Preying on the insecurities of a young woman

 A complete work of fiction

Women are funny when it comes to their bodies. Even the hottest women with the perfectly sculptured figures have insecurities about their bodies. Young women, from pre-teens up to about their early twenties have it the worst.

Becca has it pretty bad. Becca is 15. Most fifteen year old girls have developed figures but Becca's had developed early, around 11. I know that's the right time for a girl to start developing her body but Becca's seemed to pop out over night - or so she thought. She was the first in her class to show perky breasts in her tight "Pink Princess" tank top. At the time none of the kids in the class had any clue what was going on and so she got some criticism about her body. Truth be told everyone who commented was excited and curious about her developing body and making fun of her was a way to justify being up close to her and looking at her budding "boobies".

Eventually more girls started developing themselves and the poking and jokes subsided. But that didn't stop Becca from thinking that she was some sort of freak. Even a few years later, when all the girls had breasts big enough for full-sized bras, Becca was very insecure about her body. There were few days when she didn't catch both guys and girls with their eyes on her tits. When this happened she would always clutch her backpack or a book to her chest to cover up what she considered her malformed breasts.

Everybody still wanted to look at Becca. She was beautiful. She was hot! She has curves in all the right places and all the curves well perfectly proportioned for her body. She has a long smooth neck-line that just screams for nuzzling and kissing, and perky B-cup breasts with nipples that turn up. And her hips are perfectly framed with a smaller waist and long muscular legs. Everyone in school from her fellow students to her teachers stole glances at this timid teen in a super-model body.

Rumors started again in her sophomore year of high school when she was caught by the head of the varsity cheerleaders in the locker room.

Becca knew that Lanna was the most sought after girl in her school. All the

guys were always falling all over themselves whenever she walked near. Lana

was the epitome of the "popular girl". She even had an entourage of nearly

beautiful girls, mostly other cheerleaders, that seemed to follow behind her

like a flowing shadow. One day as Becca's volleyball practice ended and the

cheerleaders were preparing for an afternoon pep-rally, Becca got to see

more of Lanna than most. As Becca had her leg up on the bench she was

sitting on and tying her shoe she looked up to see Lanna nearly naked only a

few feet away. Lanna's back was to Becca and had on a narrow strip of

material on her deep green thong covering her body. Becca couldn't help but

stare. Lanna was gorgeous! Becca studied her body, her flowing blond hair,

her broad shoulders, the hour-glass figure that swept so smoothly from her

shoulders to her round and full hips and bubble butt. Becca was wishing that

she had a body like Lanna's. The sad thing is that Becca's body was even

better than Lanna's but Lanna knew how to show hers off.

The Rumor, that Lanna started, was that Becca must be a lesbian.

That would explain why she didn't have a boyfriend and it was so easy to pin it on her when she caught sight of Becca eye-balling her body. Becca might have not got caught except that while she was studying Lanna's back and ass Lanna bent over grabbing her calves to stretch out her ham-strings. As she did Becca got an eye-full of Lanna's asshole as her cheeks spread and let out an audible gasp when she saw the thong material being swallowed by Lanna's pussy lips.

All that happened about 6-months ago. The hallway cruelty had only subsided to murmurs and sideways glances and Becca's insecurities had cemented into her mind. She was a freak. Her body was deformed and ugly. And maybe she was a lesbian like everyone was saying. Nothing made sense to her anymore. She was, in fact, infatuated with Lanna's body. But she also melted when Kyle, or Randy, or any of the hot junior and senior boys would walk by. She didn't think she was a lesbian but she was so self-conscious about her body that she kept it covered and boys never seemed to notice her. The worse thing was that some of the boys did notice her, particularly when she was dressed for Volleyball. When she played she wore the tight shorts and shirt that the coach demanded al the girls wear. Any guy walking near a practice or attending a game noticed Becca. The problem was that even then, when they would try to talk to her, her insecurities had her bottle up and run away.

Becca is my boss's daughter. Nearly everyday after school, Becca

rides a city bus to our office and hang's out until her dad is ready to

leave. Most of the time she hangs out in my office which is right across the

hall from her dad's. Bill, her dad and my boss, have an understanding about

Becca. Bill trusts me in our business and so he trusts me with his daughter.

He often thanks me for spending time with her and listening to her problems

at school. Bill's a busy man with a lot on his mind. I don't want to say

anything too bad about my boss - he's a great boss and a great businessman.

What he's not is a great dad. He'll ask me, once in a while, about how I

think Becca is doing in school. But he never seems to listen to my answers.

I know he never talks to Becca directly. For him, she is a burden that he is

saddled with driving home in the afternoons.

What this means is that Becca finds her only male connection through me. I am her substitute dad. But I'm even safer than a dad because she can talk about anything with me and I won't fly off the handle and threaten to punish her. We talk a lot on these afternoons and at least twice a week Bill will ask me to take a company car and drive her home for him because he needs to work late. Today was one of those days. Bill had actually had to leave town for a few nights and took his wife with him. The sad thing was that they didn't even tell Becca they were doing this. Becca

had left the house this morning without a word from her parents that they would be going out of town for a few days. So, this afternoon she caught the city bus to the office as usual.

She was so sad when I told her that her parents were gone a few days that she just sat in the corner of the office listening to her mp3 player. I had to do something to cheer her up - I hated to see my friend so down. I told Janet, our staff secretary, that I was going to take Becca out for ice-cream and then take her home. Janet knew the situation and was also quite upset with Bill for ditching her like this so she said she'd cover me and even handed me $50 of petty-cash to treat her.

Treat I did. We went to the Mall. What better place to cheer up a young girl? We ate smoothies, we played video games, we tried on shoes and even tried on dresses. Becca had never worn a dress so I encouraged her to try some on. At first she picked out the frumpy dresses but they did nothing for her. At one store a particularly attractive sales lady came over to lend us a hand in picking out something nice for her. She assumed I was her Father and seemed so pleased that a father was spending such quality time with his daughter. She seemed particularly pleased when I would encourage Becca with comments about how sexy she looked in a certain dress. In a few minutes, though, this started getting a little uncomfortable. Kim, the attendant, started bringing over more and more tight fitting and revealing things for Becca to try on. The she suggested we move to a more private dressing room they had. I was escorted through the paddies dressing rooms to a locked door hidden behind the mirror panels.

"Back here, " Kim explained, "you can have a little more privacy and wont have to parade yourself out in the store as you try things on. "

I was seated on a small couch facing a small platform. Becca jumped up on

the platform and twirled herself around surrounded by mirrors she giggled at

the images of herself. Kim exited out through a black curtain to my left and

appeared a few moment later with some very sexy outfits for Becca to try on.

One item was a tiny black dress. Becca shucked off the long yellow dress and

grabbed the slinky black material from Kim's hands. When she tried to start

slipping into the dress Kim chuckled and stopped her.

"No dear, with this dress you can't wear bulgy underwear like that. We need

smooth lines to show off those sexy curves of yours. " Becca stood in only

her underwear not sure what Kim was asking of her. Kim, being such a good

saleswoman, told her to wait right there and she would be right back.

So, here I sat only a few feet from my teenager friend, my bosses daughter,

and she's stripped down to her underwear. I always knew she would have a

great body under those baggy cloths but I had no idea she was this hot. We

had had conversations before that had my cock stirring in pants - like her

looking at the naked cheerleader. But I had not got a hard on from looking

at her. My cock was liking what I was seeing here. Becca didn't seem to

think about the fact that a grown man was looking at her nearly naked body

with lust. She just continued to dance and spin on the platform looking at

herself in the mirrors.

When Kim returned she had a small wad of cloth in one of her small hands.

She pealed one strip of very dark red cloth out of her hand and held it out

for Becca. "Have you ever worn a Thong before? "

Becca's eyes bulged out of her head. I saw a little bit of fear and a little

bit of excitement in her eyes. "No, I haven't but I've always wanted to try

it. " She practically whispered to Kim. Then she did whisper, "I don't know

how to put this on. "

Kim smiled and dropped to her knees in front of Becca. She proceeded to

grasp and slide her white cotton panties to the floor. Becca was obviously

nervous but even more excited. She put her hands on Kim's shoulders to

steady herself as Kim fed her feet through the legs of the thong. "Spread

your legs a bit baby" Kim said as she gentle tugged the thong up onto her

hips. Kim then reached around her and tugged her ass cheeks apart to let the

strip of material settle into place. Then she hooked her fingers into the

waistband and followed the material all the way into Becca's crotch. Lifting

the thin material off of her mound, sliding her fingers along her pussy

lips. For me, it was a moment frozen in time. Becca, a fifteen year old

beauty standing on a lighted pedestal surrounded by mirrors in a basic white

bra and only a strip of material curving across her hips, with an adorable

twenty-something woman kneeling in front of her, eye-level with the teen

pussy and her fingers inside the thong sliding across the girl's pussy.

The tension in the air was amazing. My cock was thumping in my slacks. I

swear I saw Becca shudder as Kim's fingers traced across her cunt. Kim

paused, ever so briefly, with her fingers inside the thong then pulled them

back a little letting the material snap back against Becca's pussy. Then she

reached out and patted the small triangle of material and said, "There, that's

so much better. " Becca said nothing.

"Now, off with that old-lady bra girl! We can do much better than that!"

Becca was shaking with excitement. No one had ever tried to make her look

pretty before, let alone sexy. This was too much fun. Kim didn't wait for

Becca to react and just slid in behind her and started unclasping the too

large white cotton bra. In a moment the bra fell to the floor and Becca's

tits were exposed to me. Neither girl at this point was paying me any

attention. So I just drank in the show. Her tits were amazing. Perfectly

shaped cones that turned up slightly at the nipples making them look like

flowers reaching for the sunlight. The excitement or being exposed to the

cool air in this private dressing room caused her nipples to harden and push

out and up.

Becca's hands came up and I was expecting her to cover her nakedness.

Instead she just twisted her nipples and rubbed them as if trying to get

them to relax. Kim caught this in the mirror and smiled. Then she leaned

into her back, bringing her face close to her ear and said, "You have the

most beautiful breasts Becca. "

Both Becca and Kim were staring at the teen, tweaking her nipples in the

mirror. I was getting a front row view myself. Kim broke the moment asking

her to lift her arms into the bra straps of the new dark red silky bra. "I

think this will suit you just right" she said. Kim clasped the bra in the

back as Becca tugged the straps straight on her shoulders. Again they paused

to check out Becca in the mirror. Kim, still standing behind Becca then

reached around her and hefted her tits, bouncing them once or twice. Then

she reach over and slid her hand into the bra cup and lifted her boob higher

in the material. Satisfied with the result she repeated the maneuver on the

right side. Another moment frozen in time and stored for future masturbation

sessions.

My cock was aching and not positioned very well in my slacks so I took a

moment to shift my leg and grasped my cock with my hand to point it more

down my leg. When I looked up, I was horrified to see both ladies now

looking at me. "Well dad, what do you think of your little girl now? " Kim

asked me.

I could hardly speak. I looked into Becca's eyes and saw that look again.

The look that she gives to her dad when she comes into the office with a

good grade on a paper and wanting more than anything for him to say

something nice and be proud of her. He never does. I always do. "I think you

are the most beautiful woman I have ever seen"

"Good answer dad, but we're just getting started. " Kim said as she darted

over to the slinky black dress and slid it over Becca's body. The dress was

amazing on her. No underwear lines made it look as if she was naked

underneath. Kim stepped away from her leaving her masterpiece on the stage.

The lights highlighting her curves and making her look like a super model on

a cat-walk.

Now there was a different look in Becca's eyes. The look started out with

sheer amazement at how beautiful she looked, but then started to turn. This

body didn't look right to her. This was not her body - her body was a freak

of nature, her body was ignored my boys and ridiculed by girls. This couldn't

be her body. What was a giddy happy face turned sour and filled with

tension.

Kim had no idea what was going on in Becca's mind but I did. Kim wanted to

keep the fashion show going and said, "wait here, I have something wonderful

for you to try on next" then she darted away through the black curtain.

Becca was now holding back tears. As soon as Kim had vanished she started

tugging off the black dress and blue underwear. She was mumbling under her

breath that she had to get out of there. She had to go home. Once completely

naked, with tears welling up in her eyes, she couldn't find her cloths.

"Help me Donny, please. "

We slipped her baggy jeans on and her t-shirt not taking the time to get her

cotton underwear back on. I stuffed those in my pocket as she slipped the

t-shirt over her head. "I have to get out of here" she said to me as she

grabbed my arm. It was dark but I found the door knob to the hidden door

that we had used to enter the room. When we emerged we had startled an older

woman who was checking herself out in the main dressing area. Five minutes

later we were back in my car.

We didn't speak for a good ten minutes as I made my way onto the interstate

toward her house. Then Becca spoke, "she was very pretty wasn't she? "

"The woman who was helping you? , I responded, "Yeah, she was pretty I guess. "

"She was prettier than me though. "

"No way! Becca I meant what I said in there. I have never seen anyone more

sexy and beautiful than you looked in there"

"Am I still beautiful? "

"Of course you are my dear. Sexy clothes help to show off a beautiful body,

but they don't make you beautiful. You are beautiful with or without the

sexy clothes. "

Becca was silent for a few more minutes and then said, "I liked it when she

was touching me"

I liked it too, but I couldn't tell her that. I really didn't know what to say.

"She was so pretty and I liked seeing us together in the mirror. Her blond

hair and pale skin against my darker hair and skin. " she paused, "I guess

that was pretty sexy huh? "

"Yeah, it was. The two of you looked very sexy up there together. "

She grinned, slid down into her seat and stared out the window for the rest

of the drive home.

When we got to her house I instinctively got out to walk her to the door. It

was then that we both remembered that her parents were not home and would

not be for two more days. "Oh shit, " she said, "what am I going to do for

dinner? " I can't stay here by myself!"

She almost started to retreat into depression again at feeling abandoned by

her parents. I hate seeing her like that so I jumped to the occasion.

"Well, " I said, "lets go inside first. I think You parents might have left

you a note or something. Lets just make the best of the situation. No

parents for a few days is a dream come true!"

Inside there was a note but it didn't help the situation. The note said, "B,

here's a charge card. Order delivery for food. Don't be stupid and spend too

much and no friends over!" That was it. No 'love you mom' or 'sorry we had

to leave you'. This sucked.

Becca asked me what the note said so I told her it said, "So sorry we had to

take off like this, hope you had a great day today. We left you a charge

card for food. Enjoy yourself, "Then I paused at the last line and said,

"Donny will be staying with you while we're gone. Be nice to him. Love you

much, Mom and Dad"

"Yeah, like I believe that!" she snorted, "but I like the idea that you'll be staying around while their gone. I get so lonely and scared at might when I'm by myself. "

We didn't order out. Instead I dug around in the fridge and made a pasta

dish with some seared chicken breast. I served it with a bottle of white

wine without even thinking that Becca was only fifteen. By the time it

dawned on me she had already gulped down half a glass. So I told her to take

it easy or I'd have to cut her off. We laughed and enjoyed our dinner.

Later, on the couch, Becca had the remote and was flipping through the

several hundred channels. Once in a while she would pause on a channel and I

started to notice that these all had either beautiful ladies or some sort of

sexual situation like kissing or embracing going on. On one channel pause

was a Victoria Secret commercial and the models were wearing underwear like

she had tried on this afternoon. We both sat in silence during the 30-second

commercial. Then she flipped away. Moments later she broke the silence.

"Did you like that sexy underwear I had on? "

Okay, I know that this afternoon has been an emotional rollercoaster for her

(and for me). And it has been more sexually charged than it should have

been. I know it was wrong for watching her in the changing room and seeing

her naked. Wrong for allowing myself to be sexually attracted to this

vulnerable young girl. It was wrong to lie to her about the note from her

parents and practically invite myself to stay in her house alone with her

for a few days. Wrong also to serve her wine at dinner, and a Kahlua and Rum

laced drink about an hour ago. It was also wrong that we were sitting alone

in the dark on her couch with her snuggled up against me. She was still not

wearing any underwear and had only changed her T-shirt for a tank top that

exposed a little more of her skin to me. But this girl was dying for

attention. She was drowning in her insecurities and needed someone to show

interest in her. To show her that she was a real woman. Sexy.

"Yes, I did. You looked amazing. "

"Do you think I'm sexy then? "

"Of course I do, I told you that in the car. You have an amazing body. "

"You had a hard on when Kim was dressing me didn't you? "

"I sure did. "

"Was it because she was touching me? "

"Well, yes and no. I'm like most guys and seeing two women as beautiful as

you and Kim touching is very sexy and exciting. But even if Kim had not been

there I would been excited. "

She paused. I couldn't see her face the way she was leaned back on me but I

could see her nipples hardening and lifting her tank top. "I wish I had some

of that underwear now. I'd like to show you how sexy I can look again. "

"You don't need sexy underwear to show me how sexy you look. "

Then she stood up in front of me and asked me what parts of her are sexy. I

told her that its hard to see her sexy body in those baggy jeans so she

unbuttoned them and slid them to the floor. There she stood in only a short

tank top looking at me to show her how sexy she is.

"Well, " I said turning her sideways to me, "I like this sexy curve of your

back. " I gently placed my hand in the center of her back and slowly slid it

down, sweeping the curve of her back into her hips. "And the shape of your

ass, " I continued sliding my hand down. "And the way your butt cheeks sweep

down, " I cupped my hand around the bottom of her ass cheeks and gave a

little squeeze. My hand stayed there and I could feel a few pubic hairs on

my finger tips. But I didn't want to rush this.

I pulled my hand back and stood up slipping up behind her. "I also love your

long sexy neck" while I leaned in and kissed it. My kisses started at the

shoulder and slowly climbed to a gentle suck on her left ear lobe. She

started to falter like she might pass out so I reached my left arm around

her and pulled her tight to my body. With my right arm I touched her tummy

and started sliding it down her front. "And I love the toned tummy and the

way your pussy is framed with such soft hair. "

I was practically holding her from falling with my left arm and running my

fingers through her pubic hair with my right hand. Her legs were giving out

and she was starting to get heavy so I gently rotated and laid her on the

couch. From there the talking stopped.

I pushed her top up over her tits and went to work on them. Squeezing them

and pulling and licking at her sharp hard nipples. I kissed my way down her

tummy. As I got near her bush she instinctively opened her legs. I lifted

her right leg over the back of my head as I leaned in and probed her cunt

with my tongue. She was so wet and tasted so sweet. I stayed there for quite

a while alternating my tongue and my fingers. I also made a mental note to

ask her about her virginity later as I discovered that she had already been

broke in (so to speak).

Soon, I slid out from under her leg and stood up. I let me pants drop to the

floor watching the expression on her face. She was lost in a world of her

own. Lust and abandon filled her eyes. She had never known this kind of

attention. Her eyes stayed focused on my raging cock. When she licked her

lips I decided to give her a taste before I entered her.

I slowly lowered my cock to her lips. At first I just rested it on her partially open lips. Sliding the length gently along her lips. When the tip came to her I had pre-cum resting on the tip. I rubbed that on her lips and pulled away to let her taste it. She licked her lips and looked into my eyes. Then she slowly opened her mouth for me. I only slid in the head and back out. Then back in again. This time she closed her lips around my shaft and closed her eyes. I pushed in a little more with each slow stroke. For her first blow-job she was doing quite good. She kept the shaft wet licking my cock and her lips. She turned her head a little more toward me giving me more access to her mouth and throat. Deeper and deeper each stroke until she

looked at me with a little bit of fear as my cock tapped the back of her throat. I was about to pull out altogether but she grabbed my hips and pulled me to her. She did what she could to suppress her gag reflex but it wasn't working too well. She pushed me back and panted for air.

As she caught her breath she was staring into my eyes. "Fuck me Donny.

Please fuck me. "

I pulled her up to her feet and down on the ottoman with her knees on the

floor and stepped in behind her. I entered her pussy as gently as I had her

mouth. Tip first and deeper with each stroke. Fucking my bosses fifteen year

old daughter in his living room.

I ran my hands along her back as I had before. Grasping her hips for a

deeper plunge and cupping her ass cheeks. When she lifted her shoulders off

of the ottoman I grasped her around the waist and lifted her in the air -

still holding my cock deep in her pussy. I sat back on the couch pulling her

down hard on my cock.

Now she was driving. And drive she did. She rode up and down on my cock

slamming herself down on me until she came. Screaming and groaning. I wasn't

done yet so I pulled her back on my chest and began clawing at her tits with

my right hand. With my left hand I guided her hand down to my cock and

balls. She started cupping my balls in her hand as I wrapped my left arm

around her waist and began lifting her on and off my cock. This position

wasn't quite working for me but I was very close.

I lifted her off of me and practically threw her on the ottoman again this

time on her back with her head hanging off the edge. I dropped my body down

on hers and drove my cock in deep. From this angle I could get her tits in

my mouth. In just a few minutes of fucking her pussy and sucking her teen

nipples I felt my orgasm coming. I was about to pull out and cum on her

belly but she reached up and grabbed a hold of me and thrust her hips up

into mine. "No, don't stop!!" she yelled into my face. I couldn't hold off

and started shooting my load deep into her pussy. She was cumming again also

at this point.

I don't know if she passed out or just fell asleep from the excitement but

she went limp in my arms. I carried her off and tucked her into bed still

naked. I went back downstairs and got comfortable on the couch. "What a

great few days this was going to be" I thought, "I'm so glad my boss is such

as loser as a father. "