



A demanding girl

By John D

Credits and License

Codes: MF, reluc, oral, creampie

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Preface

This story is the next instalment of the “Growing Pains” universe: This story is set in rural Derbyshire and concerns Fiona Holmes, a young hedonistic nymphomaniac that Andy becomes embroiled with later in his life. Fiona meets Greg in the woods, and he is quite unprepared for her antics.

Fiona Holmes is a key person in Andy's life and she meets him at University.

The “Growing Pains” universe is a set of stories that centres around the life of Andy Williams and all those who got to know him as he grows up. While everything may not be totally clear, it will be the time the Universe is all released. For a fuller explanation please see my website under “Site and Story Credits.”

All stories should work well on their own but I believe there is more to be gained from the unfolding characters and plot lines to read it them order.

I shall try and keep to a regular posting schedule and will upload all stories to StoriesOnline.net, asstr.org, Feedbooks and my website. Completed stories will also be uploaded to Amazon Kindle, Smashwords and FirstyFish, where their internal policies permit but some instalments may be absent where the content is not compliant with their rules.

Please provide feedback to me, either by e-mail, Twitter or website review, whether you enjoyed it or not; I like to be told and it is the only payment I ask for.

Kind regards, John D

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A demanding girl

“Well we don't care when you orgasm after ten seconds of sex,” he cried and the blonde girl chuckled and pushed her partner back onto the ground, removing his glasses from him and placing them on the tree. He yelped as a twig broke against his back and Fiona swung her legs over him and positioned herself over his mouth.

Greg thrashed his legs; it was all very well picking up a wild girl from the exclusive public school but even amongst the guys, Fiona had a reputation for being demanding in the sack, something that Greg was finding out.

Fiona was a “rebound screw,” the result of his girlfriend of eight months finishing with him and him wanting to let off some tension. She was easily found, using her Saturday freedom to peruse the local village and easy to talk to as she was unexpectedly warm and friendly.

At that point she was also undemanding, happy to buy herself a drink and wanting to join him in playing pool, not caring that her short tartan skirt rode up as she played each shot in the smoky pub. Fiona liked the Hare and Hounds, it was the only pub which the teachers from her wretched school wouldn't attend – it was too rough for them.

“There are several types of girl at that school,” she told him, and went through generalising her classmates. She had put herself firmly in the rational, down-to-earth category which included very few other people, but she was not totally wrong. Her father owned a small company inherited from her grandfather who himself was the bastard son of a “Lord.” Fiona wasn't attracted to money, she liked people and hedonism, and such she didn't really fit in.

Greg gave the seventeen year-old a weak smile as she potted the last ball before he had even managed to pot a single one. “That means you owe me a drink, and ya gotta order it nekkid,” she crowed and he grunted towards her but Fiona was wasn't completely joking.

In the end Greg talked himself out of the ordering a drink naked if he would strip for her in the wood outside the village and on the road up to the school. Greg agreed to this, Fiona wasn't what he expected her to be, and he had found that she was a very warm, playful girl not the rampant crazy her reputation said she was.

Fiona licked her lips and smiled as Greg pulled down his boxer shorts in the clearing, and she kissed him, first on the lips and then on his nipples. His thick cock inflated immediately and she sighed looking down at it longingly.

She sunk to her knees and took his erect member in her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head, the only sounds coming from his groans of pleasure and the birds singing in the trees that surrounded them.

Fiona enjoyed the feeling of power she got whenever she went down on a guy: knowing that their pleasure was within her hands, the feeling of helplessness if she decided to hurt them; she was in total control, and resisted Greg putting his hands on the back of her head.

Greg was giving nasal snorts as Fiona sucked the tip of his sensitive manhood, enjoying the pressure she was putting on his glistening rod. Fiona reached down under her skirt and put her fingers in her panties, applying gentle circles to her clit, there was no way this

random guy was going to get off with receiving a blow job and give her nothing in return.

It was a little restrictive on her hand, so she slid her panties and skirt down to her ankles knowing when she stood up they would be left behind on the ground.

Greg grunted as Fiona's tongue swirled around his cock and she closed her eyes, bobbing up and down on his member. He cried out and he felt an intense warmth building.

Fiona pulled Greg on top of her, and felt a thistle nestle in the small of her back, it didn't matter and she kicked off her red knickers and guided Greg into her glistening sex. She groaned the moment his cock touched her wall and he thrust forward, her throwing her head back and sighing loudly – it had been over a week since she had last had sex.

Fiona was never completely fond of the missionary position but something told her that Greg would not be experienced in anything much more exotic than “basic fucking.” Greg began to get a rhythm going, Fiona bucking her hips in time with Greg's powerful thrusts and she began pushing down on his cock.

Greg was grunting with every thrust, Fiona's oral start and then her passionate screwing was providing unreal sensations in his loins. He could feel it, the climax getting nearer and nearer. He needed to hold on, he needed to pull out but this girl had wrapped her legs around his waist.

He cried, desperate to hold onto his spurt for as long as he could but Fiona detected his twitching cock and watched as his face froze, twisted by pleasure and she sighed, looking at him frustrated as several streams of his semen was jettisoned inside her.

He giggled, and made an inappropriate comment as he grabbed his glasses from the tree, and Fiona pushed him back before mounting his face. “Eat me,” she cried at his thrashing legs and Greg tried to close his mouth but his deposit was already trickling down her to his unwilling mouth.

Fiona wasn't feeling anything and pushed down on his skull. He yelled out, the screams muffled by her hairless cunt and she adjusted herself, pushing her anus into his nose. “Come on,” she cried and Greg made a tentative slide up her crack with his tongue.

He felt the warm goo drip into his mouth and onto his tongue and spluttered, trying to spit it out, but couldn't. Fiona was locked onto his face and her weight was bearing down on him. He groaned and tried to push her off but Fiona took his nipples and twisted them.

He screeched in pain as her nails dug into the sensitive flesh and his hands dropped to his side, as he began to lavish attention on her slippery hole. Fiona began to buck back and forth, gently swaying as his tongue probed her hole and swirled around her button, her groaning and gentle mewling becoming louder and more vocal.

He wasn't bad at what he was doing, but there was a reticence, and hesitation which was holding him back. Greg had never tasted his semen before, and had only gone down on his ex-girlfriend twice, and the saltiness of his jism, with the sweet musky scent of Fiona was a new experience.

He could not escape the burning realisation that he was ingesting semen and tried to put it out of his mind, but he thought this was a “gay” thing to do. If his mates found out about this, he would be teased and humiliated but he had little choice.

Fiona was gently bouncing up and down on Greg, his tongue now probing around her clit

and flicking it mercilessly, hoping to get the wild girl to orgasm so he could get free of her legs. Fiona cried out and bit her lip, riding her partner's face.

She was feeling her breasts through her thin material, the soft orbs and bullet nipples shooting sparks of energy through her as she massaged them. She could feel it, a pleasant glow warming to a wild electricity building up in her dripping vulva.

She could feel the intense tension, it was about to erupt and cascade through her body. Her nasal grunts gave way to squealing between snatched breaths and her legs began to shake and spasm.

Fiona could not control herself and her muscles tensed forcefully as her body shook. She yelled out loudly, her breathing ragged and her face contorted. It had been some time since her cunt had been eaten out with so much lust and she ground her clitoris against his busy tongue.

She was still shaking and tense when she felt it, an urge to pee that she couldn't control and just let go, splattering the boy underneath her with a stream of juices.

He spluttered, he had his mouth open to take a breath, and this girl, this crazy girl, had just jettisoned into his mouth and up his nose. She was too crazy for him but she was bucking against his face, filling his nostrils with her sexual scent, and as he instinctively tried to move his abused mouth from her, she squeezed his head with her thighs.

He almost didn't want to stop, the helplessness of his situation was a powerfully erotic thought and Fiona had no intention of stopping him. She was insatiable, her mewing becoming louder with every exhalation as she savoured every movement Greg made.

Greg was making her body twitch with every flick of her button and she leant forward to take his slippery cock in her mouth, sucking off the last of the cum and swirling her tongue around his head.

He sighed, Fiona was wonderfully sucking his cock and he closed his eyes, all he could see was her anus anyhow and spread his legs to make it easier for him to push his hips towards her mouth.

Fiona grunted and started bobbing up and down on Greg's shaft, taking his manhood deep into her oral cavity and around her tongue. He was nearing a climax, he felt a desperation at the base of his cock and dug his hands into her thighs.

Fiona breathed out sharply, panting furiously, her mouth no longer sucking on the tip of Greg's dick. He squeezed her legs, causing Fiona to be hit by a climax.

Little boy was playing rough; Fiona liked it rough and passionate. She squeezed his head with her thighs, her internal muscles quivering and propelling the last of his semen into Greg's mouth while her pumping of Greg's shaft caused him to pump jets of his juices into Fiona's mouth.

Fiona savoured the taste of the teenage student and enjoyed the aftershocks as they rippled through her.

"You OK?" Fiona asked, sliding her wet loins off the soaking boy's face and he scrambled to his feet. "You were good."

"You made me eat my own spunk," Greg moaned and spat onto the ground. "And you

peed on me.”

Fiona put her hand on his waist and pulled him towards her, kissing him on the lips. Greg resisted but she spanked him on the rump and he complied with her show of affection. “Shut up,” she said as they parted. “If you want to fuck me, then you have to make me come.”

Greg spluttered and she grinned, looking at her watch. “I got an hour 'til I have to be back, I need to show you how to get in to my school through the woods.”

“What?” Greg asked confused and Fiona stood with her arms folded.

“It's a girls' boarding school, don't act so surprised. We need to get blokes in somehow, and there is a door in the wall on the far side. C'mon I'll show you, I want you in my bedroom tomorrow night,” she replied and Greg stood there wide-eyed.

Did he really want anything more to do with this girl? His heart and brain said no. His little head said yes, and Greg's little man always won.

“Well come on!” Fiona cried. “I've not got all day.”