**Becky's Story**

by HappyComet

**Chapter 1 The Day That Changed Becky Life**

Before I get to the day that changed my life, let me first give you all a little background to help it make a little more sense. Just a little cause I am still having a difficult time making sense out of it. That is why I am writing this ... Hopefully, it will help me make sense out of why...

Today was Thursday and it started like any other school day. The alarm clock went off and I got out of bed and took a shower. I had a track meet today so I took the time to use my Laser hair removal tool all over my body. I like to be neatly trimmed just above my pussy into a little rectangle, but all other hair on my body must be gone, I like to be hairless as possible. After I was done with that I showered and got dressed for school. I had breakfast with my family, mom, dad, and two brothers. My mom’s name is Sandy. My dad’s name is Danny. My older brother is Tim and my younger brother is Tom. Tim is a Senior in high school and Tom is in 8th grade. That puts me right in the middle of them. I think we have a very normal family. My dad works at some company where he is the boss. My mom works part-time doing the billing at her friend’s dad’s business. Tim is a Jock and has got a scholarship for basketball and track. Tom is a pretty good basketball player, but he does even better at Baseball, and I am on the swim team, basketball and track and field. Both mom and dad are very fit as well and we stay very active. We are a close-knit family and I love my family a lot. We are not very rich but I think we are richer than most because of our strong family.

Oh, and I am Becky ... Anyways back to the day that changed my life ... forever ... The school day was pretty normal. I had to take a big test in my English class ... Which at the time I thought I did ok. I at least thought I got a passing grade. I get good grades and try to do my best. I do not get as good of grades as my brothers but I do try. Today’s track meet was the final one before the championship. I need to finish at least in 3rd place. Oh, just so you know I run in the 400 meters, 800 Meter, and I Long jump. So ... I needed to at least 3rd in each to perform in the championship meet in two weeks.

Which I did, I took 2nd in the Long Jump, 3rd in the 800, and 1st in the 400. Life was good! Even Billy was there watching me at the meet and gave me a big hug after I won. I was not allowed to date yet, but if I could, I would really like for Billy to be my first. Maybe even be my first lover not sure, I just would have to see how well he was at kissing first. Heck, I have never even kissed a boy, so how would I know if he was good or not. Sorry, back to the story.

Friday was another day that was like most others until my last period of the day Mr. Carter my teacher told me to see him after class. He handed me a test that had a big red “F” on it. The name on it was not mine but it was my Brother’s, Tom. If Tom could not participate in the Championship meet, then he would lose his scholarship. That would indeed not be good for him or my family, since we would not be able to afford college for him.

Mr. Carter spoke up “ I have your brother’s future in my hands, I have not recorded his grade yet. I could be persuaded to give him another try to pass this test or even give him a passing grade if I was given enough persuasion.”

I was not sure what he was talking about, but I never did like the way he looked at me and now he was totally creeping me out. I asked him how could I help my brother. What I heard from him made me want to throw up.

Mr. Carter said, “Well, Becky if you make me feel really good. Then I would give your brother another chance to take the test but if you allow me to make you feel good as well ... then I may give him a “D”. There is a way for you to make sure that your brother gets an “A” on his final but first I need to know what you are willing to do to make sure your brother’s future will be that which he is hoping for.”

I remember thinking, this guy is a total creep. I have heard stories of things guys like for girls to do to make them feel good and even some things that guys do to girls to make them feel good. I just knew that I did not want to do any of those things with Mr. Carter. He was a good looking man, but he was old. I think he was in his 30’s and I did not want him to touch me before I even had a boyfriend.

I love my brother and I know that he has big plans and that he lost his scholarship then his dream would die. Not to mention my parent’s dreams for him, and they are not rich enough to pay for his college.

I looked down at the ground and said, “ Mr. Carter, what would I have to do to make sure he got an “A” on his final.”

“Well, Becky first I need to make sure that you understand that you would have to do everything I tell you to do, for 2 weeks until after the championship track meet. “ Mr. Carter said with a smile.

“What kind of things would I be made to do for you?” I asked.

He told me that before he got into that I would have to prove to him that I would be willing to do what he wanted me to do and told me to get come closer to him. As I approached him, he grabbed my waist and slide his hands up under my shirt and felt my stomach, and then turned me around. Next, his hands went higher and found my bra strap. Before he could undo it I stepped away and started to cry.

“I see,” Mr. Carter said, “ I figured that you would not do what was needed to keep your brother’s dream alive. You may go.”

“Wait!” I cried out loud. “ I am sorry. This is just all so quick. I have never even kissed a boy and here you are wanting to take my bra off and touch me for the first time.”

With that comment, he stepped next to me and reached around me and grabbed my waist again then slide his hands on my bare skin up to my back to my bra. Then he unhooked my bra. Next, he stepped around to my back and once again grabbed my waist and slide his hands over my stomach. One of his fingers went into my bellybutton. His other hand felt like it crawled up my stomach and slowly covered my right breast. (Now, I have normal size breast, I were a “C” cup and my nipples are about the size of a dime and stick out when hard about as long as a full eraser on a pencil.) When my breast was touched for the first time ever by someone else, it sent a tingle through my whole body. When his other hand started to massage my left breast I let out a groan. My nipples started to harden and my knees got weak.

“Oh, Very nice. Your breasts are perfect, and I love how hard your nipples have gotten. I wonder if your pussy is reacting to my touch. Becky, are you liking my touch?” Mr. Carter asked.

My head was spinning, as soon as he said pussy I thought about mine and it was indeed tingling and feeling very weird. I answered him “ I do not want to be touched by you, I am only allowing you to touch me because I love my brother and I want his dreams to come true.”

He released my breast and his hands slide down to my shorts and unsnapped them and undid the zipper. His right hand slide down and went under my panties it did not stop until his middle finger had slide over my clit, which caused me to moan out loud. He had his middle finger inside of me. I was surprised to feel so wet. After just a few wiggles he was touching my virginity.

“Well, I’ll be, you are a virgin. We are going to have a lot of fun. I am looking forward to the next two weeks with you. You are going to learn a lot from me.” Mr. Carter said as he slid his fingers out of me and then surprised me, even more, when he stuck the same finger into his mouth.

He turned me around and told me to put myself back together. After I was done he handed me a note with a website and login info and told me to log in at 7 pm. There he would have some instruction for me. Then he told me to hurry to the bus, so I would not miss the ride home.