

Training Callista

By TakeMeBaby

Published on Lush Stories on 05 May 2012



"I think I should punish you, make you a good girl...MY good girl," Drake said with a wolfish grin.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/supernatural/training-callista.aspx>

I've always been a bad girl. I don't know why but when I hit puberty I just flipped, before I was a happy go lucky individual but now...I'm extremely cynical, apathetic and generally an anti-social sarcastic human being. I've always been small too, in every way. I'm about 5'2 or something and really skinny. That's probably where my anger stems from to be honest, people always made fun of my height.

Anyways, so I had detention. Big surprise...I always have detention, I didn't even realise you could get it in college. Apparently my college is big on good behaviour.

I walked into the detention room five minutes late, great start. Mr Wilkinson threw me an irritated look but I just smirked at him. I took my usual seat at the front left and propped my feet up on the desk.

"Right, you're both here for an hour. I'll lock the door and be back when your times done to release you," Mr Wilkinson said.

He made it sound like we were in jail...wait...we? I tilted my head back and found a guy about my age maybe a bit older sat at the back. I've seen him around; he's just as poorly behaved as me. Snorting to myself I looked back at Mr Wilkinson to see him leave and lock the door behind him, as if that would stop me escaping if I desired to do so.

After five minutes of silence I slanted my head back and gazed at the guy, I think his name was Drake? His short black hair was messy, as if he'd just got out of bed, and his dark green eyes were focused on the table. I realised pretty quickly that he was carving something into the wooden desk with a sharp penknife and rolled my eyes.

Drake was what the horny females called 'a risky shag,' he was extremely handsome but he would more than likely just glare at you if you came onto him. Not to mention he was known to be quite violent and aggressive so people assumed he'd be like that in bed. Needless to say these types of girls made me want to vomit.

“You know Callista, you could be a little more subtle when you’re staring at me,” Drake drawled lazily.

“I could, but that requires caring if you caught me,” I said with a shrug.

He stopped carving and searched my blue grey eyes for emotion before his lips twitched slightly. He grabbed his bag and sauntered across the classroom then dropped down in the seat beside me.

“What you in here for?” he asked beginning to cut at the desk.

“Pushed a kid down the stairs,” I watched his lips curl upwards at my statement, “what’d you do?”

“Punched a kid in the face,” he replied without looking up.

I snorted and leant back in my chair to study him. He had his left ear and left eyebrow pierced but that was it...well they were the only visible ones. I had a lot more facial piercings, I have my tongue, a ring in my bottom lip to the right, right nostril, usual lobe piercings and two helix piercings in each ear. I also have my belly button pierced twice.

Drake stopped and looked up at me from under his black hair obviously evaluating me. His eyes swept over my curly blonde hair tied tightly in a ponytail and over my small, curvy figure before he spoke.

“Like what you see?” he inquired smugly.

“Can’t complain, very easy on the eyes,” I said.

Drake chuckled and copied me by leaning back in his seat.

“I see, you’re one of those girls that flirt with everyone,” he said wryly.

“No, I call it as I see it. I don’t feel the need to lie, I just tell the truth when people ask me questions,” I said simply.

“So if I asked if you’re a virgin?” he raised an eyebrow and toyed with his penknife.

“Then I’d answer truthfully and say yes,” I said easily.

Drake smirked and seemed suddenly very interested in my lips.

"You know you're a very bad girl," he leant in putting his face right in front of mine.

"I've been told," I said feeling curious as to what he was doing.

"You need to be punished," he continued as if I hadn't spoken.

I trailed my tongue over my dry lips and stared him down.

"I think I should punish you, make you a good girl...MY good girl," Drake said with a wolfish grin.

"Oh really?" I suddenly couldn't breathe.

Drake smirked darkly and lifted me up easily to put me on his lap. His tanned, muscular arms were on either side of me, his hands holding the table edge, which meant I was trapped.

He leant in trailing his tongue slowly along my jaw and down my neck. When he got to the base of my neck he nibbled at the skin there gently making me clench my teeth tightly together to refrain from moaning.

His hands moved to grab my hips pushing me down, my uniform skirt slid up my waist so the only thing between us was my thin knickers and his trousers.

I could feel a bulge pressing into my pussy and I moaned as he thrust his hips up harder into me. Drake let out a pained groan before dragging me backwards and forwards rubbing my pussy over his erect dick. He hit my clit every time causing me to moan as he did.

"Stop it," I put my hands on his shoulders and pushed weakly.

Drake ground me down harder making me almost yell with pleasure.

"Drake," I tried to wiggle my way out his grip.

This wasn't right, I'm not a slut.

Drake slid a hand between us and into my knickers. His rough finger pressed firmly onto my clit and rubbed fiercely. I practically howled and buried my face into his muscular shoulder. Drake took my hand, tiny compared to his, and forced it into his trousers to touch his dick.

"Yes," he hissed when my hand rubbed along its length.

Subconsciously I rubbed harder and thrust my hips into his hand.

"Faster," Drake growled.

I rubbed down harder and increased my speed completely submissive to him now.

"Don't stop," Drake said his voice almost begging.

The door opened and Mr Wilkinson entered going straight over to his desk without looking at us.

"You can go so scat," he flicked his hand in our general direction.

I yanked my hand free of Drake's trousers and Drake leisurely pulled his hand out my knickers. He sat me on the table and stood up picking up his bag. He took my slender arm in his large hand and wrote in blue ink his address.

"Tonight, be there at eight," Drake said huskily.

With that he was gone leaving me thoroughly confused.

I saw Drake once later on that day when I was headed home. He was stood behind the school building with his mates smoking. His dark eyes fixed on me as soon as I rounded the corner and he blew out a casual plume of smoke.

"Don't be late," he called out.

"Who said I'm coming?" I retorted childishly.

Drake just laughed softly to himself as if he found my response particularly amusing.

I paced my bedroom floor in irritation at Drake's cocky attitude, as if I would go. After giving up on using my laptop, my TV and reading because all I could think about was Drake I was now pacing. In fact, I should go round to his house and tell him exactly what I think of him. That is exactly what I'll do.

I dressed in my out of school uniform of black skinny jeans, a blank tank top, leather jacket and doc

martens. I made a small braid on the front right side of my head then tied it all back tightly.

Grabbing my key I left the house and headed to Drake's. I'd washed the address off my arm in disgust but it still lingered in the back of my mind so I knew it perfectly.

To my surprise Drake lived in the rich area of town and I awkwardly headed up to his huge house. I knocked on his large oak front door and waited for a minute before I got impatient and continuously pressed the doorbell.

The door swung open to reveal a topless Drake. He was wearing black basketball shorts that came to just below his knees and some black trainers as well as black fingerless gloves. My eyes roved over his perfectly sculpted chest complete with a six pack. His muscles rippled under his bronze skin every time he moved and his arms were muscular.

"Right on time Callista," his eyes scanned me appreciatively.

"I only came to say that you can't order me about, I'm not going to go wherever you say I should go," I said pompously.

"And yet you're here," Drake's lips twitched in amusement.

"Only so I could tell you that you're not my master," I retorted.

I could have sworn I heard him say "not yet" under his breath.

"Come in," he stepped to the side.

I stepped inside and stared in awe at the huge entryway complete with chandelier.

"And now you've stepped into my house," Drake shut the door, "I thought you only came round to tell me off."

I stared at him in surprise and opened and closed my mouth.

"Why did you invite me here?" my voice came out weak which scared me.

I'm never weak, but something about Drake was making me submissive.

"Because I want to finish what we started earlier," he said simply.

"I'm not a slut," I said fiercely.

"That's why I like you, you're not like the other girls...you're different...you're unique...and I want you all to myself. I don't want any other guy to have you, I only want me to touch you. So I have to make sure you'll stay with me," Drake's declaration sent shivers through me.

I could feel myself get aroused and I watched as Drake sniffed the air then grinned.

"Hmm what do I smell? Seems that you're not as against the idea of being my girl as you like to make out," Drake smirked darkly and walked towards me predatorily.

"How can you...?" I left it hanging.

"I'm not entirely human Callista...I'm a werewolf...and I've been searching for you," he whispered, "now come along, I need to make you into a good girl."