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Chapter 3 – Rachel

The first time Jason saw her, she was walking across Washington Square Park heading for the School of Film at New York University. He blinked his eyes to be sure she was not a mirage. What he could tell is she stood about 5'5" had blonde hair, and nice legs. The fall jacket she was wearing covered everything else, but he knew from the glimpse of her, he had to meet her. For the next week-and-a-half, Jason sat in the same spot in the park hoping to see her again. During his wait, he would think about her and feel the heat in his loins.

He looked up just in time to see her enter the park. She was wearing the same tan barn coat and jeans. He could not believe his luck. She was alone and traveling towards the same building. He got up and trailed behind her. She walked with a purpose, held her head high, and her body language told anyone passing her that she was someone who knew who she was and where she was going. Jason did not know how to approach her. What would a girl from New York want with a farm boy from Kansas? How would he get to meet her? His mind came up with several different scenarios. He hit on it just as she entered the building. Whatever class she was taking, he was taking also. It did not matter to him that five weeks of the semester had already passed. His other classes were not a problem. His professors knew that he would show up for the tests and ace them. He was determined to meet her. He would sit in today and talk to the professor about auditing the class.

Jason followed her up the stairs to the third floor and into a class on 'The Making of Film Noir'. He had absolutely no idea what the class was about. She sat in the middle of the room, which gave him the opportunity to sit behind her. At least he would not have to turn around to see her. That would be embarrassing especially if he was caught. He had to know her name. Jason's mind raced with questions, fantasies, and reality. When the professor came in, she stood up, walked to the front of the room, and handed him a paper.

"Thank you Rachel," the professor said. "I hope next time you will not be late with an assignment".

"No, Mr. Johns, I will not," she replied.

Rachel turned to return to her seat and Jason had his first look at her face. His breath left his body like someone had just punched him in the stomach. She was beautiful. She had a face like an angel. Her blond hair was braided in pigtails and her face just radiated. Jason could see she had the most beautiful green eyes. They glowed like emeralds between her eyelids. Her lips were narrow but very well shaped underneath her perfect nose. Her ears were perfectly shaped and in each lobe were two earrings. She stood 5'5", weighed 90 pounds, the shape of her calves and thighs were perfect for her size. Her breasts were small but if they were larger, they would take away from her beauty. She carried herself with an air of authority. Again, Jason realized that Rachel knew exactly what she wanted and where she was going to get it.

Rachel's eyes contacted his for the briefest of moments. A small smile came upon her lips, her eyes twinkled, and she nodded at Jason. His crotch stirred and he almost fell out of his seat. Immediately paranoia struck him. Was she looking at him? Could she be looking at someone sitting behind him? Maybe what he saw was all in his imagination. Students had come in after him and he was not smart enough to sit in the last row of desks. Jason was very confused because the one thing he did not want to do was make an ass of himself. He watched Rachel take her seat and prepare for class.

The two-hour class flew by and before he knew it, he was stalling hoping he would have an opportunity to create a meeting with Rachel. She sat until almost everyone had departed the class. When she stood up, she made a point of looking towards the back of the room. Upon seeing Jason sitting there, she smiled to herself, gathered her books, put on her coat, and took one last glance before leaving the room. Jason told himself that she was looking at him. Why, because there was no one in the seats behind him. He got up and followed her out the door.

"Excuse me..." Jason said except it was not loud enough for Rachel to hear. He picked up his pace to get closer to her. In his haste, he bumped right into her.

"Excuse me. I did not mean to bump into you."

Rachel turned, looked straight into his eyes, and stated, "Oh, yes you did. I know you followed me to class."

Jason face turned crimson. He was at a total loss for words. His crotch was on fire and he tried to hide his sexual excitement. Rachel could see his predicament and continued to stand there to see how long she could make him suffer. She smiled, her eyes lit up, and her tongue move over her lips leaving a coating of saliva that accentuated the color of the lipstick she was wearing. Jason continued to stand there with his mouth open trying to say something. As intelligent as Jason is, he was like a newborn baby trying to speak for the first time. His embarrassment grew, his face turned a brighter shade of red, and with his hands in his coat pockets, and he closed his coat over his growing erection. He had to get out of this situation without losing his dignity.

Rachel knew that she had done enough damage to his dignity and self-esteem. "Two questions. One, Where you from? Two, want to buy me a cup of coffee?"

Jason came out of his reverie. "Kansas and yes" he replied.

They turned, walked down the three flights of stairs, and exited the building on the Fifth Avenue side. Without asking him where he wanted to take her, she set out for the park. Nothing passed between them as they walked across

the park to one of the hot dog vendors on the periphery. She stopped, ordered two coffees, and said "Jason will pay." Without missing a beat she picked up her coffee, stepped aside, and let Jason move in to get his cup and pay.

"You know my name?" Jason asked, his voice unable to hide his wonderment.

"Oh, yes. I also know that you sat for the past week-and-a-half waiting for me to walk across Washington Square to get to class. Only, I walked around the park making sure that you were still there until I was satisfied that you were dumb enough to sit there until I crossed the park" she replied with a twinkle in her eye.

"How did you know my name? I have never spoken to you before today. I fact, I never saw you until the other week. How do you know my name?" Jason asked trying to keep the incredulousness out of his voice.

Rachel took a sip of her coffee and started walking towards the wall where Jason liked to sit as he watched the people of New York go about their daily business. She placed her books on the wall and sat down inviting him to do the same. She looked at him over the rim of her coffee cup and said, "You live with Alexander Grandov. He nickname among the co-eds is *Horse Cock*. According to the rumors, he is hung like a horse and knows how to use it. I personally do not have first hand experience, but a girl in my English class said he was the best fuck she ever had."

"But that still doesn't explain how you know my name."

"Because you live with Alexander of course. Believe it or not, a lot of girls are wondering if you're hung like he is."

"I only wish" escaped from Jason's mouth. He regretted saying it the moment it passed through his lips.

Rachel looked at him with the knowledge of someone who knew more than she let on. Jason sat there and just continued to stare at her. His penis pushed against his stomach and was obviously getting very hard. He never liked to get erections in public. Rachel put her coffee cup down and reached for some imaginary object on the other side of him. Her hand passed across his lap, bushed against his thighs, and as she pulled her hand back made it pass over his erection. She did it knowing that he would probably flinch or die of embarrassment from feeling her hand pass over his erection.

"Seems you have something in your pants" she laughed.

"Please, please. I am not very experienced with women. I..." again Jason regretted what he said. He just stared at the ground below his feet.

"Oh, I see" Rachel replied while trying to stifle the laugh she felt rising from her stomach. "Listen, I have to get back to Long Island. Why don't you meet me here tomorrow at 11:00 AM. I know you do not go to class and if I am correct, you do not have any tests tomorrow. One minute late and I am gone." With that, she stood up, picked up her books, and headed towards Fifth Avenue where she hailed a cab.

Jason saw she left her coffee cup and a book. He looked toward where she was walking and saw she was already gone. Jason picked up the book and tossed both coffee cups into the trashcan on the corner. His mind was in turmoil. How could he get in touch with her, because she may need the book for an assignment? He walked back to the apartment thinking about Rachel and whether or not she left the book on purpose. This exacerbated his erection problem as it slowly dawned on him that she might have left it on purpose. He hoped that his cock would get soft as he walked to the apartment, but that wasn't the case. Jason actually started to run the three blocks to his building. By the time he arrived in front of the building, his key was out of his pocket, his mind continued to race, question her motives,

and his erection was still pressing against his stomach. It did not take long for him to get into the building and run up the three flights of stairs to his apartment.

He opened the door and much to his relief Alexander was not home and more importantly he was not there fucking some co-ed. Jason walked into his room, tossed his coat on the floor, closed the door, and laid down on his bed. His right hand moved to the bulge in his jeans and he started to caress his erection. He closed his eyes and saw Rachel in his minds eye. His erection pulsed against the confines of his underwear and jeans and he could feel its heat with the palm of his hand. Jason could not handle the sexual excitement that was coursing through his body. He unbuckled his belt, opened the button at the top of his jeans, pulled down the zipper, hooked his thumbs under the elastic waistband of his underwear, and pulled down his jeans and underwear.

His cock sprung free and stood away from his stomach. Jason looked at his cock and could not believe how big it looked to him. The veins were standing out along its shaft and the head was pulsing. At least that is what he thought he saw happening. Jason had not masturbated in several weeks and with the sexual excitement, he was feeling would not let him get through it without some relief. His right thumb and index finger encircled the base of his cock and started to stroke it very gently. Although he knew it was his hand, he thought about how Rachel's hand, mouth, or pussy would feel around his cock.

His breathing started to shorten. His hand slid up and down his cock. When the ring formed by his thumb and index finger slid over the ridge at the base of the head of his cock shivers shot up and down his spine. He could feel his anus pulsing as he continued to pleasure himself. His left hand slid between his legs so he could play with his balls. He would take his fingers and gently rub from the base of his scrotum to his asshole. This in combination with the movement of his hand over the shaft and head of his cock was sending waves of pleasure from his groin though his entire body. He bent his legs at the knees and lifted his butt a little each time he felt the need to squeeze them together. His hands continued their movement and he could feel the start of his orgasm coming.

Jason did not want to delay the impending orgasm. With his eyes closed, his butt pushed off the bed, his left hand playing between his legs, and his right hand stroking his erection the first pulse of cum shot from his testicles, up through the shaft, out the hole in the tip, and landed on his face. The power of the ensuing orgasmic explosion took his breath away. He never had or for that matter felt such a powerful orgasm. With the last breath, he whispered, "Rachel" then all his muscles tightened, and four powerful spurts of cum shot from his cock. His cum felt warm against his face and chest. He was very relaxed, and drenched in sweat after the most powerful orgasm of his life. An orgasm precipitated by a girl name Rachel.

He was coming down from his orgasmic high and it was then he realized something was wrong. There was a draft coming from the direction of his door, but he closed his door. Jason turned his head towards the door leaving his right hand wrapped around his shrinking penis and opened his eyes. The sight made him drop open his mouth and try to speak, but he was frozen unable to move. Standing in the doorway with a big smile on her face was Rachel.

Rachel stepped into the room and closed the door behind her. She dropped her books and handbag onto the floor. She looked directly into Jason's eyes and she walked across the room to where he was lying on his bed with his underpants and pants bunched around his ankles. She dropped her barn jacket from her shoulders and it floated to the

floor. Jason was in a trance. His right hand was still wrapped around his shrunk penis. Cum dripped from his hand into his pubic hair. Rachel did not say a word until she was standing next to his bed.

"Did I do that to you?" she said without any sense of embarrassment.

She placed her hand on his and gently removed it from his penis. Jason's penis did not move because when he was flaccid it was just four inches long. Rachel took his penis in her hand and leaned down to his ear and whispered, "What a cute little cock you have."

Jason blushed.

"I just came to get my book. Alexander was nice enough to let me in and leave at the same time. It made me very hot to hear you moan my name when you came. For such a small cock, you shot a pretty big load. How long since you had some?"

"Excuse me?" Jason replied.

Rachel squeezed his cock in her hand and said in a whisper and inflection that sounded very similar to his sister's, "When did you cum last? Answer me!"

"A week and a half ago." Jason squeaked.

"Three weeks ago? You mean after the first time you saw me?" she asked.

"Yes. You were my masturbation fantasy then as you were today." Jason said with power in his voice.

"Good, because at this time that is all I will be. Now look what you have done to my hand. What should I do with the cum that is all over my fingers?" Rachel said.

She took her hand and gently scraped his cum from his face and stomach. She stood with her legs apart giving Jason a clear look at her denim covered pussy. Rachel could see him looking at her with lust and fear in his eyes. "I know you want to make love to me. I know you want to know how my lips would feel around your cock, sliding up and down as I press my tongue against it. I know you want to know what my pussy looks like and feels like as you slide your cock in and out of me. If you are a good... Now be a good boy and clean my hand."

Without asking, she took her cum covered hand and placed it on Jason's lips. Jason's eyes opened wide in fear at what she wanted him to do. The last time he ate cum was when his sister made him do it after she caught him with it on his stomach after he masturbated thinking about her kneeling in front of her boyfriend. Rachel smiled at him, licked her lips, and pressed her crotch forward towards him. Jason closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and accepted her cum covered hand.

"Thank you sweetie. I knew you would not let me down. That is especially nice. Now use your tongue and lips to suck your stickiness from my hand. Yes, sweetie you suck my fingers so nice."

When he was done with her hand, Rachel stepped away from his bed, picked up her coat, handbag, and books and with her back to him as she left his room said, "Do not forget our date tomorrow."

Jason just lay on his bed in total turmoil, his muscles not responding to his commands. Actually, he was not totally frozen stiff, because he noticed that the act of sucking Rachel's cum covered hand had given him another erection.