Anne Makes the Grade

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Published on Lush Stories on 11 Aug 2011

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School Girl Comes of Age

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/first-time/anne-makes-the-grade.aspx

The bell rang; bringing eighteen-year-old Anne out of her day-dream. School was so boring and she was just a junior. The uniforms sucked. Ugly. The thin material of her plaid wool skirt scratched the skin of her thighs. She hated the white cotton shirts and silly class ties that had to be neatly knotted and pulled snugly to the collar. The knee-high, blue socks which constantly fell down and the stupid black oxfords that completed the ensemble.

She gathered her books and hugged them self-consciously to her breasts. She started showing around the time she turned eleven or so and was the first one to get breasts among her friends. Now she filled out her uniform top better th a n any of the other girls in the school. She knew some of the teachers were jealous of her figure. She could see it in their eyes. She was one of the shortest girls in the school at four feet eleven inches , but she already had a woman's figure. Hips that curved from her narrow waist. Long black hair she wore tied back with a bow, usually pink or red depending on her moods. Her Korean features gave her high cheekbones and soft alluring eyes. Her lips were full and pale pink.

She enjoyed working out after school and her legs and ass showed her effort. She knew she had a nice body. She'd looked at her reflection in her full length mirror often enough to know how well formed she looked. She would look for a while, but she had a hard time touching…..certain parts of her body; at least standing in front of the mirror.

She entered the hall with all the other girls and walked to her locker. After opening the door she swapped out her current load of books with ones she would need for her tutoring sessions. She sighed and closed the door and saw Jessica standing there.

"Hey Jess, how're you doing?" Anne asked.

“Better than you. How’s the tutoring going?”

“Sucks.”

“That math geek so wants to get in your pants.”

“Gross. He’s such a weirdo.”

“I know,” Jess said with a smirk , “and it’s so sad he’s the only boy you can be alone with. Your Mom would kill any other boy she found in your bedroom.”

“Duh. Have to be the little virgin till the day I get married.”

“Well your wedding night will be explosive. I hope your husband is in good shape.”

“God Jess, I wish I could just have a fling and get the first time over with.”

“OMG! You did not just say that.”

“Come on. You think about it too.”

“Too much.”

They walked out of the school and turned towards home. Anne and Jessica lived a few doors apart from each other since they were toddlers; and classmates since kindergarten. So it was natural they talked about sex and boys; clothes and boys; makeup and sex.

“It looks like your only chance to make that happen is with Mike the Geek,” said Jessica continuing their conversation started at the locker.

“Gross Jess, he’s so skinny and has those classic geek glasses. He wears his polo shirts all buttoned up. His pants are short.”

Jessica giggled, “For someone who grosses you out you do have a pretty good eye for detail.”

“Please, I have him for two hours three days a week. And if I don’t make an A this term Mom’s hiring him for Saturdays too.”

“No, you don’t have him for two hours a day. He’s in your room for two hours a day. Think about all that time ; and a mom so unsuspecting she leaves you alone in the house. You could try everything. Again and again and again.” Jessica gushed.

“You are such a slut Jess.”

“I wish. I’d be a good one. I want to try everything.”

“Everything,” Anne asked with a grin .

“You know what I mean.”

“Oral”?

“Sure,” Jess said with a blush.

Anne tried to say the next word, but could only get out the A.

“Anal,” Jess said with wide eyes.

“Uh, yeah, ok anal.”

“I admit I’m curious about all of it. I mean I’m dying to find out what’s it all about. Aren’t you?”

“Yeah.”

“So why not Mike the math geek?”

“Because I want it to be with someone who’s hot. Someone built and hung.”

“And who is the slut now?”

“Jess the first time is supposed to be special. I don’t have to be in love; just lust. I don’t even get a tingle for the geek. And I want to tingle; not just get it over with.”

“Tingle? Jeeze Anne, Mike the geek could go down and make you tingle; or you could do a 69 then you both can tingle.”

“Eww.”

“What? Haven’t you ever thought about feeling a warm tongue running through your slit? Or the feeling of a thick cock in your mouth?”

“Jess you are such a slut. Really, do you actually think about details like that; or are you just trying to shock me?”

“Like you were shocked. I saw that grin. You really want to try it. You want to suck Mike’s cock. You want him to eat your pussy.”

Anne blushed , bright red. She hated it when Jessica embarrassed her with dirty talk. But it also thrilled her to hear it. She could imagine her lips sliding down the hard shaft and feel the skin’s warmth as her tongue slip around its head.

“Not the geek.”

“The geek is all you have available.”

“Not going to happen. Not with him.”

Jessica rolled her eyes. “It’s just sex. Let him pop your cherry. Think about how much you can learn from him. He’s a COLLEGE freshman for god’s sake. He must have fucked a dozen girls by now.”

“I bet he’s a virgin. Would have sex with him?”

Jessica didn’t answer Anne’s question right away. Would she? She’d seen Mike several times and he just didn’t move her. But yes, she’d let him pop her cherry. If she could be on top that is. If she could control the pace.

“No, you’re right; he doesn’t make me tingle either. But low light candles maybe.”

“Sluuuuuuut,” Anne whispered harshly. “You wouldn’t dare.”

“Well, you aren’t using him. Hey, you could share him. We could do a threesome. We could lose our cherries at the same time. It would be so cool.”

“Jess, he’d probably pass out or run away. I think it would be cool to lose our virginity together. But not Mike.”

“Take a closer look at him. See if you can see his cock. You know. Sneak a peek when he’s peeing.”

“Ok, I will.”

“What? You’re serious? You would really sneak a peek?”

“Sure, why not? It’s a cock. At least I’ll know what one looks like. But no, it has to be someone else I do it with.”

“Ok, hey see you later,” Jessica waved and turned to her house.

Anne waved back and walked on to her house. Now, she was tingling. All that talk about tongues and lips on cocks and pussies made her horny and now she could feel her panties getting damp; worse still they were creeping up the crack of her ass. Now the wool was making the exposed skin itch, but she couldn’t scratch. Not in public. God, she really needed to play with her pussy.

A shiver ran down her spine as the itching increased. Instead of irritation now the wool was teasing the sensitive skin on her thighs and the smooth skin of her ass.

The prickly feeling was driving her crazy. Her panties were soaked now. She made it to the door and made it inside. She leaned against the door and sighed. She was so hot now.

She laid her books on the table and kicked off her shoes and socks. She stretched each foot and relaxed her legs. Next she reached under her skirt and scratched her thighs as she leaned against the door again. She closed her eyes in pleasure. Her nails felt so good on her skin.

Anne ’s right hand drifted towards her hot pussy. Yes, her panties were hot and noticeabl y damp. She pressed her fingers to the top of her hot little pussy and shivered. She felt the tiny nub of her clit through the damp cotton and pressed until her finger s slipped away. She nearly lost her balance as the wave of pleasure struck her.

She slid her panties down to her ankles and kicked them off. She wanted full access to her pussy. As her skirt settled back into place ; the prickly , wool fabric caressed her bare bottom causing her to break out in goose flesh.

She shivered and pressed her long nailed finger against her exposed pussy.

“I’m so wet,” Anne moaned as her finger moved faster and faster over her swollen clit. She felt the pressure of her finger, the sharpness of her nail as it scraped lightly between her labia. She pressed

her finger deeper into her slit and stopped just outside her opening. She wanted so much to slip her finger inside her pussy. She could feel the heat radiating from inside; could feel how slippery wet she was. She could feel her labia curling around her finger as if they were trying to draw it into her opening. She pressed further. She gasped when she felt her finger slip inside. She was a little worried about pain, but it didn't happen so she pushed further. She was past her cherry to her first knuckle.

Anne wiggled her finger and yipped as the pleasure rolled through her pelvis. She pressed further and felt a sharp sting as her hymen stretched to accommodate the second knuckle of her finger. She paused for a couple of heart beats and wiggled her finger again.

"Fuck, oh god damn I love my finger in my tiny hot pussy."

She wiggled faster and went to her knees and spread her legs wide. She pressed her thumb to her clit and began working both her hole and clit. She could feel the orgasm rushing at her. She knew it would be intense. It was the first time she'd ever put anything in her pussy as she played. She was so close now. Just a few more seconds.

The sound of Anne's Mom shutting the car door shattered the orgasm.

"Shit, shit, shit" Anne screeched as she snatched her fingers from her pussy. She felt a sharper sting this time as her middle finger popped free.

Panicked, Anne snatched up her panties and started to sprinted upstairs. She must have frozen because her mom was already turning the knob. Anne was horrified. Here she was with a wet pussy and her damp panties in her hand and her MOTHER was coming through the door.

Without thinking she unbuttoned her shirt and stuffed the panties in. The door opened and she spun around.

"Hey Mom," she said brightly.

"Hello pumpkin. Why are you so flushed?"

"Uh, no reason," Anne said. Smiling, she wrung her hands and smiled. Inwardly she cringed. She could feel her slick pussy juice coat her hands and stopped. She stopped and clenched her skirt trying to wipe away the evidence.

She felt perspiration on her upper lip and wiped it away. Now she could feel the slickness on her upper lip, worse she could smell her own heat. God, it made her dizzy. Unconsciously she licked the

delicious moisture away. She'd never had the nerve to taste or smell her pussy juice, and now she had no chance to savor the moment.

"How was school today?"

"Um, good. Boring actually. I'll be glad when spring break starts. Jess and I are planning to go to the beach for a couple of days. You know, sun, sand, brews and boys," Anne replied. She realized she was rambling, but couldn't seem to stop.

Did her Mom know what she was doing just moments ago? Could she smell the tangy musk that was on her hands?

Her Mom laughed and said, "You had me going until you said 'sun and sand.' I know you too well. The sun maybe, but sand? No way baby."

"Mom, I can't believe you. You just called me a slut and a lush.'

Her Mom gasped in mock anger. "Now Anne, that would make you a slush wouldn't it."

"Like you'd really let me go."

"You're eighteen now Hon. And I trust you. You work hard at school, you work at soccer and volleyball, AND I know YOU. So go and have fun."

Anne was floored. "You got to be kidding. You'll really let me go?"

"Sure, besides if you don't go then Jess can't go."

Anne hugged her Mom and thanked her. She gave her a kiss and let go.

"Thanks Mom. I need to go change."

"Before you change help me bring the groceries."

Anne followed her Mom out to the car and started lugging in the bags.

As they passed each other on the return trip her Mom leaned over and said, "Hon, you really should wash your hands after you diddle your middle."

Anne stopped cold. She paled and just stared wide eyed into her mother's face.

"What, do you think I don't know what the flushed face, shiny eyes, and rapid breathing mean?"

Anne stopped breathing, but her heart was beating so fast she had to gasp or pass out.

"I. I. I don't know what you're talking about," Anne stammered.

"Anne, please," her Mom said. "I say no more and neither should you. It is what it is. Now, help me finish unloading the car."

Anne walked to the back of the car to pick up another load. She giggled to herself. God, that was embarrassing, but she was kind of rel I eved. And she found she liked being outside with no panties and barefooted. There was nice breeze now and she enjoyed the way the cool air felt as it caressed her overheated pussy. She could feel it tease her silky black pubic hair. It felt like tiny fingers tickling her. She was getting wetter.

She reached the trunk and saw the last two bags were lodged in deep.

"Great," she sighed. "I'll flash old mister Liegeman and give him an aneurism."

Anne giggled again and thought what the hell why not. She leaned far into the trunk and stretched her legs. She struggled to drag both bags toward her. Finally she got a good grip and pulled them closer.

She felt a gust of cool wind and her skirt flipped over her ass. This is so bad she thought to herself; my ass is bare and I can't get these damn bags. She reached out and grabbed at the bags again. She over balanced and her feet started kicking the air.

Finally, kicking and stretching she got the bags to the edge of the trunk. She reached around the full bags and heaved them out. She squirmed backward until her toes touched down and heaved the bags out. Straightening up, she turned and saw Mike standing by his car with his mouth hanging open.

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Mike had pulled to the curb and shut off the car. He reached over to grab his book bag. Movement caught his eye and he looked up.

Anne's bare ass and legs were hanging out of the trunk of the car. Her legs began flailing as she lost
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her balance.

Mike’s eyes were locked on Anne’s ass. Her perfect ly shaped ass was on full display. He watched as she struggled to right herself. Her skin was pale, flawless. He’d heard about heart shaped asses, but never understood what that meant. Now he knew. Yes, Anne definitely had a heart shaped ass.

He watched as she continued to struggle with whatever was in the trunk. Her wildly kicking legs gave him an occasional glimpse of her little pussy. He was too far away to tell much, but he could see she had fine, strai gh t hairs and not much. From where he was sitting he couldn’t see her slit, but he imagined it was as tiny and delicate as the rest of her body.

Anne finally managed to right herself and her feet touched down. She was on tiptoe now and Mike had to reassess. No not delicate. With her legs flexed he could see how well toned they were. Her calf muscles were bunched and the long muscles of her thighs were visible. Now her ass clenched as she stood up.

Mike’s breath hitched as she picked up the bags and shook her hair out of her face. Her skirt had dropped down but the hem had folded up barely covering her ass. He had fumbled out of the car and stood there watching. Anne finally situated, turned and looked up seeing him.

Mike’s mouth opened. She was beautiful with her hair mussed, her cheeks tinged pink from her effort. Her skirt was now mostly in place, but it was shorter that a normal school skirt should be, but he knew why now. She had hips. Her skirt had to contend with the roundedness of her ass and it left her legs exposed to mid thigh.

Mike now had a raging hard on. He could feel how tight the front of his Dockers was. He could feel precum leaking from the head of his cock. Why of all times did he have to wear kaki? He knew if he didn’t get it under control he’d have a wet spot to contend with.

He held his bag in front of his pants to conceal the bulge there.

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Oh fuck me, Anne thought as she saw him standing there. Play dumb Anne told herself.

“Hi Mike, how are you?”

“Uhm, I’m fine. And you?”
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“Fine, Fine. And you?”

Mike laughed. “You already asked.”

“Um, yeah true. You’re early.”

“Yeah, I called your cell, but it went to voice mail. I did call your Mom’s and let her know. Here, let me get those for you.”

He nervously reached for the bags.

“Here just take this one, you have your bag in your other hand,” Anne said. She turned a little and offered one of the bags to him.

Mike bent to take the offered bag. As he reached around the bag his hand slipped through Anne’s unbuttoned shirt.

Both gasped at the contact. Warm, soft skin pressed against the back of his hand. Soft and silky skin concealing firm flat muscle. His hard on surged again. He was instantly hard and a fresh stream of pre cum surged from his cock head. Too late now, he knew this one would not go away.

Anne could feel the hairs on the back of his hand tickling her belly sending shivers up and down her body finally settling deep between her legs. She could feel her pussy getting wet.

“Oops, sorry,” Mike said. “Let me readjust.”

Mike removed his hand and grabbed the bag again. As Anne let go the bag slipped. She quickly shifted and grabbed the bag’s bottom and lifted. Her tiny hand pressed against his hard cock sending Mike into shock. He quickly pulled away and smiled.

Hands full, Mike looked down at Anne seeing for the first time ; the woman instead of the schoolgirl.

“Um, we should get going,” Anne said and started up the walk.

Mike followed a few steps behind her. He could see the hem of her skirt was flipped up, barely covering her ass. Even though she was not even five feet tall , her shapely legs seemed longer. She had dainty feet and a deep red polish on her toes. As she walked, her ass swayed back and forth like a pendulum. He couldn’t take his eyes off her bottom. An errant breeze grabbed her skirt and gave him a glimpse of pale skin.

He rolled his eyes. God, this couldn’t get any worse. His cock was flowing freely now and he was stuck with a hot, young bare ass in front of him. Why wasn’t she wearing panties? How was he going to get through this tutoring session?

Anne put her bag on the counter and turned to help Mike. She reached underneath the bag and pressed his cock again. Only this time she pressed her palm over his hardness. She quickly gripped him and let go.

She looked up and smiled. “Thanks Mike.”

“Uhm, no problem. Happy to help.”

“Hi Mike,” Anne’s Mom said. “How was your day?”

“Good Misses P ark . Thanks for letting me come over early. I start my new job tonight and I thought instead of canceling we could do it early.”

“That’s ok. Will you have to change our schedule?”

“Um, no I’ll be on time Friday. I’m actually filling in for someone.”

Anne smoothed her skirt and moved into the kitchen and started putting away the groceries as her Mom chatted with Mike.

Mike had a hard time keeping track of the conversation while his eyes followed Anne’s movements.

Anne felt his eyes on her. She was so horny, her pussy was so wet. She could feel her juice now wetting the juncture of her thighs. She wondered if it was visible. Was her wetness going to trickle further down her legs? Mike was going to get a little show if it did .

Anne sauntered over to the bag full of cleaning supplies and picked up a couple of containers. Turning she walked to the sink, bent at the waist and put the items away. She spread her feet a little and pretended to rummage as if she was strai gh ten ing up. She unbuttoned the top two buttons of her shirt. Now the shirt was unbuttoned to her waist. Standing upright she turned and glanced at Mike.

He was staring at her, and trying hard to keep the thread of the conversation going. Was she teasing him? Her shirt was completely unbuttoned and her sensible white bra was showing. Her pale

cleavage flashed with her movements. The only thing keeping her shirt from falling open was the loosened tie hanging crookedly around her neck.

She lowered her eyes and smiled. Now she picked some dry goods and took them to the pantry. She stood on tiptoe and raised her arms to the top shelf and placed them on the top shelf. She knew he was staring at her legs. Was her ass showing? She didn't know, but this was getting her hotter and hotter.

Mike watched as she lifted her arms and saw Anne's shirt pull itself out of her skirt. Something fell to the floor. Something white. Panties? Was all this planned? Was this something she planned for him? Crap, he couldn't take much more of this.

Anne felt the tug of her shirt but didn't notice her forgotten panties fall to the floor.

"Excuse me Misses P; let me help Anne with the groceries."

He moved to the sacks and grabbed some things at random. He took them to the pantry. He squatted down and looked between his feet. Yep, panties. He picked them up and slip ped them in his pocket. They were still warm from her skin. Damp too.

"No. No. Wait," Anne said. "Those go on the middle shelf."

He closed his eyes in relief ; for a moment, he thought he was busted. "Ok," he said and put them on the middle shelf.

He turned around and saw Anne's arms were full. She looked up at him and smiled flashing her white teeth. Mike looked down and saw how well her full breasts filled her bra. He could see the rise and fall as she breathed. Smooth pale, but pink now flushed with heat.

"Excuse me," Anne said.

Mike moved aside and she started putting stuff away. Finished, she looked down and saw the state of her shirt. Crap, she'd forgotten about the other buttons. God, where were her panties? Quickly she buttoned up and looked around the floor. They had to have fallen out in front of the pantry. That's where her shirt pulled loose. Kneeling down she looked around the bottom shelf. Nothing dammit.

Mike watched her kneel, obviously looking for her panties. He smiled and grabbed a few more groceries. He walked up behind Anne and leaned over her to put them away.

Startled, Anne spun around and Mike's hard cock was there, at eye level. She took a long look as he took his time placing the groceries on the shelf. She could see a wet spot next to the zipper. Boys get wet too? Mike straightened up so she could stand. On her way up she saw a flash of white in his front pocket.

Anne looked up at him and gave him a strained smile. Oh god, oh god, he found them and took them.

"Excuse me again," Mike said with a smile.

"That's ok," she replied breathlessly.

She moved around Mike and walked to the fridge and grabbed a Mountain Dew and popped the top.

"Mike, do you want one?" Anne asked as she looked over the can and took a sip.

Mike licked his lips and nodded.

Anne held eye contact and walked slowly toward him.

"Here you go." Her dark eyes held his and she licked her lower lip.

"You two go on and get busy; I'll put the rest of the groceries away."

"Thanks Mom," Anne said brightly. She took her soda and grabbed her stack books and headed toward the stairs. Mike started to follow.

"Anne, don't forget your socks. I wish you could just put your clothes away."

Anne rolled her eyes. "I'll be right up Mike."

"Ok." She trotted over and bent at the waist again as she picked up her shoes and socks.

Mike stared at her ass as Anne's skirt rose exposing her pussy. He could see her damp thighs shine. She spread her feet apart and he could see her labia peeking between her lips. She was soaking wet. The fine hairs collected beaded the moisture. God, he wanted her so bad now.

As she straightened up Mike turned to go upstairs.

Anne saw him just starting up. She smiled. So, he'd stayed to watch.

She followed him and watched his ass as he climbed the treads. She saw it was a nice tight ass. She liked the way his Dockers molded to him. Wow, how could a geek like Mike have such a nice ass? She quickly unbuttoned four of the buttons and pulled her tie loose leaving it under her collar

"Mike," her Mom called.

"Yes, Misses P."

"You look nice today. The new look; clothes and all. I told you contacts were the way to go. Like the hair too. Shelly told me you stopped by."

"Oh thanks," he said. "They are so much better than glasses."

Mike had stopped and turned to reply and Anne taking another step bumped into him.

"Oops," Anne said. "Sorry I wasn't paying attention."

"It's ok."

Neither of them moved away. Mike looked into her eyes. She smiled flashing her teeth. She didn't want to move. Her breasts were pressed against his cock. Actually, his cock was nestled between her boobs and she could imagine them naked, his cock slip p ing between her tits. Strangely , she felt dampness on her left breast.

Mike backed up and continued up the stairs. He led the way to her bedroom. He noticed s he'd opened her shirt again. He opened the door and dropped his bag in the old overstuffed, leather chair Anne had since she was a little girl.

Mike turned around as she came through he looked openly at her boobs. Anne blushed and smiled at him. Mom was right. He didn't look very much like a geek now. She hadn't noticed earlier. She must have been really distracted. He actually looked good. Nice hair now. Without his glasses she could see he had nice green eyes. They were focused on her now boring into her own brown ones.

Mike blinked and turned to his bag. "Ready to get started," he asked as he pulled the zipper open.

"Yeah, sure," she said. She watched him pull the bag open and reach in. She noticed his arms. They were lean not thin. Ropey muscles rippled under his skin.

How could just a haircut and contacts change someone so much?

“Darn. I brought the wrong bag. Do you mind if I go grab the other one?”

“No problem,” Anne said. “It’ll give me time to change. The wool in this skirt pricks me and I’d like to get off…get it off.”

“Ok, I’ll be back in a few.”

Mike turned to go letting his bag drop to the floor. Anne watched Mike’s ass for the few seconds it was in view.

He *IS* cute Anne thought as she took off her shirt and bra. Not hunky like Clooney or Pitt. More like Toby McGuire from Spiderman. Geeky cute she supposed. Toby was a geek in his regular clothes, but blue and red spandex? Yeah, hot.

She glanced over to his bag and saw black cloth inside. Hmmmm. Spiderman? She walked over to the bag and took a look. Shiny black cloth. She leaned over to pick it up.

It was a robe, silk. No. It would be a robe on her, but Mike was taller. Some sort of tunic. The cloth was heavier than usual. Triple stitched at the seams.

“It’s a karate uniform shirt,” Anne said admiringly. “Nice.” She’d never heard of a silk gi. She held it up to admire the embroidery on the back. She shivered as the cloth made contact with her belly. She pulled the gi to her breasts and slid the slick cloth against her nipples and they stiffened instantly.

Anne felt heat deep in her pussy as her belly clinched. She quickly unzipped her skirt and let it drop to her feet. She opened the gi and put it on. The feel of all that silk against her hot skin buckled her knees. She slowly straightened up, wrapped the silk around her, and looked at her reflection. As the gi warmed she could smell him. Not sweat, but an earthy, slightly musky scent that said *MAN, MALE, MALE-NESS*. Now her pussy was flowing freely and she couldn’t resist touching her clit. The sleeves were too long for her arms and the embroidered cuff fell between her fingers and her swollen clit.

She moaned quietly and tried to catch her breath. The silk felt nice, but the roughness of the intricate stitching gliding over her tiny clit caused the simmering orgasm she’d held so long to explode . Anne tried to keep quiet, but a long moaning ‘fuuuuuuuck’ escaped from her.

She stood in front of her mirror trying to get her breathing under control. As her heart slowed she

looked at her reflection again. The gi *was* a robe on her. It stopped high on her thigh, but covered everything nicely. It was too big for her, but she'd love to have one just like this. She opened the robe and looked at her belly and down to her small patch of pubic hair. She giggled when she realized the fine; black hairs on her pussy were shiny now and looked just like the silk fabric she wore. She could also see that her pussy had gushed when she came. Her thighs were shiny and slick. She wiped juicy lips and her thighs. Oh crap she thought when she saw the wet sleeve.

She heard Mike close the front door and panicked. She dropped the robe to her feet and grabbed her skirt again. Quickly, she dragged it up her legs and zipped it up. Donning her shirt she started buttoning just as Mike walked through the door.

"Sorry, I thought you were done changing," Mike said in a conversational tone. He sat down in the leather chair as though nothing was going on. "We should get started. I know you didn't have time for today's homework, but we could go over it together."

"Yeah, that would be good," Anne said. She'd stopped buttoning her shirt and realized she had his silk robe….gi puddle at her feet. Feeling self-conscious now; she knelt down to pick it up.

Mike watched her kneel down. Her shirt gaped open showing him most of her left breast. He could see pale flesh and the edge of her areola. He could see that her nipples were standing erect against the white cotton of her shirt. She stood up and flapped the robe strai gh tening it up and folding the sleeves inward. She finished folding it and sat it on the bed.

"Um, I just wanted to see it. It's beautiful."

"Thanks, it's a gi you know. I just became an instructor at my studio ."

"I didn't know you were taking Karate. And why silk? I thought cotton would be a better fabric."

"Krav Magna, actually. It's the martial arts taught to the Israeli military. And silk; well it's stronger than cotton ; woven like it is," Mike had gotten up and walked to the bed.

"There are tons of grappling moves and throws. So the stronger silk stands up better. Also, it's smooth so it's harder to get a firm hold. It forces you to develop a strong grip. Did you try it on? It would look great on you, you know. It would make a pretty robe."

He picked up the folded garment and nuzzled it against his cheek. He could smell her scent in the fabric. He'd seen everything through the door. Watched her open the robe and touch her pussy. Watched as she struggled to keep quiet as she came. Watched as she wiped away her juices on the

sleeve. She’d heard some noise her mom made in the kitchen and panicked. He saw the look of horror on her face when she turned to the door.

Busted, he thought. But she hadn’t noticed him. She shed the robe. He watched it run down her back like water. It seemed to caress her ass as it fell to form a puddle at her feet.

His gaze rose from the robe to her long shapely legs. He paused at her ass. Definitely heart shaped he thought now that he could see it in all its glory.

She bent over and grabbed her skirt. He watched as she stepped into it. Her hair now covered her face leaving her toned back exposed. Wow, he thought as he licked dry lips, what does this girl do? She had nice muscle tone all over ; he watched the fluid movement of her muscles as she struggled to zip up.

Finished, she darted to the bed and grabbed her shirt. He held his breath as he watched her large breasts swing away from her body as she bent over. He could see her dark nipples and the lighter areola. They stood out against the milky white flesh. Anne stood up and put the shirt on. With her arms spread wide to fit into the sleeves he saw how flat her belly was, how her firm breasts jiggled with her movements. She started buttoning up.

Ok, enough of this. She started the teasing. Smiling he opened the door and walked in.

He casually glanced at her as he walked to the leather chair. Nope, not delicate at all. She was a hot, horny girl. Innocent though. Probably a virgin too. Until today she’d never even flirted with him. Nice, polite, not reserved, but shy. She liked him, he knew; as a person though; not a guy. Several times they’d crossed paths at the mall or a burger joint. What reinforced the idea that she liked him is the fact that she was usually the one to come up and say hi. Half the time he didn’t notice her until she spoke. She never hesitated to plop into a chair steal a couple of fries and interrupt whatever he happened to be reading.

She even introduced him to her friends. No hesitation, no sense of obligation. Most of her friends made faces behind her back. Or looked at him with contempt. Some of the girls she hung around didn’t care one way or the other. Jess was one of them. She would say hi and talk for a few minutes. Usually asking a few questions about algebra or trig.

Anne wasn’t embarrassed to be tutored by a nerd. She just hated being tutored. Mike thought that might change now.

He liked the ‘just had a huge orgasm’ glow on her face. Her shiny, black hair normally held in a neat

pony tail was mussed, hanging free.

“Are you ok,” Mike asked. “You seem agitated.” He looked into her eyes.

She blushed a deep red. “Um, you caught me unbuttoning my shirt. That and I had your robe, uh gi on the floor. Just a little embarrassed.”

Mike grinned at her. “No problem about the gi. But I could have sworn you were buttoning up. Like maybe you’d taken your top off to try it on.”

“What,” Anne managed to say with genuine shock. “No, uh I did try it on, but with my shirt on. I just wanted to see how it looked.”

“Ok,” Mike said with a smile that said, ‘yeah, right’. “It would have been ok you know. It does feel nice against the skin.”

Anne was blushing so hard she was almost purple with embarrassment. Shit, how did I lose control of this so completely, she thought? Then, fuck it, she started this she would finish this.

“Ok, ok. I did take my top off before I put it on,” she said grinning back at him. “I wanted to feel it against my bare skin. It does feel good, especially as it slips over my nipples.” She held his gaze, not blinking.

It was Mike’s turn to be shocked. But , not for long. He opened the folded gi and looked at it. He held the back toward him so Anne could see the front.

“The embroidery is pretty good too. It’s actually corded silk and it is rougher than the fabric. How did that feel when it slip ped over your…um…nipples,” he managed to finish the sentence in a strangled whisper.

Mike could smell her heat. He knew it was coming from the sleeve of his gi, but this close to her…. He could see Anne’s face twitch as she picked up the scent of her pussy. She flushed pink and parted her lips. She licked the lower one then the fuller more sensual upper lip. She continued to stare into his eyes.

“Hi guys,” Anne’s mom said as she walked in. “I brought you two some dinner. Sorry to interrupt, but I’m heading out in about an hour or so.” She sat the tray down on Anne’s desk.

Mike looked down and saw that Anne’s shirt gaped open and her breasts were exposed almost

completely. He pushed the gi at her with a significant look. She caught the hint and tucked it around her.

“That’s a lovely robe Anne. When did you get it,” her mom asked.

“Um, it’s not mine,” she said as she fumbled one handed to button her shirt. “It’s Mike’s and it is a gi. You know martial arts?”

“Oh, let me see,” she said reaching for it. Anne let go hoping for the best. As her Mom lifted the gi to get a better view Anne noticed she’d crossed some buttons. She quickly unbuttoned and set things right. Her mom turned and noticed her disheveled look. She caught her daughter’s eye and smiled.

“Are you ok sweetie,” she asked.

“Uh fine Mom,” she said looking away. “I’m just a little distracted, uh embarrassed. I took the gi out while Mike was gone and he caught me wearing it.”

Her Mom laughed delightedly. “That’s too rich. I love it. It’s a good thing he didn’t catch you doing something really naughty.”

“Mom,” Anne shrieked. “What’s gotten into you?”

“Please Anne,” Her Mom said. “It’s not like you’re the only one that likes a little time to herself.”

“Mom,” Anne pleaded. “You are embarrassing Mike. He might never come back after this.”

“He doesn’t look embarrassed. He looks….um interesting…I mean interested,” she said as she looked down Mike’s body. She lingered on his hard cock and the wet spot just beneath his belt.

“Mom,” Anne moaned. “Go, just go.”

“Ok sweetie. I’m sorry if I embarrassed you.”

After her mother walked out and took a calming breath letting it out slowly. She turned to look at Mike and smiled.

Mike looked at her and smiled back . “That was….scary…..close too.”

“Close,” she asked. “You were just showing me your gi.”

“Yeah, sorry, I just didn’t….got startled I guess.”

“Me too. Can we work and eat? You use the desk I can make due on the bed with the tray.”

“That works.”

Mike took his plate and soda off the tray and stopped. “Um, Go ahead and get settled and I’ll bring the tray to you.”

“Good idea. Thanks,” she replied climbing on the bed and getting settled realized she had another great eye level view of Mike’s hard on.

He brought the tray over and s e t it down in front of her. He walked over and sat down at the desk.

“This is delicious,” he said after the first bite. “Your Mom is a great cook.”

“She is,” she replied. “This one of her specialties; she’ll make it several times a year; along with a few others.”

“Maybe I should start coming earlier,” he said taking another bite.

Anne laughed. “You could you know. She loves feeding people. The only problem with that schedule is I’d have to get my homework done at school or you’d never see it.”

“Well, I don’t really need to see your work anymore. You’re doing great. Anyway, I’d like to start giving you more advanced lessons. You know introduce you to some new techniques; delve deeper….what?” He stopped talking.

She was smiling. “Oh, nothing I suppose. I like having you go over my work. It makes me feel better knowing you’ve seen what I can do.”

It was his turn to smile. “I know what you mean, but you don’t need me to look over your shoulder. You’ve learned to take your time and make sure the work is thorough. I think you’re ready for more intense work now.”

Mike finished the last bite and looked over to see Anne toying with her food. “Not hungry,” he asked.

“I love this, but it’s a bit heavy for me. I’m more of a nibbler you know, a small bite here a small bite

there. I'll come back to it later."

"Ok," he brought his empty plate and set it on the tray. He picked it up and moved it to the desk. He moved to the overstuffed chair and settled in.

Anne squirmed around on the bed so she was on her belly facing him.

Mike glanced over and saw her pretty little feet kicking the air. He also caught them reflected in Anne's full length mirror. Her thighs were open enough for him to see that her pussy was hidden in shadow.

She was fidgeting. The wool was pricking her again. It was just irritating now. She'd calmed down after she came and the slight pricks weren't exciting. She wiggled her ass trying to get comfortable finally giving up she moved her legs further apart hoping that tension on the fabric would help.

Ok, Mike thought, back to the game. He now had a clear image in the mirror. He couldn't see her pink labia anymore and she wasn't horny. He knew that. He'd watched her come. So maybe the view was accidental. There was no way he could concentrate like this. He shifted until he couldn't see her pussy anymore. He stretched his legs and felt the Dockers pull tight over his erection.

"Ready to get started," he asked.

"Sure," she looked up and saw his lanky form stretching in the chair. His cock was perfectly framed by the material. She studied it, liking the way the tan of his kakis darkened as his fluid seeped through. She wondered how big it was. She guessed five inches, but that was just a guess. It was difficult to determine from a distance. She opened her small hand and held it in front of her. Maybe the same length as her hand from the tip of her middle finger to her wrist. No, it was longer. She tried to remember what it felt like when she grabbed it, but she'd been so horny and out of her mind. If he'd touched her like that she would have raped him right there on the stairs or even by her mom's car.

Now she was getting wet again and the prickly skirt was making her break out with goose flesh. She pulled her legs together and felt the outer lips of her pussy slide against each other. She shuddered. She couldn't stand this any longer.

"Um..Mike, I'm sorry, but we are both just too distracted to make any progress."

"You're right. I should go," Mike said with some relief. "I don't know what's got into me." He reached for his bag and stuffed his books in.

Anne got off the bed and put his gi in his other bag.

Mike picked up both bags with one hand and turned to her.

“I have something of yours. I picked it up by the pantry,” he said and pulled her panties out of his pocket. He brought them to his lips and kissed them. He shook them open and brought the crotch to his nose and inhaled deeply. His eyes closed as if he was savoring her scent.

Mike’s eyes opened and he stared into hers. Slowly he rubbed his thumb over the slickness that coated the cotton. He brought his thumb to his lips and tasted her. Still looking into her eyes he brought his tongue down and licked the cotton.

A low moan escaped Anne’s mouth. “You’re killing me.”

“I know. Me too.” He said and handed the panties to her. She took them and smiled.

“Wait.”

She took the panties and repeated his actions. “Here,” she said. You can keep these.” She slipped them into his book bag. She couldn’t believe she’d licked her own panties. It wasn’t gross like she thought.

Mike tried to swallow but his mouth was dry and his tongue seemed frozen.

“Ok, you win,” he said with a tight smile. I really have to go now. I’ll need a very cold shower if I’m going to fit into my gi.”

“Ok,” she said. “Bye Mike . Friday normal time.”

“Yep.”

Mike left and went down the stairs.

“Ending things early tonight,” Anne’s mom asked.

“Yeah, sorry misses P. I don’t want to be late. Anne and I can make up the time Friday. Dinner was delicious and thank you.”

She walked him to the door and watched him leave. He did have a nice ass she thought.

She quietly closed the door. “Anne, are you on the pill?”

Anne rolled her eyes. “Mom, jeeze.”

Her mom leaned against the door. “Well?”

“No Mom,” Anne replied. “I’m not. Ok?”

“It used to be ok, but now? Maybe you should rethink that.”

“Mom I don’t need to be on the pill.”

Her Mom chuckled. “You were merciless tonight. Frankly, I didn’t think you were such a cock tease.”

“Shit Mom is that what you think of me?”

“Well, flashing him, the eye contact, and the sultry voice you used all night. That’s teasing. And the poor boy had a boner the whole night. How big do you think he is by the way?”

Anne giggled. “Sultry? I really had no idea. I guess five inches?”

Her Mom smirked. “When a person is um…aroused the voice box gets constricted and you sound huskier. And no , not five. I’m guessing slightly above average.”

“How big is that?”

“Six, maybe seven inches. Just the right size for your first time.”

“God Mom.”

“Hon. Face it. I’ve known you your whole life. I know when you are happy, sad, and I know when you’re horny.”

“God Mom.”

“I’m just saying if you decide to sleep with him be sure to use protection. I’d rather have you on the pill. If tonight had been the night….”

“He’s different now. I don’t know what it is, but he’s different.”

“Yeah, he is. I think he’s started making some money. He’s just cleaned up. Haircut. Contacts. New clothes. It gives a person confidence when he dresses better. You never saw it because you couldn’t get passed the old clothes and too long hair. He was cute then and he’s cuter now.”

“I suppose you’re right.” She glanced at her Mom.

“Are you giving me permission to have sex with Mike?”

“Sure, you’re eighteen now. Legally an adult. If you’re ready and you think he should be your first then by all means.”

“You’ve got to be kidding.” Anne said laughing

“I am. Kidding, I mean. I don’t think you’re ready no matter how horny you get. Troy Academy may be a great prep school, but you really don’t have much experience with boys. You should date someone for a while get to know him.”

“Mike’s been tutoring me for months. I know him pretty well.”

“Mmmhmm,”

“Ok. I’ll make an appointment next week.”

“Dr. Marten has Saturday hours. I’m sure he could fit you in.”

“No. I want a different gynecologist. Preferably a women. Dr. Marten is like eighty and I’m uncomfortable with him.

“Ok, take a look tonight and see if you can find one. I’d rather you wait to have sex. Sometimes I wished I did. But I don’t want you to take risks. Get on the pill. Ok?”

“Ok.”

Anne closed the door after her mother left. She walked to the mirror and took a long look. No wonder her mother caught on. She looked like she’d just had sex. She took off her shirt and sli d the skirt down. She tossed the clothes in her hamper. She returned her focus to her reflection. Her hair was messy and the dried perspiration made her feel sticky , but she’d take a shower and take care of that.

Anne watched her reflection as she slip her hands over belly. Gently she cupped her breasts and squeezed. She tweaked her nipples and gasped. They were still hard, standing erect. She pulled at each nipple and gave them a little twist. She grew wet again.

Anne sighed and guided her hand to her soft mound of pubic hair. Damp, warm. She pressed her finger into her slit. She moaned with the pleasure rolling through her. She moved deeper feeling her nail scrape against her labia again. She rocked with pleasure.

“Anne,” her mom called up. “I’m heading out. I’ll be back by ten ok?”

“Ok Mom. Have fun.” She called back.

“Dammit,” she muttered to herself. “I so need to cum.”

She heard her mom go through the front door and start the car.

Anne sighed and fell on the bed. Finally peace and quiet. She closed her eyes and thought of Mike’s hard cock. She placed one foot on her hope chest and let her other leg hang off the side of the bed. She touched her clit and glided her finger in small circles. She whimpered as she pressed hard.

“Mmmm,” Anne slip her finger between her lips and flicked her finger between her swollen labia. Pushing deeper she reached her hole and gathered more slick juice and brought it back to her clit. Now, very slick she rubbed furiously. She could feel the orgasm rising getting closer and closer. Her fingers dove down again for more wetness. She wanted her finger inside her. She pushed in, but it was no good. Lying flat on the bed made the angle wrong. She needed to propped up.

She stopped to gather her pillows and repositioned herself so she could now reach the ache deep inside her. She propped one foot on her hope chest again and let her other leg fall to the bed. She was spread as wide and now she had access.

She sli d her finger carefully past her cherry. Her finger slip ped in easily. She was sopping wet. She stopped at the second knuckle. This is where she was interrupted. Again, she thought of the hardness of Mike’s cock. She had a difficult time imagining what it looked like, but she imagined the smooth head leaking fluid. What did that feel like? Was it as slick as her own juices? Was it pink like her labia?

She could see it now. Hard, pointing at her pussy. She moaned as she felt her pussy accept his cock. Her finger wasn’t as big, but it felt so good to have something inside her. She started to wiggle her finger back and forth. God, it felt like heaven. Unconsciously, her hips began to rock upward to meet

her own thrusts. Each movement of her hips caused her finger to slip deeper. Her finger could move in a wider arch now. Faster and faster. Anne opened her eyes and caught her reflection in the mirror. The sight of her hand spread over her pussy with her middle finger disappearing sent her over the edge. She screamed and thrashed as she came. Wave after wave crashed through her. Finally it subsided leaving her limp and breathless.

Slowly, reluctantly she pulled her finger out of her pussy. She felt empty now and clenched her pussy. She missed the fullness her finger provided and briefly wondered if she could fit Mike's cock inside such a tight space. If her finger filled her up then Mike's cock might split her wide open.

She toyed with her nipples studying the contrast between dry fingers and the slickness of her pussy soaked hand. She couldn't decide which was better. The sensations were different. One slick ; the other…friction.

She brought her slick hand to her mouth and tasted. She sniffed gently. Anne purred deep in her throat. She liked the taste. It was salty, sweet , and complex. It tasted good. No more than good. It tasted like sex. The scent was different though. More musky than it tasted. She sucked her fingers until she couldn't taste her pussy anymore.

She continued to suck her middle finger imagining it was Mike's cock. She closed her eyes trying to bring back the image of the wet spot on his pants and wondered if his fluid tasted like hers. Was it sweet? Salty? Did it taste good? Would it taste like sex?

She stopped sucking her finger and gazed at her reflection. She was pretty, she knew that intellectually. Her breasts even though large rode high on her chest. She had a flat belly with a narrow waist that flared to wide hips. She had fine straight pubic hair that was downy soft. Shap ely legs that looked longer than they actually were. Small, dainty feet that ended with cute toes.

She giggled with relief. The afterglow of coming was settling over her. She didn't feel like moving. She was so relaxed now. It was her first real orgasm. She'd had little ones before when she rubbed her clit, but today was the first time she'd come really hard. She knew what it was. Why it worked so well this time. She had to have something in her pussy to help make her achieve an orgasm.

Now she had to pee. She got up and padded naked to the bathroom. After she finished she started a bath. She felt like soaking for a while. She left for a moment to get fresh clothes and a book to read.

She went down stairs and grabbed a Mountain Dew out of the fridge and trotted back up. She gathered her clothes and book. After arranging her soda and book she lit the candles she kept there. Finally, she raised her arms to put her hair up. Her eyes watched her breasts lift with the movement

of her arms. They jiggled as her hands automatically gathered and twisted her hair up. She’d done this a thousand of times, standing naked in front of the mirror putting up her hair, strangely she’d never paid attention to the movement of her boobs. Now, she watched them bounce and sway in time with her hands and arms.

Anne sighed as she sunk down in the hot water. She dumped a hand full of bath salts in the water. She always forgot to do it when the tub was still filling. She eased back until her head rested against the tub’s back. She sighed again and closed her eyes.