**ChangeRoom**

by[Ashson](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1445967&page=submissions)©

We'd had a cheerleader's practice after school and for one reason and another it went on a bit longer than intended. Long enough that some of the younger girls were getting a bit antsy, having things they needed to do and places they needed to be. At eighteen I was the oldest on the team and I took pity on them and volunteered to do the clean-up work. Not surprisingly my offer was accepted with alacrity, the rest of the girls hurrying off to shower and change. It's amazing how sweaty and grotty you get doing some of those routines.  
  
I took my time tidying up, quite happy to fill in some time while the rest of the girls had their showers and got out of the way. I drifted into the change room just as the last of the team was heading elsewhere.  
  
Stripping off, I stepped under the shower, pleased to find that the water was still reasonably warm. I didn't linger because with our showers reasonable warm could turn into damned cold very quickly.  
  
I was drying myself off when I received a bit of a shock.  
  
"How you going, Meghan?" said a voice.  
  
The salutation didn't shock me. The fact that the voice was masculine did. I spun around to face the speaker, wrapping the towel around myself as I did so, wondering just how much he'd already seen.  
  
"Brad! What the hell are you doing here? No, don't tell me. I don't want to know. Just leave, now."  
  
As usual Brad didn't do what someone told him. He's like that. He just casually leaned against a locker and smiled at me.  
  
"I'm doing janitorial work," he said, indicating the mop and bucket next to him. "Why am I doing janitorial work, you ask?"  
  
"I didn't ask," I quickly pointed out. "The door's over there. Go through it."  
  
"It was like this. I didn't know that they'd installed some new CCTV cameras in the school. I was just doing a little harmless graffiti when I was pounced on and hauled up before the Principal. He was not happy."  
  
"Neither am I. Go away."  
  
"He said he should hand me over to the cops but what with me being eighteen and an adult he didn't want to see me with a criminal record for a first offence."  
  
"A first offence where you've actually been caught," I pointed out, but Brad just waved that away as of no consequence.  
  
"Anyway, as a first time offender he gave me a choice. Two weeks of janitorial duties or explain to the cops why I was doing graffiti. I opted for the mop brigade."  
  
"Well you can go and mop elsewhere. You're not supposed to come into the girl's room until we've all gone."  
  
"I thought you had all gone. I saw the team departing and came on in. How was I to know that there was a straggler?"  
  
"You could have knocked and called out. Now that you know the room is still occupied, why are you still here?"  
  
"I'm waiting for you to lose the towel. Not actually lose it. More toss it to one side where you can reclaim it later."  
  
"Not going to happen."  
  
"Um, yes, it is. Willing or un, you're going to lose the towel for a while."  
  
"You wouldn't!"  
  
"This is me we're talking about. Care to lay a bet on whether I would or not?"  
  
Not where he was concerned. It occurred to me that I was going to have to flash him before he'd leave.  
  
"So you're saying that you're not leaving unless I flash you?" I asked, undoubtedly sounding a little bitter.  
  
"Not exactly," he said.  
  
"Then what, exactly are you saying?"  
  
"The towel comes off and then I lay it on the bench," he said, nodding towards the long bench that ran between two rows of lockers. "Then I lay you on the towel and fuck you."  
  
I gave him an appalled look.  
  
"You're going to rape me?"  
  
"I believe that's one euphemism for it. I prefer 'introducing you to the delights of the flesh'. It sounds so much classier."  
  
"I'll scream."  
  
"Won't help. Apart from thee and me I think the school is deserted. And the change rooms are relatively sound proof anyway. You can blame the boy's team for that. They can get rather raucous."  
  
"Not happening," I said rather desperately. "No way, no how."  
  
I inadvertently dropped my gaze to the general area of his groin. The sizable lump there told me that he wasn't kidding about his intentions. What on earth was I to do?  
  
Before I could think of anything that might persuade him to back off I lost my towel. Well, I didn't lose it so much as had it stolen. I barely had a chance to see that he was moving before he'd yanked the towel out of my grip and stripped it off me, leaving me frantically trying to cover up with my hands and not having much success.  
  
"Give that back and get out," I yelled, and he smiled.  
  
"Towel off and lay it on the bench," he said, laying the towel on the bench as he spoke. "Then it's lay you on the towel and let the fucking commence."  
  
That's the point when I realised that I should have been making myself scarce, even if I was naked. Now that he had a hold of my arm it was way too late to run. I took a swing at him with my free hand only to have him catch it and now he was holding both my wrists and pressing me backwards. He was pushing lightly against me and I could feel the end of the bench behind me. He kept on pressing and I had nowhere to go, slowly being forced down and onto the bench.  
  
I decided that the simplest thing to do was give way, partly. I sat on the bench. He simply grinned and let go my wrists, his hands covering my breasts and rubbing them. It was just natural for me to lean back away from his hands, but they followed me, and then I was lying on the bench, his hands still massaging my breasts.  
  
"Lay you on the bench," he said cheerfully, "and now the fucking can commence."  
  
With that he dropped his trousers and his erection was right there in front of me, and it looked enormous. The fact that I was a virgin didn't mean that I hadn't seen an erection before. I had, however, refrained from fondling any, and I had made sure the owners of those erections didn't get their hands on me. This particular erection seemed a little on the, ah, larger size, if my memory served me correctly, and I was sure it did. Also I doubted that I was going to be able to stop Brad from laying both his hands and his erection on me. I considered my options.  
  
Beg for mercy? That was a laugh and rather demeaning, as well. Fight like crazy and try to drive him off? He was bigger, faster, and stronger, than me. The ease with which he'd caught my wrist when I tried to hit was shocking. I was going to get fucked, so what if I just lay there like a lump? It would serve him right if he didn't really enjoy it, but would that stop him enjoying it? Probably not. It seemed I only had one option left.  
  
"I don't seem to have much choice but you damn-well better make sure my first time is memorable rather than a horrifying memory. If you don't manage to please me I'll make sure you're not pleased with the consequences."  
  
"So you're going to yield? Just like that?" He sounded rather bemused.  
  
"Not just like that," I snapped. "After careful consideration. I don't really have any choice and I'm yielding to a superior force. For the time being."  
  
"Almost you make me want to turn and run," he said. "Almost."  
  
To demonstrate that almost didn't count he reached down and his hand closed over my vulva, making me catch my breath. I'd never had anyone touch me there before. His other hand reached for and covered one of my breasts, with me giving another little gasp. That was another first, a hand on my bare breast. Sure, boys have groped at them 'accidentally' but always through my clothes.  
  
So how did I feel about the way his hands were touching me? It was, I decided, quite pleasant. Exciting even. There again, the knowledge of what was to come was also working on me, even if my only knowledge about it was theoretical. The way Brad was going I was getting some practical experience quite fast. I could feel my eyebrows crawling up my forehead when a couple of fingers eased their way past my lips and started touching me internally.  
  
He kept on with the teasing and I was finding myself getting all hot and bothered, enjoyably so. Would I feel the same way if I'd been a willing participant, I wondered? That's the point at which he touched me in a way that made me give a little shriek of shock. I wasn't stupid. He'd just agitated my clitoris, deliberately, too, to see how I'd react. I glared at him and he winked and damn-well did it again, blast him.  
  
I was twisting about restlessly, wondering when he would get on with the actual fucking. Not that I was I a hurry for him to start. At least, I don't think I was. I wasn't really sure. I seemed to be spending too much time looking at his cock. If he'd been lying next to me instead of standing where he was would I have been trying to take hold of it and get a feel for what it was like? I thought the answer was probably a yes as I was getting more and more curious.  
  
He suddenly pushed my legs further apart and was now leaning over me, his erection hovering just above my mound. He looked at me, smiled, and winked.  
  
"Time for you to move your lips apart," he said.  
  
"What?" He expected me to hold my lips apart?  
  
He didn't reply to my exclamation, just waiting. I tried again.  
  
"You expect me to. . ." I let my voice trail away so that he could sense I didn't believe that he could be such an idiot.  
  
He still didn't say anything, but he did move his hips slightly so that the head of his cock butted lightly against my lips. He really did intend for me to spread my lips for him. Very nervously I reached down and parted my lips.  
  
"A little more," he coaxed, and I spread them a little more, blushing furiously.  
  
"That's a good girl," he said in a voice that made me want to slap him. At the same time he leaned forward and his cock pushed past my fingers and into the space I provided. I hastily snatched my hands away, making a funny little sound as my lips closed again, wrapping around his cock. Now it was well and truly a case of 'oh my god he's doing it'.  
  
He leaned harder against me, his cock pressing deeper. I was a virgin and it seemed to me that he'd barely started to enter me and he was shredding my hymen, with me giving a painful yip. Did he sympathize or slow down? Not him. He laughed and pressed in harder.  
  
It was obvious to me right from the start that Brad was trying to insert more than would fit. He was pressing hard against me but his progress was slow. He was having to force his way down my passage and it seemed to be resisting him every inch of the way. Did it hurt? Well yes, in a way, but it seemed to be a good sort of hurt, if that's not a contradiction.  
  
Even as he slowly pushed into me I was left wondering. When he fucks me properly I was of the understanding that his cock would have to move in and out with a certain amount of speed. If he's so tightly jammed in how's he supposed to move afterwards? Wait and see I suppose.  
  
I'm not sure how long it normally takes for a man to stick his cock into a woman but it seemed to me that Brad took several minutes to get the job done. It also seemed to me that there was now an awful lot of cock inside me, certainly more than I had expected from what I'd seen. Did the damned thing grow even larger after they were inserted? It certainly felt that way.  
  
Brad was rubbing my breasts again, holding his cock fully inside me.  
  
"We'll just stay like this for a minute or two while you adjust to what it feels like," he told me.  
  
"I know what it feels like," I pointed out. "It is in me, after all. Who would know better?"  
  
"Mm. You have a point. So how does this feel?"  
  
With that he pulled his cock nearly all the way out and then drove it back into place. I was quite surprised that it moved so freely. It still felt as though it was tightly jammed in there but he seemed to be able to slide it quite easily. How did it feel? Strange, I guess.  
  
"You do know that you're supposed to push to meet me when I thrust in, don't you?" he asked, and I glared at him.  
  
"Of course I do. You took me by surprise, is all," I snapped.  
  
"Rrriiight," he said slowly. "Then you'll be ready this time."  
  
He pulled back, hesitated for a moment, and then came driving back in, with me hastily flexing my hips and pushing up to meet him. Apart from gasping slightly this time I didn't say anything but, wow, doing it like that felt a whole lot better than that first thrust.  
  
That reciprocating move by me seemed to be all that he'd been waiting for. He pulled back and came driving in again, with me once more moving to meet him. And he kept on doing it, and I was glad that I was in good condition because he was starting to give me a thorough workout.  
  
He just kept on and on with me doing my best to match his movements. The entire thing was just something wonderful and the main thought that went through my mind was why the hell I hadn't done this sort of thing before. I guess it's a case of you don't know what you're missing until you try it.  
  
It's funny the little things you notice at times. I was getting hotter as each second passed, my arousal building beautifully. I still found time to see that at some stage I'd lifted my legs and wrapped them around Brad's waist, while my hands were clinging onto his shoulders. If it wasn't for the fact that we cheerleaders have to have short nails Brad would have had some interesting claw marks.  
  
Towards the end I wasn't really noticing anything about Brad apart from the way his cock was driving me into a nearly demented state. I was nearly screaming when Brad suddenly picked up the pace a whole lot, and then I was climaxing, one hand jammed into my mouth to stifle the scream that I couldn't help giving as I climaxed, and a wonderful climax it was.  
  
"I trust that was satisfactory," Brad said afterwards, a smug smile on his face.  
  
"I suppose," I assented, "but I don't really have anything to compare it to, now do I? I'll let you know in due course how you rate, if you do."  
  
"That's fair enough," Brad said, apparently not even recognizing the snub. "I'll find a few opportunities to give you examples to compare it to. Perhaps if I lie down and you get on top? We'll see what you can do that way."  
  
"No way, no how," I said, slightly horrified. Unfortunately I was horrified at my reaction, not what he said. I was curious and this would never do.  
  
"Ah, Meghan, wasn't that what you said just before you lay down on the bench?" Brad asked, sounding immensely cheerful.