**Ginger goes for broke**

part one *by [Rebeca Lewis](http://stories.xnxx.com/profile313531/Rebeca+Lewis)*

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**Introduction:** After having fantisized about, and flashed her pussy at Ryan, the older man next door, since she was 13, now 17 year old Ginger decide to take matters into her own hands.

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As Ginger Collins prepared to knock on thirty year old Ryan Rynolds door, she went over every thing one last time. After four years of wishing, fantasizing, and hoping this day would come, now that she stood on the threshold, both literally, and figuratively, she couldn't help being a little nervous.  
If her plan went well, within the hour she'd have his hard cock up inside her little teen-aged pussy. If it went badly, she had several escape plans, but she prayed it wouldn't come to anything as drastic as all that.   
Regardless, she was taking a big risk. If her mother ever even suspected what she was up to, there'd be hell to pay.   
She checked her clothes one last time, then applied a little more gloss to her thick sensuous lips, before taking a deep breath, and knocking on the door. She was almost beside herself with excitement as she stood at the doorway. Finally, Ryan opened the door.  
  
"High Mr. Rynolds." Ginger said brightly, a big friendly smile on her face. "I'm here to get the key."  
  
The look on his face told her that the outfit she had picked out was having the desired effect. She had on black heels, and white, thigh high stockings. Her red Plaid skirt was so small that one could clearly see her lacy white garter belts. Her white, short sleeve shirt was unbuttoned, and tied just under her now ample seventeen year old breasts, exposing her flat little tummy. Her shoulder length red hair was in pig tails, and she wasn't wearing a bra. Although Ryan didn't know it yet, she wasn't wearing panties either, but if Ginger had her way, he'd find out soon enough.  
  
Ryan finally recovered enough of his composure to say, "Right, yeah, let me get it for you." turning around, and walking away from the door.  
  
Ginger couldn't help smiling at how red his face had gotten at the sight of her, as she smoothly slid in the door, quietly closing, and locking it behind her.  
"Can I come in?" she called out innocently.  
  
"Yeah, sure." he called back from his bedroom, were he was retrieving the key.  
  
She laid her back pack by the door, which contained not only her books, but the clothes she'd worn to school that day. There was no way she'd have worn this outfit. This was her fantasy gear. She had been masturbating to the thought of fucking Ryan since she'd first met him when she was thirteen, and she had put this little combo together with that in mind. Sometimes she would even wear it while thinking about him, and touching herself. She skipped over to the couch, almost giddy with excitement at the prospect of finally living out her fantasy. It was taking Ryan a minute to find the key.  
  
Although Ginger's mother had said that she was "leaving the key with Mr. Rynolds," that wasn't entirely accurate. Ryan, and her mother had been fucking on, and off for almost three years now. When Ginger had gotten back from spending two weeks, and her fifteenth birthday at her cousin Tammy's, that was when she knew they were doing it. After a while Ginger's mother gave him a key, which had provided great fodder for Ginger's imagination. Many a night she'd rubbed her little pussy to orgasm thinking about Ryan using that key to sneak into her room, and sexually molest her.  
  
In any case now Judy, Ginger's mother, wanted her key back, and sending Ginger to get it was her passive agressive way of getting it.  
She had over heard their argument last week, and it seemed that Ryan had fucked some eighteen year old girl, and Judy was not at all amused.  
  
"Hey, we never agreed to anything exclusive." he had protested.  
  
"That's not even the point Ryan." she had shot back. "She's young enough to be your daughter."  
  
"Bullshit!" Ryan exclaimed. "Not unless I started having babies at twelve. She's young enough to be your daughter, and that's what's pissing you off. You know, you're twelve years older than me Judy, and that doesn't seem to bother you."  
  
He must have really hit a nerve, because the next thing that came out of her mouth was through clenched teeth, and that only happened when she was really mad.  
"I don't want to discuss this with you anymore Ryan. Now get the fuck out of my house."  
  
He had stormed out, slamming the door behind him.  
Ginger had found all of this very interesting indeed. First of all, it meant that her mother wouldn't be fucking Ryan again anytime soon, and she surmised that within a week he'd be good, and horny. During their argument Ryan had said that sex with that eighteen year old was a one time thing, so unless some other bitch came along, she had time to plan her attack.  
Secondly, and more importantly for her purposes, she had learned that Ryan would definitely have sex with a girl much younger than himself.  
Perhaps it would have helped if see had waited two more weeks. Then she'd have been eighteen, and the legal aspect wouldn't have been an issue, but three weeks was just too long to wait. What if he met someone else, or, god forbid, he made up with her mother? Then there was the question of finding another excuse to be alone with him in his apartment. That wouldn't have been easy. She did the mental calculus, and it all added up to one thing, this was her window of opportunity, and she just had to go for it. Besides, the idea of fucking him while she was still under age made it all the more wrong, and that really turned her on. She could only hope that he felt the same way.  
  
"Okay, here's the key." he said, emerging from the bedroom at last. He seemed a little surprised to find her sitting on the couch.   
"Yeah, so," he said, holding up the key, "I guess you can go home now."  
  
Ginger bit her bottom lip. This was going to require some finesse on her part.  
"But my mom's not coming home till six." she began, pouting, "I don't want to sit home alone. Can't I stay, and visit for a little while?" she pleaded, "Please?"  
  
He seemed to think about this for a moment, and then finally said, "I guess that would be okay."  
  
He sat down on the other side of the couch, and started asking about school, and stuff like that. Ginger however was determined to steer the conversation towards more sexual topics.  
  
"My boyfriend broke up with me." she pouted.  
  
"Oh, I'm sorry." Ryan said, sounding genuinely sympathetic.  
  
The truth was that Ginger had dumped him, but there were at least two good reasons why she had to say the opposite. One, to make common cause with Ryan. It was a subtle why of saying, "I know how you feel. I got dumped too." The other was to set him up so that he almost had to compliment her looks.   
"He said I was too ugly." she lamented, knowing that Ryan would feel somewhat obligated to help build up her self-esteem, and sure enough.  
  
"Well, he needs glasses, or something." he asserted firmly.  
  
"Really?" she said, doing her best to sound a little uncertain, and insecure. "You think I'm pretty?" she asked, biting her lip, and giving him a sheepish look.  
  
"Of course Ginger." he said, almost as if on cue. "You're gorgeous."  
  
Gorgeous? Oh yeah, this was working perfectly, so she decided to knock it up another notch.  
  
"He said I had an ugly body, and that I wasn't sexy." she said, with an even bigger pout.  
  
He scoffed at this. "Okay," he said chuckling, "This kid doesn't just need glasses, he's blind. You have a very nice body Ginger."  
  
She giggled girlishly, and then placed the heel opposite him on the edge of the coffee table, slowly running a finger up her silk garter, she asked, "But am I sexy?"  
  
Then she bit her lip, and gave him what she liked to call her "sexy innocent" look.  
Ryan cleared his throat, and said a little uncertainly, "Um, yeah. Sure, you're, um, sexy."  
  
Ginger stamped her foot back down to the floor, drew her arms across herself, under her breasts so as to make her cleavage more prominent, and pouted, saying dubiously, "That doesn't sound very much like you think I'm sexy."  
  
Ryan recovered his composure, and said, "I'm sorry, you just caught me a little off guard." He took a deep breath, and then looking her right in the eye, he said with a cool sincerity,stretching his arm out on the couch between them, occasionally tapping his fingers for emphesis, "You are a very bright, very sexy young woman, and any guy who can't see that, isn't worth your time."  
  
Ginger looked down, and blushed. She had felt pretty certain that he thought something like that, otherwise she wouldn't be here attemping to seduce him,but to actually hear him say it was even more thrilling than she'd imagined it would be.  
She smoothly slid her hand over his, and leaning a little closer to him, she said, "That's so sweet of you to say." in a breathy voice. Then she looked up, and gave him her best "fuck me" eyes, and boy did he get the message.  
  
He quickly drew his hand away. "Oooookaay," he said nervously. "I think you uh, I think you should go home now Ginger." and as he offered her the key, his hand was shaking a little.  
  
"Okay." She said dejectedly. Pretending, for the moment, to go along with his suggestion.   
As she took the key from his hand, she seemed to lose her grip, fumbling with it, before "accidentally" dropping it on the other side of the coffee table.  
"Oh damn!" she cried, doing her best to sound miffed, instead of what she was really feeling, which was pride at having pulled that maneuver off so flawlessly.  
"I'm sorry," she apologised, "I just get all klutzy around a hot stud."  
He shifted uncomfortably in his seat, and she said, "I'll get it." suddenly standing up, and facing the table. Out of the corner of her eye she caught him adjusting the bulge in his pants.  
  
'Yes!' she thought to herself with glee. 'I got him hard. Now, stay smooth Ginger.'  
While he was momentarily distracted, she hiked her skirt up a little. Although it was already short enough to do what she intended, she wanted to make sure that he got a good, close up view of what she wanted to show him. She angled her heels slightly in his direction, and then slowly bent over the coffee table. She kept her legs straight, bending at the waist, and her skirt rode up her ass higher, and higher, until Ryan looked up to find himself facing her bare ass, and naked pussy. He gasped in surprise, and Ginger thought, 'Gasp? Wow, my pussy rates a gasp? Alright.'   
Looking dead at the key she said, "It's over here somewhere." as she patted the carpet, pretending to look for it. She shifted her weight from one foot, to another, back, and forth, wiggling her round, firm ass ever so slightly in front of him. She was waiting for him to say something, hoping that it wouldn't be too soon. She was enjoying flashing her pussy at him. She always had.  
  
In the summer time they both hung out at the pool a lot. With her sunglasses on she could stare at him all she wanted, and he had no idea. She would wait until no one else was around, or at least no one that was paying attention, and when he'd glance her way she'd spread her legs, pretending to adjust her bathing suit, always pulling aside the crotch for a second to give him a shot at her pretty pink beaver. A couple of times he'd actually gotten into the pool to cool off after one of her little shows. When he did, she could see his cock buldging against his swim trunks. over the past couple of years she'd come up with all kinds of ways to nonchalantly, and seemingly accidentally, show him her vagina.  
  
Finally Ryan coughed, "Uh, Ginger..." he began, and that was her cue.   
"Oh, here it is." she said brightly, cutting him off, as she snatched up the key, and quickly stood up, holding it out for him to see. As soon as she'd turned around, he'd shifted his eyes away, as if he hadn't been staring at her ass, and pussy. 'Men are funny.' she thought, as she pouted, and said, "Well, I guess you're gonna make me go home now. All alone."  
  
He smiled wryly, and said sarcastically, if still a little nervously, "Yeah, well you should probably go home, and put some panties on Ginger."  
  
She threw her hand up to her mouth, her jaw dropped, and her eyes got as round as plates as she yelped, "OH MY GOD! Do I not have panties on?"  
  
Ryan turned several shades of red, and stuttered, "No-uh-no, you don't Ginger."  
  
Ryan wasn't stupid, and a part of him could see right through her little cerade, but the part of him that still saw her as Judy's little girl refused to believe it.  
  
"Did I just flash you?" She almost giggled, her cheeks turning red with excitement.  
She had flashed him dozens of times, and although she was still kind of playing it off as an accident, just the fact that they were talking about it was making her pussy tingle. "Oh my god! How embarrassing. I'm sure that was the last thing that you wanted to see."  
  
Polite, and honest as Ryan was, it was impossible for him not to say, "Weeeell, I wouldn't say the LAST thing." before quickly adding, "but you should probably go home, and put some panties on. You shouldn't be running around like, like..." He trailed off as she suddenly lifted the front of her skirt, exposing herself to him again, her sparse, red pubic patch hiding nothing.  
  
"Well, look at that," she said, looking down in between her legs, "I really don't have any panties on."  
  
Ryan had been shocked into silence, and his mouth hung open as he stared at the tender young pussy that was right at eye level with him. He blinked twice, and almost recovered from his surprise, when Ginger did something even more outrageous.  
She placed the index, and middle fingers of her other hand on the upper part of her thick outer lips, pushing up, and back until a pink little nub popped out between her fingers.  
  
"Oh my god!" she exclaimed, still faining surprise, "My little clitty's all hard."   
Then she started slowly kneading her clit between her fingers as she cooed, "Ooooo, my vagina feels all funny. Could you put your finger in it, and tell me if it's wet?"  
She bit her lip, attempting to look as inoccent as a girl can while rubbing herself in front of you.  
Suddenly it became all to clear to Ryan what was happening. Judy's daughter was coming on to him, hard fucking core.  
  
"Jesus fucking Christ!" He exclaimed, "You can't play with yourself in front of me. What the fuck are you doing? You're Judy's daughter."  
Of course they were both well aware of this last fact, but he had felt compelled to say it anyway.  
  
"Well, I'm not your daughter." she sot back, still playing with herself.  
  
"That's not even the fucking point!" he exclaimed, then stopped, pointed at her vagina, and said, "You need to quite doing that, and you need to go home." hitching his thumb toward the door. "I won't tell your mother about this," he promised, "but you need to go home."  
  
Ginger could feel the moment slipping away, but she refused to let it go. She decided to change tactics, so she dropped her skirt, pulled her hand away from her pussy, and said, "I'm sorry." Then she fell to he knees in front of him, and rested her arms on his knees, sating, "I' think it's messed up the way my mom cut you off."  
  
She caught him off gaurd yet again, and he stamered, "I don't, uh, I really don't think..."  
But she cut him off again with, "I know I'm not supposed to eavesdrop, but I couldn't help overhearing you the other night. If my mother's too chicken shit to commit, what does she want from you?"  
"Well," he began, "I think it's a little more complicated than..."  
But she didn't let him get any further before asserting, "So you fucked an eighteen year old girl, so what? How often do eighteen year old girls come on to you? I mean your only human."  
He knitted his brow, and seemed to think about this for a moment before taking a deep breath, and saying, "Although it's none of your business, and I really don't need you to stick up for me, Thanks."   
Then he grasped her wrists, lifted her arms off of his knees, and said, "Now you really need to go home."  
  
Ginger started to stand up, once again pretending to go along with Ryan's request, but then she quickly climbed up on to the couch on her knees, straddling his lap. She slipped her wrists out of his grasp, rather easily, and then in one deft motion, pulled open her shirt, and grabbed his head, pressing her breasts against his face.  
  
"Please don't make me go!" she wailed, rubbing her tits on him.  
He grabbed her shoulders trying to pull her away, but she had him in a death grip.  
  
"Whao Ginger!" he exclaimed, suddenly panting as he struggled with her. "I can't," he gasped, "You can't, this can't, no this..."  
This time she cut him off by loosening her grip just enough for her to slide one of her tities across his face, and sticking a nipple in his mouth. For a moment he kept trying to protest, sounding all, "Maaaggghhhhaaahhh."  
But as Ginger had so astutely noted, he was only human. Before long he couldn't resist, and he slowly slipped his hands over her shoulders, grasping her back, and pulling her into him, as he suckled her hard pink nipple like a newborn at feeding time.  
'Sweet jesus this is amazing." he thought, as he flick, and swirled his tongue all over the tender young nipple in his mouth.   
  
She figured he wasn't trying to get away, "Ssssss, oooo, yeah, fuck yeah," she cooed as she slid her arms down around his shoulders, and backed up a little so that she could watch him. He was making all these weird little yummy sounds, as if her nipple tasted so good that it hurt.   
He pulled his mouth off of her nipple with a pop, and then sucked it back in, rolling in between his tongue, and the roof of his mouth. Then he popped it out again, stuck his tongue out, rubbing, and stroking her erect nipple with it, before sucking it back into his mouth again.  
  
Ginger's reaction to all this was a steady stream of, "Ooo, sss, yeeeaahh, oh god, fuck yeah, oooo, mmmm, sssss." muttered in a breathy voice. He took her little gently, yet firmly between his teeth, and licked up, and down furiously.   
"Oh god yes!" Ginger exclaimed, "Lick it Mr. Rynolds, lick it."  
  
He suddnly stopped, and looked up at her. As their eye's met, he smiled self consciously, before saying slowly, and clearly, "Your mother can never know about this."  
  
She gave him a crooked grin, and said, "There's a lot of thing my mother doesn't need to know about." Chuckling as she leaned down, grasped his head in her hands, turning his face towards hers, and stuck her tongue out as if she were about to kiss him, but instead flicked the end of his nose.  
He jerked his head back a little surprised, and then giggled a little before shoving her tongue into his mouth. He immediately started kissing her back, and Ginger was delighted to find that he was just as good a kisser as she had thought he'd be, maybe even better.  
'If he's this good at everything else' she thought, 'then this will be a fun afternoon.'  
  
Part of Ryan thought that this had to be some kind of crazy sex dream, but another part of him thought that he should have seen it coming. After all, she had been going out of her way to show him her pussy since she was fourteen.  
She'd always been real careful to do it in such a way so as to maintain plausible denyability. In fact, she was so good at it that the first few times he'd taken it for the accident that she'd intended it to look like, but after awhile, about the time she's turned fifteen, her little shows had become so frequent, and brazen that an idiot could see what was going on, and Ryan was no idiot.  
  
'She wants me to look!' he remembered thinking, more than a little surprised.  
He had thought about saying something to Judy about it, but ultimately decided against it for two really good reasons.  
First there was the very real possibility that Judy might respond with, "Why are you looking at my daughter's crotch in the first place, and second, as much as he hated to admit it, he didn't want her to stop.  
He really liked those little flashes of teen aged pussy, and besides she was just a young girl exploring her sexuality. If she got off on flashing him, as long as she kept it discreet, he figured, no harm, no foul.  
  
As her tongue swirled, and danced in his mouth he couldn't help but wonder how long she'd been planing this.  
Although she had carried the whole thing off as very spontaneous, one of the things that Ryan had learned about her over the years was that she liked to plan everything in meticulous detail.  
She was always making notes, and lists, and not only did she seem to have a plan for everything, but as far as Ryan could see, she also had one, if not more back-up plans.  
He had no idea how right he was.  
  
She had slid her knees in so that she could lower her bare ass down against his lap, and press her bare titties up against his chest, caressing his shoulders, and neck with her hands while she kissed him passionately.  
She slid her cheek up next to his, and whispered in his ear, "Oooo, I've wanted you for so long." before kissing, and nibbling it. Then she lightly ran her tongue across his cheek, before thrusting it in his mouth again.   
The way that he moaned, and caressed her body as she kissed him told her that he had wanted her for awhile too.  
  
It was all so perfect that Ginger hated to spoil it, but she knew that it was a long way from the living room to the bedroom.  
Sure, she'd broken his guard down enough to get him to make out with her, but she knew that Ryan really cared about her mother, and was a pretty ethical guy, he'd have plenty of time to "come to his senses" before she could get that cock, so she had to get her insurance.   
As she kissed him deeply, she dug her nails into his neck, raking them down so hard that she broke the skin.  
  
"Jesus fucking Christ!" Ryan hollered, throwing a hand up up to the wound. "What the fuck Ginger?"  
  
A steady stream of apologies flowed from Ginger's mouth, and in truth she hadn't meant to scratch him quite that hard, but she had meant to leave a mark.  
"Oh my god, I'm so sorry." she pleaded as she licked the blood off his neck.  
  
He pushed her head away ruffly, swearing, "Fuck that! Game over Ginger, you need to go the fuck home right now!"  
  
He started pushing her away, and she slid off of his lap, and onto the her knees on the floor in front of him, quickly parting his legs, and wedging herself in between them.  
"Please don't make me go." she begged, almost crying. "I swear it won't happen again. I'm sorry."   
Then she started unbuckling his belt, saying, "I'll make it up to you." but he grasped her wrists firmly, there would be no wriggling out of this grip.  
  
He pulled her arms up, and slowly pushed her away, saying, "No Ginger. Go home."  
  
Now Ginger's eye's were tearing up as she wailed, "Please, just let me suck your dick. I'll do it good, I promise."  
  
Ryan lowered his head, opening her arms so that he could get right down in her face, and said tersely, "Go home, now!"  
  
Ginger sighed, pretending to give in once again, and as she moved further away from him, raising her behind up to sit on the coffee table, and Ryan released her.   
  
Looking dejected, she said, "I really am sorry." with a certain amount of sincerity. She really had hated having to do that, but in order to insure that she got what she wanted, she'd had to.   
She decided to give the honey approch one last try. Spreading her legs, and pulling her skirt up to reveal her little pussy, she asked, "Are you sure you won't let me suck your dick."  
  
He set his jaw in a way that made it clear that he was in no mood to play with her, and that if he had to, he'd physically throw her out the door.  
"Positive." he said firmly. "Now go."  
  
Ginger stood up slowly, and began to amble towards the door.  
"So you won't let me give you head?" she mused regretfully.  
  
"NO!" Ryan sot back firmly.  
  
As she reached the door she picked up her back-pack, and then turned around, her eyes suddenly cold, and in a very controlled, almost creepy voice, she said, "Oh, but I think you will Ryan."  
  
He turned around to look at her. "Whaaat?" he chuckled in disbelief.  
  
"Oh yeah," she went on, "I'm gonna suck your cock, you're gonna lick my pussy, and you're gonna fuck me, or..." she finished brightly, holding a finger up, with which she then reached over, and unzipped a compartment of her back-pack.  
Ryan's brow knitted in confusion as she pulled out a pair of panties, and set her back-pack back on the floor.   
When she lifted up her skirt, parted her thighs a little, and then started rubbing the crotch of the panties all over her moist little cunt he thought, 'What the hell is she doing?'  
She suddenly pulled the panties from between her legs, and then stretching the waistband over her index finger, she shot them across the room like a rubber band.  
  
As Ryan stared at her, his mouth hanging open, and completely dumbfounded, she started breathing hard, and tears began welling up in her eyes.  
She grasped a hold of the door knob, and said, "Now what-what do you think would happen," she sobbed, "If I were to run out of here screaming rape."  
  
Ryan hadn't thought that his jaw could drop any further. He was wrong.  
"You wouldn't." he whispered, as a chill ran up his spine.  
  
In response Ginger started really weeping, putting on a pretty convincing act, as she gasped between sobs, "Mr. Rynolds touch-touched me, and he took my-my panties off, and he tried to put his penis in my vag-vagina. I-I-I had to scratch-scratch him to get away." She finished weeping hard.  
Suddenly Ginger began to turn the door knob, and he was so shocked that he could only watch in horror as she slowly began to open the door.