Learning from Annie

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I was surprised at what I never knew...

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Annie and I worked at the same place on a part time basis. It was a sports and rec facility where she worked the concession stand and I did whatever was needed. Sometimes I had to preside over the play area for the kids. Other times I was reffing soccer or putting together schedules for flag football leagues. It didn't pay the bills by any stretch, but it was a fun and easy way to pick up some easy cash from time to time. I was considered the "Old Man" of the place at a whopping 27, but still being several years older than the next oldest employee, save for the owners.

Annie was only 20, still in college, and lived with her brother. When I first met her, I was convinced she couldn't be a day over 16, 17 tops. I didn't really have any reason to think she'd be that young. At about 5'4 and 115 very lean pounds, she didn't look disproportionately young, nor did she seem immature. I just assumed she was still wrapping up high school. Maybe it was because we never spoke? But that was as much my fault as it was hers. In all honesty, I think I was a little intimidated by her. She had very blond hair, beautiful and perfectly white teeth, and an amazingly even tan that ran deep brown all over her body. She was beautiful by any measure.

It was a book that she was reading that sparked our first conversation. I happened to be reading and book by the same author that she had finished a few weeks before. Our conversation flowed very easily. She was very introspective, intelligent, and well-spoken. I was embarrassed that I had written her off in my mind as a dumb blond girl. And so our weeks passed by, discussing books mostly, and casually learning just a bit more about one another.

One random week, I had finished reffing a soccer game and stopped in the office to turn in the score sheets before I left. Turns out, we were the last two people in the place. It was oddly quiet in this place that was usually 20,000 square feet that teemed with constant action. It was dark, and quiet, and lonely.

"Hey Annie, here's the last score sheet. I'm outta here. See you next week."

"Hey, hold on a sec," she hollered after me. "Are you in a hurry to be anywhere just now?"

“No. Just headed home.”

“Can you hang out a second while I close up shop here? I’m the last one here, and I hate being here and walking out alone. You mind,” she asked in total earnest.

“Oh, yeah. No problem,” I told her.

I didn’t give it a second thought. She wasn’t kidding. The place was huge, and so was the parking lot. Of course it was set way off the road several hundred yards, only accessible by a narrow drive. Honestly, I wouldn’t have wanted to be there alone either at a full foot taller and a hundred pounds heavier. So I waited while she wrapped up, and walked her to her car while we exchanged comments about teams that played that night, future leagues, and things of the like.

There were several times in the next few weeks that we ended up being the last two there. I always hung out while she packed up the office. I didn’t mind. It was nice to talk with someone who wasn’t yelling about a call, a fee, or was a screaming three-year old. There was no question that if I was younger or she was a bit older, I would have asked her out. Her body was amazing, but it wasn’t until I saw her from a profile standing tip-toe to put something on a high shelf that I realized just how attractive I found her. She was reaching above her head, causing her shirt to rise just a bit, showing off her perfectly flat stomach. Her shorts were just long enough to cover her butt, but still a respectable length. But it was her legs that caught my attention. They were perfectly proportioned, smooth, tanned, just flat out impressive. I watched her calves flex to stretch the last inch she needed and her feet arched out of her flip flops when she accomplished her goal, and turned to see me staring with my mouth open just a little more then I was comfortable about. I couldn’t help it. I tried to play it off, but I was caught. To make it worse, I just kept looking her up and down. She already knew I was, so what the hell?

I’ve never been one to say that I have a foot fetish. But it’s safe to say I’ve always had an appreciation for girls with pretty feet. It’s not an easy thing to do to be presentable all the time. And her’s were perfect. As smoothly tanned as the rest of her, petite, perfectly pedicured as they always were. I’ve always figured if a girl takes time to make sure her feet are that well taken care of, she probably takes care of the rest of herself too. But ultimately, she was either too nice, flattered, or too embarrassed herself to say anything about having caught me looking. She sat on the desk in front of me and dangled her flip flops off her feet as we chatted. I couldn’t stop stealing glances.

“Uh, so…you ready to get out for the night?,” I asked in an attempt to save myself further embarrassment.

“Sure,” she said with a tiny grin, as she brushed past me, letting small hints of her lotion subtly invade my senses.

I walked her to her car stammering like a fool, opened her door, and sent her on her way.

Two weeks later as we were closing up, I tried to avoid being the last one there with her, but to no avail. She was in the office listening to music. Her flip flops were on the floor, and her legs were up on the desk, her calves gently flexed to show off her legs and shapely toes.

“Hey, here’s the scores. I gotta jet,” I said quickly in an attempt to salvage any pride I had left.

“Okay, hold on and I’ll walk out with you,” she told me

Shit. Just what I didn’t want to happen. But what was I going to tell her? No?

“Get in for a sec,” she told me when we got to her car.

Shit. What now?

“What’s up?,” I asked, obliging her request.

She leaned across the arm rest and flicked her tongue gently over my lips. I immediately became rock-hard at her contact. Again the scent of her lotion intoxicated me as a gasped quickly to catch my breath.

“When’s the last time you fucked in a car?,” she asked with a candor that shocked me.

“Umm…actually, Annie…I’ve never had sex in a car,” I fumbled.

“Really? And why’s that.”

“Well, two reasons,” I started as she reached over and gently placed her delicate hand on my crotch. “One, being as tall as I am, it would have to be an SUV or a van or something,” I joked, trying to get a handle on the situation.

“And the other?,” she breathed into my ear.

“The other is, why fuck in a car when I’ve got my own place?”

“I’ll follow you there,” she told me with a tone that left no room for negotiation.

I stepped out into the night with my dick standing full-mast in my mesh shorts and walked to my car, considering the reality of the situation. But why fight it?

Five minutes later we were in my tiny apartment. I hadn’t had time to flip the lights on when she leaned against me, pushing me against the wall and kissing me, pressing her tongue against mine. My hands found her hips as I picked her up holding her against me and the wall opposite where we started. Her legs wrapped around me, and I felt the smooth heat of her skin on mine. Time to go to the bed.

I laid her gently down on the bed, and stood to remove my shirt. By the time I was off, she had unbuttoned her shorts and was working them down her legs. I took over, sliding them off her and tossed them to the floor. I then worked my fingers inside her panties and slid them down her legs to meet a similar fate. Then caressing one of her feet, I worked its sole and ball while she lay back with her eyes closed, arms above her head. Then releasing her foot, I took the other in my hands and worked it the same way. She was working her shirt off when I gently kissed her toes, then her sole, and up her calf.

I pressed her legs open about the same time she removed her bra and was laying naked on my bed. Her pussy was trimmed into a perfect landing strip while her lips were tight, and starting to glisten with juice. I flicked my tongue over her clit and she responded with a slight moan, arching her back to press her sex to my mouth. Putting a hand on each leg, I placed her legs over my shoulders at the knee and sucked on her clit as a finger pressed into her. She rubbed her feet over my back in agreement with my technique. Her soft skin on my shoulders drove me mad as she began to buck her hips, urging me to suck harder. Finally, taking control of her legs, I pressed them back flatting her tits with her knees and rolling on to her upper back, and flicked my tongue gently over her asshole. She gasped for air from the shock and the sensation, which was the point of course, until she grabbed me by the hair and pulled me to her.

My pants were gone by this point and I was rock hard. I rubbed the head of my cock on her clit as she rubbed her feet up and down my torso, the arches cupping my chest perfectly. Then taking one of her tits in each hand, pressed the length of my cock into her hole, my balls coming to rest on her ass.

“Mmmmm…oh that’s right,” she encouraged me. “Go deeper. I want you all the way inside me.”

The tight warmth of her pussy wrapped snugly around my cock, caressing it and urging me deeper as I pressed in and out. I knelt back as I continued to fuck her and watched her hands run up her perfect body until they came to rest in a disheveled mess, partially on her own cheek and the other in her

hair. Placing my hands on her thighs, I felt her pelvis lift slightly and her knees bent to cup my ribs with the softness of the soles of her feet. She rubbed them up and down my body, driving me to near madness until they came to rest on my chest, her big toes teasing each of my rock hard nipples.

Taking a hold of her right ankle, I heldit under my control, kissing her sole gently from her heal to her toes where I carefully sucked each one. I repeated the scenario with her left foot as her moaning became more intense, begging me to take her pussy.

Reaching under her back, I snapped her up to me, pressing her tits flat against my chest. Then holding her body tightly to mine, I took control, forcing myself within her with more aggression and control then I had thus far.

"Oh God, take me," she gasped into my ear. "Take my pussy. Fuck me harder. Fuck me til my little toes curl and I cum on your cock."

I was now in control of her entire body, picking her up and slamming her down, impaling her with my dick which was starting to stiffen further. It was a sure warning that I was going to cum. Laying her back down, I once again took her by the ankles, holding her legs apart and fucked her as if I might die if I didn't cum soon.

"Oh...oh yes...that's it! Oh, you're hitting my spot! Oh...make me cum," she begged.

It was then that her thighs shook, her calves flexed, and her sexy, shapely toes pointed and she erupted cum all over my bed. I must admit, it threw me over the edge. I pounded her furiously, knowing I needed release. She had one foot pressed against my chest as I massaged the other, kissing her instep, the soft flesh pushing me closer and closer to climax.

And finally, I came.

I held her feet, one in each hand with my thumbs rubbing each sole as I ripped shot after shot of cum deep within her tiny cunt. My body spasmed as for what felt like an eternity my seed was emptied deep within her.

Finally I collapsed on the bed next to her. I struggled for breath as I watched her silhouette stick a finger in her pussy and lick our cum off of it.

"So I guess you think my feet are cute," she joked to me.

"Well, yeah. I mean, I never really thought about it before, but I just couldn't help it. I guess I just

thought it would be weird?"

"Weird? Let me tell you something. An awful lot of girls have a foot fetish too. Why else do you think we're always getting pedicures, and wearing heels and open toed shoes? Because we don't want people to see them?"

She had a point.

"I see what you mean," I gasped, the room still spinning. "I guess I ju-"

"I know what you thought," she interrupted, rubbing one foot up and down the inside ofmy leg. "Just keep in mind what I told you...for the next time."