a total player; I was flattering myself to think a man like him would be interested in me. It'd be cool if he was though. I was discovering how much I liked dressing up lately; a pity I couldn't get him to notice.

Or could I? I hadn't really tried, after all. He'd said my mom was too old for him, and twenty-six meant he was only eight years older than me. Not so weird, really. Maybe it'd be something to do, teasing him a little. Not that I was a tease. I made good on my promises. Of course, I hadn't promised him anything.

And I wouldn't.

Probably.

Then I realized he'd quit talking and was looking at me. "Back with us? How do you feel?"

I sat up, rubbing my eyes like I'd been sleeping. "I don't think it worked. I dunno. I confess I wasn't super focused, so maybe it was my fault."

"Nonsense, dollface," he said, and my cheeks colored at that. He did think I was sexy! At least enough to give me a nickname. "Maybe sometime you'll let me get some more practice in. I'm always trying to hone my craft."

I smiled. Here it was already, a way to help repay his kindnesses. "That'd be great. Um, maybe next weekend, or something."

"You got it. Just text before you come over so I can make sure the place is presentable. No more panties on the couch." He grinned.

"Except maybe mine," I said, then held my hands up like he had earlier. "Kidding! See, you're not the only one with jokes."

And I was joking, more or less. No way was I taking my panties off at Todd's house.

As we got closer, I'd found myself feeling more comfortable flirting with my next door neighbor. It was all playful, of course. I just liked being around someone who saw me as a woman and not a high school kid. (Which I would only be for a few more months, thank god.) I still didn't have any real friends at school, and as Todd was once again failing to hypnotize me, I realized I was increasingly feeling like I didn't want any school friends anyways. Why immerse oneself in all the drama when one had a golden opportunity to stay clear for good?

So instead I hung out with Todd. Mom seemed concerned at first when I started hanging out there like every other day, and even sometimes on weekends, but she got used to it. In fact, the woman was encouraging of it, which was cool. I figured that my mom thought he'd be a good influence on me. He mostly was, though I doubted she'd like to hear that he called me Didi when we were alone.

(It was because of my boobs, naturally. Double D's, DD, Didi. It was actually really funny, and it always made me feel very cool, very mature.)

In fact, he was pretty cool about most stuff, and in exchange I tried to be chill about his hypnosis thing. Six attempts in and he still hadn't succeeded, poor guy. I guessed maybe some people just can't be hypnotized. Anyways, he turned out to be a nice guy. He'd let me vent about my lame-ass school day and how developmentally beneath me it all was, watch TV with me while I practiced giving shoulder rubs, show me how to help him with stuff around his house. Not that I was doing chores for the man. I'd just kill time cleaning out his storage room, or dusting the main floor, maybe cooking dinner. I was a decent cook; grudgingly, I credited my dad with that, at least.

There was a little part of me at first that recoiled at the thought of dressing up in leggings and an apron – and sometimes a bra underneath the apron – to make a man dinner. It was kind of 50's and all. But it was only being polite, really, a way of paying him back for all the kindnesses he'd done for us. Plus it was really hot, having my sideboob constantly on display, my legs and butt perfectly defined aside from a little panty line. (When I wore panties.) I really liked showing off my body around him and he seemed to appreciate it as only a man could, while simultaneously not being pervy and creepy about it.

It's not like he was encouraging me to wear scoop-necked tops or to wiggle my hips when I walked, and he only started complimenting my tits (and using that word) once I made it clear I was OK with it. Preferred it, really. After all, would a girl who didn't want her tits praised wear a sports bra and spandex shorts over to her neighbor's house and proceed to do her workout routine right in front of him? Obviously not. Telling me that my titties were out of this world was perfectly appropriate for the way I was behaving.

If anything, it was helping me realize my own maturity. I had an adult's body, and thanks to Todd, an adult friend. So why pretend I wasn't an adult? One night, I just decided I'd had enough hiding myself, and started sleeping in the nude.

I decided almost immediately that it was weirdly liberating. My flannel sheets on my bare skin, big tits unconstrained by even so much as a sports bra, the freedom to look out at the night sky... Thank goodness Todd's bedroom wasn't facing mine, or he would've gotten a real eyeful. Our houses were only a few dozen feet apart. I giggled to myself in my room at how shocked he'd be to see his innocent little not-quite-jailbait neighbor's daughter sleeping naked in her bed.

Man, he'd kick himself for missing out on this. Good thing he didn't know.

“You know, I sleep in the nude,” I told him one day when he was over helping me sponge-clean our kitchen floor. It was my mom’s birthday, and he’d really outdone himself. Todd had sent her out for a relaxing day on the town – mani-pedi, massage, spa treatment, the works. Meanwhile, he was also surprising her with a nice clean house, and since I owed him so many favors for showing me how to do all those chores over at his place, I was having him do the supervising while I did all the grunt work. It was nice of him to let me pitch in.

“Do you, now,” he said, watching me closely as I crawled around on my hands and knees, scrubbing vigorously. Todd was super helpful for letting me know whenever I missed a spot.

“Uh huh. Every night.”

“You’re not worried your mom might walk in unannounced one night and catch you?” He put a hand on my bare hip to steer me where I needed to scrub next. (Not bare because I was naked – I’d just worn a bikini so I didn’t get any clothes dirty from crawling around on the floor.)

“Ohmygosh, can you imagine? She’s so uptight she’d probably blow a gasket. ‘Holy geez, my daughter has great big tits!’” I giggled at my own imitation. “Did you know she’s been actually confiscating stuff from my wardrobe? All the really cute stuff. It’s like she’s trying to keep me from looking hot. I mean, the woman thinks I’m still a virgin.”

“You mean you’re not?”

I rolled my eyes at him. “First her, now you? Seriously. Does this look like the ass of a virgin?” I arched my back, thrusting my butt up and pulling my bottoms deep into my crack. I had a bit of a booty, so they sunk down deep.

I let him stare for a moment – a long moment – before snapping my fingers to get his attention. “My eyes are down here, Todd.”

“Right, sure. It just looks so much bigger up close.”

I arched an eyebrow. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Sorry, just... from across the way, laying flat... I didn’t realize. Forgive me for doubting.” He held up his hands defensively.

My jaw dropped. “You... you’ve been watching me?! That’s so uncool! I’m just trying to be comfy, not give a show to my pervy neighbor!”

Todd shrugged. “I was in the guest room looking for something and I glanced out the window for a second. I figured you wanted someone to look, the way you were advertising it. All those womanly charms, Didi, I figured you wanted the recognition for ‘em.”

I flushed a little at that. When he put it that way, it actually was kind of cool. Here I was always pissed off at being seen as just a kid, and I had a man appreciating me as a

woman without even realizing it. Still... “I mean, I do. But like, not from you. We’re... you know. Friends.”

“Sure, sure – I’d never do anything to make you uncomfortable. In fact, why don’t I see if I can help you relax some. Maybe a quick session?” He held up his pendant.

I considered. “These floors aren’t gonna clean themselves, ya know. But... I guess I could use a break. Sure, knock yourself out.”

“Will do. Now I need you to focus on the crystal...” he began, and went to work.

Oh, Todd. Always trying to do what can’t be done. I did my best to humor him, but as always, my brain was off on six tangents before he’d even started his countdown. I lost concentration faster every time he tried.

This time, I was thinking about how I felt about knowing he’d been looking at me naked. My knee-jerk reaction had been to be creeped out. I mean, who wants their neighbor peeping on them in their sleep? Naked? Todd and I had a high comfort level, and I didn’t mind showing him some skin. I actually rather enjoyed it, a chance to demonstrate how grown-up I was without having to actually do anything grown-up. If he ogled me a little, I could forgive that. Guys being guys while girls be girls, right?

But... maybe this was like that. He hadn’t actually touched me or anything. (Well he had, but he was just really hands-on when he was helping me. I’d already gotten comfortable with his not-quite-gropy level of familiarity.) He hadn’t asked anything of me, hadn’t even noticed my naked napping on purpose.

Which was kind of annoying, honestly.

The more I thought about it, the more I had to admit to myself that part of me sort of wanted someone to see me. I’d just moved here, hadn’t met anyone of significance, was sort of lonely. Understandable I’d act out. Why else would I start doing something I’d always thought was so sketchy? Why else would I do it with the window open? Why else had I moved my bed right next to the window, and started sleeping with the lights on?

Really, I’d have been more freaked out if he hadn’t noticed. I was pretty cute, after all. And maybe I was a little young for him, but sexy was sexy. I’d been working hard to make him notice it, and I guess I’d succeeded without even realizing it. That was pretty cool, actually. And it made it way less weird if he checked me out, or touched me, or... whatever. He’d already seen it all.

It made me feel stupid for having ever felt self-conscious in front of him. I had nothing left he hadn’t seen. Here I was chiding him for scoping out my ass, and he’d already seen every inch of me. No sense being coy now. What about the touching, though? His hand on my hips, a friendly pat on the butt... those were no big deal when I was dressed, but naked...

What was the difference, really? An insignificant amount of fabric – if that? It was actually pretty cool that Todd was so forward with me. It definitely made me feel

more mature, womanly. Every time Todd noticed or touched my body, it was basically his way of respecting me as an adult. Heck, the word “adult” usually meant something sexual anyway, didn’t it? Adult situations, adult decisions, adult films... all of it was basically old-person slang for dtf.

And I was definitely an adult...

“Nothing, huh,” Todd said some time later, stubbornly refusing to accept that he had once more failed to get anywhere with his hypnosis attempts.

“Sorry, bud. Better luck next time.”

“Fair enough. Say, we better get back to... um, whatcha doin’?”

I rolled my eyes and kicked off my bottoms next to where I’d discarded my top. Wow, this did feel better. Very, very mature. I was alone in the house with an adult man, and I was totally naked. He wasn’t even shy about leering at me, and I humored him with a few spins so he could see me from all angles. To have a grown man appreciating me for my huge round titties, my big juicy ass, my bare-shaved cunt... it was exhilarating.

(I’d been shaving my pussy for a while now, though I was starting to think it was a bit immature of me. I’d have to see if Todd liked me better with a little fur between my legs.)

“There, that’s better. Anyway, where were we?”

I scrubbed every inch of floor in that house while my neighbor supervised me. I was a little surprised at myself for how quickly I got over any shyness. After all, on my hands and knees like this my pussy and even my asshole were his to look at whenever he liked. And he definitely liked. I winked at him over my shoulder now and then when I caught him losing his train of thought. But the fact that he was so chill about it told me that this was just how adult neighbors were. I was just one of the gang.

Eventually we heard the garage door, so I rushed down to my room and grudgingly put some clothes on. When I came out, I saw Todd standing there with my mom, and... whoa. She looked five years younger. Ten, maybe. It was like she was a totally different person! She had a new chic haircut, a style that was popular with a lot of girls I knew. Her makeup was really dramatic, heavier than I’d ever seen, but cute. Almost like she was getting ready to go to prom or something. Except, of course, that instead of a big fancy dress, she was wearing a jean skirt and a tank top that didn’t even cover her belly. In fact, when I walked in, she was lowering the skirt in the back, and Todd was peering down there rather intently.

Was my mother showing our neighbor her underwear?!

“Shari!” I hissed. I’d taken to calling her by name lately. I was an adult, after all. “What are you doing?”

She blushed at my outburst, tugging . “Oh hi, sweetie. Sorry, I was just showing Todd my, um, tattoo.”

My jaw dropped even lower. "Tattoo! You hate tattoos!"

"No I don't."

"Yes you do! You told me that if I ever came home with one, you'd tattoo 'stupid' on my forehead. Ring a bell?"

"I don't, um, recall..."

"Do you recall saying tattoos were for druggies and sluts? Because I sure do."

She rolled her eyes. "Don't be such a grump, Dana. I had a fun day out, and it's my birthday. Be nice?"

I sighed. "Fine. Happy birthday, by the way. You look, um, nice."

My mother beamed. "Not the word Todd used, but that's probably OK."

Ew. It was creepy to think the guy who'd been checking me out all morning had also been admiring my mom. "Gross, you guys. Anyway, do I get to see it?"

The woman just giggled. "Oh, I don't think so. I've already given you enough to disapprove of for one day, I think."

She sure had. I made myself scarce for the rest of the evening, letting them have their fun. I was kinda bummed Todd wanted to hang with her instead of me, but it was her birthday, after all, so I got over it. I spent some time on the phone with Jennifer, but it was kind of lame conversation. All she wanted to talk about was high school boys, and graduation, and how strict her dad was being lately. It was so... childish. Still, she was a good friend, so I listened as best I could, then turned in early.

Eventually I heard the front door open and close. My heart started beating harder, and just realizing how excited I was to know Todd was on his way back home decided it for me. He had to have been thinking about this. Having a girl – no, a woman like me prancing around naked for him all afternoon, and knowing he could see it again as soon as he got home... He had to be thinking of me. Right? I tried to watch for any signs movement in his guest bedroom window across the way, but sitting in the light and looking out into the night made it impossible. So instead... I just went for it.

I'd never used a vibrator before. The thing had sat in my nightstand drawer unused for weeks, making me blush whenever I remembered it was in there. I had never really been one to masturbate; maybe it was my sex drive, or maybe I just thought it was too icky getting my fingers all wet and sticky. I'd bought the thing on impulse, and now, I was using it on that same basis.

Was Todd watching? I wondered as I switched it on. That would be insane. So... adult. I slid the tip inside me, eyes squeezing shut at the sudden intense sensation in my pussy. Holy shit that was good. Oh I hoped he was seeing this. One hand devoted itself to the task of probing the toy around my pussy while the other just grabbed things at random, overwhelmed by the pleasurable buzz. My mattress, my hair, my neck, my face, my tits... I couldn't stop rubbing myself.

Please be watching.

I must've had a half a dozen orgasms, writhing and thrusting and moaning into my pillow. I did it laying on my back, on hands and knees, and even for a while kneeling right in front of the window, my face and tits mashed up against the cool glass as I trembled through another body-quaking orgasm. I'd never come that hard in my life.

I didn't switch on the power in my vibrator as I slid it into me. I'd sucked it good and wet for easy insertion, spread my legs good and wide, and otherwise followed my usual ritual. It was just that this time I was lying on the kitchen table, and, more importantly, I had company.

"I can't believe that insufferable woman got me a... a..."

"A babysitter?" Todd supplied, smirking.

"Exactly! Who the hell does Shari think she is, assigning me a chaperone just because she's going to be gone for a while! I, ungh, do ninety percent of the cooking and cleaning around here lately. Why would she think I, mm, I, mmmm, that I..."

"I know, I know. Look, you and I both get it. You're an adult, Didi. You need someone to keep an eye on you like you need a second cunt. She just cares is all. Hey, at least it's me and not some creeper."

"Yeah, some weirdo who'd be all 'ooh, lucky me, got this woman all alone in her house for two weeks, let's try to do stuff with her!'" We both laughed, mine cut short as I gave the vibrator a delicious twist in my pussy. "Still, lame. I'm tired of always having to be the responsible one, you know? Keeping an eye on her, making sure she gets to work on time, keeping her from going out and making a hundred different terrible decisions. And now... I mean, who knows what she's off doing? I can't believe she wouldn't even tell me."

"I'm sure it's important. And look at it this way. You'll finally get to have a little peace and quiet, right? And you and I can just hang out." He patted my tit reassuringly.

"Well don't get any ideas. I have a lot of responsibilities, buster. Studying for finals, a project for psychology, getting phase two of the spring planting for the herb garden done, and my crocheting isn't going to finish itself."

Todd nodded. "Sure, sure. We'll just have to multitask some fun in there where we can."

I sighed, partially wistfully, partially because of how he knew exactly how to twist my nipples to really get me hornier. "It's not easy, being a single daughter, you know. Having all that weight on my shoulders... Shari's counting on me, you know?"

"Shh, don't get yourself all riled up. Speaking of multitasking, I tell you what. Why don't you keep on doing what you're doing, and I'll just get out the old pendant and see if I can't help you relax."

"Fat chance of that," I grumbled, certain my anger at being treated like a child wasn't going to vanish in a flash of amateur hypnosis. I squeezed my pussy around the vibrator. I'd been doing that more and more lately. A real woman knew how to use her body, and I was all woman.

"Just try for me, OK? Now concentrate on the crystal..."

If he hadn't been able to get me to focus when I had no distractions, I have no idea how he expected me to do it without. In fact, I almost immediately flipped the

switch on. I came so much harder with a man watching me, and I wasn't going to waste this opportunity on a second-rate orgasm.

Come to think of it, I wasn't like this with any man watching me. The boys at school did less than nothing for me. Last week I'd been invited to a party at the house of one of the hottest boys in school, and I'd left half an hour in after realizing I felt nothing for any of these guys. I saw one kid's older brother drop him off; that guy had been halfway cute. It was then I realized that I liked men closer to my own mental age. Older men. I wanted to fuck older men.

Todd, really, was perfect for me. He was technically older than me, and even if I had far outpaced him in maturation, that technicality was exactly what I needed. Someone who was as old as I felt would be... ew. Todd was that exact in-between sweet spot. Plus, he got me. He knew how to treat a hot, horny housedaughter.

It was a shame he'd never tried to fuck me. Maybe I hadn't been clear about how badly I needed it? It was understandable. After all, I was technically only eighteen. I know he knew I was more mature than that, but he was a good neighbor and didn't take advantage of my hospitality. Maybe I just needed to be more hospitable? It was the thing a mature woman would do – not sit around, waiting for a guy to come to her, but taking ownership of her fate and simply asking him, quite directly, to fuck her brains out.

Only... what if he said no?

I'd just have to press him. Out of the kindness of his heart, Todd had showed me how to mow his lawn, clean his garage and basement, steam clean his carpets, and properly give a man a massage. Now he was simply going to have to allow me to repay him. I'd let my pubic hair grow out a little like he liked (after Shari borrowed my razor). But if he didn't want my pussy, well, there was always my mouth. My tits. My ass, perhaps. (Mature women didn't get squeamish about things like butt sex, I was pretty sure.) And if he still wasn't interested, I'd have to make him interested. Whatever it took.

I worried then that it might make things weird between us, but then I realized that it was entirely on me. It wasn't weird when I brought him his mail, or he lended Shari a comic book (she was really into those, lately), or when I stopped over to use his stripper pole. (Excellent cardio, that, and a woman my age needed to keep fit.) This would just become a new part of our quirky neighbor relationship. Another way we could show each other a little courtesy.

Just be neighborly.

I pulled out the vibrator and tossed its dripping length aside. (I'd just have to mop later.) "Todd? I was wondering if I could convince you into staying over tonight. I'm sure Shari would feel a lot better knowing I had you here to watch over me."

"I dunno," he said, stroking his chin, "you don't think she might be nervous about having a grown man stay the night with her eighteen-year-old girl?"

“Nonsense. Our family repays our debts, and we are plainly in yours. Frankly, I think she’d be mortified if I didn’t repay you for all you’re doing for us. In fact, I insist.”

Todd smiled. “Then I suppose it’s settled. I guess I’ll set up on the sofa then, eh?”

“Nonsense. You’ll be in the master bedroom.”

“Your mom won’t mind?”

I shook my head. “Shari wears my clothes, steals my makeup, takes my fashion magazines unasked... she doesn’t get to be indignant about me claiming what was hers. We’re in the master bedroom tonight, and that’s final.”

“‘We’re’ in the master bedroom?”

I nodded. “And that’s not negotiable. You’re going to get a thorough blowjob, a good hard fuck, and I won’t take no for an answer.”

“No.” He stepped back and grinned, waiting to see what I’d do.

“Nonsense. I’m sucking your dick, and that’s the end of it. Come on now, pants off.”

He folded his arms, still wearing that bemused expression. “Nah.”

I frowned. “Don’t you... I mean, you don’t think I’m... sexy?”

He shrugged. “Sure you are, Dana. Just... you’re only eighteen.”

I gasped, leaping to my feet. “No! No, I’m so mature though! Look – see how big my titties are?” I put his hands on them. “No little girl has big, fat titties like these. Notice how I call them titties? The girls in my school says breasts, or, like, boobs. Not titties. I’m so comfy with my body, see? And my hot, steaming, wet cunt?”

“Another very adult word,” Todd said dryly as I placed one of his hands between my legs. Fuck, but his fingers felt good. Confirmation of my womanhood.

“Totally, right? Come on, Todd. You have to let me fuck you. Please? Pretty please? I need it. I owe you sooooo much. You have to let me repay you.” I dropped to my knees, urgently pawing at his crotch. He was hard, I could tell that much. Good. So very good. “Come on, just let me suck your dick one time. You’ll see. I’m not just the neighbor kid. I’m a real, mature, adult cock-sucker.”

He seemed to be considering as I kissed all over his crotch. “And you know what you’re doing? You’ve got some experience at this, right?”

I bit my lower lip nervously, thinking how to respond. The truth was, I’d only ever given one blowjob, and that had really been more a case of making an O with my lips and letting my homecoming date slide around until he came. It had taken like thirty seconds; the kid had been even less experienced than me.

“Um, yeah, totally I do. And with your help, I’ll get amazing at it. Like, remember how I sucked on the pole at first? But you were patient with me and let me learn, and now I bet I could land a gig at any club in town. But I’ll try even harder at learning how to suck your cock. I promise. I’ll get better and better every single day until you won’t

remember what life was like without one of your neighbor Dana's signature homemade blowjobs."

Todd sighed. "All right, what the hell. I'll give you a shot. I'm counting on you to do your best, OK?"

I clapped my hands together giddily as he shucked his pants and underwear. If I'd been horny before, the sight of my neighbor's cock jutting out between my eyes pushed me into an absolute frenzy. I pounced on that sucker and my tongue became a tornado, swirling around it like I meant to suck it away to Oz.

Thankfully, Todd knew how a woman is supposed to suck a dick, and he was there to guide me every step of the way. After he pulled out and came on my face, he even told me that a few more practice BJs like that, and I might even pass for 'proficient.'

Me. A proficient cock-sucker, at only eighteen. The only thing that could wipe the smile off my face was when I had to slurp the cum off my lips.

He didn't even wait a day before showing me how to fuck. Right there in my mother's bed, I whined and pleaded and begged until he flipped me over onto my hands and knees and fucked me like a bitch. That's right. No boring, first-timer missionary sex for us. I dove right into doggy style, like a woman who really knew how to take care of a cock. I had a hell of an ass, and a woman knows how to use all of her attributes to pleasure a man.

Todd didn't ass-fuck me for over a week. By that point, I'd already formally moved into Shari's old room. It didn't take much. She'd like my Taylor Swift posters, music boxes, snow globes to remind me of home. They were stupid, childish things, and she was welcome to them. I was the adult of the house, in fact if not in age. I was evolving as a cock-sucker and even if my pussy wasn't as well-trained as what our neighbor might expect, it had all the tightness of a woman of half my mental age. It was enough, he said.

My ass... well, I'd learn to do that better. The first time, I was so tight we could barely do me. But by the third time that night, it felt good and natural. And I came so much harder from it, I almost begged him to take my ass again when he gave me my good morning fuck the next day. But that would be selfish, and I owed Todd so much. Let him have my pussy.

"I can't believe Shari's coming back today," I grumped as we exited my shower the next morning. (We'd started bathing together during her absence, after a super embarrassing incident in which I went over to borrow soap after running out, and he'd been low but suggested that if we shared, it would stretch a little farther.)

"Oh come on, it'll be fine. You just need to be firm with her, and she'll fall in line."

"Maybe. But it's not just that." I gave Todd's drooping cock a few tender strokes. "With her around... things between you and I won't be the same."

“How do you mean?”

“Look, Shari, she’s... Well, she’s not like you and I. She’s...” I searched for the right words, discarding all the technically incorrect ones. Young, inexperienced, naïve... “Impressionable. She’ll see how I act and think it’s OK for her to act that way. But a girl her age shouldn’t be behaving that way. Don’t you see?”

“Jesus, maybe I overdid it,” he said, stroking his chin. Overdid what? “Ah, fuck it. It’s kind of cute. Come on now, Didi. I think someone needs a little relaxation...” Todd put a comforting hand on my shoulder, then retrieved his pendant from the bathroom sink. Like usual, I humored him, but also like usual, my mind was on anything but that pendant.

Shari. What to do with a girl like that? She wasn’t a bad girl – in fact, I was generally quite proud of her. Sweet, hard-working, pretty, even if her petite body marked her as a poor candidate for womanhood. She really ought to do something about that – maybe I could get her on a proper diet and exercise. I definitely really wanted her to have every advantage in life, like by big round ass and impressive titties had given me.

I realized, then, that we’d really grown apart since our move. I hadn’t been communicating very well, and of course she wasn’t going to reach out to me. No, she’d go sulk in her room – my room, technically – and listen to angsty teen music and gripe at her little friends. I needed to reach out to her. We just needed some common hobbies. Something to fill ourselves with – err, fill the time with together.

We’d come up with something. We had to. She was the only family I had, and I needed to make her happy, even if she was frustratingly immature. Why couldn’t she be more like me? I needed to push her towards better role models. People who would keep an eye on her, guide her into womanhood.

I hoped Todd could help. He’d done so much to help us through this difficult transition to a new neighborhood in a new town, and I hated to ask more of him. But what choice did I have? Shari respected him. I sometimes suspected she might even have a little crush on him, though as long as he didn’t take advantage, I figured that was harmless.

Understandable, even. I let myself picture Todd teaching her all the things he’d been teaching me, and lost myself in how grown-up she looked. Todd, watching Shari explore her nubile body through his guest room window. Todd, dutifully flicking her in the forehead every time she slipped up and let her teeth touch him during a blowjob. Todd, making Shari beg and talk filthy and learn how to use the muscles in her pussy before he let her have another go at his cock.

My Shari, growing up.

I threw my arms around her when she walked in the door. More than two weeks since I'd last seen her. "Shari! You're home!"

She dropped her bags, throwing her arms around me in return. "Hiya, Dana," she mumbled into my shoulder. "I missed you."

"Oh god, I missed you!" I hugged her tighter. "Where on earth have you been?!"

Shari hesitated a moment before responding. "Promise you won't get mad."

I released her, taking a step back. "What did you..." I paused, finally noticing. "... do."

"Don't freak out. Oh please, don't freak out!"

I stared at my mother's body – or rather, at what had once been my mother's body. Her unremarkable tits, once mere B cups, were now two huge, proudly jutting behemoths. Easily the size of mine, and probably even bigger. The trampy little top she was wearing – oh hey, that was mine! – only made it more pronounced.

My girl had titties. Titties out to here. Titties for days. "I... why did you..."

Shari looked down at her feet and mumbled something too quiet to make out.

"Don't you mumble at me, missy. You tell me what you were thinking, doing this to yourself!"

She lifted her chin, a mix of fear and defiance. "I said, I just wanted to be more like you."

I was literally taken aback. "More like me? Whatever do you mean?"

"Come on, Dana. Look at you. You're all curves. You ooze sex appeal. I guess I just wanted men to look at me the way they look at you. I just wanna feel... I dunno. Grown-up. Like you."

"Oh, sweetie... is this because of how close I am with Todd?"

Her voice was barely audible. "Maybe."

"And you want to have him show you how to... be a woman?"

She nodded, her new huge fake tits bobbling even from that meager motion. I was so proud of her, in spite of myself.

I smiled, tilting her chin up to look at me. She was such a treasure. "I tell you what... let me see what I can do."

A month later, it was a rare evening with both Shari and I at home; ever since I'd dropped out of school to start working at Juicy Lucy's, an upscale gentlemen's club across town, we'd had to do most of our bonding in the day-time. Shari had joined me there after coming by on Take Your Daughter To Work Day. Obviously she wasn't my daughter, and the club wasn't having an event for it, but we both decided it would be more fun. The girl fell in love with the stage, and resigned from her office job the next day.

The doorbell rang. Shari looked up from her cell phone (she was on the thing constantly), and I nodded she could go ahead and answer it. She was off at a run, and it was obvious why. We didn't get many visitors, and sure enough the squeal of delight I heard assured me it was the usual suspect. Sure enough, a moment later Todd strode into the kitchen where I was preparing supper, Shari clinging to him like a huge-titted koala bear. Both hands were under her massive ass to hold her aloft (an ass which I'd originally failed to notice had been augmented along with her titties).

"Evenin' Ms. Didi," Todd said affably while Shari eagerly sucked on his neck.

"And a fine evening to you, neighbor. What brings you to this neck of the woods?"

He set Shari down on the countertop. "Oh, just thought I might see if I could borrow a cop of Sugar."

I rolled my eyes, but allowed a small laugh. I'd finally gotten to see Shari's tattoo when she was showing me her new and improved ass; it was the word "sugar" built out of sugar cubes. Todd loved the joke, and was constantly swinging by for the same punny pretense. "Be my guest – you know where we keep it."

He lifted my mom's shirt up over those ridiculous tits of hers and helped himself to a couple squeezes; he enjoyed those things so much that I'd been worried he might be into fake tits, in which case I might need to spring for some myself. He reassured me, however, that he enjoyed mine just fine as they were.

Unfortunately it was drizzling out tonight; the past few nights it had been nice enough to grill out. I'd borrow one of my bikinis back from Shari (it was futile to try to get the girl to wear anything more concealing), then head out to the yard and cook up some meat. I'd met a lot of the neighbors like this; they just came out of the woodwork to watch me cook, for some reason.

For tonight, it was indoors. I let those two crazy kids make out for a bit while I worked on supper; Shari was such a theatrical moaner I had to turn up the radio a few notches. When they finally came up for air, I asked Todd if I could convince him to stay for supper. Once he made sure the menu was to his liking, he agreed, and soon enough he was seated in his usual spot at the head of the table. Tonight, it was my turn to feed him, Shari cut up his food and I hand-fed him one morsel at a time. In nothing but my apron, my cunt leaking on his straddled leg was a source of embarrassment for me, but he was always a trooper about it.

Shari did the dishes while I dispensed dessert; tonight, it was a good long suck on my titties. For a treat, I even drizzled a little chocolate syrup on them first. With mealtime taken care of, I excused myself to take care of Shari's laundry. (She gets Todd's cum in everything, I swear. It's like she's trying to dirty more clothes.) A few minutes later, Todd poked his head into the laundry room.

"Say, you mind if I borrow me some Sugar?" Shari perked up, big eyes pleading with me. The girl never tired of hanging out at his house. So many cool toys over there, she said, and she'd made friends with some of his friends. I was worried about bad influences at first, but Todd arranged an introduction, and they seemed like nice girls. I can't say as I approve of two sisters fucking one another in the middle of the living room, but at least they weren't into the drugs. It kept Shari out of trouble.

"Borrow? You mean you're not just going to keep her?" I smiled. Sometimes, he didn't return her until the middle of the night. Last week she'd literally torn her clothes off for him, and had to stagger home bow-legged and naked, darting across the dewy lawns in the dark of night. The girl would forget her cunt if it wasn't screwed in – pun intended.

"Nah, I won't need it for long. Really I just need a hand. Got this leaky pipe that needs draining." He winked, and Shari beamed. I think she thought the innuendo went over my head; she always thought I was so naïve, but she forgot I'd been in high school only weeks ago surrounded by hormonally charged people on all sides. I knew full well she was fucking Todd; she didn't realize that I was the one who was usually encouraging him to fuck her.

"All right, just try not to wreck her ass too much. Tomorrow's a work night."

"Diiidiii!" she whined, embarrassed as ever when I got protective of her. I ignored it, and positioned her in front of me for inspection. She'd go out looking like she was raised by wolves if I didn't check her over. It was normal enough for her areolae to be showing in her neckline, but tonight, a whole nipple had broken free. I gave it a reproving twist and tucked it back in, then sent them on their way.

The evening passed in pleasant tedium. The rain let up, and I ventured onto the porch to read the newspaper on my rocking chair in the fresh air. Several of the neighbors walked by, as they often did whenever I was out, and at every wolf whistle I made sure to lower the paper, squeeze my titties together with my biceps, and blow a kiss. It was important to be neighborly, Todd had taught me. It was working, too. All those weeks after moving here where I'd met nobody; now I knew almost every man for three blocks!

I dropped Jennifer a call; it was almost like she was from a different lifetime, but we'd sworn to remain friends no matter what, and a mature woman honors her word. She even remarked on how different I seemed, how fast I'd matured. (And she didn't even know about Juicy Lucy's.) She was coming to visit for a week this summer before

she left for college, and I couldn't wait to show her around, introduce her to the neighbors.

Todd had already said he'd be delighted to meet her. I was just sure they'd hit it off.

I was back inside, watching my game shows on the DVR when Todd returned. I was surprised to see Shari wasn't with him. He waved away my suspicions. "Nah, Patty and Stacey stopped by unexpectedly, and they got busy doing some kind of girl stuff, blowjob techniques or something. They seemed like they were having fun so I snuck out, thought I might have a little adult time with my favorite neighbor lady."

I smiled. Shari was always so sure her huge fake T&A were what brought him over so often, but I knew it was our special bond. Any more, Todd and I were more than neighbors. We were friends, just like Stacey and Patty and Kayla and Sherri and Shannon and all the rest. Neighbors yes, but friends first.

"I'd like that." I vacated my seat, shedding my clothes while he settled in. Once I was naked I curled up on his lap, sighing contentedly at the feel of his cock against my bare hip. "So Shari was no good with the leaky pipe situation, eh?"

"Unfortunately she didn't have the tools for it. I think this one's gonna take borrowing your vice grip."

I giggled in spite of myself. "Vice grip" was his code for my cunt, which he said was still as heavenly tight as the first time he'd fucked me. I might have surpassed my mother in my mind, but in my cunt, I was younger and better than she would ever be again.

We were both in the mood for a long, slow fuckathon, so I warmed him up with a feverishly enthusiastic blowjob to up his stamina. Once Todd comes, his next go-around can take hours. It'd be perfect! I could still listen to my game shows this way, though I made sure to be neighborly and focus on the cock at hand.

Shari came home sooner than expected, skipping into the room. "Heya Todd, hey Didi."

"Hey there, Sugar. Girls go home?"

"Yep. They said if you wanted to swing by later, they'd be up. Or if they're not, just shove it where you want it and wake 'em up." She giggled.

"Lngunj, Shmmfmm!" I reprimanded.

She giggled. "Dana, aren't you always the one telling me not to talk with my mouth full? Not being a very good role model, are you?"

Todd was close, and the appearance of my mother did nothing to discourage him. With a nod of permission from me, she joined me on her knees in front of him, tossing her shirt aside. For a treat, instead of swallowing like I'd been planning, I jacked his load off all over her face and titties as she squealed in glee. She'd seen me do that a few times and had been adamant about wanting to imitate me.

See? I can be a good role model.

“Now it’s late, so go on up to bed so Todd and I can fuck in peace,” I said when he was spent. The sight of our two hot naked bodies kneeling at his feet was already bringing him hard again, and I meant to enjoy my ride without Shari trying to hog the spotlight in her usual immature fashion.

“But pleeeeeease? Can I just stay and watch? I promise I won’t try to get him in me. I only wanna watch. Pleeeeeease?”

I sighed. I really did dote on her. But it wasn’t entirely my call. “It’s up to you, Todd. I totally understand if you’d rather have privacy.”

He shrugged. “Nah, give the poor girl a thrill. Tell you what, why don’t you sit on your daughter’s face while I fuck her. See if you can come at the same time. How about that?”

For some reason, that suggestion gave me pause.

I was totally comfortable with Shari’s new and improved body, and with the exploration of her sexuality, and with her being a good little piece of easy fuckmeat for our neighbor. But... getting her off myself? That seemed... I dunno. Wrong? Maybe? With a glance at Shari, I could see she was having misgivings as well.

“Tell you what, sluts, why don’t we relax first with a quick session,” Todd said, sensing my nervousness. He removed his crystal pendant, and Shari and I stared, slack-jawed, as he commanded our concentration.

It occurred to me that when Shari's cunt gushed down onto my face, I should rib him about how his little sessions never seemed to work. Not in a mean way, of course – just a little teasing. Really, it was just the kind of little quirk you put up with from your next-door neighbor. For some people it was loud music at late hours. For others, it might be a tree with branches hanging into your yard. For Shari and I, it was having to occasionally wash his cum out of our hair.

Shari might fuss over it at times, but me? I was a mature adult, and I understood adult relationships are give and take. Like Todd would sometimes give me a hard spanking, and I would sometimes take it up the ass. We were neighbors, and back when I was growing up, that meant something. I was my mother's daughter, and she was mine. And we were damn fine neighbors.