Sweet Sixteen

Chapter one

Candygirl

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This story is a work of fiction and should stay that way.

The views of the characters do not reflect the views of the author.

Merely his fantasies.

That said, any feedback or comments may be directed to:

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Happy Reading

*I met Rachel on the internet, a vast and vastly useful resource for people like me. Young girls are hard to come across unless you are very, very careful. She was fifteen then, a bit under my personal preference, but I had plenty of time to groom her, and spent the next year as her ‘Friend’ online. She knew I was in my twenties (A lie, as I am more than twice her age). Single (Truth. I prefer my partners young, and as they grow they lose interest for me). And moderately wealthy (a lie, sort of, I am quite wealthy, having come into my money through a small inheritance and frugal investment).*

*But to a young girl online, I was a hidden diamond. She could pump me for information on adult things and as she chatted with me, she kept our relationship secret from her parents. I engaged her in many online role-playing sessions and gently groomed her towards more and more adult scenarios. She was an able learner and I soon had her turning on her webcam so I could watch her as we texted.*

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Rachel slipped upstairs as soon as her parents were gone and into the walk-in closet of her room. Her excuse when caught was that it had the best wireless reception, a trick John had taught her. It was a believable lie because it was true. It was right over the living room computer where the router was screwed to the wall, and she got great reception here. He also taught her about tabbed browsing and how to quickly change windows. The little webcam built into her laptop was perfect for their little chat sessions, and while John didn’t want to use his, it was mainly because he was shy. He was waiting in their usual chat room, the name of the room was Candygirl, his nickname for her, and the password was her real name. Her image flickered into a small box in the corner, clear and precise and he was there immediately.

>>Hello Candygirl, I’ve missed you.

>>I missed you too, John. It was a long day at school.

>>I can imagine. Tell me all about it.

>>I don’t want to. I hate school.

>>At least tomorrow will be a good day, right?

>>Why? Because of my birthday? I’m only turning sixteen. Not old enough to get out of the house yet.

He chatted with her smiling. They bantered back and forth and he watched her on the webcam. She stripped off her shirt and sat there in her little bra, small, half-formed breasts pert and firm on her chest, her black hair pulled back in a tail and her blue, blue eyes vexed at teenage life in general. She was almost perfect. And tomorrow she would be completely perfect. He had personal boundaries. Before sixteen they are still mostly children, too young to touch. But at sixteen something wonderful happened... all visions of childishness seemed to leave them, they retained innocence but lost delusions of infantile natures. And that made them ripe and ready. He slowly brushed his fingers over her image on the screen between messages and smiled. It was a smile that would terrify any parent.

After a while they settled into one of their games. Her idea was what he preferred to use, a way to test her, see how her mind worked, how her arousal was turned on. She picked a story idea and he told the story, careful to keep his side neutral and let her move the story along, with careful nudges from him over the last several months the story had changed from dragons and warriors, to maidens and knights, and on to princesses and evil wizards and just lately she had been leaning towards farm girls and highwaymen. This particular story was of a girl travelling in a coach who was beset upon by bandits, captured and sold into slavery. He was the master in this story, having bought her young flesh on the open market and was making her into a concubine. In some stories they had characters who loved, but he had been grooming her away from that, with harsh masters that subjugated their slaves and made them over into sex objects.

He could see her getting more and more turned on as the story progressed until he watched as one hand slipped down to rub her crotch through her panties, and she finally freed her small, lovely breasts from her bra for him to see. They went on and finished the story, with the girl finally giving herself over to her new life and new master, content to love him, even if he could not return the affection, and he smiling darkly as he wrote out her fantasies for her. When the story was over she pulled a shirt on over her bare breasts and chatted with him a bit. The time was ripe to put his plan into action.

>>I’m going to have to be AFK for a week or so, Candygirl.

>>What!?!?! Why?

>>I have a business trip down to Boston to attend, and I don’t know when or even if I will be able to get online.

He let this have a moment to sink in. He knew she lived just outside of Boston; he had planned this just for that reason. If all went well, he could meet with her and have fun for a day or three, possibly more, before flying back to Phoenix.

>>I live in Boston!!! I want to see you.

>>You know my rules, I don’t want to know where you live, Candygirl. We could both get in a lot of trouble if we get caught.

>>I’m safe, John, you know that. See, young girl, not a cop.

She zoomed the camera in and lifted up her shirt for him to see. He pressed a button and recorded the whole bit, taking a few shots of her lovely breasts for his collection.

>>Did you see a badge there???

>>No, but it could be clipped to your waist

>>Bullshit! See.

She stood up and stripped completely, standing naked before him for the first time. Her downy black thatch of pubic hair visible and she cocked her hip to one side for him, and gave a saucy little wink. Then she was back at the keyboard, lying on her belly with her pert little titties in full view of the camera.

>>See, no badges. We don’t need no stinkin badges.

>>I can see that. But you have to know something. I’m a bit older than I told you, too. I didn’t want to scare you off, Candygirl.

There was a longer pause at that. Then she was typing again.

>>I still don’t care. I want to see you. Pleeeeeaaaaaassssssseeeeeeeeee John. I won’t get caught I promise.

He let the cursor blink for a while as he watched her on the monitor. He let himself appear to be considering the idea, mulling it over. Finally he smiled and typed, letting himself take a while, letting her get anxious, nervous before he hit enter.

>>OK, Candygirl. We can meet. But just the once, OK. You’ll probably get one look at me and run the other way, but I am willing to chance that for you, little pet.

Another nickname he had for her. They chatted back and forth for a bit then, setting up a date and a time for them to meet and he had her play around a bit in front of the camera for him, letting her youthful innocence run wild as he savoured every inch of her nudity, every luscious curve and delicious bit of her before they signed off for the night. Once he was off, he smiled and sat back in the chair to watch his video of her. He had seen all of her there was to see this time. But seeing wasn’t enough. He wanted to taste her, touch her, hear her moan and cry out and smell her lust and sweat. And he would. It had taken him a year to get her to this point, and he was prepared to wait as long as it took to get the rest. If not this trip then the next one for sure. He just had to be patient.

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Rachel was ecstatic. She quickly pulled her robe on and ran to shower. She was so wet and sweaty after that one and she rubbed herself in the shower as she washed off the sweat and saliva from her body. He was coming here!!! How was that possible? Just when she was giving up hope of ever meeting him, ever seeing what he looked like, he was coming here! She washed and dressed and sat down to re-read their little roleplay session. He had been so careful of his rules, not wanting to know where she lived, or to tell her where he lived. She had tried to trace his IP address, but that had been fruitless. It was a violation of his rules, but she had wanted to know, to know more about him, more about what he did, who he was. And he had understandably lied about his age to her. Had he told her when they met that he was thirty two she would have run screaming in the other direction and never spoken to him again.

But she was glad he had. He was so wonderful and sweet and creative. And she was really looking forward to meeting him. She went over several of the sessions with him before her parents got home, then hid the memory stick where they wouldn’t find it before going down to dinner.

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For Rachel the next two days crawled past. He wasn’t online, but he was in the city. She wanted so badly to meet him, but had no idea where he was staying. For him, the days flew past. He found her house the first day and crept up to peek in her window as she slept that night. She was even lovelier than he had thought. He crept away and set things up for the future. A few stops here and there for supplies and toys, an innocent looking gift for her and a not so innocent one, for when he was sure that it was safe to give it to her, and then it was time. He parked his rental in front of the little cafe and went to sit and wait for her at the designated spot. He was just barely on time, but she was there, young and eager, in a place where no one would even notice her. It was a place he had scouted for just that reason weeks ago on his first trip to Boston.

She looked up as he seated himself and smiled. “John?” He nodded and her smile grew larger. “I’m so glad to...” He shushed her quickly and slid over closer.

“You have to keep your voice down a bit, Candygirl. Let’s not draw any unwanted attention. Which is to say any attention at all.” He set a box before her on the table and placed a kiss on her temple, his hand resting for just a moment on her thigh as he did, before he moved away from her a little, to appear more appropriate to the casual observer. “Sweet Sixteen, Candygirl.” He said with a smile.

She looked at the box and then at him. There was a warm spot where he had kissed her and she had felt a real jolt when his fingers just barely brushed the skin of her thigh. The spark had ignited an ache within her belly that threatened to consume her completely. Feeling a bit numb she unwrapped the box and took out the contents. Inside was a stuffed bear. She looked at it, and then back at him puzzled.

“Look at it closer, Candygirl. It’s not just a stuffed animal.”

She looked closer and saw that the little bear wore a chain around its neck with a key on it. Closer inspection revealed a hidden zipper in the back of the bear that opened onto a small compartment inside that was big enough to hide a small journal or some other little trinket. Inside was a small book with a black leather cover. A blank journal. She looked up at him again and her smile grew ten times larger.

“OH! Oh John! Thank you so much I... I don’t know what to say.”

He just smiled. “Just enjoy it; you don’t need to say anything. It’s just a present.” They sat and talked a while longer and she found herself slipping closer to him, until she was within reach of him. As they chatted she rested one hand on his leg and smiled prettily and soon he returned the gesture, covering her hand with his own and just relaxing. They parted happily that night and he made plans to visit with her again in two days time for a longer visit. He walked to his car smiling and she watched him go, feeling that ache in her tummy and clutching the bear.

When she got home she immediately hid her memory stick within the bear and wore the little chain as a charm bracelet at all times, even in the shower, for fear she might lose it. She had a plan then, a plan to share with him. She missed their role-play sessions and she wanted to get him alone and play again, enjoy the stories he wove with her over the internet in a more visceral setting, in something a bit more real, a bit more intimate. Dressing she went about her day in a bit of a daze, the ache still within her tummy and her dreams at night were ones of heat and lust, with barely remembered details that left her gasping and sweating when she woke.

For him, however, the next two days were spent in preparation. He arranged a second hotel room under an assumed name. For this he padded his clothes and wore shoes with lifts for check in, in case anyone noticed him. A hat to hide his hair and contacts to hide his eyes, with some fake glasses insured that he would be hard to spot if anything went wrong. He stocked the room with a bit of food and drinks and even purchased a different car. (Used, also under the assumed name) when it was all done, he was ready for her visit with him, and sat in his penthouse suite waiting for the day to arrive, waiting with a feeling of anticipation and desire.

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The second meeting was for lunch, and they chose a quiet cafe to eat, before a walk in the park. It was she who brought up the idea of going somewhere to role-play.

“I don’t think that’s a good idea, Candygirl. We’re pushing the boundaries just meeting like this. If your parents found out...”

“My parents think I’m over at a friends house studying, and my friend Casey knows to lie for me. She’s nineteen, and has her own apartment, my parents trust her.” She snorted a little laugh at that and he smiled.

He took the opportunity to look her over again. She wore a little skirt that came to about mid-thigh and a tight, tiny little tee that accentuated the swell of her firm, pert breasts. The skirt left her smooth, long legs bare over sandals, with her fingernails and toenails painted the same purple as her preferred font on their chat program. He shook his head, as if considering a negative, but then sighed.

“I miss our role-play too, Candygirl. It has become something I look forward to. And if you are absolutely sure you won’t be missed...” She nodded once, emphatically, and he returned it. “This may seem a little strange, but I will need to take some precautions so no one catches us at it, OK?” She nodded again and he smiled, one hand coming up to rest on her cheek, the ball of his thumb slowly caressing the soft skin of her face as he smiled into her eyes. There was something in his eyes that made a part of her go cold, but it was gone a moment later as she revelled in his touch, gasping and arching her back, pushing her chest out a little and parting her lips. As her eyes closed, he smiled a little more. She was almost his.

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An hour later, Mr. Frank Reese, from Seattle, Washington pulled his large, heavy suitcase out of his car. A tall, heavy man he was dressed in a flannel shirt and baggy cargo pants as he carefully set the suitcase in one of the baggage carts that was provided by the hotel and took a moment to catch his breath and push his thick glasses up on his nose a little higher. Slamming the trunk of his old ford, he pushed the cart into the hotel and then the elevator. A couple in the elevator nodded once to him and then promptly forgot the overweight, slightly smelly man.

He got off at the third floor and pushed the cart down the hall to his room. Taking the key from his pocket he opened the door, manoeuvred the cart inside, and closed it. Bending over, he unzipped the bag, lifted the lid, and stood to watch the young woman emerge from the suitcase. He didn’t look much like the man she knew, but she had watched him change into the outfit, amazed at the change, and felt a little knot of uncertainty in her belly. Had he planned this? She thought it had all been her idea, but it was looking more and more like he had planned this all. But he had caressed her face again, letting her lean into him as he did, and she had been won over. She climbed into the suitcase while it was already in the trunk and he zipped her in. It was a claustrophobic feeling, but he said it was necessary so they didn’t get caught. There were a lot of weirdoes out there and he didn’t want to get mistaken for one of them.

And now, she was in his room! It was just a hotel room, and none too fancy. But it was up high in the building, and there were windows looking out over the park, but no one could see in. She smiled as he offered her a hand up and out of the suitcase.

“Give me a moment to get changed while you think of a story for us to tell, and we’ll get started. There’s snacks in the fridge, help yourself to the minibar, if you want. But no booze please. I won’t have you getting drunk.” Then he vanished into the bathroom. She got out a can of mountain dew and walked around the room. It had the pleasantly lived-in look of someone who has been there a few days and plans to stay for at least a few more. She sat in the big chair and relaxed as he changed. She peeked at the bathroom door, which was open just a crack and smiled. Padding over she nudged it open a little more and peeked in. He was just slipping out of his pants as she looked. Standing naked in the bathroom, he was turned just right so she could see everything.

He was in good condition and was tone and tan, and as he turned to grab a washcloth, she caught sight of his penis. It didn’t look too large, but it was still soft, flaccid with his balls hanging just below it. Then he was facing away from her and washing his chest with the washcloth. She took a little while to admire his body and then slipped back to her chair to wait for him to join her in the room. Sight of him naked had turned the ache in her belly into a small, hot spark that threatened to ignite into something more. She sat sipping at her can of soda and thinking while she waited.

He had taken his time getting undressed and was pleased to see her peeking in at him in the mirror. He didn’t let on that he saw her, just turned a bit so she could get a good look at him naked, and then went about getting washed up. He was nervous as hell, and sweating from the layers of clothes he had been wearing. But he had not been disappointed, she had come to take a look and now she knew what he looked like with nothing on, they were on even ground, though she didn’t know that he knew that. Pulling on a pair of jeans and a black tee he walked out into the room and smiled at her. Moving over to take a drink from the fridge, he sat on the other chair, across the table from her, and relaxed.

“So, any ideas yet, Candygirl?”

She nodded. “Yep. How about this, you be the school teacher and I’ll be the student, kept after school for detention, alone, just the two of us. Let’s see what develops from that, OK?”

He nodded once and started in on the story. They went back and forth for an hour or so until they started to get to the erotic parts. He had been careful to turn on the radio, something instrumental to keep people from hearing what else was going on and now he stood, pacing a bit and finally he moved over to the fridge and got out a bag of Doritos and some fresh drinks for them. She was breathing a little heavy and he seated himself on the couch, beside her chair, and opened the bag.

“So you are failing English, Kandi.” Most of her characters were named some form of Candygirl, except for the times when she played a slave, and they became Pet. “And there isn’t enough time in the school year for you to make up the grades. I’m sorry, but I’m going to have to fail you. You’ll be kept back a grade next year, I don’t have a choice.”

“Oh, please Mr. Robinson, isn’t there anything at all that I can do? If I fail, I’ll be kept out of the soccer team next year and my parents will be furious. Is there anything at all that I can do?” She said in her best role-play voice as she selected a chip from the bag and then popped it into her mouth. “I’d sit a little forward then, like this.” She sat forward in the chair, back straight, chest thrust out, and head cocked prettily to one side. It was a lovely view of her breasts from this angle and he rested his hand on her thigh, just at the hem of her skirt as she spoke. “And bat my eyes.” She batted her eyes at him, a small pout appearing on her face as she leaned in close to him, lips parted ever so slightly and placed her hand over his on her leg.

He was sitting forward under the pretence of easier access to the bag of chips, and he shifted ever so slightly, turning his head a little to line up with hers. “Well, Mr. Robinson looks a little pensive, frankly and sits down on the desk next to yours. His arms are crossed as he looks you up and down, then looks at his watch and sighs. ‘Well, Frankly Kandi, I can’t think of anything a girl your age could do for me that would be entirely appropriate. But I am open to suggestions.’ You can see that he is clearly aroused and looking studiously down your shirt, trying to get a better view of your breasts.”

She smiled at him. “Well. I’d start by spreading my legs just a little more and reaching up a little tentatively to unbutton the top button of my shirt.” She mimicked the action on her tee as she spread her legs a little further apart, pressing one slender leg against his as she spoke. “Then I’d undo another button, giving a glimpse of my little white lace bra underneath, and look shyly up into his eyes to see if he was getting horny or angry.”

“He’s getting horny, his breathing is a little faster and his tongue darts out to lick his lips.” He says as he demonstrates.

“I’d undo the next button and shrug a shoulder a little so the cloth slips off and I show a bit more skin. My other hand would slide up my thigh and push my skirt up higher and higher, revealing more leg as the next and final button came undone, the shirt slipping down to reveal both shoulders and the cups of my bra as I spread my legs a bit more and gave him a view of my panties.”

“He’s very aroused by this, and he wipes a hand over his mouth as he stares openly at your chest, his eyes flicking down at the mound of your pussy and the bulge of his erection is easily visible to you through his pants, right about on eye level with you and quite large.”

“John, I need to get a bit of a better feel for this story. Hold on.” A moment later she had stripped her shirt off over her head and tossed it aside. He blinked once in shock and looked away.

“Online is one thing, Candygirl. Please put that back on.” His sincerity was false, and he hoped she wouldn’t listen to him. And he was pleasantly rewarded when she didn’t.

“No, it’s all just fun, and playing around, right? Besides, we’re careful, aren’t we? No one will ever know. I don’t mind a little playing around. Can we get back to our story now?”

He had to hide a smile. She was taking the lead in this one. Excellent. He could make this feel and look like it was all her idea if he played it right. Turning back to her he had the decency to blush and smile, and tried to keep his eyes on her face, but his gaze kept slipping down to her chest, and to the fork of her legs, where he could see the black panties that she was wearing as the skirt had parted, in reality as in the story.

“Alright, if you’re fine with it I am too, Candygirl. Mr. Robinson shifts on the desk and looks uncomfortable for some reason. Perhaps it is his contained erection or the sight of your flesh, but he is fidgeting slightly and looking embarrassed, but not looking away.”

“A bit like you, huh?” She asked with a laugh. “Well, I’d give a shy little-girl smile and cross my arms over my chest, turning my head away, looking like I’m having second thoughts. But I slip one strap off of my shoulder, the right one, and then the left. My shoulders bare, I slowly slide my hands down my arms and push the sleeves of my shirt and straps of my bra farther down as I do. Then I’ll look up and catch his eyes, and lick my lips very slowly as I use my forearms to slide my bra down and off of my breasts.” As she talked, she mimicked the actions until her breasts were free from the cups of the little bra.

John licked his lips and took a long drink of soda before talking again. She had such lovely, pink nipples and areola that drew his eyes as he swallowed. For a moment she was all he could think about and he nearly ruined the last years work by just jumping her right then, taking what he wanted by force and damn the consequences. But his patience won out, and he went on with the story. His own erection was growing in the jeans, and he knew that she would be able to see it clearly.

“Mr Robinson looks a little amazed, as if he had been hoping for this and not really expecting it at all. But he doesn’t tell you to get dressed, or yell at you, he just sits on his desk like he is stunned and doesn’t know what to do.”

“I quickly shrug out of my shirt and unhook my bra and set it aside.” She does this as well, sitting before him topless. “Then slip out of my chair and down onto my knees in front of him and nuzzle at his leg with my face.” John wonders if she will do this as well, but she doesn’t. He leans a bit farther forward as he listens and his hand slides a little further up her thigh. “After a bit I’ll rub at his erection through his jeans and bring my hands up to tug at his belt, unfastening it if he will let me.” She looks up at John then and he nods once. “Then unbutton and unzip the fly, pushing the fabric back out of the way I’ll nuzzle a bit at his cock through his underwear and caress his inner thighs with my hands softly.”

“He sighs at that and rests one hand on top of your head, caressing softly as he gasps at the feel of your face against his erection through the shorts. If anything, it seems to swell larger at the caress and he shifts slightly to let his slacks slide down his legs to pool around his feet as he stands up before you.”

“I’ll caress his cock with my cheek and slide a hand up to fondle his balls as I moan a little into his crotch, letting him feel the vibrations from my voice. Then I’ll move both hands to the waistband of his underwear and pull them down his legs, freeing his cock and letting it slap against my cheek. I’ll look up at him and brush my lips over it as I fondle his balls again and lick my lips, using my other hand to softly stroke him.”

God she was good, John could almost feel her doing that to him; he could almost see her hand stroking the shaft of his cock as she kissed it lightly and fondled his balls with her other hand. She looked at him and seemed to see how close his face was for the first time, both of them leaning forward in their conversation as they got to ‘the good part’ as she liked to call it. Then she was kissing him, lips pressed to his and her soft tongue caressing his as the kiss deepened. A moment later he pulled away and sat back in his chair.

“Maybe we should stop here, Candygirl. This is getting a little out of hand.”

“I... I don’t know, John. I really don’t. I want you, and I can see you want me. But you’re so much older than me, I’ve always been told its wrong for people our ages to be together, for any reason.” She slipped out of the chair to kneel before him on the floor and rest her hands on his legs, looking into his eyes. He could see the tears on her cheeks. “Did you seduce me into this, John? Did you bring me here for sex?”

The question rocked him to the core. How had she seen through him? He was already making plan changes in his head. Abandon the car, the rooms, and his things here in Boston, and hop the next flight to somewhere in the wrong direction, then a bus, maybe a train in there...

“Please tell me the truth, I still want you, I still want to kiss you, to... to... to *fuck* you, if I can, John. I’m tired of stories, I want the real thing. So tell me the truth, I won’t get mad or scared if you say yes. I just want to know the truth.”

She was looking at him with big luminous eyes that spoke of hurt and lust in equal measures, and then he was leaning forward to kiss her, his arms going around her as he pulled her against his chest, lifting her up to straddle his legs on the couch, his lips crushed to hers, her hands in his hair as his hands caressed her back and clasped over her pert, firm ass to pull her closer to him. They parted and she rested her head against his shoulder as she gasped for breath. They both took their time getting their wind back and she sat up in his lap, looking at him looking at her.

“Please tell me, John. Tell me the truth. I...”

“Yes.” He interrupted her, nodding as all of his plans fled his skull, and he was playing it by ear. He could never, even if he had been given a million years, have thought this would happen. This was the fourth girl this age he had done this to, and he was good at what he did, it was his hobby, of sorts. “Yes, I have been seducing you and grooming you since I met you, Rachel.” He said calling her by her real name for the first time.

She nodded and leaned in to rest against his chest. “And I still want you, John. I still want to have you for as long as I can. I know you can’t stay long, but I want to be with you as much as I can.” Then they were pulling at each other’s clothes and kissing, groping and moaning and she slid out of his lap, pulling his pants down, urging him to stand as she mimicked the last moments in their role-play. Looking up at him, one hand slowly stroking back and forth over the shaft of his penis, the other hand fondling his balls as she lightly kissed his shaft, nuzzled against it and gave teasing little licks.

“I’d watch his face, seeing if he liked what I was doing, listening to the sounds he made and shifting so my breasts... no, my *tits* brushed against his legs, caressing him with my nipples and moaning against him.”

“He... he likes it, his cock is hard, throbbing in your hand, begging for a kiss, a deep, wet kiss from your sweet young mouth.”

She did as she was told, kissing and licking at his shaft as he spoke, and then gently taking the head into her mouth and sucking lightly, tenderly at the swollen head. With a little instruction from him, and practice, she carefully took more and more of him into her mouth, moaning around his shaft at the taste and feel of him in her mouth. He gasped; revelling in the feel of her sucking at him, caressing him, the velvety, hot feel of her mouth around his shaft was so wonderful, words couldn’t describe it. But he stopped her before his excitement overwhelmed him, and pulled away from her warm, inviting mouth.

“He stops you then, and pulls you up and against him. At some point he had taken off his shirt, and he pulls you in to kiss you, the feel of your firm, young tits pressing against his chest and your slender, youthful body in his hands. He kisses you...”

She interrupts him. “I turn my head and don’t let him kiss me. ‘Mr. Robinson, this is for my grades, not for love. I’ll give you sex, and you’ll increase my grade. When the year is over, the relationship is over, nothing more.’ Then I lean my head back and arch my back presenting my tits for his mouth and hands.”

John stops talking and gets down to actions, acting out what his character would do instead of dictating it. He picks her up, letting her legs wrap around her waist and brings his mouth to her chest, fastening onto a nipple with his mouth as he supports her with one strong arm. She is so light that it’s easy for him to hold her up like that. His other hand goes to her other breast and he kneads it gently as he sucks hard at her nipple, careful not to leave a mark. He takes two steps over towards the bed, and then changes his mind. There is a small dining area in the room, so he carries her over and sets her down on the table. His hands pull at her panties and skirt, stripping them off of her as he sucks at first one breast and then the other.

“Well, Kandi, Your grades are quite bad, I could only raise your grade one point for this, and you’ll need three to pass the year, and five to get onto the soccer team next year.” As he talks he caressed her sex with one hand and her breasts with the other. His thumb finds her clit and he circles it carefully and slowly, feeling the juices flow over his thumb as he works a moan from her. She writhes under his touch and he smiles again. “Are you willing to work your grade off that badly, Kandi?”

“Y...yesssss, Yes I am, Mr. Robinson. I... I want to be in soccer next... next year very badly. But only if you have a condom. I don’t want a baby at this age, I’m too young still.”

He almost plays it so he doesn’t have to wear one, he likes to ride bareback, but he acquiesces to her request and fetches one from the nightstand. He already knew she was a virgin, but if she was willing to give that to him, then he would accept it. Returning, he pulls a chair over and sits down with the wet, ready mound of her pussy splayed and open before him, placing the condom on her belly he leans down and begins to lick, rub, and suck at the lips of her pussy, seeking greater and greater arousal from her as he uses his hands and mouth to work her to an orgasm, concentrating on her clit and labia major, spreading her open to lick across her hymen and then suck hard on her clit, his nose buried in her pubic hair and his free hand caressing her leg, then sliding up to squeeze one breast and gently tweak a nipple. Moments later she moans loudly, arching her back up off of the table and he laps at the sudden flood of juices that flow out of her.

Standing, he takes the condom from her belly, unwraps it and sheathes himself with it, then rubs his thumb over her opening as he waits for her to come around enough to coherently make the decision to give him this much. When her eyes focus on him, he looks her right in the eyes and she nods at him, wrapping her legs tighter around him and he caresses her tender, wet slit with the head of his penis, lathering the head in her juices and gently applying pressure until he presses against her hymen. Repositioning his hands on her legs, he lets her adjust to the feel and size of him inside of her, and then pulls her to him as he thrusts forward to meet her. The last barrier of her virginity gives with almost no resistance and she gives a little squeal as his thick member slides several inches into her slick canal.

The squeal of pain turns into a moan of pleasure as she adjusts to him, and he slowly starts working in and out very slowly, his hands holding her legs and moving them up so they are in a V shape and she lay before him on the table writhing in pleasure and arching her back to take in a little more of him, then a little more, until he rests as deep as he dare go within her. He can feel the deepest part of her canal, and the barrier of her cervix pressing against the head of his cock and he slowly moves back, giving her time to adjust, time to accept, time to adapt.

Soon he is thrusting into her, pulling her back to meet him with each thrust and she is moaning and calling out his name, bucking her hips wildly and fucking him back just as hard as he is giving it to her. She sits up and wraps her legs around his waist as he wraps his arms around her to pick her up then sits back in the chair with her in his lap, and she is riding him, nuzzling at his neck, never stopping the story they have created between them. As she crests to her second orgasm, he feels his own climax building, and the sight of her going over the top causes him to lose control, and his balls clench as he empties his load into the condom. She slumps against him, spent, and he just holds her as they relax and bathe in the afterglow.