

# A DEMANDING GIRL



By  
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**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

“Eat me,” she cried. “Them the rules.” The blonde girl chuckled and pushed her partner to the ground, removing his glasses from his startled face as he stumbled against the woodland clearing and placed them on the overhanging branch. He yelped as a twig broke against his back and Fiona swung her toned legs over the apprehensive teenager 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 his classmates, this girl had a reputation for being very demanding in “the sack,” which was something that Greg was now discovering.

It all started an hour earlier in the pub, with an innocent smile ...

The radiant girl with champagne hair, dressed in a tight top and tartan skirt looked back at him as he drowned his sorrows. His girlfriend of eight months had finished with him earlier in the day, and Greg needed to forget about her; he was on his third pint of strong ale in less than an hour, and well on the way to forgetting that she even existed. He glanced up at the girl sat on the bar, he didn't smile back at her. He knew her, everybody knew her, she was Fiona. She was easily found as she always used her Saturday freedom from her exclusive boarding school to peruse the local village and as she joined him on his table. Her smile broadened. “You've said nothing all afternoon,” she said and put her near-empty glass on the chipped table in front of him as she sat down. “You don't look a happy bunny,” she suggested and needlessly introduced herself. “Fiona.” He stumbled nervously over his words, but Fiona gently teased the reason for his unhappiness from him with her soft, gentle voice. Her reputation did her a disservice: she was unexpectedly warm and friendly, and very far from being the aggressive slut everyone had warned him about.

Fiona was a regular in the Hare and Hounds: it was the only pub which the teachers from her wretched school wouldn't attend – it was simply too rough for them. “There are several types of girl at that school,” she barked when he asked about her school, and went through a list 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 as such she didn't really fit in.

At that point in the afternoon, she was also undemanding, happy to buy herself a drink and then challenging him to a game of pool; not caring that her short tartan skirt rode up as she leaned over the table in the smoky pub to reveal her racy red knickers underneath. Greg smiled at the bright lace, winking seductively at him as she sprawled herself over the green baize to take her shots.

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 chortled at her. Fiona stared at him with her arms crossed and a gleeful smirk. “I mean it.” She picked up his wallet from the table and kissed the black leather. “You're not having this back until you do.”

The bespectacled teenager pleaded with the blonde-haired girl cackling unkindly. She hummed and watched him squirm, only promising to return his possession if he would strip for her in the woods outside the village. He spluttered and shook his head, but the girl was unmoved and waited until Greg reluctantly agreed to her demands: Fiona wasn't what he

expected her to be. She was a very calm, measured girl not the rampant crazy her reputation said she was, but he was regretting that game of pool. He was warned never to mess with her; he was warned she always got her own way in the end, and to stay away from her, but now he had no choice but to play her games. She finished her drink, grabbed him by the wrist and pushed him out of the smoky pub and into road.

Greg's heart raced as they climbed the road leading out of the village in the bright afternoon sun. Fiona smiled at him as she straightened her clothes, and slid his wallet seductively between her bosom. His hands trembled with anticipation as they reached the wood; this was her reward for beating him, she reminded him. Her reward for being the better player. He nodded but said nothing. Was stripping naked safe to do in public? Could he be arrested? Fiona walked into a small clearing and backed away, her eyes staring at his body. "Off you go," she smirkingly ordered. "Strip for me."

Greg rubbed his face with his nervous hands, beads of sweat from anxiety and afternoon heat gathering on his forehead. He gripped hold of his belt but Fiona barked at him. He was too do it properly, she warned him. Sexily, and as if he meant it. Anyone could just remove their clothes, he owed Fiona a show. She demanded it.

He nodded and stood nervously, kicking his dirty trainers against the tree, small twigs cracking underneath his sock-clad feet. Fiona's eyes traced his body as she leant against the tree trunk. Waiting. Watching. Staring at him to begin. His trembling hands reached underneath his T-Shirt and he pulled it over his head, exposing his hairless torso to her.

The cool breeze swept through the trees and swept around his body; he shivered instinctively as it teased his bare skin. "Dance for me," Fiona barked and rubbed her nose, watching as her prey tentatively moved his hips. "Spin," she ordered. "Stroke your body, be sexy." Greg turned away from her, and undid his belt, pushing his faded jeans to the dusty forest floor.

Fiona cackled as he stepped out of the denim garment and turned to face her, shaking nervously. She nodded towards him to keep going. Greg blushed. Could he do this? He looked behind him, searching for anyone to help save him from the expectant woman in front of him. She pushed away from the tree, and started slowly walking towards him, advancing with every step. She was getting closer and he gulped. It was showtime. She looked at him with raised eyebrows. He needed to show her everything.

Nervously, he put his hands in the waistband of his cotton underpants; she was staring into his eyes. "Do it," she ordered. Fiona licked her lips and smiled as Greg pulled down his boxer shorts in the clearing. She felt the cotton land on the floor and she kissed him, first on the lips and then on his nipples.

He shivered at her touch, his body tensing as her cool hands touched him. Her fingers danced over his milky white body, tracing his skin down his torso. She steered around his pubic hair and he groaned at her teasing.

Fiona was sexy; she gave him a lustful look and pouted, sucking on his nipple that caused his body to tingle, from his neck to his balls. "Nice?" She asked with a giggle, and watched as his cock nestled between their bodies. Her eyes twinkled like a night-time sky, as she nodded appreciatively at his excitement. Her experienced touch weaved through his mass of curls and ran along his erect cock; it stiffened instantly as she peered into his gaze. She was testing him; would he flinch as her fingers darted over his sensitive glans, massaging drops of pre-cum into his tip. Would he shy away from her touch? Did he want her?

He grabbed hold of her flanks, pulling her towards him. She smiled; he was ready, and with a fleeting kiss, she sank to her knees, looking up at him as she slipped his erect cock in her mouth and swirled her tongue around the head. He felt the soft velvety touch of her tongue, sliding up and down his shaft, her hands stroking and sliding over his thighs and his hands stroking her soft hair. He mewed into the afternoon silence.

Greg snorted nasally as Fiona sucked the tip of his sensitive manhood, savouring the pressure she was putting on his glistening cock. Fiona reached down under her skirt and slid her fingers into her moistening panties, applying gentle circles to her lubricious clit. She purred softly, but her underwear was too restrictive on her hands, so she slid her panties and skirt down to her ankles.

Greg, oblivious to what Fiona had just done, grunted as her tongue swirled around his cock and she closed her eyes, bobbing up and down on his cock. He cried out; an intense warmth was building in his loins.

Fiona looked up and pulled Greg towards her. He stumbled, but she tugged him onto the ground, and felt a thistle nestle in the small of her back, it didn't matter. The wild girl kicked her red knickers and skirt into the undergrowth, and guided Greg into her glistening sex. She groaned the moment his cock touched her walls and he gently thrust forward. She sighed loudly – it had been over a week since she had last had sex and how she longed for someone to pound her slick cunt.

Greg pushed his cock in rhythmically and Fiona bucked her hips in time with Greg's powerful thrusts. She mewed, staring into the woodland canopy above, and she began pushing down on his cock with every passionate thrust of her teenage lover.

Greg was grunting with every thrust, their passionate screwing was giving him 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 to stop him.

He cried, desperate to hold onto his climax for as long as he could but Fiona detected his twitching cock and watched as his face froze, twisted by pleasure. She sighed, looking at him frustrated, as he gasped. He jettisoned several streams of his semen inside her and he giggled, panting from his lustful endeavours. He kissed her gently on the lips and thanked her for “the sex.” She scowled as he slipped his dripping cock out of her pussy, before making an inappropriate comment as he reached for his glasses from the tree.

Fiona pushed him back towards the ground as he got up, and he stumbled back on the dirty woodland carpet, before his teenage lover mounted his face. “Eat me,” she cried at his thrashing legs and Greg tried to close his mouth but his creamy deposit was already trickling down her labia onto his unwilling face. “Them the rules.”

Fiona felt nothing 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. “You came.” He felt the warm goo drip into his mouth and onto his tongue and spluttered, trying to force out the slimy secretion, 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 him but Fiona leant forward and twisted his nipples. “My turn.”

He screeched in pain as her sharp nails bit into the sensitive flesh and his hands dropped to his side; he began to lavish attention on her slippery hole, running his tongue along the

length of her musky slit. Fiona bucked 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, drowning out the sounds of the birds in the trees.

Fiona sensed his reticence holding him back. Greg had clearly never tasted his semen before, but the saltiness of his jism, with the sweet musky scent of Fiona was a new, mind-blowing experience for him. However, he could not escape the burning realisation that he was eating semen and tried to put it out of his mind, but he thought it 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 demanded it. What Fiona wanted, she always got. He had been warned but had not heeded the warnings.

Fiona gently bounced 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 vice-like grip. Fiona cried out and bit her lip, riding her partner's face.

She felt her breasts rub through her thin material, the soft orbs and bullet nipples shooting sparks of energy through her body to her loins 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. 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, swirling lustfully against her.

She bucked 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 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 mewling 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 again and he closed his eyes, no longer staring into her anus and spread his legs to make it easier for him to push his hips towards her mouth.

Fiona grunted and bobbed her warm mouth up and down on Greg's shaft, taking his manhood deep and onto her tongue. He was nearing another climax, he felt a desperation at the base of his cock and dug his fingertips into her thighs.

Fiona breathed out sharply, panting furiously; the boy wanted to play rough and she liked rough. She squealed into the trees, her mouth no longer sucking on the tip of Greg's dick and she panted. He slapped her thighs, bringing Fiona to a spasming climax.

She squeezed his head with her legs, her pussy quivering uncontrollably and propelling

the last of his semen into Greg's mouth while her fingers danced lightly over his cock. She grabbed the stiff dick firmly and gently jerked the skin upwards, rubbing his tip with her thumb. She groaned, and enjoyed the sparkling aftershocks as they rippled through her satisfied body. Greg squealed and grunted into her bare cunt, and she smiled as she pumped his cock furiously until a small jet of teenage semen landed on his bare chest.

"You OK?" Fiona asked, sliding her wet loins off the soaking boy's face and he scrambled to his feet. "You weren't bad."

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

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. "I'll give you your wallet back," she promised and slid it between her bosom. "I'll let you go fishing for it."

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 as she picked up her clothes. "I've not got all day."