Sweet Sixteen

Chapter 3

Amy

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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

P.S. I accept commissions if I like the idea.

I was a little leery at the initial idea of introducing Rachel to Amy at first. Amy had once harboured serious feelings for me, and still brought them up from time to time. Despite being a bit old for my tastes, she was still an occasional fuck-buddy and more than occasional model. I am an amateur photographer and I host the occasional BDSM party at my loft in Phoenix and Amy is a great nude model. Her body is perfect and her bright, fire-red hair and emerald green eyes are a real eye-catch. She was the third girl I ever ‘trained’ and perhaps the most successful of them.

Claire was the first, of course. And I did fumble a bit with Claire. She was sixteen and I was twenty, and our relationship ended after two years. I learned a lot, and she learned that she wasn’t all that attracted to me, and grew to not quite dislike me. We still chat from time to time, and she has modelled for one of my shows, but she won’t let me touch her now. She’s happily married and seems to have written me off as ‘Youthful Mistake #1’. As I haven’t heard a peep from her in three years I think we have fallen out of touch.

Amanda was a different story. I had learned enough with Claire that when I found Amanda I was ready. I was twenty three at that point and was finished with working, surviving off of an inheritance and my photography work. I originally met Amanda at a photo shoot. She wanted to be a model, and had no idea I shot nude work until she ‘Stumbled Across’ one of the portfolios I had left out just for that. She was perhaps the loveliest of the first three girls, with long, honey-blonde hair and big blue eyes. She was all soft curves and gentle touches. It was months of grooming before I could safely play with her. That relationship lasted for four years and I split with her amicably. We still see each other regularly, and she is well on her way to becoming a paediatrician.

But it was Amy I was sending to Boston to meet Rachel. I met her when she was fifteen, a year before I split with Amanda. Amanda had actually introduced me to her, and it was about this time that Amanda and I started to drift apart. She was growing up, becoming more mature, and I was still interested in very young women, girls really. Amy was a fiery one, and Amanda actually got her into bed before I did. I knew that Amanda was Bi, but that she had a taste for young girls too was news to me. Amy and I were together for six years, and still fling once in a while, as I have mentioned. She was completely bisexual, with very open views towards sex. She was often engaged in threesomes and group sex, and she would bring partners to my studio for photo shoots. That was the ultimate reason I sent her to Boston.

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She was waiting for him when he got back from Boston. Sitting in a chair, with a glass of wine in her hand and music playing on the stereo while a naked, sweaty young woman lay sleeping in the bed. As he came in, he caught sight of her and smiled.

“Hello, Amy. I am glad you could make it.”

“You knew I would, John. Can I see the pictures now?” She asked, offering him the glass as she rose, the silk robe hanging open to reveal all of her womanly curves. She was a goddess in the flesh and she was all for him, she just had to be patient enough for him to recognize that. He accepted the glass and offered her a memory stick with the other hand. She padded across the room to the computer and sat in the chair to plug it in. She clicked on the box and opened the memory. She spent some time going through the pictures as he went in the other room to shower before joining her. The girl was pretty, and barely a woman at that. She looked almost too young to Amys’ eyes, but she knew he was careful about the whole thing. John didn’t make mistakes about age.

He joined her a little later and they chatted back and forth, she watched a bit of the video from the last session and enjoyed it immensely. “This is the girl you want me to go to Boston for? I don’t know if I should, John. I do have a life here, and I’m not some slave you can send traipsing off on your whims, to help you woo some girl.”

He had seen this argument coming. He knew Amy had feelings for him, strong feelings he didn’t return. But he also knew that she would do anything for him, and that her career was mainly as a model and sometime actress. “I have a friend in Boston who doesn’t know why I am really sending you out there. He’s a photographer for Rindellis’.” He said, naming one of the largest ad agencies on the east coast. “He’s always looking for good models, kitten.”

“Don’t you kitten me. You lost the right to that nickname when we stopped being exclusive. When you made it clear I was too old for your tastes. And just because we get together to Fuck from time to time doesn’t give you the right to assume anything about me. I don’t know if I want to just drop my life at the snap of your fingers and go traipsing off across the country for any reason. I have gigs here as well. You’ll have to make it better than that. And don’t promise me something I know you can’t or won’t deliver on.” She had her eyes narrowed at him as she spoke and her arms wrapped around her, shutting her robe and blocking his view of her lovely body.

Kitten had been his pet name for her, like Candygirl was currently for Rachel. He resisted the urge to smile and nodded once. “What do you want, Amy? If it’s within my ability to give it to you, I will.”

*I want you.* Was what she almost said. “A nice car and a nice place to stay, for starters. A little spending cash would be nice.”

“The house I have lined up. Not in the suburbs, but not in the heart of the city either. And define ‘Nice Car’ a little better please. As I recall, you’re still driving my Maserati.”

She smiled at that. “About that nice. Don’t worry, I won’t chase off your new girl-toy, John. But I don’t want to be driving around in some Cavalier. I’m guessing the house is in a nicer residential neighbourhood?” He nodded. “Excellent. Garage?” Another nod. “Then a decent luxury car would work, if you can spring for it.”

“I’d joke about a Bently but I’m afraid you’d take me up on it. How about a Cadillac?” She nodded. “Excellent. I’ll even charter you a plane and a limo from the airport to the house. The car will take a bit more doing. There’ll be a rental when you get there.”

“I still haven’t said yes, you know. There’s something more I want.”

“I’ll add cash to your account, you know that. I like to spend on you, Amy.”

“You can call me Kitten now, if you like. And I’ll go to Boston for you on one more account. My friend Isabel is still asleep over there; she needs a bit of a boost into the business. As well as a place to stay. Her ex is rather abusive and she can’t go home to her parents. I was thinking of setting her up with Amanda, but I think you could use the company.”

He narrowed his eyes now, staring at her as she relaxed and the silk robe slipped open again, revealing what lay underneath. “The last girl you had me take in didn’t speak English. Do you know how long it took me to find a translator that spoke Tagalog in this city? I didn’t even know what language she was speaking.” He had been really pissed at that one.

She smiled. “I can imagine. You could have asked me, you know.” She had been on a flight to New Zealand at the time, and was twelve hours out of reach. “But yes or no? She speaks English, and she’s twenty two, only a year younger than I am. Perfectly legal, and pretty. And not a bad toss, if I do say so myself. She did a bit of a stint as a stripper, but she’s clean, I had my doctor check her out.”

John pretended to think it over for a moment. He had no choice really; Amy took in strays, which was her nature. She had been abused by her own family and had moved in with Claire when she was fifteen, then with him when she was eighteen, and legal in this state. She knew what it was like when the people who were supposed to be taking care of you didn’t and she remedied that where she could.

“Fine. I have a loft upstairs she can sleep in and if she doesn’t mind running errands and a little cleaning I’ll pay her a bit on the side.” Favour for a favour was only fair, and the house and car were still going to be his, after all. And he would need them when he was out that way. “At least I get my car back.”

Amy laughed at him.

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Three days later saw her standing in the airport waiting to collect her bags. Boston wasn’t too bad, but it was going to be hell come winter. She had met and spoken with Rachel online, with John supposedly out of the room. He had been setting up the loft for Isabel and arranging her accommodations while in Boston, but he knew about the conversation and had coached her on what to do and say. And this afternoon she would get to meet Rachel face to face for the first time. Once she had her things, she was greeted by the chauffer who moved her things to the trunk of the black stretched Lincoln that was waiting in the valet tunnel and saw her seated within, among the plush velvet and wet bar. She poured herself a glass of scotch and sat back to enjoy the ride.

The city was in the full bloom of late spring and the last of the cold was chased from the air as she watched the buildings and cars go by, and before she knew it they had pulled in front of a modest two story house and the chauffer had begun to ferry her things into the house. She collected her handbag, tipped the man, and went in to look around the house. John had apparently spent some time arranging things here, but the place was still sparse. There was furniture, to include a bed as large as the one in his place back in Phoenix. She knew from living with him for four years that every piece of this furniture was designed to be used for sex in one form or another, but it was also functional and elegant.

There was a lot of leather, but it was all easy enough to pass off as part of the same set. And she had a decent expense account to decorate. She was just thinking on how she could best spend some of that money when the house phone rang. She grinned as she looked at the call display and saw that it was him. She answered and immediately started laughing.

“Why didn’t you tell me this girl was pregnant?” He sounded extremely pissed.

“You didn’t ask if she was pregnant. You asked if she spoke English, and she does. Her name is Isabel by the...”

“I know what her name is, Amy. Why do I have a girl who is six months pregnant in my place for the next eight months? That means a baby here for five months. That’s unacceptable.”

She managed to push down her amusement. “John, honey, you can do this, I promise. Besides, all you have to do is provide her with a place to stay and a small salary. It’ll be fine; she’s the one having the baby.” She held the phone at arms length as he cussed and screamed into the phone and laughed out loud. This was great! Better than she could have hoped. After a bit, he calmed down and she talked to him. Amanda was going to help her with the baby and all of that; she just didn’t have a room for Isabel to stay at right now. All John had to provide was a place to stay and a job.

“Fine, look John I have to get going, I have to meet Rachel in half an hour, and then I have to do some shopping to get this place looking half decent. Monday I am going to talk to William at Rindellis’ and I’ll be busy all weekend. You try not to have sex with Isabel too much. I’ll see you in a few months.” Then she hung up on him before he could reply and grabbed up her handbag and headed out the door.

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Rachel was nervous as hell. This was the woman that he had sent to her. What was his real reason for sending her? He had said she was a teacher of sorts, but she already understood that he had different reasons for everything than he told her most of the time. He had stopped her from saying she loved him, which she could almost understand. But he had lured her into this relationship. He had used some lies and some half-truths and misdirection to get her where he wanted her, into bed. And she had gone willingly. She had no regrets of course. He was considerate of her needs and wants, he had been nothing but gentle and never more rough than she had enjoyed. And she couldn’t think of a single time when his pleasure was more important than her own.

But something felt... off... to her, and she couldn’t put her finger on it. As she was sitting in the cafe attached to the restaurant, stirring her coffee and staring out the window, she watched a stretch limo roll by and stop at the curb. The driver got out and opened the door, then helped a woman out and returned to drive the car away. Rachel felt her heart skip a bet. The woman was beautiful, tall and statuesque, red hair and long legs. She looked like a supermodel. She came into the restaurant and spoke with the Maitre d` and was led back into the private area of the restaurant.

Was this her? Oh god! If that was Amy then she was in trouble. That woman was a goddess compared to her, and she was no competition. A moment later, a waiter approached her and told her that the party she had come to meet had finally arrived. It *was* her. Oh, God... what was she going to do? The waiter led her back to a private dining booth where the redhead was seated, leafing through a menu as another waiter poured champagne and then left the bottle. As she slid into the booth opposite the woman, looking nervous and more than a little scared, Amy lowered the menu and dismissed the waiter.

When they were alone, she looked Rachel over and smiled. “Hello Rachel. I’m sure you’ve guessed by now, but I’m Amy, John sent me.” She was a pretty girl, Amy had to admit. There was a glow about her that was missing in the photos. Of course, John only had one picture of her with clothes on, and that was one Rachel had E-mailed to him. All of the pictures he took were of her naked and in various states of arousal. But he had also told her that she was smart, something all of the girls he had found had in common.

Rachel nodded and sat fidgeting at the table under the scrutiny of the lovely redhead. “Y.. yes I...”

“You don’t have to be nervous, Rachel... and I’m sure he never calls you that, does he? It’s usually a nickname. With me it was Kitten. With Amanda, who he was with before me it was Goldie. He always uses nicknames. It’s his way of detaching himself from us. But I’d like to call you Rachel, if you like. And you can call me Amy.” Rachel nodded. “Excellent. Well, lets order something horribly overpriced, I’m hungry and he’s paying. Anything you like, but no alcohol, you’re too young.” She giggled a bit as Rachel blushed and tried not to laugh. Ten minutes later the nervousness was forgotten and they were laughing like old friends as they ordered the most expensive food on the menu and started chatting back and forth.

Once the waiter took their orders and left, his eyes a little wide at the items they had ordered, they relaxed back into the velvet seats and talked a while.

“Do you think you love him?” Was Amy’s first question, the phrasing threw Rachel off a bit.

“I *do* love him. But I know that he doesn’t feel the same and I’m OK with that. I’ll take him any way I can get him.” Amy smiled; she remembered saying the same thing to herself at that age.

“That’s good. John isn’t the settling down and raising babies type, Rachel. He is a user. I met him when I was the same age you did, fifteen. He spent a year grooming me and let Amanda help him with that, and I moved in with him when I was eighteen, and lived with him until about six months ago. I thought I loved him too, and was horribly hurt and disappointed when I came to accept that he wouldn’t return the feelings. And there were two women before me who lived with him too. Claire, whom I have only met once or twice, and Amanda. Both of them loved him too, and now Claire all but hates him, and Amanda still has feelings for him, but not strong ones, she’s married with kids. Do I still love him? I’m not even sure anymore. How do you love a man who sends you to help groom and teach his new girlfriend?” She shook her head and laughed a little at this.

Rachel felt her heart drop. She knew there had been others before her, but not how many. And the information she was being given... “You must hate me.” She felt – and sounded – very small.

Amy slid around the seat to sit next to Rachel. “I don’t hate you at all. I feel a kinship with you, Rachel. I didn’t come here to run you off; I came here to teach you. John thinks I’ll just teach you about sex and being pretty, about his little games and what he wants to do with and for you. But I plan to teach you more than that. I want to teach you about him, so you don’t get hurt like I did.” She slipped an arm around Rachels shoulders and hugged her close. “I know you have two big brothers, I hope you can come to think of me as your big sister in time. John thinks I’m going to play a game for him, and he’s wrong.”

They chatted a bit more until their meal arrived and then settled in to enjoy the food. They chatted back and forth about their lives over the fine cuisine and when they were finished, Amy placed a hundred dollar bill on the table and explained that the bill was already covered by John. She made a call on her cell and they walked out to meet the limo at the curb. The driver opened the door for them and handed them both inside. And then Rachel was riding in the nicest car she had ever been in.

Amy poured them drinks and they chatted about inane things for a bit as the driver drove around. “Would you like me to drop you somewhere or would you like to go shopping with me? The house he has me staying in is sparsely furnished to say the least. And I am sure you could use a few new outfits, I know I could never get enough clothes when I was sixteen.” Amy nodded enthusiastically and they were off to the mall.

A few hours later, his credit card was moaning in pain and the two of them had the last of their purchases packed into the limo. Then Amy turned to her. “Now, I have a modelling shoot on Monday and need something nice to wear for it, would you come to the lingerie store with me and shop?” Rachel nodded and they walked back to the high end lingerie store and got a private booth. Amy said that Rachel was her little sister and they were in the market for something for a photo shoot. Once they were in the booth Amy stripped to her underwear and started trying on different lingerie.

Rachel was in the perfect position to see just how sexy Amy was. The woman was in perfect condition, the play of muscles under her skin was wonderful. She was sexy and funny, and Rachel found herself liking her more and more. Finally as she was getting dressed, Amy leaned back against the wall, her top unbuttoned and her brand new crimson silk bra visible against her pale skin, she beckoned Rachel over.

“You’re a very pretty girl, do you know that?” She reached out and laid one hand on her shoulder, the thumb caressing her neck and Rachel found herself getting unexpectedly aroused. Then Amy did the unexpected, she leaned down and kissed Rachel on the lips. It was a tender kiss, something she had only experienced once or twice with John. Passionate and warm, she found herself returning the attention, pressing against the other woman and parting her lips to allow exploration of her mouth. They kissed for a long moment before parting and Amy caressed Rachels face and smiled.

“Yes, very pretty indeed. We should buy you something here.” she leaned in again and kissed her lightly before parting. “Would you try on a few things, Rachel?” She asked then, hand coming up to cup her cheek as she did. The girls’ skin was warm and inviting and she was almost eager to see what she looked like naked in person. She had already shown Rachel her own body and liked the reaction she had seen. Rachel was turned on by her and it wouldn’t take too much work to get her intimate later. But for now, she wanted to see what she could see.

Rachel reluctantly selected one of the available pieces and retreated to the changing booth to put it on. When she emerged she was timid and a little shy, but Amy found herself more and more attracted to her. A little coaching had her moving around and by the third piece she was natural, changing in the viewing area and Amy got a good, long look at her sexy young body.

“You have lovely breasts, Rachel. They beg for attention, for a caress or a kiss.” As she spoke she stood and walked across the room to her, to stand face to face with her, one hand coming up to cup that breast as the other trailed up her bare belly and brought a shiver to Rachels skin. Amy was so hot, so sexy. Rachel couldn’t believe she was aroused by her, and found herself more than a little attracted to the lovely redhead. She was gasping for breath and pulling herself closer to the older woman as she licked her lips and looked up at her.

Amy was only a few inches taller, but the difference was drastic at the moment, with Rachel barefoot and Amy in her heels. Then they were kissing again and Rachel felt herself surrendering and letting herself melt into the kiss. She was wholly a sexual being in that instant, her youthful innocence gone. And Amy felt her release the last of her old notions of what sex was supposed to be. The kiss went on for a long time and when it was over they were both trembling and gasping for breath. Rachel quickly dressed while Amy paid for their purchases and then they headed for the car. They dare not be intimate when in the vehicle, for fear the driver might be less than discreet. But then they were at the house, the driver unloading the bags and she tipped him generously and dismissed him. A brand new Cadillac was parked in the garage and the keys were on the counter.

The bags, for the most part, could wait. They grabbed the bags from the lingerie store and headed for the bedroom. The centre piece was a huge California King sized four poster bed. Amy knew it was a carefully disguised piece of bondage furniture, but had no desire to tie or be tied at the moment. She handed Rachel one bag and chased her into the bathroom to change as she stripped and changed into one piece that she liked the most. It was a sheer shelf bra and garter set, which she offset with a pair of red panties and fishnet stockings, and then bound back her hair and reclined on the bed to wait for Rachel to reveal herself.

The younger girl came out dressed in a lacy little white bra and panties under a purple silk robe, with her long legs bare and her hair loose and wild around her face. She was a vision of loveliness. She came over to the bed and Amy slid over to sit on the edge, spreading her legs just slightly so the younger woman could stop before her. Her arms circled her waist and the two were suddenly kissing, tongues exploring each others mouths and hands roaming each others bodies as they moaned and gasped. Then Amy pulled Rachel atop her and onto the bed, her hands still caressing the younger woman with tender touches as Rachel used her hands to support herself on the bed.

Amy rolled so she was on top and pressed herself against Rachel as her hands flew over the teens’ body, caressing every warm, luscious inch, slipping the robe open wide and pushing the strap off of one shoulder as they kissed, Rachels hands caressing the other in the almost clumsy, inexperienced way that all girls had at that age. Amy understood what it was about girls this age that he loved. Part of it was this feeling of youthful inexperience. They didn’t really expect anything. By the time she turned twenty she would understand better and expect different things. And part of it was the untouched attraction of a shy young girl. Someone he could mould and form to his liking and shape her outlook on some things.

But mostly it was that sense of innocence. That eager to learn, eager to please feel that she got from Rachel was invigorating and arousing in ways she could understand. She had been this girl once and now she was getting a taste of that feeling from the other side. For John, the feel of a more mature, more experienced woman was not the same. Right now she had a sense of control that she had never felt before. She could do anything she wanted to this girl and Rachel would moan and cry out and enjoy every minute of it. As the revelation of this dawned on her, she grasped the straps of the younger womans bra and pulled it down almost violently, the feelings of lust nearly overwhelming her as she kissed her way down Rachels neck and then clamped her mouth over one suddenly free nipple.

Rachel gasped in pleasure, arching her back up to press her soft flesh against Amys’ mouth, one hand tangling in the older womans’ fiery hair and the other falling limp at her side as Amy slid her hand up to cup and squeeze the breast she was sucking at and the other hand slid down to rub at Rachels’ sex through the gusset of her panties. The younger girl was moaning and arching her hips up off the bed in moments, biting her finger on one hand while the other held Amy to her breast, the older woman sucking hard at the nipple before releasing it and moving to the other, her hand moving from Rachels’ breast to her face, cupping her cheek and caressing the warm, soft flesh.

Her other hand slid up, across Rachels’ belly and then back down, slipping under her panties and across her bald pubic mound, tickling the smooth skin before cupping the younger womans’ sex and massaging gently. The reaction was immediate. Amy could feel the wetness beneath her hand and the suddenly slick lips parted beneath her fingers as she caressed, then slipped a finger into the wet heat of the younger girl and sought out her canal. As her fingertip circled the entrance to her canal, she moved up to kiss Rachel on the lips, and Rachels’ hands came to her breasts, caressing her through the fabric of the bra, then tugging almost weakly at the fabric, unable to maintain enough control to free the breasts trapped within.

Amy paused a moment to slip the straps of her bra down her arms, freeing her breasts for the attention of the younger woman and then slipped her hand down and into Rachels’ panties again, immediately slipping two fingers between her wet labia to caress her opening as her thumb sought and found the girls clit, circling it and rubbing it as Rachel found a nipple with her warm little mouth. Both women gasped out loud and Rachel began caressing the inside of Amys’ thighs. What Rachel didn’t know was that this was a particularly sensitive area on the older woman and in moments she had Amy so wet that her juices were running down her legs. They coupled for a long while, mostly hands exploring and mouths paying attention to mouths and breasts as they moaned and sweated under each others’ caress.

But before too long, Amy had had enough, she slipped around on the bed and moved her head down between the others legs. Rachel was shocked but a little curious. John hadn’t been that turned on by oral sex with her, she had sucked him several times but he had only ever used his mouth on her that one day, near the end of his stay. Now suddenly Amy was there, sliding her wet panties down her legs and lowering her face to lick and suck at Rachels exposed sex, hands caressing and thumbs spreading the younger womans’ vagina wide open for her to get at every inch. A moment later she found Rachels clit and began sucking on it, moaning and humming as she tongued her opening and caressed her labia.

Rachel suddenly lost all control of her own muscles and was totally at the mercy of the older woman. Amy took full advantage of that power and used her hands and mouth to caress Rachels sex and lap at the juices the younger woman was leaking freely as she slowly worked her towards a huge, shuddering climax. Rachel felt the crest coming and as it slammed into her she cried out in ecstasy, arching her back high, bucking her hips and practically screaming in pleasure before collapsing to a shuddering heap, strengthless upon the bed.

She lay there for a long time, Amy lying with her, one hand toying with her sensitive, soaked sex while the other caressed her skin in long strokes that brought shudders and goose-pimples to the younger woman while Rachel slowly recovered her strength. Amy took a moment to strip away her bra and panties and then helped Rachel to strip to the skin before slipping back into bed with her. They lay together cuddling and kissing for a while before Rachel spoke up.

“Can I do the same for you? I’ve never... umm...”

“Eaten pussy before? I’m not surprised. But I can teach you, that is what he sent me out here for. We’ll do this the easy way for starters. You kneel on the floor and I’ll sit on the edge of the bed. Just take your time, don’t worry about getting me off yet, just listen to what I say.”

Rachel moved to kneel on a pillow on the floor as Amy slid over to sit on the edge of the bed and proceeded to give the younger woman lessons in performing oral sex with another woman. They were at it for a while, Rachel was a quick study and remembered the reaction she had received caressing between Amys’ thighs. It wasn’t long after that that she had the older woman shuddering in orgasm. Then the two slipped into the bed together to cuddle up and talk. Amy wanted to take Rachel with her into the city Monday for her shoot at Rindellis’ and Rachel knew she could arrange it. An hour later it was time for Amy to drive her home. Unlike John, she could drop Rachel off right at her house. They used the story that Amy was a friend she had bet on the internet and they wouldn’t get in trouble for it.

Rachel went to bed that night with a smile on her face and the taste of Amys sex on her tongue. She had sweet dreams of the older woman that night of two of them together in bed, tangled in the sheets and each other moaning and sweating. Amy went back to the house and phoned John. They discussed the day and when she went to bed, she was happy as well, but her dreams of she and Rachel involved John between the two of them, pleasuring them both as they pleasured him and each other.

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Monday morning Amy picked her up at home and they drove the Cadillac into the city. They spent an hour at a restaurant having breakfast and giggling over girl stuff before heading to the shoot. Rindellis’ was in three floors of one high rise in the downtown core and they were ushered upstairs to the studio with little fuss. The photographer was just finishing up with one model and the producer came over to speak with Amy.

“Amina my dear! It has simply been too long. I am glad you could join us for a while. How long will you be in Boston?”

“I don’t know, Jeff. A month or three at the least, and I have an engagement up in NYC that will take me away for a week. Oh, before I forget. This is my friend Rachel, she is looking to get into modelling and I positively adore her, so I brought her along. Rachel, this is Jeffery Freeman, he’s the executive photography producer here at Rindellis.”

“Pleased to meet you my dear.” Jeff held out a hand. “You can call me Jeff, of course. Amina always introduces me as *Jeffery*. Such a cumbersome name.”

Amy rolled her eyes as Rachel shook his hand and Amy smiled a little nervously. “Pleased to meet you, Jeff.”

“So you’re looking to be a model, hmmm? Well, you’re certainly pretty enough and not a stick figure like so many models these days. Women should have a little padding on them, curves are sexy. Or so I’m told.” The man had as much as said he was gay. Then he flagged down an intern. “Chloe, take Rachel here in the back, set her up with hair and makeup, and pamper her. Find her something sexy that compliments those lovely cobalt eyes, I’m going to arrange time with Jason during the next shoot, so make it snappy. Shoo.” He dismissed them both and turned to Amy, hooking her arm with his and leading her towards the dressing booth, chatting about the shoot.

Rachel was whisked into the makeup area and told to strip, shower quickly, dress in a robe and come back out as fast as she could. She was in a warm, soft terrycloth robe in five minutes and seated before a huge vanity as a hairstylist and makeup artist zoomed in on her. Half an hour later she was ushered into a dressing room and Chloe helped her dress in black fishnets, garters and panties and a bra, all of the same black silk. Then she brought out the prettiest dress that Rachel had ever seen. There were no tags on it, and she was of the impression that it was one of a kind.

A tailor appeared from nowhere and set about taking in and letting out the dress as she wore it, working with clinical precision as she stood on the pedestal for him. He managed to complete his work with her never having removed the dress and Chloe returned with black high heels and helped her into them, then she was whisked out to the studio.

Amy was in the middle of a shoot, with five men who were positioned around her precisely by a very loud Jeff as the photographer adjusted his lenses and lighting, and then the shoot began. Amy was nude, but the positioning of the models and props made sure that nothing could be seen. But she was still one of the sexiest women Rachel had ever seen, her long red hair a flaming counterpoint to the dark colours of the set and the dark skin of the two models that flanked her. She was seated just out of frame and watched as the shoot progressed. They were shooting a perfume ad for a major company and Amy was the centrepiece of the shoot. When it was done, Amy was wrapped in a silk robe and trotted over to say hi.

“Wow! You clean up nice, kiddo. Careful, you might have a proposal before the end of the day.” Jeff swooped in and extricated her, setting her up in the same set and with one of the male models, moving and adjusting, setting props her and there as Jason, the photographer adjusted his equipment again. Once it was all set, the Jason took a group of photos pausing as Jeff moved her and the set around a little. Finally he set her up in a chair with a plain background and took a headshot. When they were finished the group headed out for lunch. The model that Amy had posed with approached her.

“Umm, Hi, my names Chris. You look great, have you been modelling long”

“Chris, grab your things, we can talk in the restaurant.” Jason called back to them and like that the five of them were off to a fancy restaurant across the street. Rachel was still in the vivid blue dress and all of the makeup that had been applied to her before the shoot, and Amy had dressed in an emerald green dress that complimented her eyes. Jason and Jeff walked close, holding hands and Chris walked a little behind them until Amy gestured for him to come a little closer.

“He likes you.” She whispered as Rachel blushed. “So tell me, Chris, how long have *you* been a model?”

He smiled a roguish smile. “Most of my life; my parents had me in front of a camera for diaper and baby food ads when I was little and I’ve done toy and clothing ads off and on most of my life. I turn 18 next month and plan to take Jeff up on his offer for a bit more adult work.”

They chatted a bit as they walked. Chris was seventeen and single, and seemed to have a thing for Rachel. Amy did her best to let them talk as they walked, and made sure they were seated side-by-side in the restaurant. Rachel was a little uncomfortable, she was Johns’ girl, and didn’t really have an interest in other men. After lunch they returned to the studio and Rachel and Amy were in a shoot together, Rachel even posed in one of Amys title shoots with her dress off her shoulders, but her back turned and her face hidden by her hair. At the end of the day they went out to dinner and then Amy changed so she could drive them home.

“Umm, Jeff. Where can I change?” Rachel asked him as they were getting ready to leave.

“Change? Why?” She indicated the probably very expensive dress and Jeff laughed. “Keep it, pretty thing; you look as sweet as candy. If I were straight I’d do you myself. Jason is Bi, but we’re monogamous. And I hope to see you in here again. Can I contact you if I find a shoot I think you’d do well in?” He asked with all seriousness.

Rachel nodded and as Amy collected her, Chris came trotting over, handed her a card and smiled. “Call me sometime, please? I live here in town and I would like to talk, if nothing else.” She pocketed the card and said she would then headed out with Amy. Once they were in the car and on their way Rachel spoke up about the attraction Chris seemed to have to her.

“Yeah, Chris is a cute one alright, I might chase him myself. But the one he is interested in is you, kiddo.”

“But I’m with John.”

“So? John isn’t monogamous. Sweetie, he was home three days before I flew out this way, and we had sex six times, once with another woman in the bed with us. Look up free love in the dictionary and you’ll find a picture of John.” She could see that Rachel looked a little hurt and betrayed. “You have had sex with me; wouldn’t that be classified as cheating?” She asked gently. “John doesn’t see it that way and if you want him to yourself you’re better off breaking it off now and looking for someone else. Like I said, he’s not the marrying and kids kind. He’ll be with you for a few years at best and then you’ll drift apart. I lived with him for four years, and was his lover for two more before that and we drifted apart.”

Rachel thought this over as they rode. Chris was quite the eyeful, a sexy, well muscled young man, sweet and funny and charming. And really she knew that John wouldn’t care. He’d likely encourage it. He had sent Amy out here after all. And Rachel was beginning to suspect the major part of the reason Rachel was here was to teach her sex, not to act like a big sister. And while she didn’t know it, she was only half right. They drove on through the city until they reached the neighbourhood where Amy lived and Amy asked if she could stay the night. Rachel nodded and used the older womans’ cell to call her parents and let them know. They knew Amy was an older woman, but had no problem with it, she wasn’t a man after all, and she couldn’t molest their daughter.

Little did they know.

\* \* \* \* \*

A week later they were back in Rindellis together; Rachel was there to do a bit of freelance work and to pick up the pictures that had been shot last time. Jason and Jeff were there and so was Chris, who was in a shoot with Rachel later. Rachel went through the rigmarole of getting dressed and then came out to watch Amy in her shoot. Amy was still the sexiest woman she had ever seen. And all too soon it was her turn, and she was under the lens of the camera. She was being paid for this shoot, and while her parents didn’t know about it, she knew they likely wouldn’t care. She was clothed and the job paid well.

She was dressed to kill in several different outfits that fit her body shape and complexion for the shoot; it was a spread for a fashion magazine. In once picture she had to kiss Chris and in another she was dressed similar to Amy, but with opposite colour schemes. She had a great time and Jeff handed her a check for two thousand dollars when it was done. Rachel was stunned. She had never had that much money of her own before. She changed and while waiting for Amy spent some time talking with Chris. Before they parted, Rachel very nervously set up a date.

They returned to the house after and showered, lounging around on the new furniture Amy had bought, they enjoyed the lazy end of the day and chatted as Rachel thought about what she was going to do with the money she had earned.

“Start a bank account, if you don’t already have one, and save for a rainy day... or go splurge, anything your parents would question you can keep here.” Amy offered, Rachel had a bed in the spare bedroom for when she slept over. And while she stayed at least twice a week, she had never slept in it; she always slept in bed with Amy... usually after they exhausted themselves.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three days later, Chris was knocking on the door of Amys’ house to collect her and Rachel answered the door in the blue dress from her very first photo shoot, offset with black heels and bare legs. When he caught sight of her, he froze, eyes wide and a shocked look on his face.

“You” \*cough\* “you look great, Rachel.”

She smiled and blushed a little and he offered her his arm. Rachel took it and turned to wave at Amy who came to stand in the door.

“Have her back by Midnight, mister. I know people who know people who handle this sort of thing, catch my drift?” She said half-seriously and with a twinkle in her eye. Rachel already knew what Amy would do if she could get Chris alone... or even with Rachel there and it involved him ending as her personal male slave. Chris was hot, and while he didn’t really flaunt it, they didn’t exactly take ugly guys as male models. He was tall, around six one, with his sun-bleached blonde hair pulled back out of his eyes and his red shirt rippled over solid muscles. He led her out the door and she goggled at the car he was leading her to. A red Lamborghini sat in the driveway and the door opened as they approached. He sat her inside and closed the door before walking around and getting behind the wheel.

They drove into town and he took her to the Boston playhouse where they saw *Les Misreables* and then it was off to the most expensive restaurant in the city for dinner. After an amazing performance and a very expensive dinner, they returned to find a limousine waiting for them and he handed her in himself before joining her. She didn’t ask about the Lamborghini. Over dinner conversation she had found out that his grandfather had left the photography studio to Chris when he passed and his father was watching over it until he turned 21. They sat close and chatted while they just rode around and after a little while Chris rested his hand on Rachels thigh as they spoke.

She was very comfortable with him and soon rested her hand over his and after a little while she turned to look at him and he leaned in and kissed her gently. It was a tender kiss, and his hand came up to cup her cheek as they shared the intimate moment. She kissed him back and enjoyed his mouth on hers thoroughly as their tongues danced and his hand slid slowly down her neck and across her shoulder. His touch was warm and soft, he was well muscled but his skin was very soft and his touch was light as his hand slid down her arm, pushing the spaghetti strap of the dress off of her shoulder. Due to the design of a dress, she couldn’t really wear a bra underneath, at the studio they had dressed her with pasties over her breasts, but tonight she wore nothing under it at all.

She moaned against his mouth as the kiss drew on and on and his hand slid down her arm, pushing the dress ahead of it until she felt the smooth fabric slide off of one breast and his hand gently slipped over to cup and hold the warmth of that orb ever so gently, his thumb circling her aureole while her nipple stiffened rapidly at his touch. She slipped one hand over and across his thigh; turning slightly to press her breast more firmly into his hand and then her hand was caressing him through his slacks as the kiss continued on and on and on. He was an amazing kisser, and she let herself go wholly into that kiss and into his embrace.

He suddenly placed his hands on her hips and lifted her almost casually over to straddle his lap without ever breaking the kiss. Her legs parted and she straddled his legs as his hands pushed the dress down, freeing both breasts and cupping both ever so gently with tender squeezes and light brushes as she moaned again into his mouth. They remained like that for a long time and when the kiss finally broke, she leaned back slightly, just looking at him and revelling in his touch. One hand was on her waist, holding her in his lap while the other hand shared time between her left breast and her long slender neck as he looked right into her eyes, his smile was tender and his hair was a mess from her hands going through it and pulling him tight into the kiss. Then he leaned forward and placed a kiss between her breasts as his hands held her waist firmly, gathering the fabric of the dress to gather it around her waist.

She held up her arms and he drew the dress up and over her head, leaving her in his lap in nothing but her heels, which she dropped to the floor with a little wiggle of each leg. Then she smiled and slipped back out of his lap and down to kneel on the floor before him. her shyness was gone by now and she was feeling positively sinful as she reached forward and unfastened the buttons on his shirt one by one and trailed kisses down his chest. When she was halfway done with this shirt, she let her hands slip lower until they rested in his lap, feeling the solid length of his manhood there, turgid and erect in his pants. He was positively huge, and she licked her lips as she looked up into his eyes, saw the look of shock on his face and smiled as she gave his belt a sudden rough yank that released the buckle. He lifted his hips obligingly as she unfastened his fly and slid his pants down to free him from his clothes. One hand came up to wrap around his shaft as she continued to look up into his eyes, leaning forward slightly so that the length of his cock rested between her breasts, with one of her slender hands gently stroking the shaft and the other caressing her own breasts.

He was gasping and staring at her, his eyes on hers at all times as she caressed him, her hand moving from her breasts to his testes to gently cup and fondle him as she lowered her head. During her visit with John she had learned a lot about oral sex on a man and she used all of it now, taking him into her mouth and swirling her tongue around the head of his shaft as she applied a little suction and stroked him with one hand. He groaned and leaned back in the seat, spreading his legs a little more and letting her have full access to his cock. And she used everything he gave her, and had him moaning and gasping as she took a little more of him into her mouth every few moments, taking him back as far as she dared, sucking and licking over his shaft as her hands caressed him and her soft breasts rubbed his shaft and thighs. She glanced up from time to time and saw that he never took his eyes off of her face as she pleasured him, and she smiled and started to hum as she sucked him, enjoying his gasp and the way he had to fight to keep his eyes on her.

She felt powerful then, enjoying her control over him as she gave him pleasure, expecting nothing in return and using all she knew to make him moan and writhe, his hand tangled in her hair, but not forcing her, more holding her hair out of the way while she pleasured him. Then something strange happened, as she was picking up a little speed, making her strokes faster and her caresses a little more intimate, the car hit a slight bump and suddenly he was sliding into her throat. Something in the adjustment of her body, her posture and the way his cock was angled slipped him past the back of her mouth and into her throat with hardly a protest and she was suddenly sliding down his long, long shaft and taking every inch of him into her mouth.

She was a little shocked at the action, and at first panicked as she lost the ability to breathe around the length of his cock in her throat, but he let out a groan that had her nipples suddenly as hard as rocks and she found that by letting just enough of him out of her mouth she could breathe for a bit and then take him all back into her throat again. She took all of him back into her mouth and continued to pleasure him until she could feel the soft warmth of his scrotum resting against her chin, and she fondled his balls with one hand while the other caressed his chest and he caught that hand in one of his as she groaned.

“Rachel, I... I’m... I’m going to...” And she smiled around his shaft again and swirled her tongue against him as she fondled him and groaned around him, applying suction and movement until she felt him spasm in her mouth and shoot his load straight down her throat and into her belly. He gasped and cried out then, but never held her in place or was rough with her even a little as he came, then he was lying back against the seat looking exhausted and covered in sweat. She let him out of her throat slowly, savouring the feel of his length sliding past her lips as she toyed with his after-glow, enticing him with little jolts of pleasure as her hands caressed him and she sucked tenderly at the head and looked up at him still looking down at her.

She smiled up at him, with his cock growing slowly flaccid between her breasts while she kissed the head and caressed his shaft and sac, licking her lips and smiling like the cat that ate the canary. John had told her about deep-throating when he was up, and she had never felt ready to try it, some girls couldn’t, she knew. Apparently she could, much to the delight of Chris, who drew her up into his lap to hold her and regain his composure. She curled against him, wearing nothing but sweat as he caressed her and nuzzled into her neck.

“That was amazing, I’ve never had anyone take me that deep in their mouth, Rachel. Oh my god...” he was trembling and she still felt smug as they rode around in the car. After a little while, he shifted and lifted her in his arms, carefully lowering her to the floor of the car before laying between her legs and applying kisses across her face and neck, pressing her into the carpet with his weight, pressing her breasts to his chest and slowly moving down her body as he kissed, trailing kisses after, he stopped at her breasts for a long time, kissing and caressing, sucking and fondling until her chest was a nest of pleasure and he was moving down again, his hand preceding him, cupping her bare sex and caressing her, spreading her labia with two fingers while another explored her heat.

She was moaning and had her hands tangled in his hair as he moved to lay with his head between her legs, and laved kisses and licks across her wet, ready pussy. One hand continued there, teasing and caressing while the other slipped up to caress her breasts and then he covered her pussy with his mouth and started laving attention on her sex with his mouth, lapping at her juices and delving into her heat with his tongue, darting in and swirling around inside of her. She was moaning and writing as he pleasured her with his mouth the same way she had pleasured him, with no care to any pleasure but hers, his eyes looking up at her as he smiled and took her clit into his mouth, sucking tenderly while one strong finger delved into her, caressing and exploring, then suddenly there were two, and she moaned and couldn’t stop from pushing her hips up and into his hand and mouth. He took that opportunity to slip his arm under her and hold her aloft as he lapped at her.

Then his fingers found something inside of her, some secret, special place, and she was crying out, biting down on her thumb to try and control herself as he caressed that same spot over and over again, driving her mad with his tongue and fingers until she lost all control and came explosively. She felt his mouth frantic at her sex, lapping at her dripping juices and caressing her labia and opening while his fingers never let up and never stopped pleasuring her. the orgasm drew out for a long time and she was shuddering in exhaustion as he slipped up to lay beside her and draw her into his arms.

They lay kissing for a while then, wrapped in each other and she knew that she had to have him inside of her, she had to feel him filling her with every inch of that wonderful cock, and she told him so. He just smiled and asked her to wait. After they had recovered, he dressed and helped her back into the dress, using towels stored under one of the seats to wipe off the sweat and taking a moment to rearrange their hair, they returned to the seat and he paged the driver.

“Franklin, that’s enough driving around, take us home, please.”

“Yes sir” came the reply over the intercom.

While they rode, Chris explained that this compartment was soundproofed and private for the comfort of the passengers, so she could have let a bomb off inside and the driver would have heard nothing but the radio. The car finally stopped and the driver came to open the door. Chris helped her out and they went into the exclusive bay side condominium that overlooked most of the city and had an unobstructed view of the bay. Chris put in a key and they rode the elevator all the way to the top. The apartment there was a huge luxury affair, and Chris left her a moment to look around and call Amy while he made a few calls himself.

“Amy? It’s Rachel, don’t wait up for me, I’m going o stay here tonight. Yes, I know, you want to hear all about it, every lurid detail... Yeah... Yeah... OK, I’ll see you tomorrow.” After she hung up, Rachel wandered around the apartment and enjoyed the view. There was a helicopter pad at one end and an outdoor pool at the other end. The place was magnificent and she was standing at the rail enjoying the view when Chris came up behind her and slipped his arms around her waist, pulling her close and tight against his chest.

She leaned back into his embrace and could feel that he was wearing nothing at all as he nuzzled down into her neck. She smiled and caressed his arms with hers as he held her for a while, then she turned to look up at him, her blue eyes looking up into his honey brown eyes as she slipped first one strap of the dress off of her shoulders, and then the other before stepping back and letting the dress fall and pool around her feet. He stepped forward and slipped his arms around her, drawing her into a deep, passionate kiss. He took his time and explored her mouth thoroughly as he pulled her tight against him; she could feel his growing erection against her belly and moaned against his mouth as she kissed him back.

With a sudden movement he scooped her up into his arms and carried her over to the pool and started down the steps, out of the warm evening air and into the cool water. She gasped a little as it enveloped her and wriggled with delight until he released her. they spent some time splashing around in the pool, enjoying the feel of water on their bare skin and then they started a game of cat and mouse, he had to trap her if he wanted her, the odds were stacked in his favour as she wanted him too, but it was still fun to make him chase her, they groped and kissed, laughing and splashing until he finally had her trapped against one corner of the pool. She wiped the water from her eyes and he kissed her again, he was fully erect by now, and the thickness of his shaft was pressed against her belly as his hands caressed her back and bottom, pulling her against him as she wrapped her legs around his waist and ground her slit across his solid length.

He groaned as she moved her hips and slid slowly down his shaft, biting her lower lip and smiling up into his eyes, she was warm and wet and inviting as he slid deep into her, and they fit perfectly, he was just long enough to fill her completely, and thick enough to stretch her to the very edge of comfort. She was still innocent enough that the look in her eyes was so arousing to him that he knew he wouldn’t last long in this setting, but he was contented to enjoy her here as long as he could before they had to relocate.

Rachel knew that the totality of her experience was with John and Amy, but she was trying to use everything the two had taught her in their time together, and she thought that she was doing well, she could hear him grunting and gasping over the splashing of the water in the pool and suddenly he gripped her ass and pulled her tight against him, stopping all movement and gasping as he tried to grasp control. Then he disengaged and set her up on the lip of the pool.

“I need a condom, Rachel.” In her need to feel him, she’d forgotten all about it, and he climbed out of the pool and they walked into the apartment together. He went to the bathroom and came back with his member sheathed and scooped her up in his arms again, and carried her out and onto the helipad, where he set her on her feet and they kissed again, caressing and groping, working each other back into a heat for what was coming. As he tried to lower her to the surface of the pad, she stopped him and pushed him down onto his back, moving to straddle his hips and position him at her entrance. With a single quick drop, she seated him fully within herself, and she was hot and ready, welcoming him and he groaned, pushing up to meet her as she took him.

And she stayed sitting up, straddling his hips, riding him as his hands explored her body, caressing her breasts and chest, he moaned as she shifted her hips and started to grind against his hips, moaning as his cock filled her to capacity and she felt every inch of him, tight as a hand in a glove as they coupled. Lying below her, looking up, Chris was in rapture, the wind was blowing her hair almost straight up, and the moon was behind her, framing her as she rode him, moaning and sweating under his hands. She was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen, and he was gasping as he tried to keep control, her hands went to her own hair and she arched her spine as she rode him a little faster, speeding up a little and he could feel when she crested an orgasm, her pussy suddenly squeezing him tight and her breath catching in her throat as she ground almost violently against him and then collapsed against his chest.

He left her no time to recover, but took over immediately. She felt a little shocked as he rolled on top of her, and his hips started moving again, she gasped as he stroked through her still spasming heat and then he hitched her left leg up so her knee was on his shoulder and suddenly the feel of him within her changed, and that spot inside that he had found in the car was being rubbed constantly by his cock as he ground against her faster and faster, harder and harder. Her hands came up to push against his chest but he ignored them, shifting his weight slightly to get a better angle and before her first orgasm was over, her second one slammed into her and he was groaning as he emptied his load into the condom, but never stopped, grinding against her over and over until she crested a third time, the last orgasm slamming into her so hard she felt her body give in to the stress, and as her vision tunnelled in on his face, she passed out.

\* \* \* \* \*

Rachel woke wrapped in warmth and white satin, curled into the largest bed she had ever seen with him there with her, holding her close as he slept and she smiled wiggling back against him and closing her eyes to enjoy the sensations. She had had a wonderful time last night and her whole body felt languid and relaxed, and she had come to realize something about herself, something that would require pondering. A little while later, Chris began to stir and she felt his cock slowly hardening against her back as he swam up and towards wakefulness. She smiled wickedly and wiggled out f his arms, turning to push him gently onto his back. She had the perfect way to wake him...

Chris swam up and out of sleep and dreams feeling warm and safe and wonderful... he also felt something else and as his hands felt around for Rachel in the bed, he thought for just a moment that she was gone. Then he felt her hair brushing over his thighs and he opened his eyes with a snap as her mouth closed over his cock. He lay still and groaned while she pleasured him with her mouth, moving around until she found the position that would allow her to take him into her throat and he groaned as she did, his hands tangled in her hair and she went on, using her slender hands and warm mouth to pleasure him, the feel of her soft breasts pressing against his thighs was wonderful and he had to make himself pull her up and kiss her.

They made love again in the bed, then in the shower before eating breakfast. When they were fed and sated, he was forced to drive her home. He dropped her at Amys house, smiling as he left her at the door.

“Can I see you again, Rachel?”

“I dunno, I’ll have to see.” She said with a sly grin as she looked at him, winking to show that she already knew the answer. ‘’He left smiling and Rachel went to tell Amy everything.

\* \* \* \* \*

The next two months passed well and one day while she was at home, her parents having just returned from work, there was a knock at the door. Her father answered it and Jeff was standing there.

“Mr. Cooper?” Her father nodded. “My name is Jeff Wiseman, I represent Rindellis’ photography studio. As I am sure you know your daughter has been doing some modelling work for us?”

Again her father nodded and invited Jeff in. They sat in the living room and her mother came and sat with her father, and Rachel sat in a chair across from Jeff and listened to what he had come to say, her heart skip-thumping in her chest.

“Mr. Christopher Rindelli, the owner of the studio asked me to forward your daughters folio to a few select studios we know and I have received a request from Maynards in Phoenix, Arizona would like to do a shoot with your daughter as the central model. She would be provided with a hotel accommodation as well as a chaperone, and a small amount of spending money, all expenses paid, of course.”

They discussed the issue for a while, her parents were leery of letting her fly across the country by herself, even with a chaperone and even with someone paying the bill. Then Jeff brought up the subject of the chaperone.

“I am aware you are familiar with Miss Aminda Cornell? A friend of your daughters.” Her father nodded. Amy had been over for dinner a few times and her parents got along well with her. “Miss Cornell has agreed to provide chaperonage for your daughter, as she is from Phoenix herself.”

The discussion carried on for a while and finally her parents acquiesced, as they trusted Amy and they knew the opportunity was too much for their daughter to pass up. Tutors would be provided so she did not miss any of her schooling and they would receive a phone call from her at least three times a week during her four week stay.

When Jeff left and Amy was alone, she was practically quivering with excitement and ran up to talk to John on the internet, she had to be ready to leave in three days. He wasn’t online but he left her a message.

>>See you soon, Candygirl.

End Chapter 3

Coming soon:

Chapter 4

Phoenix