

In the days and hours leading up to this pool date - it was this that I had imagined. Me and Ryan, alone. And as much as I admired Princess, I now realized that this is what I'd been craving all day. Intimacy with this stud.

"Come here," Ryan said, patting his muscular thighs. "Up."

With trembling legs, I stood and moved to straddle his hips. As I lowered myself onto him, I felt his massive cock slide between my ass cheeks, the heat of it searing against my skin even through the thin fabric of my bikini bottoms. I gasped at the sensation, my whole body tingling.

Ryan's strong hands came to rest on my hips, steadying me. "You need to relax, Janie," he murmured, his face inches from mine. "Your body is too tense. That's why you're struggling."

I nodded, trying to calm my racing heart. But being this close to Ryan, feeling the heat of his body against mine, smelling his intoxicating scent - it was overwhelming. My hands rested on his broad chest, feeling the solid muscle beneath my palms.

"Let's try something," Ryan suggested, his voice low and husky. "Do you want to kiss me, Janie?"

My breath caught in my throat. Did I want to kiss him? God, yes. I'd been aching for it all day. I looked down, suddenly shy, but nodded.

"Use your words, Janie," Ryan prompted, tilting my chin up with one finger. "Tell Daddy what you want." He was so fucking confident and condescending, speaking to me like I was a fucking toddler though I was more than a decade his senior. And it fucking drove me wild. How could I do anything but obey this MAN.

I met his intense gaze, feeling myself getting lost in those piercing eyes. "I want to kiss you, Ryan," I whispered, my voice small and breathy. I kept the high-pitched feminine tone that Ryan had liked.

A slow, satisfied smile spread across his face. "Good girl," he purred. "Then kiss me."

Trembling with anticipation, I leaned forward. My eyes fluttered closed as our lips met, and the world fell away. Ryan's lips were soft yet firm, moving against mine with practiced skill. His tongue teased at the seam of my mouth, and I parted my lips eagerly, granting him access.



I whimpered as our tongues danced together, reveling in the kiss I'd been waiting for all day. His hard body pressed against my soft one, his turgid cock parting the sea of my ass cheeks as I ground against him. I ran my fingers on one hand through his hair as I held on to his thick powerful shoulders and neck with the other hand. Ryan's hands roamed my body and he had free rein. I wanted to feel him everywhere.

Our kiss broke and we both breathed heavily. I stared into his eyes, so piercing and gorgeous. Then I kissed him again, and again, moaning into his mouth.

He stood up, still holding onto me and I gasped. His cock ground up and down my ass. "Ryannn..." I moaned. "Oh god Ryaannn..."

"Time to give it another try, Janie." He replied, setting me down on the ground. His cock slid out between my legs slowly, deliciously, rubbing hard against my crotch as it freed itself from me. Oh god....oh fuckkkkk...

I began convulsing, staring up at him and feeling his cock slide against me, before slapping his stomach hard, released from the tension between my legs. I shuddered and closed my eyes, my climax taking over.

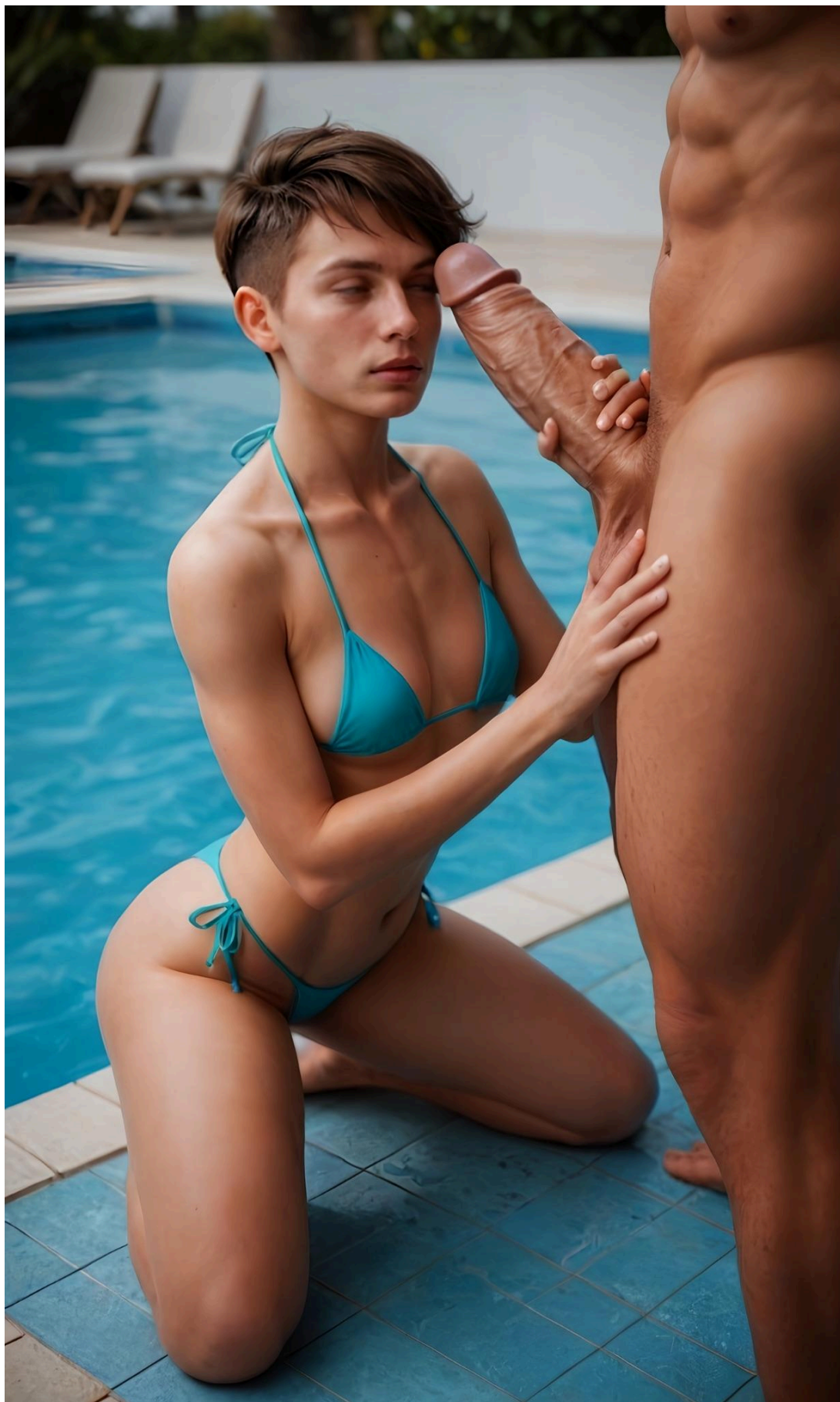
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My head swam and I found myself on my knees, breathing hard as my body calmed. How much time had passed?

I looked up, my vision filled with Ryan's imposing muscular figure towering over me. His magnificent cock stood proudly erect, jutting out from his sculpted body like a monument to masculinity. The late afternoon sun cast a golden glow on his skin, highlighting every ridge and valley of his chiseled abs, the broad expanse of his chest, and the powerful curves of his biceps.





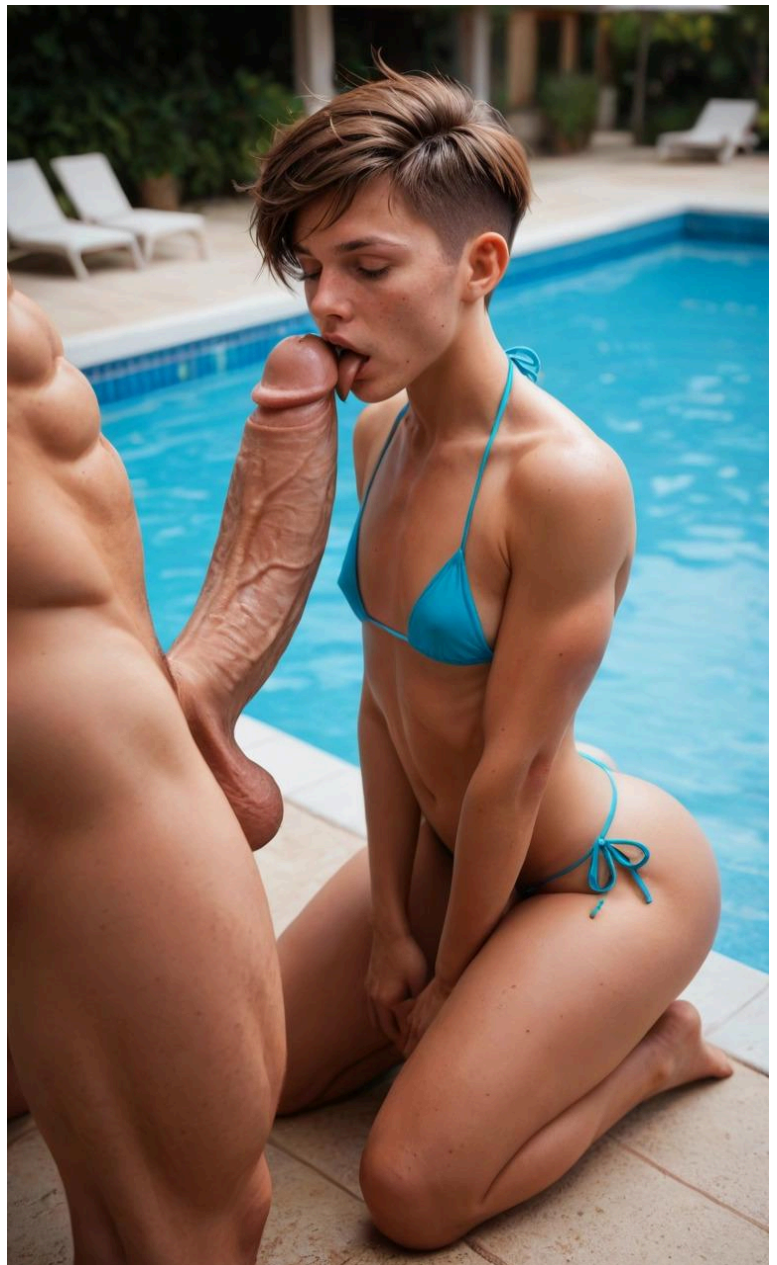


Without being asked, I brought my face to his cock, closing my eyes and rubbing the tip all over my face. The velvety softness of his skin contrasted beautifully with the rock-hard shaft beneath. I inhaled deeply, savoring his musky, masculine scent. My cheeks tingled where his precum smeared across them, marking me as his.



I opened my eyes, looking up at Ryan with determination as I prepared to take him into my mouth once more. This time, I was resolved to do better, to please him the way he deserved. I went slowly, starting by placing gentle kisses along his shaft, from base to tip. My tongue darted out, tracing the prominent veins that snaked along his length.

Reaching the head, I swirled my tongue around it, teasing the sensitive ridge. I lapped at his slit, tasting the salty-sweet precum that beaded there. Ryan's breathing deepened, and I felt a surge of pride knowing I was affecting him.







Finally, after a few more minutes of teasing him with my tongue, I opened my mouth, hovering just over his swollen cockhead. I maintained eye contact with Ryan as I slowly lowered my lips around him. He looked on calmly, taking in my utter submission as if it was his right. Which it was.

This time, I didn't rush. I focused on relaxing my jaw, on breathing steadily through my nose.

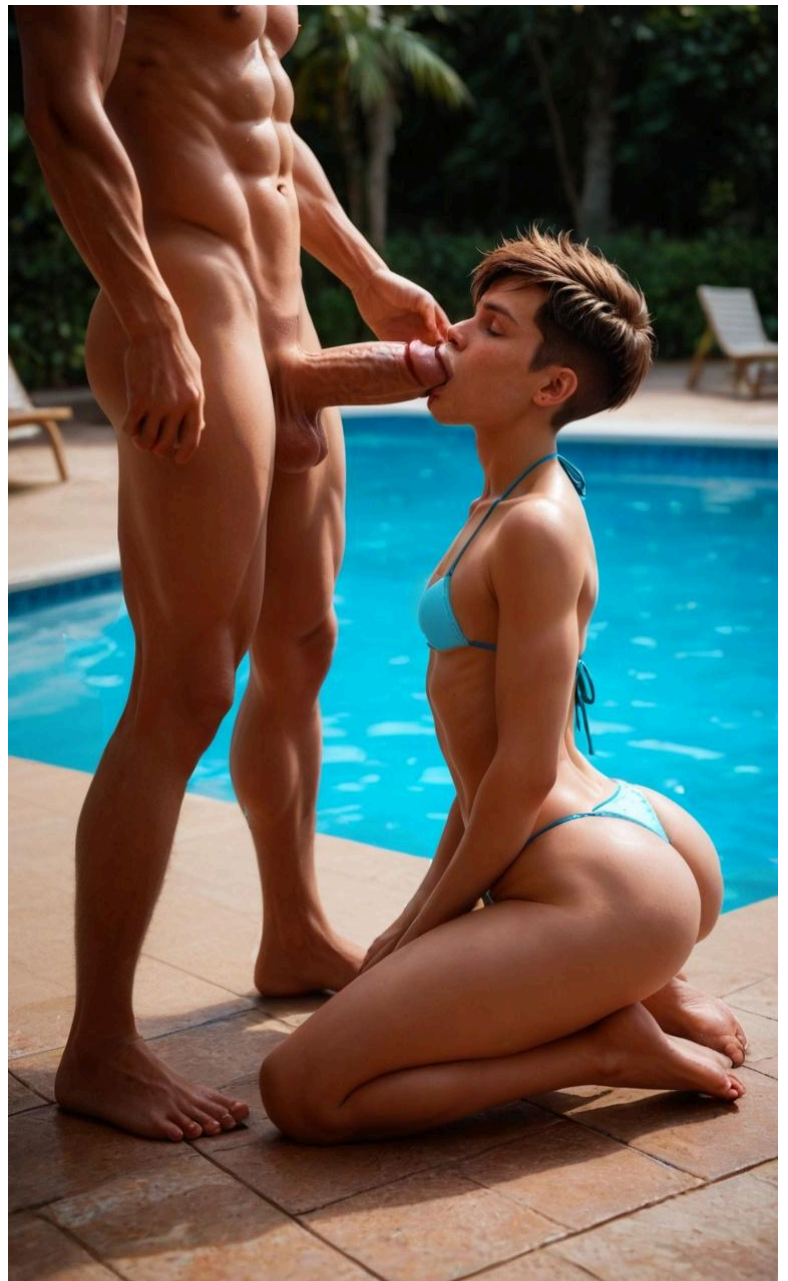
Inch by glorious inch, I took him in. The stretch was still intense, but without the frantic energy of before, it felt more pleasurable than painful. I hollowed my cheeks, sucking gently as I worked my way around his huge head and just a little along his shaft.

Ryan's hand came to rest on the back of my head, not pushing, just a comforting weight. "That's it, Janie," he murmured, his voice husky with arousal. "Nice and slow. You're doing so well."

His praise sent a thrill through me, spurring me on. I focused on his pleasure, on the weight of his cock on my tongue, the way it filled my mouth so perfectly. I bobbed my head, taking him a little deeper with each downward motion.

My hands weren't idle. One grasped the base of his shaft, stroking what I couldn't fit in my mouth. The other cupped his heavy balls, rolling them gently in my palm.

I lost myself in the act, in the taste and feel of him, in the soft grunts and groans of pleasure I was eliciting. Time seemed to stand still as I worshipped Ryan's magnificent cock with my mouth and hands.



Slowly, Ryan moved back and I crawled to follow him, eventually he was sitting on the ground and I, laying on my stomach, still trying to take more and more of himself into me. On my stomach, I was able to relax further, embrace my role as a tool of pleasure for Ryan. My mouth serving as this godly teenager's cocksleeve. Before I knew it, I had taken nearly a quarter of his cock.



Then it hit the back of my throat and I gagged, coughing and releasing his cock. His cock rushed out of my mouth and I felt the sense of loss even as I gasped for air.



He pet me softly. "That's okay. That was great baby. You did amazing." I smiled up at the praise, unreasonably proud. I lowered my head again to get back to work, but he held my chin.

"Let's take a quick break. It's good to pace ourselves."

"But...I...I can do it Ryan...I don't mind," I protested, "You need to cum, don't you?" I whimpered, almost desperately, in my Janie voice.

He chuckled. "We're not in a rush, Baby. Now - turn over for Daddy."

I looked at him, questioning.

"Turn onto your stomach." He repeated, broaching no objection.

Slowly, I turned onto my stomach, looking back over my shoulder at him as he stared predatorily at my body. He rubbed his huge cock across my ass and my breath caught. I twisted my head around, in a sudden lustful panic.



Was he? Could I let him?



He lifted my hips so I was on my hands and knees. I didn't fight it, looking up at him over my shoulder as he went to his knees right behind me, aiming his massive cock straight at my ass.

"R..Ryan?" I asked nervously. In spite of my burning lust, I knew I had to draw a line. "We can't...I can't..."

"Janie." He said sternly. "I wasn't fucking asking you. I'm in charge here." He slapped my ass and I moaned.

"Say it." He said to me, slapping my ass with his cock now. I whimpered.

"Who's in charge?" He asked, insistently.

I stared back at him, knowing - to my core - the truth of his statement. "You're in charge..." I whispered back breathily, feminine and submissive.

He held me in that position, letting my words hang in the air. Then slowly, sensually, slid his massive cock between my thighs. But he didn't push it into my ass. Instead, he slid it along my crotch, and through the front of my body.



I gasped at the sensation, my whole body trembling. The heat of his cock against my sensitive skin was electrifying. As he began to thrust gently, I felt his shaft rubbing against my own tiny package, which was straining against the confines of my bikini bottoms. The contrast between his massive manhood and my diminutive one was stark, driving home just how much more of a man he was than me.

I stared back at his powerful body, his abs, chest, and arms flexed and calmed rhythmically as he slid in and out my thighs.

"Mmmm...Good. Are you going to be a good girl now?"

I nodded my head. "Yessss..." I slurred, my eyes flickering closed as I focused on the sensation of his cock.

"Good."

Ryan's strong hands gripped my hips, holding me steady as he continued his slow, teasing thrusts. Each movement sent shivers of pleasure coursing through my body. I could feel the weight of his heavy balls slapping against me with each forward motion.

"Squeeze your thighs together, Janie," Ryan commanded, his voice low and husky. "Make it nice and tight for Daddy."

Eager to please him - to prove I was a good girl, I clenched my thighs, creating a snug channel for his cock. Ryan groaned in appreciation, his grip on my hips tightening. The increased friction was incredible - I could feel every ridge and vein of his massive shaft as it slid between my legs.

As Ryan continued to thrust, I felt myself getting lost in the sensations. My arms trembled, struggling to support my weight. Without thinking, I lowered my upper body, pressing my cheek against the cushion I lay on. This new position lifted my ass higher, presenting it to Ryan like an offering.

"That's it, baby," Ryan purred, one hand moving to caress my lower back. "You look so pretty like this, ass up for Daddy."

His words sent a thrill through me, and I moaned softly. I felt so exposed, so vulnerable, yet utterly safe in Ryan's strong hands. My tiny girlhood throbbed painfully, desperate for attention, but I didn't dare touch myself. This was about Ryan's pleasure, not mine.

Ryan's thrusts began to pick up speed, his breathing growing heavier. The sound of skin slapping against skin filled the air, punctuated by our shared moans and gasps. I could feel his cock swelling even larger, pulsing with each heartbeat.

"Oh god, Ryan," I whimpered, my voice high and breathy. "Please... please..."

I wasn't even sure what I was begging for. More? Release? For him to finally claim me completely? All I knew was that I needed something, desperately.

Suddenly, Ryan flipped us over, lifting my body as if it were nothing to him and depositing me on his stomach, his cock emerging in front of me.

Ryan's hand tangled in my hair, pulling my head back gently until my face tipped back. He kissed me possessively, owning my mouth. I whimpered into him. Our tongues swirled and my hand fell to his cock in front of me. I pumped it for him as we kissed, awed at the sensation of having something so massive between my legs. The kiss ended and we looked into each others eyes, breathing hard.

"Look down, Janie." He said to me.





I did, and wondered at the sight of his cock portruded from between my legs. Even though it started from behind my ass it was longer than anything I'd ever had between my legs.



"Now you see, Janie. You don't have a cock. Just a little girly clit."

I moaned in response. Looking at his size, looking at my tiny bump on top of it.

"Isn't that right, babe?"

Moaning, I nodded, knowing he was right. Realizing that I had always known he was right.

"And what is it that you want, Janie. More than anything?"

"Mmmmm..." I moaned, knowing what he wanted to hear from me. Because it was what I wanted too. "Your cockkkk, Ryan. Pleaseee. I want a man's cock."

Ryan stood up, pulling me with him, his massive cock sliding out from between my legs and causing me to shudder with pleasure. His huge hands gripped my torso, almost entirely encircling it. He thrust his cock up and down my back as I shuttered and moaned, my eyes widening. I was utterly under his power.



He thrust along the valley between my ass cheeks for a few minutes as I shuddered and moaned, helpless.



Finally, he separated us and I turned around, gazing up at him doe-eyed. He looked down at me, his eyes dark with lust and a hint of pride.

"Back on your knees, Janie," he commanded, his voice low and husky. "It's time to finish what you started."

My heart raced as I sank to my knees before him, my eyes level with his magnificent manhood. Even though I was no longer in the relaxed state from before - my body now thrumming with wild, uncontrolled desire - I knew I could do this. I wanted to do this. I needed to do this.

I opened my mouth wide, my jaw loose and pliant from our earlier activities. Ryan had known exactly what he was doing - the thigh fucking, the passionate kisses, the dirty talk - it had all been preparation for this moment.

As I took him into my mouth once more, I was determined to do better.

To my delight, my jaw, worked loose by our activities, seemed to stretch more widely around his girth. Inch by glorious inch, I took him deeper, feeling him slide along my tongue and towards the back of my throat.

Ryan's hand came to rest on the back of my head, holding me firmly as he steadily impaled himself deeper and deeper into my mouth and throat. "That's it, baby," he murmured, his voice strained with pleasure. "You're doing so well. Take Daddy's cock nice and deep."

Millimeter by millimeter, I took his girth deeper.

My eyes closed as I fought my gag reflex with all my might, breathing from my nose.

Deeper.

My posture gave out, as I focused entirely on taking more and more.

Deeper.



"That's it Janie. Good girl!!!!."

Ryan's praise thrilled me, filling me with a sense of true accomplishment. I relaxed my throat even more, trying to open myself up completely for him. Wanting to truly prove myself..

"Brace yourself now, slut."

Slowly, Ryan began to move his hips, starting with gentle, shallow thrusts. Each movement sent sparks of pleasure through my body, and I moaned around his thick shaft. The vibrations seemed to please him, as he let out a low groan in response.

"That's it, Janie," he purred, his hand tangling in my hair. "You were made for this, weren't you? Made to please Daddy's big cock."

I whimpered in agreement, unable to form words with my mouth so deliciously full. My hands came up to grasp his muscular thighs, steadying myself as he began to thrust more forcefully.

Ryan's pace increased, his cock sliding in and out of my eager mouth with increasing speed and depth. I focused on relaxing my throat, on breathing through my nose, on the incredible sensation of being filled so completely. My eyes watered, but not from discomfort - from the sheer intensity of the moment, the overwhelming pleasure of serving this godlike man.

"Fuck, baby," Ryan groaned, his voice tight with pleasure. "Your mouth feels so good. Such a perfect little cocksucker."

I hollowed my cheeks, sucking hard as he thrust in and out. My tongue swirled around his shaft, reveling in the taste of him.

Ryan's thrusts became more erratic, his breathing heavy and labored. I could feel his cock swelling even larger, pulsing with each heartbeat. He was close, I realized with a surge of excitement. I was going to make him cum.

"Oh fuck, Janie," Ryan groaned, his grip on my hair tightening. "I'm gonna cum. Are you ready to swallow Daddy's load?"

I moaned enthusiastically around his cock, my eyes looking up at him pleadingly. I wanted it - needed it - more than I'd ever needed anything in my life.





With a final, powerful thrust, Ryan buried himself deep in my throat. I fought my gag reflex with all my might, my eyes watering with the effort. Finally, I felt his cock swell and then pulse as the first jet of cum erupted from him. It hit the back of my throat with force, and I swallowed reflexively, desperate to take every drop.

Wave after wave of hot, thick cum flooded my mouth. I swallowed as fast as I could, but there was so much. Some escaped the corners of my mouth, his hot cum spilling down my chin and onto my chest. The taste was intoxicating - salty, musky, and undeniably masculine.



As Ryan's orgasm peaked, and I felt his seed slide down my throat into my stomach, my own body climaxed again. Without even touching myself, waves of pleasure began crashing through me. I shuddered along Ryan's shaft, going cross eyed with pleasure, breathing heavily through my nose.





I continued to hold Ryan's gooey cock in my mouth, savoring the taste and feel of him as my body shuddered in climax.

Finally, Ryan told me I could let his cock go. I did so, slowly letting his slightly softened but still hard cock slide out of my throat and mouth. All the while I stared up at him adoringly, his excess cum spilling out over his cock in rivers.

I gasped for breath, then swallowed everything left in my mouth. With my tongue, I scooped and licked Ryan's essence still splattered around my lips and swallowed again, and again.





“Open up, Janie.”  
He said. I did so obediently and he began milking his long cock into my waiting mouth, squeezing every drop into me as I closed my eyes and revelled in this feeling of utter submission. After he finished I began lapping up all his extra cum of his cock eagerly.

I wanted to please him, of course...But that's not why I did it. I just desperately wanted more.

I kept going, spending maybe 5 minutes silently cleaning off Ryan's cock, alternating between closing my eyes in bliss, and staring up into the eyes of my 18 year old dominator.



Finally, he stepped away. I panted as he grabbed a towel and threw it to me.

I started wiping my face as Ryan took my hand and guided me to the bar. "That was incredible, Janie. Did you enjoy it too?"

I was silent, suddenly shy and embarrassed, not trusting my ability to form words yet. He chuckled, handing me a small bottle of mouthwash. I used it, hoping it meant he wanted to do more with me. And sure enough, as I finished swishing my mouth out and finishing cleaning up, he pulled me close.

"You know..." he ran his fingers through my hair. "Dealing with Caroline was a real slog." My breath caught, unsure where he was going. Caroline. I had practically forgot about her existence the past...hour? 2 hours? 5 hours? I had no clue. But had I fucked things up for her?

He continued. "But it was so worth it. You were worth it." Ryan's strong arms encircled me, holding me close against his muscular chest. I could feel the steady thrum of his heartbeat, a soothing rhythm that seemed to sync with my own. The late afternoon sun cast a warm glow over us, and a gentle breeze carried the scent of chlorine and sunscreen, mingling with Ryan's musky, masculine scent.

He kissed me gently, and I returned it eagerly, feeling the musculature of his back with my hands around his neck.

Then I nuzzled into the crook of his neck. My body felt boneless, utterly relaxed in the afterglow of our intense encounter. As I breathed him in deeply, I was the most content I'd been in as long as I could remember.

"Hey Janie." He asked softly. "How'd you like to get your ears pierced for me?"

