Fantasy Come To Life Pt. 1

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Laura runs into a guy she's been texting. She had been texting him about all of her secret fantasies that she is too afraid to actually go through with. Well he is definitely more than willing and plans to make her fantasies a reality.

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As I walked into the room I saw a lot of faces I didn't recognize. As usual it was a small group of friends that hang out and lounge about. Since they were from a different school, that they all had attended together and graduated from, naturally I didn't know them and sneaked away to a corner where I could focus on my short story for my next class. As I worked every so often I'd look up to watch them; wishing I was in on there conversations. It'd be nice to have a gang of friends to hang out with on a daily basis; but I had to work. This time, when I looked up, I saw him. It was the same guy I had been texting to, telling him about my secret fantasies. For some reason it was always easier talking to someone you never knew and opening up to them about things you'd never tell a friend or family member in a hundred years. Looking at him and realizing he realized who I was, I flushed and looked back down at my work. I continued to work for a good fifteen to twenty minutes until he walked over. I knew he was there behind me, but I just sat there, scared of what he would do next. He waited a moment and then walked around the couch I sat on and perched himself against the arm of the chair diagonal from my spot on the couch. Knowing I could no longer pretend to not notice him and looked and feigned being startled, â Oh hey. Didn't see you walk up.â I gave him a friendly smile and waited to see what he was up to.

He gave me a small smile, a smile that made me think of the Cheshire cat from Alice in Wonderland. A smile that made my knees weak and my body quiver; a feeling that was confusing and alien to me. â What are you up to?â

â Just doing some writing for class.â I gave him another small smile and went back to my work.

â What's it about?â He asked drawing my attention back up to him. I turned my notebook around and showed him my story.

â It's about a girl losing her mother and being put into foster care. It's kind of her take on what happened to her mother and how she deals with it on a daily basis.â

He read it and then when he finished he looked up at me and smiled a friendly smile, â It's really good.â

He handed it back to me, â Thank you.â The silence began to feel awkward so to break the ice I said the first thing that came to mind, â So you're staying on campus?â I mentally gave myself a slap on the forehead. Really? Did I just ask him something stupid like that? He seemed to like the question; however, because he gave me that Cheshire smile again, â No I don't. I live in Calhoun and drive from home to school.â

â Neat I have a friend that lives not far from there.â My face got hot as I realized what I just said. His smile got bigger, more predatory.

â You don't say,â He smiled at me with that predatory smile and I saw his eyes roaming my body. I knew exactly what he was thinking and my body wasn't feeling too far against; however, my mind was saying, â Hell no. You know if you do this then word will get around. And when word gets around people will begin calling you all kinds of names. Beginning with whore and ending with 'I heard she got gonorrhea'. Of course they're all whores, the ones that talk badly about everyone, but the real problem would be your mom and brother. Your family, what would they think of you if you ran off and had sex with someone? I know what they would think. Your brother would say you've turned into a slut and your mom would keep her opinions to herself. But the look of disappointment would be your downfall, that's why she chooses to say nothing at all. She knows she doesn't have to use words to hate you, her silence and quiet judgment is the worst of all.

His face reached my eyes again, and I could swear I knew what all of those books meant when the character said she saw desire in his eyes. The thought that he was turned on made my insides shiver and pulse. I didn't understand what all these feelings were that my body was feeling; but I knew a part of me wanted to skip class and go somewhere more private. To feel his hands on me, ripping my clothes off. Pushing me up against the wall and fucking me hard and fast until we were panting and screaming out our pleasure. To be able to feel his dick inside of me, fucking me. To know what it felt like. If it was soft and smooth to the touch, or if it was hard and hot to the touch. To know what it felt like to have that hard shaft thrusting into me from all angles (or thrusting into me at all). His voice startles me out of my thoughts, â What are you thinking so hard about?â I look up and blush when I realize he's been staring at me.

â Nothing,â I reply, knowing it's a lame excuse, but it's the best I can muster with the way my thoughts and his presence are making me feel hot and bothered. I look down at my phone and see I'm going to be late for class if I don't run along now, â Sorry. I have to run if I don't want to miss class,â Though I wish I could miss class and go have some hot and steamy sex with you. Fuck! I can't think about that right now. Gotta get to class.

He smiles at me and says, â We should hang out sometime. Maybe you and your friend could come over and hang out with me,â Then he leaned forward and whispered in my ear, â Or just you and me could hangout together,â He said hangout slowly, emphasizing that it'd be doing more than just 'hanging out'. The thought made my body shutter. I felt his smile against my ear as he continued, â I'm sure we could find a lot of fun things to do.â He slowly and very deliberately rubbed my breast with his arm as he walked around me, back to his group of friends that were hanging out and laughing about something; I had no clue nor did I care at this moment. I was too busy focusing on how his arm had just moments ago rubbed my breast and I wanted him to turn around and fondle them some more. I leaned down and gathered my things. Turning around I saw him watching me with that same Cheshire smile that had my body quivering from the moment I met him. He watched me as I left, and he wasn't the only one. Luckily no one else had paid me any mind or noticed me at all; however, one of the guys sitting near him had and he was giving me a puzzled look. Like he

was trying to figure who I was and how we knew each other. I ignored him and walked out the door towards my class I was sure to be late for now. I didn't care at that moment though. I was too busy imagining his hands on my breasts as he licked and pulled on my nipples making them hard. Then feeling a finger enter my pussy. In and out as he's fucking my beaded nipples with his mouth. Then he adds another finger fucking my pussy faster. Using his thumb to circle my clit over and over. Then, with his free hand, he begins rubbing and squeezing my ass. Slowly his hand moves up over my hips and up my back making me shutter and sigh.

I sigh out load and enter the building. Moving quickly up the stairs and into the hall. I see my classmates huddled around the outside of our classroom. I assume the teacher is late and make haste for the bathroom. Thankfully the bathroom was empty so I hurry into the stall, unzip my pants, throw my hand under my shirt, move the bra up out of the way, and begin to masturbate imagining that it's him fucking my pussy with his fingers and his mouth on my breasts.

Then he grabs and pulls down. Not hard enough to make it hurt. Just enough pain to make me bend my head back. I gasp at the sudden desire I feel rush down my body to my pussy. It feels so euphoric and kinky. I feel his mouth move between my breasts and feel him licking a path from one breast to the other. Sucking greedily on my nipples. I feel another finger enter my pussy. His mouth on me, and three fingers in my pussy, and his hand still pulling my hair down I lose it. I come hard, screaming against his hand. I lose my balance and he quickly lets go of my hair and puts his arm around me to hold me up; while never missing a beat fucking my pussy with the same speed as before until my spasms have calmed and I'm left shaking from the massive earthquake that just erupted throughout my body.

Opening my eyes I look down to see my fingers coated with my juices. I feel around in my pussy. Feeling the wet juices and it makes me wonder what it would be like to have his tongue inside me sucking on my clit. I begin to pant imagining him on his knees fucking my pussy with his mouth. I can't stop imagining him fucking me, in all kinds of crazy and really REALLY hot and steamy ways. All of the different positions we could fuck in. I feel my body quiver again and my pussy get wetter, if that were even possible. I look down at my phone to see the time. I have to get to class, I can't miss again. Fuck this is going to be a long day!

My first time writing something erotic like this. So don't be afraid to leave a bunch of comments and let me know if you like it. 😊

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