**Ginger learns her lesson**

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**Part one**

**Introduction**: A little prick tease gets her just desserts.

"Ginger Collins had been going around teasing all the older single men in the apartment complex.
This smart assed little thirteen year old girl had been watching all kinds of internet porn, and she figured she knew how far she could push it without getting raped.
Truth be told, she was pretty good at gaugeing how far she had to go with each man to get his dick hard, before skipping out.
The little tease got off on it.
She'd go home, and masterbate after leaving these men all hot, and bothered. She'd think about the bulges she was able to cause in these grown men, as she started rubbing her fingers over the top of her vagina. She imagened how horny they must be, and how they were probably jaking off right now thinking about her, as she flicked her fingers on either side of her tender clitoris.
She'd rub her thumb over, and around her clit, stroking her lips with her fingers, as she thought about what that man's hard, naked cock must look like.
As she rubbed, and the penitrated her virginal hole with her middle finger, she'd think about how bad the must want to fuck her.
Still working her clit with her tumb, as she got to fingering herself real good, she'd think about how magical it would be when she met the right boy, who would gently take her virginity, because they were in love.
She would bring herself to orgasm while imagining that all the older men that teased could see her making love to her perfect boy friend, and how jealous they'd be.
As the last shudder would run through her, she'd picture them jaking off, and crying.
Afterword, she would giggle at how easy it was to get away with teasing these men.
The day she knocked on thirty year old Ryan Rynolds door, Ginger had every reason to think that she was about to get away with it again, but what she didn't know was that Ryan knew all about her little hijinx, and he was ready to teach her a lesson she'd never forget.
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"What do you need Ginger?" Ryan asked in a smooth, and friendly manner, as he stood behind the door, opening it just enough to poke his head out.
"Well," Ginger began sheepishly, bitting her lip, "I left my key at home, and my mother won't be home til about six, or so, and I was wondering if maybe I could just hang out with you."
Ryan pretended to think about it for a second, before finally saying, "Sure, why not?" as non-chalantly as he could.
He stepped back, and opened the door wide enough to admit his nubile little nabour, and she crossed the threshhold boldly, unaware that she was entering the lion's den.
Her mid-length red hair was in pigtails, and she was wearing a pair of little patant leather flats, a black, and white plaid skirt, and a cute little white shot sleeve button up, with all the buttons undone, and tied just under her perky little titties.
That would have been more then enough, but to top it all off, she wore a pair of thigh high white stockings with liitle black ribbons around the top.
'She's just beggin' to be fucked.' Ryan thought to himself, as she skipped over to the couch where she'd indicated she should sit.
She didn't notice Ryan lock the door, and it wasn't until she sat down that she noticed what he was wearing. The only thing he seemed to have on was red silk robe which hung about mid-thigh, and was tied at the waist.
Ginger's mouth dropped open in surprise.
"Oh yeah," Ryan said, acting as if he too had just noticed how he was dressed, "since I work from home, sometimes I like to sit on my leather chair in my silk robe with my laptop. It makes it seem a little less like work."
He smiled sheepishly adding, seemingly sincerly, "I can change if it makes you uncomfortable."
She shrugged indiffirently, "Oh I don't care." she said, fighting to keep the exitment out of her voice, as she tought, 'I hope he's not wearing underwear, then I'll really be able to see his dick get hard. I bet it will embaress the hell out of him.'
Ryan sat down on his leather cair, opened his laptop, and started typing away.
Meanwhile, Ginger placed her little black purse on the coffee table, and started getting to work herself.
She began wit some mildly flirty converstion, and Ryan talked with her, but he didn't seem to notice her flirtations. He hardly looked up from his laptop.
She kept trying to get his attention, but the more flirty she got, the coy, and disinterested he seemed.
Frustration was getting the better of her.
With that computer in his lap, she couldn't even see his crotch.
She abandaned all prudence, and said, "I wish I could see a real cock." putting the tip of her finger inthe side of her mouth.
He just smiled, and said, "I'm sure you will one day sweetie." seemingly oblivieous to her come on.
'Son of a bitch!' she thought, momentaily dumbfounded. 'Is this mother fucker gay?'
She resolved to find out. One way, or another.
It was time to get serious.
She slid her ass to the edge of the couch, hiking up her skirt.
"Mr. Rynolds?" she asked, as she lay back on the couch, and spread her legs, "Could you look at this? I want your opinion."
As he looked up from his work, she went on.
"My mom got me these panties, and I think they're really cute."
She ran her hand down her tummy, and started rubbing her pubic mound throu the thin fabaric.
"They're white cotten, and the little black flowers are stitched in silk." she continued, "It feels really nice."
Ryan smiled politely. "Yeah, they're cute." he said casualy, then turned back to his laptop.
"But, but," she stuttered, sitting up. "I wanted her to get me the matching bra, but she said my titties wern't big enough."
As he watched, she untied, and opened her shirt.
"Do you think my boobs are big enough for a bra?" she asked, cupping a budding busom in each hand.
He piched his lip, and furrowed his brow, as if closely studying her perky little breasts.
Finnaly he said, "You could probably use a bra, but no use spending a lot of money on one that's only going to fit for a couple of months. I reckon by next year those are gonna be C cups, easy."
Ginger blinked in surprise.
His blunt assesiment really threw her, and the strait forword, nonsexual manner in which he'd said it made it even more disarming.
She was speechless.
"Well, that's enough of that." Ryan sighed, setting his laptop on the table, and standing up.
He opened his robe, revealing his hard pulsing cock. Ginger was so surprised that she could only stare at his thick meat, as he picked up her purse.
"Wh-wh-what?" she stammered, trying to recover her senses.
She was still staring at his hard naked cock when she heard her keys rattle. She looked up to see Ryan holding her keys next to his head
"That's right, up here." he said, shaking them.
Her eyes went wide, and her mouth dropped open.
"Oh gee Mr. Rynolds," he began, mocking a teen aged girls voice. "looks like I've got my keys aftr all." He gave a comical giggle, putting his fingers to his mouth, and batting his eyes.
"I gues now that I've shown you mt titties, and rubbed my pussy in front of you, I'll go home. Bye."
a chill went up her spine as he went on in his natural voice. "Yeah, I know all about your little antics."
She tried to muster up some kind of lame denile, but he just laughed at her.
"I've been living here a long time, and I know a lot of the guys here real well." he explained. "Well enough, in fact, that they tell me about crazy shit, like, this little Ginger girl that came over, and teased the fuck out of 'em, then ran off, and left them holding their dicks."
Ginger Wrapped her head around the situation enough to ask, "Well, what are you gonna do?"
He laughed, and said, "I'm going to teach you a lesson. First of all, don't try to get a man hot, unless you're ready to see a hard cock." At this he stroked the shaft of his member, which was at about eye level with Ginger.
"Well," she said thinking fast, "maybe I'l just tell my mom that you showed me your penis."
He laughed again. "When Chet, and Dave tell her what you did, it'll be easy to deny this shit." he said, waving his cock at her face.
"Well, I'll just say that you gave me beer." she began, defiently, "They gave me beer, and then they showed me their penises, and then tried to touch me in my private area." she went on, pretending to cry. "And my mom will believe me, 'cause I'm her sweet, innocent little girl."
Ryan seemed to think about this for a moment, and then he said, "You might be right about that, but check this out."
He dropped her keys back in her purse, and sat down on the couch next to her.His robe was still open, and she was having a difficult time not staring at his hard cock.
He pulled his laptop over to face him, and then turned on the television, setting it to AV 1 with a remote control on the table.
Between trying not to look at his dick, trying to figure out what he was doing, and trying to fight this weird horny felling she was getting, her head was spinning. Which is probably way it took a second to register when he said, "I have this laptop linked to my camera by wireless, and I can move the video player from the computer to the T.V. like so." As he said this Ginger could see him slide the video off the laptop screen, while at the same time it slid up onto the television screen.
"Oh neat," she said, genuinly impressed. Then what he had said sank in, and she asked, "What, what camera?"
He pointed to just over the television, and said, "That one right there."
Ginger saw the lens mounted just above the screen, staring back at her. Her cheeks flushed hot, as she started to get an inkling of what she was about to see.
Just then the video started, and sure enough, there she was up on the screen.
Not her as she was now. Sitting on the edge of the couch, skirt hiked up so far that you could see her panties, and top undone. No, this was her just after she'd arrived. She had just watched herself set her purse down, and start talking when Ryan turned to her, and said, "I just love the cinema, don't you?"
Sitting in his chair Ryan was off camera, but you could hear him well enough, and as she watched the sceen replayed, thinking how it might look to somebody else, another chill ran up her spine.
She would try to flirt, and he would politly push it aside, so she would get even more firty, and he'd respond with yet another polite rebuff.
By the time it got to the "I wish I could see a real cock." comment, she'd realised exactly what it looked like.
It looked like a polite older man trying valiantly to ignore the fact that this little girl was acting like a total slut.
She sat stock still with her mouth hanging open, saring wide eyed, as her doppleganger on the screen lay back on the couch, rubbing herself.
She was so distracted by the shock, fear, and confussion, that she barely noticed when Ryan picked up her leg, and pulled it accross his lap, spreading her wide.
It was only after the video ended that felt his cock against her leg, and his slidding up her inner thigh tword her tender young vagina.
"What are you doing?" she asked astounded, as she tried to close her legs, and push his hand away.
He was holding her leg accross his lap firmly, however, as his free hand reached over, and grasped her other thigh, forcing her legs open wider.
The video had started again, and Ryan jerked his head tword the tword the screen, saying, "It'd be a shame if I had to burn a copy of that, and give it to your mother, wouldn't it?"
At that, all the resistance drained from her body.
Her arms went limp, as she lay back on the couch with her legs spread open.
"Lesson two," he began, slidding his hand up her thigh, comming to rest over her tiny pubic mound.
"Oh these do feel nice." he quipped, rubbing her through her soft little panties, momentarily distracted by the smooth feeling of the matireal under his fingers. He rubbed the little silk flowers, seemingly fascinated by them. "These must feel nice to have on all day." he said casualy, gently stroking her.
"Okay where were we?" He said, suddenly getting back on track.
"oh yeah, lesson two." he went on, slipping his fingers down to rub her virginal pussy through her panties.
"Don't rub your pussy in front of a man, unless you're ready to let him rub it."
Ginger wimpered, turning her head as she felt the hot tears welling in her eyes.
"Shhh, shh, shh, it's okay." he soothed, his strong fingers gently, yet firmly rubbing the tender flesh between her legs.
"Ssss, ooo, what a sweet lttle pussy." he cooed, as she just lay there, and took it, sobbing quietly.
She was crying more out of anger wiyh herself then anything else. How could she have been so stupid?
'You were sure that you were such a clever little prick tease,' she thought to herself ruefully, 'Well now you're caught you dumb little cunt.'
"Aah, aah." she gasped involentarily, as Ryan played with her pussy through the thine fabric of her panties.
In the midst of her self recrimmination, and fear, she suddenly became aware of Ryans fingers rubbing tight little circles over her aroused clitoris.
As she felt the pressure biulding in her pussy, she thought, 'No, not like this." but the more she fought it, the stronger it became.
She grasped hold of her other thigh, trying desperatly to stop her hips from rolling to the rhythm that Ryan was rubbing on her tender young vagina.
"Ooooo," she moaned loudly, "Noooo, nooo!" but it was to late.
Waves of pleasure swept over her, as her kagels clenched rhythmicly, forcing the juice out of her tight slit, and soaking her panties.
"Oh yeah," Ryan said breathily, "cum for me little girl." as he kept rubbing her now wet pussy.
She shut her eyes tight, clenching the fist of her free hand, and grasping her thigh harder with the other as the orgasm rocketed through her, sending a shudder down her body.
She lay gasping as the last of of her cum dripped out of her wet, swollen pussy, and Ryan's fingers played in a wider circle, rubbing her all over her little vagina.
"Oooo yeah, that's nice." he said as his hand stroked the tender flesh through her soaking wet panties.
His hand suddenly withdrew, and she looked up to see him sucking his fingers.
"Now that's what I call finger lickin' good." he sighed, and then winked at her.
He looked at her for a moment, laying there with her legs spread, and her top open.
Finnaly he said, "I think you've learned your lesson." pushing her leg off of his lap, "You can go."
She quickly sat up, and tied her top closed, trying hard not to look at him as she reached for her purse on the floor at his feet.
She stood up, and pulled her skirt down, and as she made for the door, he stood up, and followed, causing her to quicken her pace.
'I've got to get out of here.' she thought, nearly in a panic, as she reached for the doorknob.
Just then, she felt his strong hands grasp her by the hips, stopping her in her tracks.
'Oh no!' she thought, as she let out a little wimper, 'Now what?'

To be continued...

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**Part two**

He pulled her body in close so that she could feel his hard cock against her back.
"Just one more thing." he whispered in her ear, as his hands slid toward her crotch.
He lifted the front of her skirt with one hand, while the other slipped between her legs.
He rubbed his fingers over her pussy, and the in a fatherly tone, he said, "These panties are soaking wet. We're going to have to get you out of these."
"No, please." she pleaded softly, her tears welling up again, as his hands slid back up to her hips under her skirt.
"Shh, shh, shh." was his reply, as he hitched under the sides of her cute little panties.
His cock rubbed against the small of her back, and then her ass, as he slowly dropped into a crouch, moving his knees apart so that they were on either side of her trembling legs.
As the hot tears rolled down her cheeks, she grabbed his hands against her hips, trying to stop him from taking off her panties.
However, just then she heard herself say on the video, which had been playing on a continuous loop, "I wish I could see a real cock."
Her hands slipped off his, as her arms fell limply at her sides.
At that moment she knew that she was at his mercy, and there was nothing she could do about it.
She could feel the warmth of his breath, as he slowly pulled her panties down. He pulled them down to about mid-thigh when the moist crotch suddenly popped out from between her legs, and she let out a little cry of fear.
"Shh, shh, shh." he shushed again, as slowly slid her panties past her knees, over her calves, and then finally let them drop on the floor.
Her body shuddered, and her mind raced, filled with conflicting emotions, as he slowly stood up.
He ran his hands up the sides of her legs, and lightly ran his tongue up her spine as he rose.
Ginger's little pussy tingled as she felt his cock slide up between her thighs.
She closed her legs tight, firmly grasping his thick meat between her naked thighs, as his hands slipped over her hips, then across her belly, and untied her shirt.
"Lesson three," he whispered, as he opened her shirt, lightly rubbing his thumbs across her nipples.
"Don't show a man your titties, unless you're ready to be felt up."
She tried to move her hips forward, but when she did, her legs spread slightly causing his cock to slip between her thighs, coming to rest with a little slap between her ass cheeks, his hard shaft rubbing against her tender pussy.
"Ooohhooo." she groaned, with a mixture of lust, and fear, as she felt his hard naked flesh against her.
'No, no,' she thought, 'It's wrong to enjoy this. He's raping you!' as the tingling in her pussy caused horny thoughts to invade her mind.
He caressed her belly, and breasts, playing with her nipples, as he kissed, and nibbled on her neck, and ear.
She pushed her legs closed, but that just squeezed his hard shaft closer to her swollen mound.
His hot breath on her neck, his hands rubbing, caressing, and pinching her tiny titties, and tight little tummy, and his rock hard cock pressed firmly against her back, ever so slightly rubbing her virginal little pussy, as she squirmed beneath his grasp, was making her head spin.
She tried hard not to think about how good it had felt when his strong fingers had rubbed her to orgasm through her panties.
Fear, desire, shame, excitement, anger, all swirled together in the Maelstrom of lust created by the the immediacy of his hot, hard body against her.
She let out a quivering sigh, as she unconsciously rolled her hips in small circles, rubbing the head of his stiff tool with her taint, and the bottom of her swollen vagina.
The motion of her tender young flesh against his hard cock became smoother, as her pussy released a slick, liquid mark of it's arousal.
She suddenly realised what she was doing, and her body stiffened, as fear, and shame gripped her mind.
'Waht the fuck are you doing?' she screamed inside her head. 'Do you want him to pop your cherry?' and then 'Oh my god, I'm so horny.' thrust itself into mind, as she felt herself get even wetter down there.
Suddenly, he stepped to the side, and Ginger drew in a sharp breath, as she felt his cock pop out from between her legs. He slid his hands around her body until he was standing next to her, holding her hand. Her mind reeled as he said in a soothing voice, "Okay, that's enough of that."
He squeezed her hand, and she looked up at him, doe eyed.
"Let's get you cleaned up." he said calmly, and began walking down the hall, pulling her along by the hand.
She stepped out of her panties, leaving them on the floor, and followed him. Partly because the air of parental authority with which he'd said it put her strangely at ease, but mostly because she didn't know what else to do.
As they came to the bathroom door, he turned the light on, and walked in, releasing her hand. She stood in the door way watching, as he picked up a wash cloth, and turned on the tap.
He motioned toward the end of the hall, and said, "You can go in there, and sit down. I'll be in shortly."
She silently obeyed.
As she walked slowly down the hall, and into his bedroom, her mind was finally settling down enough to get a handle on what had just happened to her.
She thought about all the flirting, and teasing, and how she had masturbated each time after a tease.
As she turned the light on, and sat on his bed, the completely slutty behaviour that had just been caught on video, was running through her mind.
Guilt, and shame assaulted her, as she thought about how she had cum when he rubbed her pussy.
She hadn't tried to fight, or even talk her way out of it really. Slowly it began to dawn on her that she had set herself up. She had put herself here, whether she wanted to be, or not. Suddenly, she was afraid of herself. Her hands were shaking slightly, as she looked around his bedroom, and realised that he was probably going to fuck her.
'What have you done to me?' she screamed at herself, inside her head.
She was looking down at the floor, so overcome with conflicting emotions, that she hadn't noticed Ryan standing in the doorway, watching her.
As she finally caught a glimpse of him in her periphery, her head jerked up sharply. Looking at him, standing there in the doorway, insistent questions started popping into her head.
What was he going to do to her? Could she stop him? Did she want to stop him? Her short hairs stood up on that one.
Had she really conspired with Ryan to trap herself?
As he walked into the room, his robe still open, she could see that his cock was no longer standing at full attention. Although not quite flaccid, it was pointing downward, and flopping from side to side a little, as he walked over, and picked a pillow up off the bed. Even in this semi-erect state it still looked pretty big to her.
She tore her eyes away, and mentally chastised her self for thinking about putting her mouth around the bulbous head of his penis, and sucking it until it was hard again.
'No Ginger!' she snapped at herself, 'Bad Ginger!'
He placed the pillow on the bed behind her, and said, "Just lay back, put your head on the pillow, and we'll get you cleaned up."
She started to lay back, but then caught herself mid-way, propping herself up on her elbows. She her finally recovered enough of her wits to say, "It's okay, really, I can clean myself up."
He smiled down at her, folding the wash cloth, and said soothingly, "Nonsense. I messed you up, it's only right that I clean you up."
Forgetting momentarily how close she might be to her deflowering, she suddenly felt strangely relaxed.
'His cock's not even hard any more.' she told herself as she laid her head on the pillow.
'He feels bad about molesting you, and now he just wants to clean you up, so you can go home.' she reasoned calmly, her feet still planted on the floor.
As he knelt down at her feet, she lifted her ass, and hiked her skirt up, feeling confident that he just wanted to help her.
As he grabbed her behind the knees, lifting her legs up onto the bed, spreading them wide, she felt a tinge of fear. 'What if he...' she pushed this thought away with, 'No, it's over.' trying to calm herself.
She whimpered a little, and tried to close her legs, as the cool, wet cloth touched her tender flesh, but he had placed his forearms across her thighs, firmly holding her legs open. As he wiped the sweat, and cum from the outside of her vagina she squirmed a little, feeling alternately scared, and excited at the way he held her down.
Then she felt his fingers spreading her lips, as he gently ran the cloth up, and down the thick folds of her pussy.
Her breath quickened, as conflicting urges once again assaulted her mind.
She wanted to jump off the bed, and run, but at the same time, she never wanted him to stop touching her.
She shook her head from side to side, gasping, and whimpering, as he slowly caressed the entrance of her tight little hole with the washcloth, her mental conflict deepening.
"There you go." he said with an air of self satisfaction, and as she heard the washcloth drop to the floor, she sighed, and thought, 'Now I can go home.'
However, just then she felt something warm, and wet rubbing up, and down her creamy slit.
Before she even lifted her head up off the pillow, she knew what she would see.
Sure enough, as she looked down, she saw his face buried in her crotch, as his tongue licked her all over her virginal pussy, swirling around her clitoris. She threw her head back onto the pillow. The fear, and desire were both so strong, that her eyes teared up, and she cried, "No, no!"
She wasn't entirely sure however, if she meant "No, stop." or "No, don't stop."
She felt like she was losing her mind, and managed to gasp in a pathetic whine, "What are you doing to me?" between sobs.
He stroked, and swirled his tongue in, and around the entrance of her tender hole, before raising his head.
"Shh, shh, shh, it's okay baby." he cooed, rubbing her belly with one hand, while the other continued to play with her rapidly moistening vagina.
"This is just lesson four." he explained
"Lesson four?" she wept, her voice shaking.
He nodded, and said, "If a man takes off your wet panties, and cleans your pussy, get ready to have your pussy licked."
He then stuck his nose in her honey hole, inhaling deeply.
"God," he sighed on the exhale, "your sweet little pussy smells so fucking good."
Now his mouth went to work on her in earnest, licking, and sucking her wet gash.
He slid his hand from her belly, and back between her legs, now using the fingers of both hands to pull aside her velvet shroud, exposing even more of her pink, swollen flesh to his greedy tongue.
She wept in fear, and moaned with pleasure.
'No, no, this is wrong.' she shouted at herself, as her hips gently bucked, and rolled to the tune Ryan was playing on her sweet organ. He then thrust his tongue into her, and as he swirled it in, and out, rubbing her tender clit with his fingers, her mind was locked in an epic struggle with her body.
'This is wrong!' she asserted, attempting to control her hips.
'But it feels so good.' she replied as she felt his tongue play on her clitoris.
'Mr, Rynolds is molesting you!' she insisted pleadingly to herself, as Ryan's finger entered her tight little hole. 'I know, I know,' she thought back to herself, whimpering aloud, as his finger began to slide slowly in, and out of her pussy.
'And I love it!' she thought lustily, surrendering to the pleasure that his tongue, and finger were inflicting on her tender young flesh.
Her mind recoiled, then snapped back, calling her a 'whore', and a 'slut', attempting to throw guilt, and shame in with the fear that battled desperately against the rising tide of her lust.
The increasing intensity of her mental conflict was mirrored by the growing pressure in her nether regions.
'NO!' she thought loudly, as her mind attempted to exercise some measure of control over her body by throwing her arms in between her legs, trying to push his head away.
The pace of his finger moving in, and out of her quickened, while his other hand pulled aside her little hood, exposing her naked clit to the moist, and thorough tongue lashing he was giving it.
As her hands grasped his head, she was momentarily overcome by the intensity of sensation in her vag, and instead of pushing it away, she pulled it in.
She moaned loudly, as her hips bucked against his strong arms, trying to rub her pussy in his face.
Her fear, and shame rallied, trying to resist her impending orgasm.
'Why are you doing this to me?' she demanded of herself fearfully.
Her back arched, and her body shuddered, as she thought, 'Because you want it.' and then all thought was wiped from her mind by the power of her breaking orgasm. Her pussy clenched rhythmically , and Ryan pulled out his finger, lapping up the hot juice as it flowed from her tender hole.
She threw her arms back, her fists clenching to the same beat as her kagals.
"OHMYGOD, OHMYGOD, OHMYGOD!" forced it's way past her lips, as she came, and came, and Ryan just kept licking, and sucking, trying to get every drop.
Her breathing began to slow, as the last pulses of her orgasm squeezed out of her.
However, just then he started fingering her again, and rubbing her clit hard with his tongue.
Her back arched again, and she gripped handfuls of blanket, as the process that normally took twenty, or thirty minutes, happened in seconds. The pressure built up fast, and then popped.
"Ooooooooo." she moaned loudly, as she started cumming even harder.
This time he just kept fingering her, and licking her clitoris, driving her to new heights of pleasure.
Her hips bucked so hard that her ass came up off the bed a few of inches, despite Ryan's firm gripe on her. It was the most intense orgasm that she'd ever had, and it was only as it was coming to a close that she realised that her mind had been momentarily unaware of anything except the power emanating from her loins.
It was as if the sound had been turned off, and it suddenly came on again. All at once she became aware of her heavy breathing, and the fact that she was panting, "Oh shit, oh god, oh fuck." between gasps.
As her fingers, and toes tingled, she felt the thick flow of her cum running down the crack of her ass.
Ryan pulled his finger out, once again licking, and sucking the sweet juice from her pussy. Her body shuddered, and her face flushed hot, as she felt his tongue on her tight little asshole.
'What the fuck was that?' she thought in terror, as the full reality of this grown man holding her down, and molesting her came rushing back into her mind.
She squirmed uncomfortably, crying "Please, stop." as he licked her from her asshole to her sparse red pubic patch, using his fingers to expose the tenderest flesh to his agile tongue.
His finger tip slipped in, and started rubbing the upper wall of her tight vaginal cavity, as his tongue went back to work on her clitoris.
"Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh." she panted faster, as she found herself on the verge of yet another orgasm.
The pressure had built almost instantly to the breaking point, but she stayed on just this side of it. Every time she thought she was about to cum, the pressure would just get more intense, until she thought she might explode.
It was as if she stood on the edge of a cliff, and Ryan's tongue, and fingers were the hands on her back, pushing her closer, and closer to the edge, her fear of falling causing her to push back. This resistance however, was tempered by a vivid awareness that what awaited her below, was a pool of pure Ecstasy.
The pressure had moved up into her tummy, and she felt almost as if she were about to piss as well as cum, and as she crested the wave of her orgasm, she moaned in agony, trowing her head back, as the pressure became unbearable.
She suddenly became aware of the deep, throaty yummy sounds Ryan was making as he licked, and sucked her quivering flesh.
She felt the wave start to break.
Her legs suddenly tried so hard to close that Ryan had to struggle a little to keep them open.
Her head came up off the pillow, and she looked down between her legs, as a strange feeling of hyper-awareness came over her.
The sudden, and complete connection to all the feelings of her body was matched by an equally sharp mental awareness of the situation.
She understood perfectly, in a way that she really hadn't before, why this grown man holding her down, and ravishing her virginal pussy was sick, and wrong, but at the same time, she knew that the perversion of being violated was also what made it so hot.
All of this rushed through her mind as she cried, "JESUS, FUCK!"
She felt a powerful pulse in her loins, as she watched her pussy gush with a clear fluid, which struck Ryan all over his face, and chest.
He opened his mouth, and closed his eyes, dipping his head down, to get as much in his mouth as possible.
With a demon's strength, she reached between her legs, and pushed his head back, bucking her hips under his strong grasp.
'Bathe in it mother fucker, bath in my pussy juice.' she thought, an evil grin on her face, as she sprayed all over his body. She held his hear at bay with one hand while the other reached back, furiously rubbing her clitoris.
The insistent throbbing of her kagals, which had started to slow down, came back full force, as her fingers flew back, and forth across her tender clit.
As the intensity returned, more hot, sticky liquid gushed out. The motion of her fingers caused it to spray out like a yard sprinkler, splashing all over him.
She had lifted her shoulders up off the bed, and as her body quivered with Ecstasy, she stared, transfixed by the sight of her pussy soaking him.
She suddenly felt like she was in control.
"Oooohh, gooood, yeeeeessss!" she screamed.
In a matter of moments she had gone from feeling helpless, and violated to feeling powerful, and in control.
She threw herself back against the bed, clenching her fists, and shutting her eyes tight, as the pleasure overwhelmed her.
Ryan, who was now holding her legs open by grasping a thigh firmly in each hand, immediately stuck his face between her legs, sucking up, and swallowing the hot juice, as it squirted from her pussy.
She drew in a sharp breath, hissing between her clenched teeth, as she felt his mouth close around her tender vagina, licking, and sucking.
She let out a long shuddering moan, as the last few pulses of her orgasm forced her cum into his hungry mouth.
As she lay gasping, her whole body suddenly felt hypersensitive. it felt like a cold fire enveloped her,dancing across her skin, and emanating from her wet, swollen little pussy, which felt like one big raw nerve.
She cupped her hand over her vagina, taking long quivering breaths, as she came down from her Ecstasy.
After having lapped up the last of her juice, Ryan started kissing, and licking the insides of her thighs. He even lightly kissed the hand that was holding her pussy, before gently picking it up, and placing it on her belly. Ryan then began to slowly stand up, and as he did, he lifted one of her legs, pressing it against his chest. Ginger was so lost in the afterglow, that it wasn't until he slapped his cock on her pubic mound that she looked down, and saw the position he now had her in. Her fear came rushing back, as he slapped her sparse red pubs with his hard dick a couple of more times, her thigh pressed firmly against his stomach.
"No, wait." she cried, her tears welling up again.
"Lesson five," he said, ignoring her protests, as he rubbed her thick pussy lips with the head of his cock. "If a man licks your pussy, and makes you cum, you're probably gonna get fucked."
"No, please don't." she wept, "I'm still a virgin."
He just chuckled, and said, "Not for long." as he slid the head of his cock between her moist, swollen pussy lips. She felt the bulbous head of his penis push at the entrance of her tight hole, and she tried to close her legs, but he cradled one leg tightly against his body, and he'd grasped the other in his hand, firmly pinning it to the bed.
Now she was really scared, but at the same time, she'd never been more turned on. She had raised herself onto her elbows, staring down between her legs like a deer caught in the headlights, horrified, and fascinated by the sight of his cock lodged in her little pussy. He slowly worked the head in, and out, making her hiss loudly every time her bumped her little cherry, and she was caught between two powerful, and conflicting urges. Part of her wanted to kick, scream, and cry. To do anything to escape his thick stabbing penis, but another part of her wanted to push hard against him, and take his throbbing manhood all the way inside her.
What could she do? She hadn't had a choice, or had she?
As Ryan stood there with the head of his cock firmly planted between her thick, moist lips, poised to take her virginity, she suddenly realised that she wanted this, that she had wanted it since the first time she had laid eyes on him.

The first day that they had moved in to they're new apartment Ryan, being a good neighbor, had offered to help, and Ginger's mother had gratefully accepted. In the process Ginger had seen her first penis, peeking out of the leg of his shorts when he'd set a box down in her room. That night she had masturbated, thinking about what his penis must look like fully erect, imagining him laying on top of her, and penetrating her virginal little pussy with his throbbing rod.
It had been summer time then, and every time she saw Ryan out at the pool, she was there, trying to stare at his body without being caught, praying to catch another glimpse of his thick man meat.
In fact, through her whole teasing spree, she had been working her way up to Ryan. Maybe one of the other men would have fucked her, but she hadn't pushed them nearly as hard as she had Ryan. Why? And why hadn't she tried harder to fight him? Sure, she had cried, and protested, but had she really tried to stop him? When he had first opened his robe, revealing his hard cock, she could have kicked him in the groin, and ran for the door. She probably would have escaped, but no, she had just sat there. And why had she teased him into it? She could have just thrown herself at him, and hoped for the best.
She knew the answer.
As long as she could remember, she had always been able to manipulate the people around her. Her friends, her teachers, her mother, everybody did what she wanted, and ended up thinking that it was their idea. She had always felt like she was in control, but for once in her young life, she didn't want to be in control. She wanted to feel helpless. She wanted this man to hold her down, and take her. From the first moment she'd seen him, she knew that he would be the one. So she had set about to put herself right where he wanted her, and Ryan had played his part much better then she could even have imagined possible. The video blackmail thing had just been fucking genius. It had all worked out so well that as she lay there watching his hard cock slip between her thick little pussy lips, she felt a real sense of fear, and helplessness. This in turn, made her feel hot, and wet.
She was still just a thirteen year old girl, after all, and that little virgin girl screamed inside her head at the sexual deviant who'd set all this up, 'How could you do this to me?'
The result of all this was that she became much wetter, while at the same time she moaned, "Nooooo." in a frightened, and pleading tone.
Ryan couldn't help but notice the contradiction, and decided to point it out, saying, "Those lips say no," as he continued working the head of his cock in, and out of her, bumping against the thin membrane of her virginity, "But these lips are saying yes."
She threw her head back onto the pillow, and closed her eyes tight, the tears flowing, as she pulled her arms over her tiny titties, and silently begged him to stop.
"Virginity is like a bandage," he said causualy, "it's best to just," He suddenly thrust his hips forward, and grunted, "Rip it off." as his cock deeply penetrated her, shredding her hymen.
She shrieked, pulling her head up off the pillow, and looking down, her eyes wide with horror, as she saw his throbbing muscle buried half way into her swollen little pussy. She had only ever played with her clit, and the entrance of her vag while masturbating, so his cock felt huge, as it stretched her tiny hole. Even though he was about average in size, he felt like John Holms inside her little virgin pussy.
"Oh my god, take it out, it hurts." she seethed between clenched teeth. She sighed with relief, as he slowly pulled out. Then he held up his cock so that she could see the cum. and thick red blood all over it.
"Well, we're past the hard part." he sighed, as he picked the washcloth up off the floor, and wiped the blood from his cock. She breathed in sharply, panting, as he cleaned the blood from her pussy wit the cool, wet cloth.
He suddenly knelt down, licking her little clitty, causing her to become wet with her own natural lube.
He then stood back up, pulling her leg against him, as he once again rubbed the head of his cock against her thick, swollen lips. He slowly penetrated her again, and this time it didn't hurt at all, in fact, it felt really good. He began stroking in, and out of her, pushing his cock in just past the head, and then pulling back until the tip was just at the entrance to her honey hole.
"Oh god, your tight little pussy feels so good." he said in a breathy voice, as he continued working her with slow, and shallow strokes.
The scared little girl in her, realising that she had lost the battle, surrendered to the sex fiend, as she moaned, and sighed to Ryans persistent rhythm. Her tears had dried up, and the only way that she would be using "no" anytime soon would be to say, "No, don't stop."
Ryan was keeping it slow, and easy, introducing just a little bit more cock every few strokes, when Ginger mumbled something he didn't quite catch. He leaned forward a little, and asked, "What?"
That's when she looked him dead in the eye, and said clear as a bell, "Put it all the way inside me."
"Yeah?" he said, raising his eyebrows.
"Yes." she said seductively. "Please." she added, biting her bottom lip.
He chuckled, "I knew you wanted this cock." still working the head in, and out, he said, "No Mr.Rynolds, please." in his mock little girl's voice.
Ginger started to laugh, but then began panting heavily instead, as he slowly pushed his cock in deeper, and deeper, splitting her tight little vag open.
Having never had anything up there before, she could feel the pressure as he stretched her open. It was almost painful, but not quite.
She laid her head back on the pillow, moaning softly, as he began to slowly work his shaft back, and forth, introducing a little bit more every three, or four strokes.
"Sssss, damn you got a nice, tight little pussy." he panted enthusiasticly, as he penetrated deeper, and deeper into her dripping snatch.
"Ooooo." she groaned a little nervously, as she felt juice run down her taint, and over her tight little asshole.
"UH!" jumped out of her mouth in high pitched surprise, as he thrust the last few inches in hard, slapping against her ass. After rubbing his hips in a slow circle, swirling his cock around inside her, he slowly pulled back out to the tip, causing her to let out a low, deep moan, as she lifted her hips, trying to keep him inside her. Then he started pumping half way into her at a pretty good pace, before stopping at the tip, and then slowly going in balls deep again. He could feel her tight little pussy pulling, and sucking at his cock, as he slowly pulled it out to the head again, and then started rhythmically thrusting half way in, and out.
"Uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh, uh." she grunted, as his thick meat repeatedly split her tender, pink flesh.
"Ssssss." she hissed, as he once again pulled out to the tip, and stopped.
"AAH, AHH!" she shrieked, as he pumped into her twice, deep, and hard, his balls slapping against her ass. He kept alternating the speed, and depth of his stroke like this for what, to Ginger, seemed like an eternity, as she moaned, panted, and squealed. It seemed as if every time he pulled out to the tip, he'd pause a little longer, before thrusting back in. Then he pulled it out all together, and she gasped, pulling her head up of the pillow, and staring franticly between her legs. She began rolling her hips, trying desperately to get his cock back inside her, but he just smiled. He held his shaft in his hand, running the head all up, and down her slit, teasing her unmercifully. She bucked, and whimpered, aching to have him back inside her.
"Oh, you want this?" he breathed. "Huh? You wanna get fucked?" poking just the head in, and then pulling it out again, relishing her torment. she finally burst into tears of frustration, ans cried out, "PLEASE! FUCK ME! FUCK ME HARD!"
That was all he wanted to hear. He thrust into her, and started pounding her tight little pussy like a porn star. As his thick meat slid in, and out of her, she realized that this is what she had been fantasizing about all those nights when she had touched herself, and it was even better then she'd dreamed. The feeling of his stiff cock repeatedly penetrating her little pussy, hard, and fast was driving her to new heights of pleasure.
The mantra, "OHMYGOD, OHMYGOD, OHMYGOD!" once again spilled from her lips, as her body was racked with orgasmic spasms. Her vagina clenching around his thrusting meat seemed to drive Ryan on, and he began pumping even harder, and faster into her little fuckhole.
"OH YES!" she hollered. "FUCK ME!" she screamed, as he punished her sweet little teen aged pussy savagely with his hard thrusting tool.
"Oh yeah Ginger," he panted to the sound of their bodies slapping together, "here it comes." as he pulled her leg close up against his body with both arms. Suddenly he thrust into her as deep as he could get, and stayed there, gripping her leg tight.
"UUUUUHHHH!" he moaned, as she felt his cock throb inside her, squirting his seamen deep into her vagina.
"Uuhh, uuhh." he grunted, as his thick member pulsed, and prayed, filling her hot pussy with his seed. Then he pulled half way out, and thrust back in, hard, once, twice, and before she knew it he was fucking her again, with renewed vigor. She could feel the hot sperm still rocketing out of his cock, as he fucked her, grunting like some kind of animal. 'Sexy beast." she thought, as she felt herself on the verge of yet another orgasm, and she knew that this one was going to be the best yet.
All of a sudden a bright light assalted her eyes, and she heard her mother's voice say, "Ginger are you awake?"
'GODDAMN IT!' she thought to herself, 'Can't a person even masturbate around here?"
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Ginger had automatically pulled her hand from between her legs when her mother opened the door.
"Not anymore." she replied, and although the groggy sound in her voice was completely fake, the little tinge of irritation was all too real.
"I just wanted to remind you," her mother insisted, "that I won't be home till late tomorrow, and I'm leaving the key with Mr. Rynolds."
"Okay mom, I know." she groaned, pulling the covers over her head, and turning to the side.
"I just wanted to make sure." she asserted, adding "Sweet dreams." before closing the door. as soon as Ginger heard her mother's foot steps receded down the hall way, her lithe seventeen year old body lept from the bed, locking her bedroom door. she was determined not to be interrupted again. As she slid back into bed she couldn't help thinking, and even cooed aloud to herself, "Ooooo Mr. Rynolds."
She'd been having the same fantasy about him since the first time she'd laid eyes on him at thirteen. As she had gotten older, it had gotten longer, and more complex. Although in her fantasy he had continued to age, so that he was thirty now, as he was in real life, she remained thirteen. There was just something about the idea of being taken at thirteen by a much older man that really turned her on.
'Hmmmm' she started thinking, 'I have to get the keys from Mr. Rynolds tomorrow.' as she spread her legs, she thought 'Maybe I'll invite myself in. I'll be eighteen in a week, maybe that will be close enough for him. Only one way to find out'
As she started slowly rubbing a tight circle over her clitoris, a plot began hatching in her mind.
Tomorrow could well turn out to be a very, very, interesting day.