

**ADULTS ONLY**

**134** pages **58** illustrations

# **THE MAKING OF A BEACH BUNNY**

**"Summer House" by KK & Fraylim**  
**Illustrations by Fraylim**



**CROSSED**

TV/CD

**FICTION**



**KK  
FRAYLIM**

# ***THE MAKING OF A BEACH BUNNY***

**“The Summer House” by KK & Fraylim  
Art by Fraylim  
A Crossed Fiction story**



2018 Digital Edition

Design & layout © 2018  
Story © 2018 KK & Fraylim  
Illustrations © 2018 Fraylim  
All rights reserved.

The body text is printed in New Caledonia.

All rights reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in or introduced into a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means (electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise), without the prior written permission of the copyright owner. All characters and situations are fictional.

Printed in the United States of America.

[j6p@sixpacksite.com](mailto:j6p@sixpacksite.com)  
[www.sixpacksite.com](http://www.sixpacksite.com)

# THE SUMMER HOUSE

Eighteen-year-old Jonathan Willis was stuck between a figurative rock and a hard place when it came to deciding what to do for his summer vacation.

It was his last summer before he headed off to college, and he had gotten into his number one choice, Northmouth, a law school. It was his dad's old school, and it was always assumed he'd go into the law, just like his father. He even planned to pledge to the same fraternity his dad had been in. It was his father's legacy, after all.

That was before his mom sat John and his little sister Megan down and told them that it wasn't going to be the kind of summer he had pictured. His parents were splitting up.

His father was moving in with a woman from the office named Victoria. In fact, Victoria was going to have a baby, and pretty soon, John and Megan would have a little half-sibling. His mother may have used stronger, saltier terms to describe the child, but for the most, his mom managed to keep pretty restrained about the whole situation. She did ask rhetorically if they thought their father would still find Victoria as attractive after she 'squeezed out his devil spawn' and 'lost her perfectly-toned sinful ass,' though. She also took every opportunity she could to remind her children that she knew it was on the cards a year ago when John's father kept 'working late' at the office and even more so when he bought the little blue convertible she had christened 'the midlife crisis.'

So now, instead of the family vacation he had expected to have this summer, his dad was trying to get him and Megan to go on some kind of cruise in the Bahamas designed to let them get to know Victoria better before the baby arrived. His mom was dangling the opportunity to go to Disney World with her — an offer 10 year old Megan found easy to grab on to — but the prospect of a long trip away forced to listen to his mother talk about her cheating ex-husband, his family-wrecking hussy and their demon seed child didn't seem like much fun to John.

Besides, the truth was John didn't want to pick between them, since he knew it meant he would be picking sides and whether he approved of what his dad had done or how his mother had taken it, they were both still his parents, even if they were acting like children.

He was still considering his dilemma as he began the process of packing up his room and boxing everything up. By the time he was back from his first semester of college, the house would be gone, and his mom and dad would be living in separate places, with his little sister getting shuffled between them. The whole thing was depressing, and made John yearn for earlier, simpler

times, before his parents' marriage had fallen apart and they had seemed like a real family.

He found a reminder of just such a time as he was sorting old belongings in his room, in the form of an old photograph. He peered at it closely, and then broke into a grin as the memories all flooded back. The photo was from three years ago, and it displayed two laughing boys in shorts standing by a swimming pool: there he was, looking very tanned and happy, and beside him was a shorter boy with shaggy brown hair with his skinny chest thrust out proudly. A large, mischievous white grin was on his face. His name was Stanley Clifford, one of his best-remembered partners in boyhood crime.

The pool was on the large property owned by Stanley's mother, Mrs. Clifford. John's family had rented out the smaller adjoining house, which she also owned, for just about every summer from when he was ten years old, all the way until the year the photo had been taken. That had been the last time they spent the summer there, three years ago. He was fifteen, and Stanley was fourteen, and both boys had spent a terrific summer swimming, fishing, hanging out on the beach, and checking out the girls in the small resort town.

It was called Seaberry and it had once been a popular resort town for families, especially those with young children in the years John and his family summered there. His mother had picked it as a vacation spot on a whim but they had such a great time there and hit it off so well with Stanley and his mom that they returned for the next two years.

John remembered how upset he'd been when his parents had announced three summers ago that



they wouldn't be going back to the beach house that year. Apparently things were far too busy at work for his dad to take any vacation-time at all, and now he realized that had been a warning sign: that was when his parents had started drifting apart, with his father staying late at the office most nights and starting going in to work most weekends. It seemed as if his mother and father were spending less and less time together and that they were even avoiding spending any time with each other if possible, and that included vacations. Since that last happy summer, it seemed like things had deteriorated very quickly.

Now, looking fondly at the photo, John realized he had found a solution to his problem of deciding between his parents. Rather than go on vacation with either of them, why not recapture the good times he'd had at the beach house with Stanley? He was sure his mom or dad would give him enough money to rent the place, especially if he hinted that the other parent had been more generous, and then he could spend a few carefree weeks by the beach without having to choose one parent over the other.

Excited by his plan, he pulled out a travel bag and started packing. Palling around with Stanley would feel just like old times... Hopefully it wasn't too late to book a reservation...



The drive out to the beach house took a lot longer than John remembered, even though he stopped only for a brief lunch in a small diner and to fill up a few times on the way. He wasn't complaining: it was a clear and sunny day, perfect for driving, and his parents had given him money both for the stay and for gas as well.

He'd even managed to guilt his father into letting him borrow the sporty little 'midlife crisis.' He knew that he suited it more than his middle aged dad did, and enjoyed the attention he got behind the wheel, especially from girls. But the mileage was terrible, so John found himself having to fill up more than once on the way.

On one of these stops, while he was about to do just that, but he couldn't help but notice an equally impressive cherry red open top convertible pull up behind him and, three extremely attractive girls, wearing very little, get out. One of the distinct benefits of a road trip south, John thought to himself, was that the further down you got, the less the women wore. They looked like they were maybe a few years older than him, maybe in college, and as John tried to check them out as surreptitiously as he could manage in the rear view mirror, couldn't help but hope that the girls at Northmouth might look a little like that. They seemed to be whispering together intently about something, and one of them, a tall red head in a white crop top and ruffled pink mini skirt, would every so often glance in his direction. He could barely believe it when she



moved away from the other girls and began walking towards his car waving. For a terrible moment he thought she had seen him checking them out and was on her way over to chastise him for ogling them. He got out of the front seat and went over to the pump focused intently on the business of pumping gas, as if the handle was the most fascinating thing in the world. But none the less, out of the corner of his eye, he could still see the girl strut towards him with the kind of wiggle he'd usually seen on the Victoria Secret catwalk.

"Hey there!" the red-headed girl said as she came to a halt, cocking a hip and extending a long, tanned leg out to one side as if she was particularly putting it on display for John's appraisal. "Nice ride."

"Hi," John managed to reply, in a tone he hoped sounded nonchalant but friendly.

"Look, this is going to sound really stupid, but, um, do you know much about cars... *These* types of cars?"

"A little, I guess," John frowned.

"My friends and I are heading down to Frantonville and there's this silly little 'check engine' light that keeps flashing and beeping... um... do you think you could take a look?" She put a painted fingernail to her lips. "My name's Charlotte by the way, but everyone calls me Charli...with an 'i'." She stretched out a slim, shapely hand with elegantly manicured fingernails in his direction and he hung up the gas hose, instinctively wiping his own hand on his shirt before taking hers.

"I'm John," he said as he smiled and shook her hand in a way he hoped was not too eager. Frantonville — it was about one town over from his destination,



Seaberry, and while Seaberry was a family friendly resort with a small town charm, Frantonville had a bit of a reputation as a party destination for college kids looking to party. They would rent out condos there and spend the whole summer drinking, dancing and doing just about whatever that wanted. "I'd be happy to take a look." He said, coughing. "Um.. Have you checked your oil? Or your radiator? Nine times out of ten it's the radiator." He really hoped it was oil or the radiator, as that was about as far as his expertise extended.

"Oh wow! The girls and I would be super grateful," she said with a lilting laugh. "We're totally useless when it comes to stuff like this!"

So it was that John managed to come to the girls' rescue. The two other girls, who he learned were named Britney and Amber, totally could not believe he was about to just start college. He looked so mature; they would have guessed he was at least a sophomore. And they acted even more surprised when he said he was single... any guy who knew his way around cars and was so gallant to come to the rescue of three damsels in distress would not remain so for long, they told him. He checked on their oil and filled their radiator, and he even pumped their gas tank. He was ultimately rewarded with Charli-with-an-i's cell number and an open invitation to definitely come over to Frantonville for one of many big ragers that they would definitely be having as soon as they settled into their apartment.



So, as he honked good-bye to the three girls in the red convertible and took the turn for Seaberry, he couldn't help but think how surprised his old pal Stanley would be when he turned up out of the blue with the story of this encounter *and* a standing invite to party in Frantonville with three hot babes.

He felt as if he was on the road back to a simpler, happier time in his life, and he could hardly wait to see Stanley again and hit the beach. However, in the back of his mind he did have a bit of a worry... He hadn't been able to find the phone number for the beach house, or find it listed online as a rental. Could it be that the Cliffords' had moved, and the new owners weren't renting it out? That would make it a real waste of a drive ...maybe he'd head out to Frantonville by himself and see if there was anywhere there he could rent?

John's worries were forgotten, however, as he rounded the last bend of the winding little road and saw the the Clifford's large house ahead, looking the same as it ever had. And there, just off to the side, was the summer house. He called it a summer house, but in actual fact, it was had been the Clifford's original home. Mr. Clifford had come into money and built the larger, more sumptuous house property, a dream home if you like, right in their back yard. This explained why two incongruously designed houses were in such close proximity. Originally the plan had been open up a B&B and to demolish the smaller



house and maybe build a tennis court, but Mr. Clifford had passed suddenly and Mrs. Clifford had little interest in running a Bed and Breakfast as a single mother. So she devoted her time to her son and her other pride and joy, the large garden, and had been happy to rent out the smaller house to visiting families during the summer season. Besides, after Mr. Clifford had passed, she couldn't bear to tear it down since it held so many memories.

John had overheard these details as Mrs. Clifford and his mother would chat and share a drink by large the pool nestled in the sprawling garden. Mrs. Clifford would spend a great deal of time and patience tending to her garden as John, Stanley and even Megan would play in the pool as his mother lounged in a chair reading some trashy paperback. Mrs. Clifford was an expert in what kinds of blooms would grow best in that hot climate, what flowers would flourish and what species could be adapted to thrive in the heat. John's mom used to joke that she could make a stone sprout buds and flower.

With these pleasant memories dancing in his head, John smiled as he pulled up and parked his car. He skipped up the steps to the front door two at a time and after getting no response when he rang the bell, he thought he'd try his luck around the back. Sure enough, the four digit code that gave access to the rear of the house was still the same 1-2-3-4, and sure enough, there, on her knees, surrounded by plants she seemed in the process of transferring from smaller pots to the beds that surrounded the pool area, was Mrs. Clifford.

She was a tall, slim, attractive, middle-aged woman, wearing the usual uniform he remembered her in when she worked on her flowers; a floppy sunhat and an apron to protect her outfit, which in this case was a crisp white shirt and slacks. She always dressed well, and John rarely remembered her ever looking anything than less that immaculately turned out. Indeed, he had teased Stanley more than once about his mom being a real hottie — a MILF — but it was rarely worth the series of punches that inevitably followed.

Mrs. Clifford looked up from her gardening with a frown on her face. John had been expecting her to break out in a smile when she saw him, but instead, the frown only gained a surprised look, as well.

"Hey, Mrs. Clifford," John said waving. "It's me, John! You know, the Willis's son?"

"Of course I remember you, sweetie," Mrs. Clifford said, finally giving him a smile that still made him feel a little bit like an awkward fifteen-year-old again. "I'm just surprised, that's all. What are you doing all the way down here?"

So John quickly explained about his parents' divorce, and their tug-of-war over his summer vacation plans, while Mrs. Clifford nodded sympathetically. "So that's why I figured I would come spend a while down here!" he finished enthusiastically. "I can put it all out of my mind for and just enjoy summer the way I used to. I know I should have booked first, but I couldn't find the old

number anywhere. It's not already taken, is it?"

"No, no, as a matter of fact it isn't," Mrs. Clifford said. "In fact we haven't rented the place for the last few seasons. Summers in town aren't like they were when you used to stay here. There are less and less families every year." She paused and John was sure that she was about to tell him she wasn't going to rent out the house this season. She looked at John with a thoughtful expression for a moment before finally smiling.

"Y'know, now that I'm thinking about it, we could use a little extra cash this year... And you *are* an old family friend...and maybe it's just what the doctor ordered." She frowned again, hands on her hips, clearly weighing the pros and cons of the situation. "Yes. I think so. All right," she said, clapping her hands. "I won't turn away a polite young man in his time of need. You start unpacking, and I'll grab you a key and then get to work putting sheets on the bed..."

John beamed triumphantly. "Thanks, Mrs. Clifford," he said. "Don't worry, I'm paying in full! And, hey, where's Stanley?"

"Oh. He's away traveling this summer," Mrs. Clifford said awkwardly. "With friends."

"Oh," John said, deflated at the news. He briefly thought that maybe he should back out and head home, if Stanley wasn't going to be around. But it had taken some persuading to get Mrs. Clifford to agree to him renting out the house and he had already committed himself. "Well, that's okay. I bet you appreciate the peace and quiet!"





“Yes, it’s nice,” Mrs. Clifford said hesitantly. “But, I’m not all alone out here, of course. My niece Lee Anne is staying with me. Maybe you’ll, ah... run into her.”

“Sure thing, Mrs. Clifford,” John said, shrugging his shoulders as he pictured a little brat in pig tails, probably Megan’s age, running around all summer. “I’m pretty beat from the drive...”

“Right, the bedding,” Mrs. Clifford remembered. “I’ll be right back.”

She bustled away into the house, and John started unloading his bags. Sure, maybe Stanley wasn’t around, but maybe that was what John really needed — a nice, relaxing vacation all by himself, to give him time to think things over. He could always make the drive over to Frantonville and check things out over there.

As he hefted his things from the small trunk of the convertible, he looked up at the house, waiting for Mrs. Clifford to return, and saw someone peeking at

him through a curtain upstairs. John grinned wryly and gave a little wave, and in response the curtain was quickly yanked shut. Mrs. Clifford's niece was obviously the shy type, John thought, which meant she was nothing like brash and confident Stanley. From the quick look he'd just gotten, she didn't seem to be a little brat, and if she was his age, and better yet, if she was cute, maybe it wouldn't hurt to introduce himself.



John woke up the next morning feeling incredibly relaxed and refreshed, having slept comfortably in the upper loft bedroom that had usually belonged to his parents on their vacations. It had a large window which faced directly onto the Clifford house and John could hear birds singing as he rolled out of bed, stretching happily. It looked like another beautiful day outside, with a blue sky and plenty of sunshine. Even if Stanley wasn't around, John could certainly find plenty to occupy himself with. There was fishing, and there was usually some gear stored around the summer house. He could hit the beach and go for a swim. There were selection of DVDs and library of books left by previous renters, some of them he even remembered from his previous visits. Finally, if he felt like it, he could jump in the car and go over to Frantonville. He might just give it a few days before he'd try to text Charli and see if anything was happening, though. That didn't mean he couldn't head over that way and check out the boardwalk.

With a contented yawn, and his head full of possibilities, he searched the kitchen for breakfast. He knew really should have brought some groceries with him, but there was so little room in the car, and he had been so beat after the drive, that he had headed to bed almost straight away. He eventually managed to find a tin of instant brew and make himself cup of coffee. As he opened the sliding door of the kitchenette that led out to the small patio, he made a mental note to head to the store.

From one side of the patio, he could see the ocean in the distance, with seagulls flying over. The sky was a wonderful shade of blue — as blue as he remembered it from years ago. It looked like it was going to be a wonderful day.

As he turned, already thinking of grabbing his swim trunks, he realized that the patio of the summer house also gave him a very good view into the Clifford's' backyard. You couldn't really call it simply a 'yard' though. The large pool was surrounded by raised flowerbeds covered with brightly colored plants and flowers, and it had more than one comfortable looking seating area around it. A good sized pool house which John remembered stored all sorts of wonderful pool toys and summer equipment was tucked in the corner and there were a half dozen sun loungers for catching rays placed around the pool. The impressive pool itself was a throwback from back when Mr. Clifford had planned to open the house as a B & B, and John could barely remember ever seeing

Mrs. Clifford do anything around it except tend her plants, let alone swim or sunbathe. Stanley, though, was usually found in the water or running around the garden, doing his best to water the plants with some huge pump action super soaker. John was a little surprised to look out that morning to find one of the sun loungers occupied, and it was who he saw occupying it that made him freeze mid-stretch and left his mouth hanging open. Not that he knew who she was, but right there, lying back on one of the lounge chairs was an absolutely gorgeous, auburn haired teenage girl wearing large rounded sunglasses, listening to music on her ear buds, totally oblivious to the world around her — and she also happened to be wearing the teeniest, tiniest yellow bikini that John had ever seen in his life!

He couldn't help but audibly gulp as he took in the sight. She had obviously been working on her tan, because her entire body had a sun-kissed glow that





contrasted in a very eye-catching way against her skimpy bright yellow bathing suit. John's eyes trailed lustfully all the way from her pink-painted toe-nails and dainty feet, up her smooth, shapely legs, which were crossed seductively one over the other, to the tiny yellow triangle hugging low to her hips. He managed to tear his gaze away, only to see her flat stomach with a silver stud glinting seductively in her belly button, and two perfect breasts cradled by the yellow bikini top into a sliver of equally perfect cleavage.

Her face was partially hidden by the large designer sunglasses, but he could make out a pert little nose — she definitely hadn't inherited the same schnoz as Stanley — and a moist pair of petulant, gloss-coated pink lips. Those lips were now set in a pout of concentration as she maneuvered the playlist on her MP3 player with one long, pink-painted nail, pausing only to adjust the fall of her long brunette tresses around her slender shoulders. John knew he shouldn't be staring, but he couldn't help it. Stanley's cousin was an absolute babe. What was it Mrs. Clifford had said her name was... *Lilly?* *Leela?* Whatever she was called she was a vision. A goddess. A beauty queen. He had to meet her, that much was obvious, but he didn't need her thinking he was some kind of perv checking her out while she was innocently sunbathing, that was for sure. It was time to beat a hasty retreat back inside before she looked up.

At the same time, though, John just couldn't stop looking. She was outrageously hot, and he could feel a stirring in his briefs just watching her smooth legs slide against each other as she settled on a track more to her liking and adjusted her position on the lounge. There was sunscreen in a bottle beside her, and he couldn't tear his eyes away as she reached down to grab it and pump some into her hand, the white stuff squirting against her slim fingers, and she began rubbing it around her hands and... *God, was she hot...*

Then she looked up and stopped dead in the act of rubbing the lotion into her thighs. She stared directly at John and there could be no doubt that she caught him ogling her. Her pretty little mouth dropped open in horror, and John could see a blush rising on her cheeks. He could feel the heat rising to the tips of his ears and knew he had to be equally red, but he could only blink dumbly as she yanked the earbuds from her studded ears, swung herself off the lounge, making her breasts bounce in the flimsy constraints of her bikini top. She quickly stepped into a pair of yellow cork wedge sandals before hastily fastening them at the ankle, standing up, and swishing back into the Cliffords' house as fast as she could manage on the impractical footwear. She left the MP3 player, a fashion magazine and the bottle of lotion still on the lounge. John noticed that one of her hands was still smeared with sunscreen.

John was still stunned speechless as she shot one last look over her tanned shoulder and disappeared — the view from behind was incredible as well, with the small fabric triangle of her bikini bottom cupping firm, toned buttocks. As

soon as she was gone, he felt his wildly beating heart start to slow down. *Damn.* She was incredible.

John mumbled angrily to himself, as she must have thought he was some kind of Peeping Tom! Cursing inwardly, the young man went back into the house, shutting the sliding door behind him. Why hadn't Mrs. Clifford warned him that Stanley's cousin was smoking hot and liked to sunbathe in the mornings? Or better yet, why hadn't she warned her niece that their guest had a perfect view of her favorite lounge? With the image of the mystery girl still floating in his head, he trudged back upstairs.

Well, there was no use dwelling on what had already happened. John was just going to have to go over and apologize ... and find out her name ... and see if maybe the apology could involve him taking her to that one ice cream parlor that had the very best soft-serve sundaes... He was sure he could convince her





he wasn't some kind of creep. After all, he hadn't set out to leer at her — it had been an innocent misunderstanding.

John was already thinking up several possible scenarios for an apology, but as he sat on the edge of the bed, try as he might, he couldn't get the image of her and her yellow bikini out of his head — or out of his badly tented briefs. There was only one way to deal with that particular issue, and he had just gotten all the material he needed! He furtively closed the shades and reached for a box of tissues. It wasn't like she would ever know, after all, and once he was all cleaned up and he went to the store and picked up some provisions, he could go talk to her in person.

After enjoying himself with the memory of the girl next door and taking a refreshing shower and shaving the few sparse hairs off his chin, John got dressed, combed his hair a little more neatly than usual, grabbed the keys and his wallet and headed out the door of the beach house. The sun was shining in the sky and he had a definite spring in his step as he jumped in the convertible and headed off to the store just a short drive away.

There were bigger chain places near Frantonville where you could probably buy a lot more for a lot less, but when they had always stayed here before, his mom would impress on him the importance of supporting the local businesses. Besides, there were two other very good reasons he had for shopping locally — number one was that the old lady called Helen who ran the local market had a cute granddaughter who helped her out called Rose who used to wear these cut off denim shorts. Although she was a few years older than them, John and Stanley was absolutely sure that she would bend and stretch around the shelves in a way that was particularly designed to have an effect on the young teens. Indeed, the memory of Rose in those cut offs had had a lasting effect on John and to that day he had a particular thing for girls in tiny denim shorts. So John was hoping Rose would still be there... and if she still had those shorts... and whether the sight of him pulling up and jumping out of the old 'Midlife Crisis', might turn her head just a little. Reason number two was that just before he graduated, he had spent the not inconsiderable sum of \$150 dollars on what he was assured would be a detection proof fake ID. It identified him as Willis Johnson and put his age at 22. He had so far been too chicken to try it out but he thought even if Helen could spot it as phony, the worst he'd get would be a warning to try and buy his beer elsewhere.

Five minutes later, he came out of the store disappointed on one front but victorious on another. Helen, it seemed had retired the previous year and Rose did indeed still work there, but it seems she was just about ready to pop with her second child. In fact she spent so much time complaining to John about her back pain and nausea that she never even bothered to ask him for ID when it came to ringing up the small case of beer he was buying along with bread, cereal, milk, eggs and a few other items.

It wasn't just that Rose wasn't how he remembered her, the whole store wasn't as he remembered it, and depressed him a little. It seemed that Mrs. Clifford was right. Summer in Seaberry wasn't what he remembered. What had once been a pretty vibrant locally owned business now seemed on the way out. As he had made his way around the store, he noticed that a lot of the stock out on the shelves seemed past their best and a fine film of dust was on the canned goods. It just seemed indicative to John of how much the whole place had changed.

He was still in a sullen mood as finished the simple sandwich he had made for lunch and put the groceries away. Draining the dregs of the beer that had accompanied it, he glanced out of the kitchenette's sliding door and noticed the area around the mystery girl's sun lounge had been cleared out. There was no MP3 player, magazine or bottle of lotion to indicate it had ever been occupied.

After he decided to have a second beer, John meandered over to the bookshelf, and his eye was drawn to the many books available. Without much else to do that day, he picked out an old ratty paperback, and noticed something fall from its pages and land on the floor by his feet. Picking it up, he saw it was a photograph of Seaberry beach. It was so well preserved by the pages of the book that it could have been taken yesterday, but straight away he knew it was at least three years old. It was a photograph of John and Stanley, probably taken by his mother. They were standing on the beach in their trunks, mugging for the camera, surrounded by a bunch of teenagers, mostly girls in their swim suits. Stanley loved playing up for the older girls on the beach, even if they saw him and John as little more than mascots.

They both looked so happy in the photo and remembering times past did little to improve John's mood. He placed the photo



on the mantle and desperate for some distraction, he turned his attention to the book. Sitting on the small sofa he began reading it and before long, was so engrossed that he had forgotten about finishing his beer. It wasn't particularly well written but it was certainly a page turner and before he knew it, he was quite a way through the volume. By the time he reached chapter 6, he thought he might be more comfortable reading in the bedroom, so bounded up the stairs, eager to see what would happen next.

The afternoon turned to dusk and before he realized it, the light from the bedroom window grew too dim to read by. It was only when he could no longer make out the words on the page that John turned and, fumbling for a while before he found it, turned on the bedside lamp.

Suddenly the evening was punctuated by a shrill scream. Startled, John turned to the window and saw its source at once. Directly opposite his bedroom, framed in the balcony window of a room of the Clifford house was the girl from that morning, Mrs. Clifford's niece. And she was naked. Well, she was as good as naked. She wore a pair of shiny pink high heels and a pair of frilly panties in a matching shade. But that was all that she wore. No longer tied up in a pony-tail, her hair now flowed freely and framed her face and her big green eyes, no longer hidden behind designer sun glasses were wide as saucers as her pink lips made a perfect 'O'. But it wasn't her face that John was transfixed by.

He had seen topless women before, on the internet and movies and in magazines, but he had never been so close to one. Indeed, the girl framed in the window wouldn't have looked out of place on the cover of one of those magazines, arching her back seductively and cupping her breasts in her hands. The girl in question however, had quickly tried to protect her modesty by placing one arm across her chest to cover her nipples as she tried desperately to pull the curtains to her room as quickly as possible.

But the more she tugged at them, the more she seemed in danger of losing her balance perched as she was in those pink heels which prevented her from bracing her stance and gaining proper purchase on the drapes.

And if John had thought her breasts had looked good in the cups of the tiny yellow bikini she had been wearing earlier, he was stunned by the sight of them now, even semi obscured by her arm. If anything they looked bigger than they had earlier, free of their confinement, and the jerky efforts she made as she tried with one arm to pull the curtains only made them jiggle and bounce more.

Eventually she was successful in her attempts, and for John the show was over. He could only imagine she was in the middle of undressing when he had turned the lamp on, revealing himself to the previously oblivious girl. He cursed himself for being so wrapped up in his book that he never noticed the girl until she saw him and wondered what tantalizing strip tease he had been denied.



He felt his rock hard manhood brush the spine of the book he found himself still holding, and without a thought, let it slide from his grasp to the floor. Slowly and purposefully he unbuttoned his pants to allow access to his tenting briefs. And for the second time in less than a day, John allowed the sight of the mysterious girl next door to transport him to pleasure.



Next day, he slept later than he had intended, languishing in bed until almost 12. He fixed himself coffee, eggs and toast and as he took it to the patio to consume, he noted with some disappointment to find the Clifford's pool and its sun loungers deserted.

As he finished his breakfast-come-lunch, it occurred to him that he'd encountered Mrs. Clifford's niece twice and both times he seemed to have gone out of his way to ogle her. He must have been convinced that he was a pervert, despite all the evidence to the contrary, and resolved to set the record straight as soon as possible. He didn't have to tell her *everything* of course, such as how the memory of her semi naked body had made him pleasure himself and climax powerfully not once but twice. In fact he was pretty sure it might be better if he left that detail out.

He approached the Clifford's' place, though he couldn't help but be just a little bit nervous, wondering if his apology would be accepted. He trotted up the steps and knocked on the door. He heard the sound of rustling feet, and then the door swung open, revealing Mrs. Clifford.

"Well, someone got up bright and early," she remarked wryly. "I was about to go over and check on you. Sleep okay?"

"Yeah, I slept great," he said sheepishly. "The room is real nice, too. Uh, there's a great view..."

"I heard from Lee Anne that you had been admiring the view from the bedroom...and the one from the patio too," Mrs. Clifford said, raising an eyebrow.

"It wasn't on purpose!" John said hastily. "I was just looking around yesterday morning, and, last night well... I was reading and it started getting dark so I turned the light on... I didn't know she was there... I think I startled her pretty badly. I came over to apologize." Internally, he was delighted to have the mysterious girl's name re-confirmed... Lee Anne... It was a pretty name for a pretty girl. Maybe he could tell her that. Or would it sound too corny?

"Well, that's thoughtful of you," Mrs. Clifford said, seemingly pleased. "You did startle her. She's still a little shy around boys."

"Really?" John asked, confused. A hottie like that, shy? "How old is she?" he asked, suddenly worried she might be much younger than she seemed

"Oh, around Stanley's age," Mrs. Clifford said evasively. "But she was a late bloomer, I suppose."

"Right," John said, trying to disguise his grin. She had certainly "bloomed" in full! "Uh, I was thinking I might apologize by taking her for ice cream?" he said eagerly. "If she wants to, of course."

"Well, I guess you'll have to ask her yourself," Mrs. Clifford said, with a slightly concerned smile on her face. "Why don't you come in?"

John immediately obliged, walking into the familiar hallway. It didn't seem to have changed very much, though he noticed that the mantle, where there had once been a large framed picture of Stanley and his mom, was strangely empty. Perhaps it had fallen off the mantle and the frame had broken?

“Lee Anne, someone is here to see you!” Mrs. Clifford called up the stairs. There was no response. Mrs. Clifford flashed John another awkward smile, then gritted her teeth and went up the stairs. John heard her open the door to what he assumed must have been Lee Anne’s room — and have a heated, whispered discussion. John did his best to act natural, but he couldn’t help but wonder what was going on. Had he offended Lee Anne that badly? Was she really that shy? Okay, he could see how being seen in a state of half undress was embarrassing, but Lee Anne had nothing to be embarrassed about, and Mrs. Clifford seemed cool about the whole thing. He was relieved when the silence was eventually broken by the clicking of high heels on hardwood.

John felt his heart beat speed up as at the top of the stairs, he could see Lee Anne, standing nervously, holding on to the banister as if she was afraid she might be blown away. Slowly she began mincing daintily down to meet him with Mrs. Clifford close behind, one high heel at a time as her tanned legs crossed each other as she descended the stairs one by one. If she had looked good from afar, she looked even better up close — though John couldn’t help but wish she was still in the bikini, or better still, a pair of frilly panties and a set of high heels. Instead, she was dressed now much more demurely in a tight white mini skirt and a cute pink strapless crop-top that left her tanned shoulders on display and a teasing strip of midriff exposed. She was gorgeous, but rather than display the confidence that usually accompanied such beauty, she was looking down shyly at her feet and the strappy black heels she wore, blinking through long, curled eyelashes as she toying nervously with her long brunette tresses.

“Hi, I’m John,” he said eagerly. “Sorry I startled you yesterday. I’d forgotten the two houses were so close and I didn’t realize my window overlooked your balcony... Or that Stanley had such a beautiful cousin.” He extended his hand.

Lee Anne bit her pink lip nervously, but didn’t speak until Mrs. Clifford nudged her. “Um, it’s okay,” she said softly, placing her soft, manicured digits in his. “I didn’t know you were staying in that room.” She shot a glare over at Mrs. Clifford, as if it were somehow her fault, then returned her gaze to the floor and pulled her hand back. Her touch made John’s heart beat wildly. She was so hot, and at the same time, he couldn’t shake the feeling that he had met her somewhere before — but surely, even if she was a “late bloomer,” he would remember meeting Stanley’s cousin?

“I haven’t been down this way in a couple of years, but there used to be a great place for ice cream,” John said, pressing on determinedly. “How about I make it up to you with a sundae?”

Lee Anne blushed.

“Or, y’know, a cone...or a shake...anything you want. My treat.” “Oh, I don’t know,” she said. “I’m, uh, kind of busy?” John’s ego deflated at the words, but Mrs. Clifford stepped in before he could speak.

“Lee Anne, John doesn’t know anyone around and I think the least you could do is take up his kind offer,” Mrs. Clifford said primly. “I know you’re upset by yesterday’s, ah, misunderstanding, but that’s exactly what it was, a misunderstanding. This young man is trying to be polite, and we both know you aren’t busy in the slightest. Go! You two will have plenty to talk about.”

Lee Anne blushed even more deeply, shooting John a nervous glance, as if to say *boy, this is awkward...* and John had to agree. He was a good-looking guy, and had had some success with girls at school, but nothing serious. Shy or not, Lee Anne might have been out of his league, though. John certainly thought she wouldn’t have looked out of place hanging off the arm of some big jock or track star.

By the look on her face, she clearly had no desire to accept John’s offer. She was clearly a tough egg to crack, or maybe she already had a boyfriend back home, the young man thought to himself. He was about to gallantly tell her to forget the whole thing, but then she slowly nodded. “Okay,” she said quietly, tucking a strand of brown hair behind one ear. “But I’m not really dressed for ice cream...give me a minute to get changed.” As she scurried back up the stairs, John couldn’t help but watch the sway of her hips. This left him standing alone there with Mrs. Clifford.

“Uh, if she really doesn’t want to, that’s fine,” John said, scratching the back of his head.

“She’s just very shy around boys, that’s all,” Mrs. Clifford responded. “You, in particular. It’s understandable, really. Anyway, she’s been cooped up in this house for months, so it’ll be good for her to... To get out of the house with someone her own age.”

John was puzzled over her words, but also immensely pleased — she was shy around him in particular, and that could only mean one thing: she liked him. It could be that she was just as attracted to him as he was to her, only she didn’t quite know how to express it. John had no idea how a girl as beautiful as Lee Anne could be awkward around boys, but he was definitely going to take advantage of it if he could. Maybe she’d been one of those girls that were never much to look at and then *bam*, they hit puberty and suddenly they were knock-outs. John had known a few girls like that in school. Girls you wouldn’t look twice at would turn up in class one day looking like fashion models and by that time, they only had eyes for the hottest guys in school. He couldn’t imagine Lee Anne ever being ugly, but maybe she had had braces and head-gear until recently, or something? Heck, maybe she had never even had a boyfriend before! Maybe John had lucked out and she was at that stage where she didn’t know how much of a little hottie she actually was. A summer romance would certainly get his mind off his troubles.

Excited by the idea, John couldn’t wipe the grin off his face as finally Lee Anne returned. The strapless top had been replaced by a clingy pink sweater



which showed off a tantalizing glimpse of the dark burgundy bra she now wore beneath it. And in place of the mini skirt, much to John's delight, she was wearing a tight pair of denim short shorts, not dissimilar to the style Rose would have tantalized him with years ago. The casual ensemble was finished off by a pair of open toed sandals with a high platform wedge heel and an oversized baby blue bag which she slung over her shoulder..

"Okay," she said. "Ready!"

"Great," John beamed. "Let's hit the road."

John had been hoping that Lee Anne would loosen up a little once they were on their way, maybe even compliment the car but to the contrary, she seemed more nervous than ever. She was clutching her purse tightly in her lap, as if to shield her tanned thighs from John's eager gaze. Even so, it was hard for him to keep his eyes on the road with such an attractive girl in the passenger's seat beside him.

"So, Lee Anne, how long are you staying with your aunt?" John asked, attempting to "break the ice."

"My..." Lee Anne trailed off, seemingly taken off-guard by the simple question. "Oh, just... Just for the summer. Then I go back to, uh, Georgia?"

"Huh," John said, glancing over at her with a bemused smile. "A Southern belle. Wouldn't have guessed from your accent."

"Well, I wasn't born there," Lee Anne said hastily. "What about you? Are you going to be here long?"

"I was planning on a couple weeks, but that was before I knew Stanley was away," John admitted. "Not that I mind having you as a neighbor. I mean, obviously you're *way* better looking." Lee Anne blushed brightly at the compliment, and John took it as a sign he was making at least a little progress. She looked out the window, playing with her hair again, as John reflected on how she had so many of the family traits... Her eyes, for one thing, were the exact same color as Mrs. Clifford and Stanley, and her voice, though much softer, had a familiar cadence to it. In fact, if he hadn't known better, he would guess that she was Stanley's sister, not his cousin! John frowned, remembering back to the missing picture on the mantle, and how flustered Mrs. Clifford had been when he showed up, as if Stanley's absence was some kind of secret.

He was distracted immediately from the mystery, though, as he halted at a red light. Lee Anne took a tube of sparkly pink lip gloss from her purse and unscrewed the cap. John did all he could to keep his eyes on the road, but damn, she sure made it difficult, carefully gliding the gloss over her pouted lips and rubbing them together. Was she really that innocent, that she didn't know how incredibly seductive the feminine action was when performed by a beautiful girl? Or did she know, and she was doing it intentionally to get him turned on?

John swallowed and gripped the steering wheel more tightly. He was grateful when the light changed and he could distract himself with driving once again.

Fortunately, his hard-on had subsided by the time they arrived at a parking lot down the street from the ice cream parlor. Seaberry had a few seafood restaurants and souvenir stores, some gift shops and bistros along its small main street. Back in the day, it had been a busy destination for families, but the tourist industry was dying off and most of the visitors to the area were college kids bound for its racier neighbor, Frantonville. But still, on this bright day, Seaberry's main street had a few tourists and locals bustling around as John and Lee Anne made their way down it and the old place looked much the same as ever. A flood of fond memories came back to him as they approached the ice cream shop: he and his family had come here often enough, usually with Stanley and sometimes his mother, as well. What he always remembered when he thought of the place was that they seemed to carry combinations of ice cream that could be found nowhere else. Indeed, his whole family had their favorite flavors decided on. Rum and Cappuccino for his dad, Peanut Vanilla for mom, Megan would have a Chocolate Coconut shake and the Double Fudge with mocha swirl was John's personal preference. He couldn't wait to try one again after so long, and it was perfect weather for ice cream — even better that he was getting it with such a beautiful girl!

"Let me get the door for you," John said eagerly as he gallantly went ahead and opened the door for a blushing Lee Anne, who awkwardly accepted his arm as she entered the shop. Feeling her dainty fingers wrap around his bicep, John flexed a little, hoping she would notice the muscle that he was finally starting to develop. He was no big burly football player, but swimming kept him in good shape.

"Thank you," she murmured. As she looked around the ice cream place, she smiled for the first time, a big white smile that made John melt. "Ooh, I haven't been here in ages!" she exclaimed.

"Same for me," John grinned. "Shall we?" He gestured towards the counter and couldn't help but strut a little bit as he approached it with a gorgeous girl on his arm, especially as a group of slightly older guys craned their necks to check her out, their eyes lingering lustfully on Lee Anne's sashaying backside as she minced along in her cork wedge sandals. John could hardly blame them, but he did enjoy the fact that Lee Anne instinctively gripped his arm tighter and snuggled in closer to him for protection. The smell of her perfume was intoxicating! He couldn't wait to get to know her better, to hold her, to kiss her...

Okay, he was getting a little ahead of himself. She was shy, and he didn't want to scare her off, even if she was attracted to him.

"I'll have the double fudge mocha, my good man," John informed the teenager behind the counter, who was slyly checking out Lee Anne's belly button

piercing. “What will you have, milady? I’m paying. Remember, Lee Anne, it’s an apology ice cream.” She bent over to look at the different flavors, tucking her hair back with one hand and making her bracelets jangle together.

“They still have the licorice!” she said excitedly. “I’ll get that, please.” She shot John an embarrassed look as she straightened up. “Um, just a small cone,” she added.

“Wow, it must be genetic,” John chuckled, shaking his head. “Stanley always got the licorice. I always thought he was the only person on Planet Earth who actually liked it...” He trailed off, taking another curious look at Lee Anne’s pretty face. Something was nagging at him in the back of his mind, a weird feeling that all was not as it seemed, but he had been so distracted by Lee Anne’s beauty that he hadn’t put the pieces together.

“Oh, he recommended it,” Lee Anne said hastily. “I hope I like it!”

John nodded distractedly as he paid for their ice creams. They took their cones to a little table outside in the sunshine, and as Lee Anne sat down, grace-



fully crossing her long, tanned legs, he still couldn't shake the curious feeling that he knew her from somewhere.

As he watched her devour the small cone, turning it in her dainty, manicured hands to greedily attack the ice cream with her tongue from another angle, it suddenly all came together. His heart started to beat even faster than it had when he'd seen her in her half naked... but this time for another reason entirely! He took a good look at her face, taking in her pointed chin, her eyebrows, which were tweezed and shaped, but still moved in familiar ways, even her small pink tongue as she licked eagerly at the ice cream. Her makeup made her eyes look larger, and her cheekbones more pronounced, and her nose was definitely different, but even so... The clues were all there.

A large blob of John's ice cream fell off his cone and his mouth fell open at the same time. "Wait a second," he gasped. "Stanley?"

Lee Anne's pretty face went bright red. John waited for her to react in confusion, or to ask him if he was feeling all right, but instead, she looked around hastily to see if anybody had heard.

"Keep it down," she pleaded, now in a low voice that John knew perfectly. "But y-y-yes, it's me." John sat there, mouth open as melting pistachio mocha began running down his hand. "It's a long story, and I'll tell you, but please, just not here..."

To say that John was in shock would be the understatement of the century. Mere moments ago, he had been the cock of the walk, on top of the world, getting ice cream on a beautiful day with a gorgeous girl... And now, it turned out that that girl was actually his old pal, Stanley? He stared across the table, still not quite willing to believe what he had uncovered.

"But how?" he spluttered, looking his old friend up and down, lingering in particular on the feminine bust beneath his top. "I mean, you've got boo... Buh... A belly button ring!" he finished lamely.

Lee Anne, or rather, in fact, Stanley, blushed brightly. "Yeah," he said quietly. "A while ago, my mom caught me checking out this super sexy chick at the piercing place in the mall, and she said nice girls like Lee Anne don't check out other girls. I tried to tell her that I wasn't... Well... She doesn't like it when I remind her of who I used to be... and she got really mad, so I pretended like I was only curious about the store and admiring her piercings, and..." Stanley indicated the silver stud in navel with a small shrug of embarrassment. "She 'let' me get my belly button pierced... Said it will help me feel more feminine... As if I need another reminder!"

John wasn't even listening, traumatized by the reality he was now dealing with. "Forget that! How the heck did you end up as Lee Anne in the first place?" John demanded. "I mean, three summers ago, you were... Stanley!"