

# Claire's Awakening 1: Extra-Curricular Activities

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*Claire stays behind after school for some extra-curricular fun.*

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I was sat in last period, listening to Mr Thomas drone on again about the importance of the o-zone layer. Casually I glanced around the room to see if anyone else was as bored as me. That's when I noticed him; Scott was watching me with his famous cheeky smile on his face. 5"10, slim and good looking with a reputation for being the class clown – he'd always intrigued me. Many rumours had spread through the school about his sexual exploits. The most famous alleged that he had shagged some girl in the dining hall one morning before class. I sat idly sucking on my pen lid, wondering if all the stories were true. Surely it couldn't be... How could the joker of the pack actually be a sexual beast? Innocently gazing over at him again I saw him wink at me, as if reading my mind. I tried to imagine him doing the deed and began to feel rather hot. He seemed to catch on to this and watched me intently. Happy he had my attention he leaned back showing a bulge in his trousers. Slowly I crossed my legs and stretched my arms behind me. This well-used trick has the beautiful effect of straining my shirt buttons across my firm C cup breasts and draws attention to my smooth shapely legs. Scott began looking a little flustered too, as my arousal increased. I gently squeezed my thighs together and felt my panties getting wet. After what felt like forever the bell finally rang. I gathered my things and started making my way to the door, my heart pounding. I made my way down the corridor towards my locker, trying to calm myself down. I thought about what homework I had to do, but my mind started to wonder back to Scott and his bulging trousers. I reached my locker and rummaged for my key in my bag. Reaching up to twist open the lock I felt someone rub against me. I turned to the side and there he was leaning against the locker next to mine, all 5"10 of him. I froze, unsure what to do or what to say. "Let me help you with that." He said, reaching over to close my locker. "Come on, let's get out of here." His voice melted inside me. He felt like warm chocolate. He took my hand and began leading me down the corridor towards the door. "Where are we going?" I asked, feeling a little unsure about what was happening. He looked at me and laughed. "Aww Claire!" He cooed, "Don't you trust me?" I looked up into his swimming pool blue eyes searching for some sign. "Sure I do, it's just not like you to be so upfront." I muttered. All of a sudden we were outside by the parking lot. I had butterflies in my stomach. Maybe the rumours had all been true... What was I getting myself into? We

reached the bike shed. It was unused and aging badly. "The bike sheds? Come on Scott, are you serious?" I joked. His hands grabbed hold of me around my waist. A different look came across his face, one I had never seen before. "Deadly." He replied. Without even giving me time to laugh at the cliché he pushed me up against the wall and planted his lips on mine. He tasted sweeter than candy. His kiss was deep and passionate, different to anything I had ever experienced before. I felt a tingle deep inside my body and kissed back strongly. His tongue penetrated my mouth, enticing me further. Scott's hands started to wander along my curves, gently touching my body. Without warning one slid up my shirt and began caressing my breast through my innocent white lace bra. His fingers slid into the cup and began to stroke my nipples, making them harder. He tilted my head to one side and delicately kissed my neck. It sent tingles down my spine and I let out a soft moan. His head moved further down towards my chest. Slowly he undid some buttons of my shirt and pushed my bra down. His mouth began to suck on my pert rosebud nipples. Another moan escaped my lips, this time deeper. I ran my fingers through his floppy brown hair. His other hand began tracing up my leg towards my thigh. Gently, he massaged them. I felt like I was on fire. Every touch was like a jolt of lightning coming out of his fingertips. His head rose from my bosom and our lips met once more. I opened my eyes and saw his were shining like the sun in the sky. His hand was slowly tracing further up my skirt. I felt myself dripping in my pretty white French knickers. His fingers started to stroke the soft material. The pressure inside my thighs was building, I was moaning more rhythmically now. Suddenly I felt a rush of warmth on my lady garden. Scott had slid his hand into my panties. For a moment his hand stayed static, just cupping my dripping pussy. It was him who let out a low deep moan, gently squeezing me. He dipped one finger into my hole, and then expertly traced it up towards my throbbing clitoris. His touch made me let out a little squeal of delight. He began rubbing my little mound in circles. His other hand left my breast and reached towards my panties. He slipped one finger gently inside me. It felt amazing. Even though I was a virgin, I couldn't help wondering what it would feel like to have his cock inside me. His finger started to pump in and out of my pussy, while his other began rubbing my clit faster. "Gosh you're tight." He whispered. "I'd love to push my dick inside your sweet little hole" I moaned louder. "But Scott, I'm a virgin." This seemed to excite him, he began kissing me more frantically, rubbing harder, pumping my pussy faster. I felt a wave begin to build inside me, getting stronger and stronger. My breathing got faster, I felt hot all over. I was moaning constantly now. All of a sudden I couldn't contain it anymore; I let out a scream and came thrashing against his hands. My legs buckled beneath me and I fell into him. We stayed like that for a minute. I tried to catch my breath as my pussy walls contracted against his fingers softly. He gently kissed my lips, slowly taking his hands out of my panties. I moaned as his finger slid out of me, and then watched in awe as he sexily sucked on it. "Claire, you taste even sweeter than you look." He winked at me. I stood revelling in the glory of my first sexual encounter, not sure whether to believe what had just happened. We stood looking at each other in silence. I couldn't believe how much stronger my orgasm felt when Scott did the work, than my weak little pulse my fingers caused... The familiar sound of my mobile rang out, the silence was shattered. Quickly I grabbed it out of my bag and answered it. "Hello?" It was my dad. "Claire? Where the heck are you? I've been waiting in the car for

the past half an hour for you!” It dawned on me; it was a Wednesday so I had a lift to take me home. “Sorry dad!” I responded. “I had extra-curricular activities today, did mum not tell you?” My voice was shaky; I hoped he couldn’t pick up that I wasn’t being honest. “You have 5 minutes to get to this car Claire, don’t dawdle.” He barked down the phone. I hung up and began fixing my clothes. I was smoothing out my hair when I remembered Scott was still stood there watching me with those deep eyes. “Extra-curricular activities eh?” He smirked. “Well Claire, that was lesson one, see you next week for lesson two.” I quickly kissed him before I ran off to the car. Lesson two? I couldn’t wait!