

THE DADDY NEXT DOOR

SWEET SUBMISSION

BOOK TWO



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This book contains fantasy themes appropriate for mature readers only.
Nothing in this book should be interpreted as Blushing Books' or the author's
advocating any non-consensual sexual activity.

CHAPTER 1



PRESENT

WREN STOPPED at the base of the hill that sloped down to the ditch dividing the two backyards. Her eye was drawn to the tranquil pool behind her neighbor's house. She could hear the lazy slosh of the water moving through the filter and smell the chlorine wafting up to her on the stuffy night breeze. She smiled at the naughty memory of the first time she had stripped poolside for Mr. Dietz, her divorcé neighbor, after all her friends had left for the night. Or, in his words, since there had been a full moon out.

She bit her lip.

She had sworn she'd never do it again, but that was before. She'd made that promise to herself when she wasn't sure what she was doing or if he was even attracted to her. Now, he had kissed her and called her beautiful.

She crossed the stretch of dark yard, her eye caught by the swaying branches of the powerful maple tree at the edge of the property stretching up to the starry night. She saw the dim

glow of the lights lining the path she had paved for him and circling the base of the tree where the cozy bench waited surrounded in its own little Garden of Eden she had lovingly planted over the summer. Her feet found the wooden steps of the pool deck and climbed them easily until she was standing at the far end of the oval of water and staring up at the twinkling lights lining the deck of the house. She could see him inside the brightly lit kitchen. She moved one of the loungers to the side loudly, letting the feet of the chair vibrate on the wooden planks as she shoved it, hoping it would get his attention.

He switched off the lights in the kitchen and dining area, then crossed to the living room obliviously.

Wren huffed. She pulled her phone out of her shorts pocket and chose instead to text him. She didn't type a word, choosing instead to send a singular emoji of a full moon. She hit send and waited.

For a moment, nothing happened and she wondered if he had even gotten her text. A thousand different scenarios flashed through her mind. Maybe he had dozed off already, maybe he didn't understand, or maybe he had simply ignored it because he was no longer interested in her.

Then, the curtains at the sliding doors to his deck stirred. A hand swiped them aside and Owen Dietz's handsome face appeared. He looked confused as his pale green eyes tried to pierce the darkness through his window, then the curtains fell back down.

"Come on," she whispered hopefully, clutching her phone in both hands. A heavy breath that had been trapped inside her at last escaped as the door opened.

Owen stepped out onto the deck, barefoot and dressed down in pajama pants and a tee. His eyes found her and the white of his teeth caught the light.

Wren fought to control her own smile as she set her phone

down on the small table behind her. She let her hair down out of the clip holding it twisted up at the back of her head, then shimmied out of her shorts.

Owen took a seat on a patio chair and swiveled toward her, leaving no room for doubt where his attention was.

I see you.

His words from the other day came back to her, the night he had kissed her. She had wanted so fervently to disappear that night after an embarrassing public anxiety attack. She felt his eyes on her and her skin warmed. Her heart fluttered and her tummy did a flip as she pulled her tank top off and revealed her lacy lingerie for him. She wanted him to see her. She wanted him to want her again the way he had that night.

She reached behind her and unclasped the hooks of her bra before letting it fall away too. She watched him, looking for any sign of desire, but he was too far away and it was too dark. The only confirmation she had was that he was still seated and watching her. She slipped her thumbs into the string of elastic over her generous hips and peeled her panties down and kicked them aside as well so that she stood naked on the stage of his pool deck. She groped at her heavy breasts for him, pushing them together and letting them shudder free in a provocative show. A warm blush heated her chest and crept up into her cheeks. There was something forbidden and decadent being on display like this for the man next door who was nearly twice her age. She liked showing him every inch of her bare body, even if she herself wasn't a fan of what she had to offer.

Ironically, it was his own son who had bullied her into hating herself. Evan Dietz had hurled cruel words at her for her size and shape for years. He had called her every word there was for disgusting and fat. She had spent the years trying to recover, piercing and coloring in her body with beautiful artwork to try to help her love herself again, but even the flow-

ers, quotes, and cartoon characters couldn't bring her totally back from the dark place his teasing had forced her in.

Evan and his hurtful words weren't here though. No one was calling her a pig or making fun of her. No one was judging her or looking at her like she was a sideshow. The only ones here were Wren and Owen, with his hungry green eyes on her.

She turned around to give him a good show of her plump ass as she picked her phone up. She looked back over her shoulder as she boldly called him, catching the light of his phone on the table next to him before he turned and picked it up.

Before he could say anything, her softspoken, unassuming words broke the silence, "Do you like what you see, Mr. Dietz?"

A heavy breath left him. His voice came through clearly, pitched low and gravelly as if he whispered right next to her ear, "Yes."

Her heart skipped a beat. She turned around toward the deck once more. "Do you want to see more?"

He chuckled low. "I don't know that there's much left to show, sweetheart."

Her teeth sunk into her lip as the pet name rolled off his tongue so easily. The word strangely made her feel small, but not in the way she felt when her anxiety or depression was taking over. It wasn't helplessness the pet name elicited, but a warm safety. She felt free to be as vulnerable as she wanted in his presence.

Without explanation, she lay back on the lounge she had scooted aside earlier. She let her legs fall off either side so she was splayed wide open for him. She heard his breathing fall heavier on the line and she reached her free hand down to slip her two fingers between her parted labia and push them open even wider.

"You're beautiful," his gravelly voice sighed.

She whimpered softly as she dipped her middle finger

around her wet opening and dragged it up to spread over her thrumming clit. “Yeah?” she asked.

“Delicious looking,” he confirmed.

A mischievous smile tugged at her lips. “Delicious?” she asked surprised. “Do you want to taste me, Owen?” Her fingers circled her clit a little faster and she let out a breathy moan.

He growled low. “I want to devour you, Wren.”

A louder moan left her. “Then come down here and take me.”

He was silent.

She pulled the phone away from her cheek to check that the connection hadn’t dropped. She saw the seconds of their call still ticking forward. “Owen?” she asked softer. Her hand stopped. “You there?”

A heavy sigh sounded on the other end. “I don’t think that would be a good idea,” he finally answered.

The butterflies in her stomach stopped beating their wings and her chest all at once felt heavy. “You don’t want me?” Her voice was suddenly brittle and unfamiliar.

“Oh, I want you,” he answered low, his voice still husky. “You’ve got me rock hard and fighting not to touch myself.”

His admission stoked the fire in her body. “Come down and touch me,” she begged softly. “Please.” Her fingers slowly started moving again, massaging her clit until her body was screaming for release. “Please, I’m so wet for you. I need you.”

His voice was shaky and hit a pained note. “I-I can’t.”

“Why the fuck not? I want you. Please, I want you so bad. I’ll die if I can’t come for you.”

He let out a loud groan over the phone. Up on the deck, his silhouette ran a hand through his hair. “Then come for me, sweetheart.”

She didn’t have the patience to ferret out why he didn’t want to come down, taking comfort in the fact he was clearly aroused and wanted her to keep touching herself. She slid two

fingers into her tight hole and let her head loll back against the headrest of the lounge. She whimpered and told him, "I want you inside of me."

He groaned and his breaths grew shakier.

"Do you want to fuck me, Owen?" she asked meekly. "Do you want to be inside me?"

"Of course I do, honey." He bit out a curse. "Any man uninterested in this would be a damn fool."

She let out a breathy chuckle. "What about a man who refuses to touch himself too?"

His voice lightened with amusement. "Definitely a fool too."

"And what about you?"

"What about me, dear?"

"Are you a fool?"

He chortled. "No, honey. I'm no fool."

Her eyes widened as they focused on the shape of him in the dark next to his patio table. "Are..." she paused hesitantly. "Are you touching yourself?"

"Yes," he answered back simply.

The singular word was like kerosene on the fire roaring in her body. He thought she was beautiful and liked watching her so much he was touching himself. "Oh god," she swore breathlessly. She pinched the phone between her cheek and shoulder so she could reach her other hand down to rub her clit while she fucked herself with her fingers.

He answered her swear with his own as they both continued through their panting and whimpers.

"I want you to bring your fingers up and taste yourself." His voice shook to the rhythm of his hand pumping himself. "Tell me how your pussy tastes, sweetheart."

She smiled and obeyed without question. She slipped her two fingers out of herself and took them into her mouth to swirl her tongue around.

"Tell me, Wren," he ordered.

She smacked her lips as she retracted her fingers and slid them back inside herself. She whispered low between her excited breaths, "Sweet."

He groaned loudly.

"And earthy," she finished.

He groaned again, panting in her ear through the phone.

"Just come down and taste me, Owen. Taste me, then fuck me." Her toes curled against the wooden planks beneath her feet hanging over the sides of the lounger. She felt close, every nerve ending in her body lit up and raring to explode with pleasure.

He didn't answer her pleas, instead telling her, "Come for me, Wren. I want to hear your orgasm in my ear. Touch yourself and think of me filling you."

A moan escaped her despite how pissed she was that he wouldn't just come down or invite her up into his house to fuck properly.

"Think of my body on yours," he continued. "My heat, my weight, my hands teasing your nipples."

Wren whimpered as she felt her body following its own path and ignoring her internal protests.

He hummed in approval at her broken mewls. "Come for me, sweetheart. Touch that pretty pussy and make it come thinking about me moving inside you, coming in you and filling you."

"Oh god!" she cried out as she felt her body tightening. "Yes!" she whimpered.

He hummed again, shooting electric tingles through her with the sound. "Yeah? Is that something you'd like? Do you want me to fill you up, honey? Do you want to be full of my cum?"

"Yes!" She didn't have time to utter anything else before the orgasm ripped through her. Her legs jerked up at her violent orgasm and she did nothing to muffle her cry of ecstasy. She

heard her voice bounce off the walls of the house and echo through the trees behind her, sure that anyone else in the cul-de-sac who might've been out enjoying the evening could easily hear her cry.

Owen moaned loudly, then grunted and gasped as he followed suit. His panting came through the phone clearly and made her skin pucker with goose bumps. She wished she could've seen the dramatic conclusion, touched him, tasted it even. The thought of him in her mouth set her on fire all over again and she felt like she could fuck all night, her imagination filled with a thousand things to do to the man.

Owen sighed as he finally caught his breath. "Thank you for this," he told her softly. "This is the most action I've gotten in..." he stopped himself. "In a long time." He chuckled.

Wren smiled. "Want more?"

A gentle laugh left him. "Are you trying to kill me, little girl?"

Her smile widened and she brought her legs together as she looked up at the deck. "No. I just want to touch you. Please, come down."

He was quiet and Wren began to feel panic creeping into her chest when he didn't answer.

How far she had come since the beginning of the summer, shyly skinny dipping in the middle of the night to now, all out begging for him to fuck her.