**Paige Turner**

by SZENSEI

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**Episode 17: HICKorY DICKory DOCk**

7:00 AM!

Early to bed, early to rise, hot shower with your cutesy daughter to bond with their sighs. That and they had been awake since that phone call with Mister Frank. In preparation for an unorthodox date Lonnie Turner called off of work and actually allowed his redheaded spitfire to skip classes. This near graduation day he felt terrible for it but this was a golden opportunity he just could not pass up. He could absolutely use the extra money and still get a paid sick day coming out on top. Paige had never missed a single day all year long until now. The greedy bastard had somewhat good intentions even if it looked bad to others. He really didn’t have the money for a nice graduation gift. Sure the new phone he bought her could have been that gift but her eighteenth birthday was equally important. If the cash turned out to be legit and if Frank wasn’t some sexual predator which let’s be honest he certainly sounded like one. At his age looking for barely legal showed his hand early, yet if he was clean and as rich as he sounded then a one day test run seemed worth it. Should Frank be genuine Lonnie was open to collecting more moolah. Pimp Daddy Lon!

“I’m really going to wear my Hello Kitty jammies to meet, Mister Frank?” Paige Turner peered up at her father while washing his chest with soapy hands. Her doe like gaze battling the torrent she resisted turning away. She needed to see his commitment value.

“What part of $5000 dollars says I’m telling you no?”

“I only have two buttons left on my Kitty shirt.”

“Whose fault is that?”

“Mine!” She pouted, “I’ll have to hold my shirt together the whole time I’m in IHOP.”

“Quit complaining.”

“I can’t help it daddy. I’m going to be around lots of people. Kids maybe. That’s not cool.”

“You look fucking twelve. Parents will think you’re a kid too. Just hold the shirt together tight when you see anyone looking. I want that $5000.”

“I like the idea of being with Mister Frank but this part bothers me.”

“You want to ride a public bus naked and you’re worried about this?”

“Can I at least pin my shirt together?”

“Nope. Be seductive.”

“You want me to show him my boobies at IHOP?”

“Yep. Trust me we have back up. I called Mike and Andy after I called off work. They agreed to skip work and they’re meeting us there. This part is important Paige, do not act as if you know them. Today they are perfect strangers. They are backup if this Frank ends up being some loon. Understand?”

“Yes, Daddy.”

“We can do this. By the way you smell yummy. This body wash of yours is ... making me smell like you.”

“Thank you! I usually take a bubble bath with this kind. I switched from peach bath soap to pears this time. I didn’t think I’d be washing you. Sowwy!” A quick switch to his soap she covered her tracks. Which meant his entire body. Much more manly!

As she soaped his penis for the third time since entering Niagara Lonnie nodded then changed the subject slightly. “We need to talk about your behavior of late.”

“What do you mean?”

“Paige you’ve been defying me, and sending masturbation videos over Tender. That’s going to get you banned.”

“No, I didn’t. Mister Frank sent me his cell number, and e-mail address.”

“I’m talking about the Comicon guy. What’s his name?”

“Dillon. I probably won’t hear from him again. After sending him the party video, there’s no way he would want me.” She pouted, “There goes Comicon.”

“And the money it cost me getting you that latex body suit.”

“You’re getting $5000 today Daddy. That should cover all of your losses.”

“Well, yeah! That’s true.” Her stroking his cock relaxed his temperament, “Who knows maybe that Dillon guy is a freak.”

“I’m thinking all men are.”

“And you’re not becoming one of us freaks?”

“I KNOW I AM.” She burst out laughing. “I LOVE BEING A FREAK.”

“If that’s the case then why are you stressed over wearing those tattered old pajamas to IHOP?”

“I don’t know. We might get kicked out.”

“If we do we do.”

“Daddy? What do you think Mister Frank will want to do to me with 12 hours alone together? I’m kind of scared.”

“Paige? You met a neighbor, that you had never spoken to before in our backyard at 3AM in the morning and fucked him. He could have kidnapped you or worse.”

“That was kind of dumb. But Vic seemed nice. These older guys treat me good.”

“We should do the every 30 minutes face time thing again?”

“No, Daddy! I want to try this with Frank without being interrupted. Let me text you certain passwords so that you know I’m ok.”

“Can’t be the same word over and over. He could catch on, and send them himself, you could be dead for all I know.”

“I don’t think Mister Frank will be a problem. He’s a dirty old man like you.” She stuck her tongue out at her father. Soaping his scrotum had him rolling his eyes, the combination always got him.

“What do you have in mind then?”

“12 hours, right? The party I was with 12 guys. 13 with Beau once he brought me home. I’ll write down all of their names and you can compare the name with my text. If a strange name comes through that I didn’t have in that order, you know I might be in trouble. Then you can call me.”

“Not a horrible plan. Okay, you have to stop or I’m going to fuck you up against the shower. We don’t have time. Dry off, do your hair in pigtails, then go do that list alphabetically. I’ll go transfer that load of laundry to the dryer, so your pajamas are nice and warm.” After he beat off what she started and cleaned up again.

“Yay! Did you sew on buttons?”

“You know I didn’t.” He shared a queer expression at her for even asking such a dumb question. “It’s too bad your pajamas don’t have those funky trap door ass flaps.”

“I have a pair of those, but they don’t match the shirt.”

“When did we get those?”

“When I was thirteen. Grampa John got them as a joke, remember?” She giggled, “I’m not sure they fit anymore.”

“The only thing that’s grown on you since thirteen are those puffies!” He quickly grabbed her tits making her squeal and giggle as if shy. “Go find them.”

“Ok.” She left the shower stall and dried off and wrapped her body. Walking away she looked back at Lonnie jerking off and dropped her towel on the hallway floor. He wasn’t going to give her shit for doing it, even if he needed that towel to dry himself. That sweet little ass was just too heavenly to go ripping out her Angel wings. Six minutes later she stepped out of her room wearing another pair of Hello Kitty pants, but these were white with the face of the Mascot on them in a gazillion places. They were definitely tight. So tight in the thighs that they dipped into her pussy dramatically. “I grew out of these daddy. Look how tight they are. I even have a hole between my legs.” As if he wasn’t aware of, oh, that hole. She crouched to prove her point and a few more threads popped. “Oopsie!”

“Yeah! We need to buy you a new pair of those. At least a pair with the flap like those.”

“I think if I bent over, the buttons on the flap would pop off too.” Standing, she stretched from side-to-side inspecting her bottoms the best she could. “Yay or nay?”

“Not the worst thing to happen.” First time meeting Frank, Lon made a wise decision, “Go with the pair that fits. You have Kitty slippers too, don’t you?”

“Yessss!” She shuffled back toward her bedroom. Sure enough, a button popped off of her ass flap. Her right cheek exposed a bit. Towel in use Lonnie chuckled at her reaction from the bathroom door. She busted up laughing as she entered her room. Towel over his shoulder Lonnie made his way to the laundry room and grabbed her newer jammies from the dryer. Towel in the washer for another load later he rubbed his swollen cock on the warm jammies and quickly beat off until he nutted inside them alone her inseam. Clean for all of five minutes he grimaced at himself. He just couldn’t resist!

Wet or not he marched back down the hall and walked in on her while stripping out of the tighter pants. Tossing the new ones on her bed, she quickly got dressed and didn’t say a word about the wetness. Her cunt was so wet she presumed it was her. Old top on warm and cuddly she showed him her cleavage issue. “Terrible twos!” She giggled. Two buttons!

“Yeah! That is a whole lot to keep hidden. Go grab that button you just lost in the hallway; I’ll sew one on. Only one button though.”

“K.” She explored the carpet for her detonated missile and recovered the shrapnel. As she did Lonnie returned with a sewing kit from the linen closet. “Leave the sewing kit out, I’m going to make a costume to wear to Medieval Times. Speaking of which, I need fabric.”

“You’re making your own outfit? We don’t even own a sewing machine.”

“I don’t need one. It’s going to be a patchwork. I’ll deal with it later; I have plenty of time.”

“Two weeks before Graduation and you’re going to find time?”

“I multi-task.” She giggled. “You sew the button. I’ll find My Kitty Glitters.”

“Kitty Glitters?” He winces.

“I put glitter all over the slippers.”

“Kitty Litter with a G. Only my offspring would think of that. Go figure!” Eyes rolled at her unique approach. Threading the needle with surprising expertise Lonnie wasted very little time at all in snugging up a button to her top. Rummaging through her closet, Paige finally found her slippers and put them on before parading out in front of her father. He placed the sewing kit on her dresser then looked down at her gaudy slippers. “Yep! Those are some kind of glittery. Wear them.”

“I feel like I’m 15 going to a slumber party.” She chuckled. “Something I’ve been deprived of over the years I might add.”

“Have any real friends to do that?”

“Don’t remind me. I don’t have any girlfriends. No boyfriends really. I’ve always been the shy loner. Beau doesn’t count!”

“All kinds of boyfriends now.”

“I don’t call them friends when they only want sex.”

“Hate to tell you this kiddo, but most friends usually consider that possibility at one time or another.” He frowned looking at the time. Handing her the shirt he observed her put it on and button up. There was still a healthy uncovered cleavage. “Grab that goddamned teddy bear and let’s go.”

Snatching Fuzzy from her bed, she hugged him to her chest with an angry looking pout. “Don’t be mean to Fuzzy. He’s sensitive!”

“You haven’t changed. You still have that childish defense mechanism. Over a stuffed animal no less. Let’s get moving Miss Piggy.” Her pigtail was tugged all of the way to the garage as she whined. Mostly laughing at his mean streak continuing.

“Daddy! Get dressed.”

“Oh, yeah!” He chuckled. The flight was on purpose to make her cheery. The laundry room right next to the garage door he put on some warm jeans, no underwear and a pair of white socks. A polo shirt to look nice he was ready to go, until he pointed at her with a duh moment. “Wallet, comb, keys, and shoes!” Stress was setting in as he sprinted through the house. Bubbly over his air-headed actions Paige went on out to the car and pampered Fuzzy, acting as if putting him in a seatbelt in the back seat. So cute!

Jumping into the car Lonnie hit the garage door lift from his visor remote. Adjusting his mirror, he noticed Fuzzy buckled up. No words necessary the two of them just chuckled. He loved his kid! It was a six-mile drive to the closest IHOP on 33rd. Street. They arrived fifteen minutes later due to traffic. Sitting outside in the parking lot they waited for Lonnie’s friend’s aka Uncle’s Mike and Andy. That, and to get a good look at Doctor Frank through the window.

There he was, dressed all dapper looking in a white polo shirt with sunglasses atop his silver fox head. He was sipping coffee and talking politely to a waitress. A very stunning waitress at that. Attracted, Lonnie instantly allowed his eyes to take her all in. Ebony Goddess she was! The woman was gorgeous in a Jennifer Hudson kind of way. Short with long dark hair that he presumed had extensions. Too perfect otherwise!

The woman was guessed as 5’6, 150 pounds, with the biggest brown eyes he had ever seen. Lonnie had never considered interracial relationships before but seeing her he tossed that negativity right out the window. She probably had a man though, he thought. So lost in her, he ignored Paige’s rambling, until a fist pelted the roof of his car. Outside stood Mike and Andy. Startled by their arrival, Lonnie quickly motioned them to go inside before Frank saw the connection, and knew they were all friends. Mike and Andy shook their heads and went on in.

“Ready, Miss Piggy?”

“As I’ll ever be. Mister Frank might be old, but he is kind of cute.” For looking like the late actor John Forsythe. He did look in pretty good shape for his age.

“You just make sure that he thinks the same of you all day long.”

“I will. Can I cover up my cleavage until we’re at the table?”

“Hold the bear to your chest to camouflage yourself. Play it like he’s your grampa. If the manager says anything just say you had a slumber party, and we forgot your bag.”

“Am I acting younger than I am?”

“No. You always act like you’re underage.” He chuckled, reaching over to pinch her chin lovingly. “Be yourself just be extra granddaughterish.”

“That’s not a word.” She snickered.

“Is, if I say it is. Love you, Punk.”

“Worship you, Daddy.”

“Count of three?”

“I like threesomes.”

“Shush!” He grinned. “Let’s do this.”

Exiting the car Lonnie waited on the sidewalk for her to grab Fuzzy from the back seat until he could put his arm around her. He could feel his heart racing a mile a minute. This stunt was going to prove just what they could get away with in public. Her looking so young wearing ratty pajamas would likely make the diners edgy. For that matter wearing jammies to a restaurant, they might not even get past the Hostess. Door opened, she entered first and looked over her shoulder for her daddy by tilting her head back. A middle-aged Hostess noted their entrance and smirked. “Aww! Isn’t she adorable.” Lonnie took a deep breath and smiled.

“That she is. There’s grampa.” He slyly pointed toward Frank as the waitress eyed the direction. Paige took the cue and skipped through the restaurant toward Frank, Fuzzy masking her bouncing breasts. Throwing her arms to her side she rejoiced verbally. People vaguely noticed her exposing cleavage in that moment it was so fast. Eyes bulged, as did a few inseams, namely Uncle’s Mike and Andy.

“GRAMPA FRANK! GRAMPA FRANK!” She raced to him at the last second letting her cleavage dance about as she hopped up and down. Franks was startled by her blissful antics and simply smiled as never before. Dropping Fuzzy on the floor she bent forward to pick him up, in turn letting her opened cleavage show him everything. Nipples were pink and ripe for the taking. Most of the guys eating in that section, no, let’s face it, every single one of them had to grin and whisper to their companions, male or female. Frank Martinbaum did not miss a beat. He stood up towering over Paige at 6’3 and went full on Grampa.

“There’s my beautiful granddaughter. Come here you.” Perfectly in tune, perfectly timed! Leaning to embrace Paige, he hugged her tightly with closed eyes and lifted her up off of her Kitty Glitters. Her scent storming his lungs with adoration, the good doctor rubbed her back. Instant erection! So large that he knew he was going to have to hide it from everyone. Sitting down sideways in his booth bench he sat Paige over his knees as she pelted his face with one kiss after another. He was loving the insanity of her performance. As Paige eased back just a tad, she looked up at Frank with innocent eyes. With an enticing whisper, she beguiled him with a soft flirtation. “Does grampa like my boobies?”

“Ohhhh, yes! Grampa likes everything about his little angel.”

“Yay! Can I stay sitting in your lap grampa?”

“Slow down. Let’s eat first.” Lonnie had caught up. Hand extended, he and Frank shook hands with a strong admiration. “How you been Dad?” He winked! Frank eased Paige off so that he could stand up, then ushered her into his circular booth. On all fours she crawled around the bench letting Frank admire her butt in her tightening pajama pants. Reaching her desired spot, she curled up with her legs beneath her and held Fuzzy to her bosom. So far so good.

“I’m glad you took the risk.” Frank nodded with respect toward Lonnie as they took their own seats on the bench. “I swear to you I will make this worth every second.” Lonnie simply pointed at him with a smile and diverted his attention to their African American waitress taking over from the hostess.

“Good morning! My name is Deborah, I’ll be your waitress. I love the Hello Kitty pajamas. My daughter Coochie has a pair just like those.”

“Coochie? That’s an interesting name. How old is your daughter?” Lonnie had to learn something at the least about Jennifer Hudson’s doppelganger. An icebreaker offered along with a glass of water for he and Paige.

“Believe it or not she just turned eighteen. I swear that child has never grown up.”

“I hear ya. Paige there is eighteen too. Couldn’t tell it by her actions, could you? It hasn’t even been a month since her birthday.”

“Really? Coochie’s birthday was last week. Her real name is Coco, but my family has always called her Coochie. Very ticklish!” Deborah winked at Lonnie! “Anyways, can I get you something to drink other than complimentarily H2O while you look over your menu?”

“I could be really corny and say your eyes. As in drink up those big brown pools.”

“Long as you don’t say cesspool you can complement away.” She winked a second time with a playful scowl. “I suppose that was not very appetizing.”

“You’re fine!” Paige mouthed FINE and made a heart with her fingers then pointed at her father. “Not even going there. Wouldn’t want your man punching my lights out.”

“No man! But be careful I have a mean right hook. Left if I’m bouncing up and down distracting you.”

“I don’t know how to follow that up. I guess I’ll roll with your punches.” He chuckled, “Large OJ for me. How about you Paige?”

“Choco milk.” She huffed dramatically. “Fuzzy wants pantiecakes.”

“And we’re adding to the cesspool jokes.” Lon shook his head. Deborah waved him off and sat their menus in front of them to peruse. The waitress returned the finger heart while Lonnie faced his kid. Paige saw her point at her dad and feign swooning. Giggles persisted! Frank grew harder just hearing that little minx sound so very childlike sexy. His checkbook was getting lighter by the breath.

“You have your hands full, don’t you Handsome?” Deborah puckered her lower lip and nodded at Lonnie.

“You have no idea. Anything for you, Dad?”

“I’m good with coffee.” He smiled at Deborah. “Watching the carbs!”

“Settle on your order and I’ll be right back.” Deb turned and intentionally stood directly at Lonnie’s side to offer him a look at her slightly large ass. Booty shaker for certain! Back dat ass up! Not to appear too obvious she moved on for that fresh coffee.

As she walked away, Lonnie noticed both Mike and Andy admiring Deborah as well. Mike had an expression of “Daaaaaamn!” Andy similar but with a silent whistle. Lonnie grumbled slightly, then returned to Frank.

“So, Frank? Proctologist.”

Frank frowned with hesitance. “Not really. I put that on my profile to avoid Golddiggers seeking free service. I’m actually a plastic surgeon. I can prove everything. I figured a Proctologist would chase the wrong kind of woman away. Women who see Plastic Surgeon think they can seduce me into free surgeries. Boob jobs more often than you might imagine.”

“I have boobies.” Paige fanned her top open looking at herself, “Did Grampa Frank forget?”

“No, I most certainly did not.” He warmly winked at Paige. Shyly she tugs her shirt outward and lets him see a nipple. Other guys took note yet kept quiet. She knew they were slyly looking. The excitement of being admired made her nipples even harder. Wetness forthcoming.

“I don’t really care what you do Frank. Just treat my baby well. No harm whatsoever.”

“Absolutely not.” He reached behind him producing a wallet and showed Lon his credentials. Sure enough, he had not only business cards but a certificate showing he was indeed a surgeon. Lonnie took the initiative to prove to Frank that Paige was eighteen, via I.D. card. As worries faded away Deborah returned with their drinks.

“Here we go. One large OJ without the Bronco and one large Choco milk for Miss Kitty. Not in bowl I’m afraid.” A follow-up waitress offered to refill Frank’s coffee mug saving Deb a trip.

“I like her daddy.” Paige leaned over the table and whispered shyly toward Lon. Her cleavage revealing right in front of Deborah.

“Awwww! That’s so sweet.” Deb also leaned low to whisper her concern. “She may be missing a few buttons there Daddy.”

“I noticed that. I’ll make sure she keeps it together until we get home.”

“Don’t let me get in the way of your business, Handsome Daddy. I just know the eyes are on this table. Pretty sure I lost my audience.”

“Manager a pain?”

“Murray? Let’s just say he’s probably got binoculars handy. Lube possibly!” That part went right up close to his ear.

“That good or bad?”

“Pervy man, Murray.” She followed up directly into his ear canal, palm masking her words. “You did not hear that from me. I was referring to the gentlemen around us. Bad enough they keep trying to look up my skirt.” She fanned herself with her fingers, “Lordy!”

“I can relate.” Lon winked looking at her extremely short skirt. “Looks like Murray lets you off the hook.”

“For you...” She turned her back to him and looked down over her shoulder before finishing her sentence, “ ... bottomless refills on that juice.” She giggled. Now that was an offer if he ever heard one. “Y’all ready to order?”

“Stack of never-ending blueberry pancakes. Bacon extra crispy.”

“How about you, Miss Kitty?”

“Panty cakes! Panty cakes!” She belted out as if she had Turrets syndrome. Deb peaked an eyebrow smirking at Lonnie. Pausing with her order pad she expected him to respond.

“She’s just acting up because of her Grampa. They’re pretty close and it’s been a while.”

“Choco chip panty cakes. Lots of whippy cream.”

“You got it, Miss Kitty. How about you Grampa? Fruit if you’re watching those carbs?”

“You persuaded me. I’m going to splurge. Two eggs sunny side up and a slice of ham. Hash browns.”

“Does that complete your order?”

“Fuzzy wants your number.” Paige whispered sheepishly while holding Fuzzy to her chin but pointing at Lonnie. He was fuzzy under his shirt.

“Paige! That’s rude.” Lon scowled. “I’m sorry, Deborah.”

“I’ll consider that, Miss Kitty. Ooo! You so remind me of Coochie.”

Patting Lonnie on the shoulder, Deborah Johnson wiggled away toward the kitchen. As soon as Deb was out of hearing range Frank chuckled. “Trying to set her old man up?”

“Daddy needs a girlfriend. Grampa needs me.” Paige slid closer to hug Frank’s bicep. Frank decided to retrieve his arm in favor of draping it around her shoulder and pulling her even closer. Her hand rubbed his leg at first, then she began spider walking fingers over his tented crotch.

“Itsy bitsy spider went up the waterspout. Down came the zipper and Paige helped Grampa out.” She dug for his zipper until Frank patted her hand chuckling.

“You can recite nursery rhymes after breakfast Sweetheart.” His discouraging glare made Paige pout. “Now, now! We have far too many eyes on what you’re wearing without making a scene.”

“But Paige misses Grampa Frank.”

“Grampa Frank misses his darling Paige.”

“You bought off more than you can chew Frankie.” Lon smirked cracking his knuckles.

“Oh, no! I want her just as she is. Sweet, youthful, and sexy. I just don’t want us to be forcibly removed from here until we conclude our deal.”

“After we eat.”

“I like being eaten.” Paige stared up at Frank with big green eyes that could melt an iceberg. “Maybe we should sneak out the bottle of maple syrup.”

“I’ll be certain to save room for dessert.”

“Yay!”

“You fancy the waitress?” Frank noted Lonnie leering over his shoulder to observe Deborah taking another tables order.

“I’m pretty sure she wouldn’t give this white boy a second glance.” As if hearing him she looked his way and smiled. Returning to her table Lonnie nodded with a puckered lower lip. “Never know, I guess. Been a while since I’ve dated. I divorced Paige’s mom four years ago. Haven’t met anyone worth dating.”

“I’ve been single for seven years now. At my age I can be picky. It’s all about money to women these days.”

Lonnie scowled with a curious glare. “Yet, you pay my daughter $5,000 bucks for 12 hours of her time. $1000 a month for once a week thereafter. How is that any different?”

“$2000! I know how it sounds. The difference is, I know what I want. Her natural beauty, youthful exuberance, and playfulness is intoxicating.”

“I’m not old enough to drink, Mister Frank.”

“That’s not what I meant. You, see? Her naivety is breathtaking.”

“Honor roll.” Lonnie smirked. “Don’t count out her IQ! She’s just good at what she does.”

With a pucker Frank was impressed. “Good for you, young lady.”

Nodding dramatically at his praise she huffed what was on her mind. “I’m a smarty pants. Can I take them off?” Neighboring tables couldn’t help but laugh. Even those with women, which were sparse.

“Not to be nosey Frank, but what exactly are your plans for my daughter?”

“Daddy! You promised to let me do whatever I wanted.”

“Fine! Sorry, Frank.”

“Don’t be. I merely intend to show her my home and enjoy her company. She, hopefully my company.”

“Alright! Let’s play it by ear after today. If you treat her well, I’ll allow you to take her every two weeks instead of every week. Graduation comes first and foremost. She needs to have a life outside of being your escort. Can we agree to that?”

“Of course! Whatever is convenient for all of us. The time I can spend with her is welcomed.”

“Here comes our panty cakes.”

“That sounds like you crapped your panties.” Lon lowered his voice.

“I’m not wearing panties.” She lets everyone around her hear her revelation. Even Mike and Andy had a good laugh. Frank flared his eyes fighting the unwanted attention of the other tables.

“Relax, Frank. I’m pretty sure the people around us are having a good time. She has that effect on people.”

“Did I hear someone say I have that effect on people?” Deborah stepped up with their food, placing each plate in front of the proper person.

“I know you have an effect on my Daddy.” Lonnie blushes! Now he knew how Paige had felt all these years.

“Daddy has some color in his cheeks.” Deb giggles removing a spray whip cream can from her apron setting it in front of Paige. “Anyone ever tell you that you look like a young Michael Keaton?” Deb smiled inquisitively. “Look at that baby face.”

“Can’t say I’ve ever heard that, Jennifer Hudson.” He chuckled! Nosey neighbors agreed with his comparison.

“I do, don’t I?” She flaunted her extensions flirtatiously. “And I sing!”

“You could be her twin.”

“Sing the praise Daddy. Karaoke, Baby!” Deb continued flirting. “I’ll let you three eat your breakfast. You can admire me from afar Batman.”

“Kitty Woman!” Paige blurted out pointing, a look of awe on her face.

“Cat of nine tails in the trunk of my car. How did you know?”

Paige lifted the can of whipped cream and wagged it. “HERE! WHIP DADDY.”

“Oh, lord! You are precious. I’m going to tell my Coochie about you.” Lonnie looked at Deb’s apron picturing himself talking to her other coochie. His mouth was watering. “You need extra napkins?” She patted his cheek then waltzed away. Mike and Andy dropped their jaws. Lonnie was getting lucky. So far!

Paige looked around at all the men glaring at her, and teasingly sprayed cream onto her tongue. Wagging it at them she licks her lips making it look as if she had a mouth full of cum. Dicks were getting hard.

“Eat your pancakes.” Lonnie advised.

Frank couldn’t stop laughing suddenly. As he did, she put cream on her finger and positioned it up to his lips. He licked it off then sucked on her finger. She then sprayed some on his finger to let him do the same. Her sucking on his finger was much more seductive.

“Dear God!” Frank huffed at her hunger, her eyes refusing to blink in a devoted submissively pleasing gaze. Whispers from every angle made Frank a bit more confident. As she fed on him her hand moved down to rub his crotch. Frank allowed it this time.

Lonnie devoured his blueberry pancakes with enthusiasm. After getting that five grand he might just leave Deborah a nice big tip.

“Would you like me to cut up your panty cakes, Sweetheart?” Frank suddenly opened up. Paige reacted promptly with one aggressive nod. He removed his finger from her lips and set about cutting up her pancakes into small bites. Cream mounded over them; he then chose to feed her. She ate each bite with a smug flirty expression. It was so adorable that other men wished that they were Frank. Her cleavage remaining unchecked as long as Deborah or other waitresses weren’t looking was a big hit. Mike and Andy discussed treating their adopted niece out for breakfast more often. They wanted in. Literally!

Using a napkin Frank dabbed the corners of Paige’s mouth. Lonnie found it hilarious. The guy was acting like a kid himself, helpless in his behavior. He seemed genuine. Fessing up to his career variation concerned Lonnie a bit, mainly that he wasn’t being fully honest, but then neither was Lonnie.

“Panty cakes good.” She giggled and foamed her tongue with whipped cream. Every time she repeated that Frank’s erection grew harder and harder. His pup tent was quickly escalating into a Big Top. Paige slid even closer to Frank as if a second skin. Her hand reaching out to rub the tent. “Mister Frank is a swell guy. I think he has a present hiding in his pocket for me Daddy. Is it a Hello Kitty Pez dispenser?” He knew what she meant. “I like Pez.” A pout of neediness made Frank glance about. Mostly toward the waitress activity than those seated around him. He already knew that those dining were intrigued in a good way, hoping she might act up further. A final glare toward Lonnie, Frank found an encouraging smirk.

“She’s going to get fussy if you don’t play along Frank.”

“Fine! You may have a look at your Pez dispenser.”

“Yay!” She waved at the tables next to them before moving her hands down to his zipper. A swift release of tread, the fastener was down. Digging deep, she slid fingers within his open boxers and gripped his cock, eyes bulging at his girth. Leaning to whisper toward Lonnie across the table she offered a fearful expression. “Biggest Pez dispenser I’ve ever had.”

The tables that heard her snickered, offering Frank a respected array of thumbs up. His own boldness was rising to the occasion. Paige slyly eyed the waitresses’ refilling drinks before pulling his cock free of his slacks. As a mighty erection stood revealed even the ladies close by smiled and fanned their features with a flutter of a useful menu. Frank now understood that most people had similar fantasies as he had. Age was indeed just a number. At 65, Frank might look 50 but age was still a factor. Luckily, his sex drive was hanging in there, no little blue pill necessary.

While he glared about Paige snuck in with the whip cream can and doused his crown. Hearing the hiss, and feeling a dramatic wet chill on his cock, he looked down. “Oh, Dear God!” Paige giggled and ducked down beneath the tables ledge and licked his crown of cream. Flicking her tongue along his foreskin sent Frank’s head backwards. “I cannot believe this is happening.”

“Oh, it’s happening.” Lonnie confirmed with a bit of discomfort that the wrong person might see and create a problem. Thus far so good as Paige devoured his dick into a mess of cream all over her face. Maneuvering she stretched out on the curvature of their booth bench and kicks her feet upward over the table. Fuzzy slippers dancing gave the audience a round of silent chuckles. She sucked his dick for a messy number of thirteen thrusts deep into her throat, until she felt Lonnie kick his own foot upward to get her attention. Mike and Andy had motioned that Deborah was circling back. Paige quickly slipped from the bench down to the floor beneath the table. Thinking fast Frank snatched up his wrapped utensils and dropped a fork to the floor, while fluttering his cloth napkin out to spread it over his lap to conceal his beast.

“Everything tasty over here?” Deborah smiled brightly before realizing Paige was missing. “Where’s our Sweetie?”

“Retrieving my fork.” Frank grimaced. “Clumsy today.”

“I can get you a clean fork.” She decided to crouch down and see Paige with a face full of cream holding up a fork. Deborah’s eyes flared at her expression. A swift glance at Frank’s tented lap Deb cocked an eyebrow. With a sly finger posed over her lips Deb winked and stood up. The waitress knew what was going down. Certainly not related. A secret was kept as Deb glanced about at the neighboring tables. Everyone played it cool and sipped drinks. Deb shook her head and turned her attention to Handsome Lonnie. “You are a Big Daddy, aren’t you?”

“The biggest. Can I get some coffee?”

“Black I hope.” She beguiled Lonnie. “Save the sugar for another time?”

“Depends on that phone number you intend to give me before I leave today.”

“Oh, it’s coming, Handsome Daddy. You will not leave here without that.”

“I love it when you talk dirty.”

Frank could agree with that. Paige was already jerking him off as the waitress was standing there. Repositioning herself Paige went so far as to lower her pajama pants, letting guys see her bare bottom. Once Deborah took her leave Paige turned more for a perfect view. They loved that cute little ass, clam, and tight pucker. Lonnie took it upon himself to leer down under the table to see what the others were viewing. He shrugged giving into her decisions, then went back to eating his pancakes.

“You know, Frank! She does have school tomorrow. Getting her home at Midnight might be a little late. Last two weeks before graduation she needs to be at the top of her game. Bad enough she skipped school to do this. Can we agree on 10:00 PM instead?”

“On the dot.” Frank nodded with a shiver in his voice. He was very close to cumming hard. His expression was pale and stressed, jaw drooping slightly, eyelids quivering.

“I appreciate that Doc. Sleeping Beauty needs her rest.”

Deborah returned with a coffee pot and fills Lonnie’s cup. Her eyes dazzled toward his, which nearly made her overfill it. She caught herself just in time. “Somehow I don’t think that man is her Grampa.” She darted her gaze toward Frank with a look of sadness. Frank looked ill. In a heavenly way.

“I’m not a pimp.” Lonnie confessed. “She really is my daughter. Frank here is her date.”

“Escort?”

“I suppose that’s a close enough assumption. They met on Tender.”

“Ooo!” Deb whistled barely. “My Coochie ... Coco is on Tender. I worry about the men on there. My baby is so impressionable.”

“Girls just wanna have fun as Lauper says.”

“Looks like your baby is having the time of her life.” A sideways glance at Paige still sucking off Frank flared her big brown eyes.

“You’re taking this pretty well.”

“We all have our moments. You might want to wind her down here before the other waitresses see though. They’re older and with much less imagination. Murray hasn’t even stepped from his office.”

“By Franky’s face I’d say that’s not far off anyway.”

“MMM! MMMM! This is gonna be a looooong shift.”

Paige lifted away from Frank’s crown and giggled. “Loooong shaft too.”

“Lord have mercy.” Deb grinned from ear to ear. She now took a good hard look at Paige’s bare bottom. With a pen in hand Deb produces their check, then reached for a napkin writing her phone number down. Sliding it over to Lonnie she pointed at him. “You better call me, Big Daddy.”

“Count on it, Miss Deborah Johnson.”

“MMM! MMM!” She repeated herself. “Johnson on Johnson.”

“Sounds like we’re using baby shampoo for lubrication.”

Deb giggled and patted Lonnie on the chest. “Finish this up. I don’t want to use that tip money you’re leaving me to bail you out of jail.”

“Funny! I said something similar to that to Paige before we got here.”

Frank snarled and held his breath, twitching for all to see. A sudden forceful tremor against the table he slid it toward Lonnie. Deborah peaked a brow at the unexpected move. Paige in her tiny body crawled up from beneath the table directly over Frank’s lap and straddled his legs. Her pajama pants pulled up, at least it appeared innocent. Over Frank’s lap she bounced up and down throwing her arms around the Plastic Surgeon’s neck.

“IHOP! IHOP! IHOP! IHOP!” With each turbulent gyration. She could feel his swollen cock between her thighs. With cum on her lips she kissed Frank’s face repeatedly. “I wuvs Grampa Frank.”

Deborah swallowed dryly and glances at the other waitresses who had heard Paige’s outburst. The entire restaurant had reacted with curiosity. Shrugging at everyone Deb defended her. “She sure loves her Grampa. We should all love our elders.”

“Thank you, Jennifer Hudson.” Lonnie chuckled. Patting the table Lonnie captured his daughter’s attention. “Better calm it down.”

Paige shook her head negatively with a disappointed huff. Frank patted her back before noticing her shirt completely unbuttoned. Whip cream smeared over her tits. Eyes erupting like saucers he dove in to lick cream from her nipples. At Deborah’s deafening cough, Frank pulled away and closed her shirt tightly. The tables nearby applauded with their sighs.

“I’ll be up to pay the check shortly.” Lonnie informed Deborah.

“I need a smoke break, and I don’t even smoke.” Deb fanned herself. Prying herself away Lonnie simply smirked and finished his coffee. Paige feeling victorious climbed off of Frank’s lap and allowed him to put his throbbing beast away.

“Unbelievable! Worth every penny.” Frank regained his composure then reached behind him for his wallet. Revealing it he expressed its thickness toward Lonnie. Whispering now, he added, “I know we agreed on $5,000 cash but carrying that kind of money would be too bulky. Within my wallet I have 10 one-hundred-dollar bills and a check for $4000. You can cash it after you leave here.”

Rubbing his chin Lonnie agreed and let Frank pass him the 10 bills quietly, check beneath it. Nodding his approval, he spotted Paige dancing in her seat. Her shirt fluttered open again for a full cleavage shot. Only Fuzzy Bear blocked their view. She hugged the stuffed animal to her chin sheepishly.

“Precious!” Frank wiped his face with the very same napkin he had used to blanket his erection. He had finally caught onto the mess still on her own face. Cum and dried whip cream was a sight. Cleaning her face as well Frank made them more presentable.

“Let’s get out of here.” Lonnie rose from the table and awaited Frank to join him. Paige sliding out resisted Lonnie’s hand to take hers. In a sudden inspiration Paige raced over to Uncle’s Mike and Andy and stole a piece of bacon.

“I’m bringing home the bacon.”

Mike chuckled nervously as Andy covered his own plate with greed. Before they could say a word Paige turned her back and mooned them. Her shirt fanning wide toward the aisle of people, onlookers saw the entirety of her titties and drooled. Swiftly pulling her pants up she covered her chest and wiggles through them like a runway model, collecting Fuzzy from the table. At the front counter, Lonnie paid the attending waitress who wasn’t amused, but said nothing. Once joining Frank and her father, Paige snuggled up to Frank’s hip, his arm around her.

Leaving the IHOP Lonnie escorted them to Frank’s car. He was driving a 2019 Mercedes-Benz GLA-Class, silver, vanity license plates saying PIKMEUP. Lon fidgeted at reading the plate. “Pick Me Up?”

“As in facelift. Boob jobs.” Frank grinned, “Picking up where nature took over.”

“Gotcha! I’m trusting you, Frank. All the way around. If you hurt my baby, you’re a dead man.”

“Fear not. I will treat her as if my own.”

Snapping his fingers at Paige, Lon called her into a hug. “I love you Punk. Have a good time.”

“I’ll text you, Daddy.”

“Let her text me.”

Nodding a confirmation between she, and Frank, he let Frank open the passenger door for her. Entering she waved goodbye. A firm handshake later, Frank drove off with Paige. A pit in Lonnie’s stomach led to a sadness. It was like he was giving her away to a future husband rather than a date. Pulling it together Lonnie stood against his own car, staring at his cell gathering enough nerve to make a call.

Inside the IHOP, Deborah Johnson felt her cell vibrate in her apron as she cleared Lonnie’s table. Discovering a hundred-dollar bill under Lonnie’s plate she smiled. To her shock other patrons slipped in around her to toss an accumulation of another hundred bucks her way for being a good sport. Nice! Giving into her cell as Lonnie watched her through the windows, she stepped away to answer it.

“This is Deborah.”

“Kept my promise beautiful.”

“Yes, you did, Big Daddy. Should I call you Sugar Daddy? I found the tip. Thank you.”

“No! Thank you for being so cool about everything.”

“We all have our wild sides, Big Daddy.”

“I hope to see yours here soon.”

“Your place or mine?” She giggled.

“Seeing as yours is the IHOP and my kid defiled that, how about mine. I live at DiMaggio’s Pizzeria.”

“Expecting me to pick your fork up from under the table?”

“And my tongue while you’re down there.”

“French toast. Love it! When do you want me?”

“Now!” He chuckled. “How about Friday night? I’m taking Paige to Medieval Times on Saturday.”

“Graduation present?”

Lonnie laughed, “Something like that. More of a one knight stand. Drum beat inserted now.”

“Well, Big Daddy, if I may be so bold, I hope our date doesn’t become a one-night stand. You are as adorable as your daughter.”

“I haven’t been on a date in years. Work with me?”

“Baby steps Big Daddy. Except in bed.” She followed it with her favorite, “MMMM! MMMM!”

“You better get back to work. Call me! I work the day shift at the Distillery. Any time after 4:00 PM.”

“Same to you. Now that I have your number I’ll text.”

“Pleasure meeting you, Deborah Johnson.”

“Ummm, Big Daddy?”

“Yeah?”

“What is your name?” She giggled nibbling a well-groomed fingernail.

“Oh, yeah! Might help, huh? I’m Lonnie Turner.”

“Perfect! Have a good day, Lonnie Turner.”

“I prefer, Big Daddy.”

“Then I’ll call you nothing else.”

“Later Jennifer Hudson.”

“I really do look like her, don’t I?” Another round of giggles. “Bye, Big Daddy.”

Hanging up she glanced out the window to see Lonnie beaming from ear to ear. The enthusiasm in his persona enticed her to clutch her chest. Deborah Johnson was happy. So was Lonnie Turner. He was even happier when Frank’s check cleared fifteen minutes later. Uncle’s Mike and Andy also tipped her big and introduced themselves as bodyguards. MMMM! and MMMM! With the day off the boys hit the bar.

Miles away now, Paige and Frank got along fabulously. After talking about her upcoming graduation, Frank while waiting on a stoplight had a sudden inspiration.

“Would you like to go to a very magical park?”

“Teeter Totter! Teeter Totter!” She brightened up.

“I can push you in a swing.”

“Yay!” She was overdoing her baby like voice. He loved it.

“Oz Park it is.”

She leered with a sly grin. “We’re off to see the Wizard?”

“The wonderful Wizard of Oz.”

“Is it because I’m a Munchkin?” A deadly sneer!

“I so adore you Child.”

“Me too, Mister Frank.”

“Leaving Kansas now.”

“Blowjob! Blowjob!”

She meant the tornado.