**Going to Class** *by [bigred812](http://stories.xnxx.com/profile392869/bigred812)*

I was walking to a class on the third floor one day. I was following a girl wearing a skirt. I was about three to four stairs behind her. I happened to look up as I heard the bang of a book fall on the floor. As I looked up, there she was, bent over to pick up her book. At first I only saw her pussy. Then I looked down, and to my surprise, I was caught by her looking directly at me. She knew where my eyes were looking but she didn't seem mind. She just smiled at me and gave me a wink. She picked up her book, stood up and continued to the top of the stairs. She stopped once she was out of the way. "Hi, I'm Bridget. How are you?" she held her hand out for me to shake.

“Hi, Bridget, I’m Jason. It’s nice to meet you. It seems as though you need some help carrying your books.” I said as I looked her up and down. We had a couple of the same classes together and I think she caught me staring at her a few times in class. Today she was wearing a tight black tank top that enhanced her nicely shaped breasts. Under the tank top was a bright red bra. She had a short blue jean mini-skirt on, and high heels best described as modest stripper shoes. Her skin was tanned and she had her long brown hair pulled back into a pony tail. She had green eyes and soft pink lip-gloss on.

“I think you’re in my next class aren’t you? Economics in 305?” she asked me.

“Yeah, that’s where I’m headed right now.”

“Good, you can walk me there then.” She turned and we started to walk down the hall to class. I was about one step behind her, looking at her tight butt out of the corner of my eye. She would turn to look at me as we were walking because she probably knew I saw checking her out. Bridget and I walked into the classroom together. She sat down in the seat behind me. Class started, the professor was talking about something boring and I let out what I thought was a quiet sigh. I felt a tap on my shoulder, “Hey Jason,” Bridget whispered, “I dropped my pen under your seat, can you get it for me please?”

“Yeah,” I said as I got out of my seat, knelt down and grabbed her pen off of the floor. I saw her mover her feet while I was down there. I looked up and saw Bridget sitting with her knees apart, giving me the perfect view of her shaven pussy. It looked so perfect, like the girls in the porno magazines. I stared for a few seconds as I slowly got up. I handed her her pen, “Here ya go.”

“Oh thank you. Sometimes I’m just clumsy. Do you ever have those days where nothing seems to go your way?” She asked me.

“Yeah, I guess so. It seems that lately I have had a lot of those days. Until today, I felt like I was being punished for someone else’s mistakes. I don’t know. It’ll blow over.”

“I have had the same feeling. That’s weird, huh? Well, Jason, I think your luck might be turning around.”

“Excuse me?” The professor spoke up. “Do you two have something to add to my lecture?” I looked forward and he was looking at Bridget and me.

“No sir. I apologize.” He started blabbing again. I tried to pay attention, but I couldn’t get my mind off of seeing Bridget’s pussy twice within a matter of minutes.

A little while later, I felt her hand on my shoulder again. I turned my head and she was holding a folded white piece of paper between her fingers, “Here, read this,” she whispered to me.

I took the paper, unfolded it and began to read: I was saying, that I think your luck is going to change soon. I want you to know that I didn’t drop my book on accident; or my pen for that matter. I knew you were behind me on the stairs. I have seen you looking at me in class before, but I didn’t know how to approach you. Sorry, I’m kind of a shy girl. When I dropped my book, I wanted you to look up my skirt. I know, it was a corny ice-breaker, but I thought that was a good way to get your attention. When I knew you looked at me I had to stop at the top of the stairs and wait for you. When I asked you if we were in the same class I already knew we were. Jason, if you want to, I don’t have any plans tonight. I would like to hang out with you if you want. Either nod your head yes or shake it no after you read this so I know what you decide.

I turned around, looked at Bridget and said, “Hell yes. I obviously have been looking at you, but I am shy as well. I thought you were way out of my league, so I didn’t even bother talking to you or asking you out. I would love to take you out tonight. Let me know what you want to do or where you want to go.” I turned back around to face the front of the class. I had a big grin on my face the rest of the day.

As class ended, we stood up and started walking out of the room. Bridget grabbed my arm as I started to walk down the hall. “How am I supposed to tell what I want to do tonight if you walk away? There is a putt-putt golf thing on 14th Street . Can you be at my room at 5:30? Here is my phone number and my dorm room.”

“OK, I’ll be at your room at 5:30. Just to let you know, I kick ass at mini golf. I’ll see you later.”

“OK, bye Jason. It was nice to officially meet you.” She turned around and walked down the hall. I just stood there, watching her ass sway back and forth in the tight jean skirt.

I walked back to my dorm room, went in, sat on the bed and let out a joyful sigh. I still had the grin on my face. My room mate, Paul, was about to walk out the door and said, “What the fuck are you so happy about?”

“You know that girl I told you about? Bridget?”

“Yeah, what? Did she catch you checking her out again?”

“No. We are going out tonight. Long story, short: I walked with her to class and she told me she wanted to go out with me tonight. She’s just as shy as I am, so she didn’t know how to approach me. Look.” I handed him her note. “Don’t worry about the dropping the book or pen parts. I’ll tell you about that later.”

Paul read the note, looked up at me and said, “Hell yeah bro. That’s awesome! Too bad I’m going home for the weekend or I would have you tell me all about it when you get back. I guess I’ll have to wait ‘til Sunday night. It’s my mom’s birthday, so my dad is throwing her a big birthday party all weekend long. I’d invite you, but you got better plans.”

“I don’t know about better plans. She said she wanted to go putt putting. I made up some line that I was the best at mini golf. I’ll tell you about it on Sunday. Have a good time and tell your mom ‘happy birthday’ for me will ya?”

“I will. Don’t have too much fun there Arnold Palmer. See ya Sunday.” Paul grabbed his bag and walked out the door. I grabbed my shower stuff and walked down to the bathroom. After my shower, I took extra care in making sure, I was on point. 5:15 came around and I was out the door. I got into my truck and drove over to Bridget’s dorm hall. I called her and told her I was going to wait in the lobby for her. She told me to just come up, she was almost ready, she didn’t have her shoes on yet. I walked up to the second floor, down the hall and found room 223.

I knocked on the slightly cracked open door, “Its open, come on in and have a seat. I’ll be right there.” She said. I walked in, looked around a bit and sat on the chair by her desk. I was looking at her pictures when I heard her walk around the corner from the sink area. I turned my head to see her. Bridget had a sexy little school-girl outfit on. The white shirt was tied just below her braless cleavage and her plaid skirt barely covered her pussy. I could see black underwear under the skirt. She had white thigh high stockings on and some really sexy “hooker boots,” as I call them. Her hair was down and she was wearing the black-framed glasses like Drew Carey’s. She looked amazing! “Hi Jason. How are ya?”

“Uh,” I swallowed hard. “I’m good. Damn! You look amazing!” I slowly moved my eyes down to her feet and back up to her face. “How are you supposed to play mini golf in that?”

“I never said I wanted to play mini golf. I just said that there was a place on 14th that had mini golf. I have other plans in mind. If that’s OK with you? Were you set on playing mini golf tonight?”

“No, that’s fine. Actually I suck really badly a putt-putt. I just tried to make you think I was good so you would be nervous. But if you, obviously, don’t want to go, that’s fine with me.” I couldn’t believe my eyes. Bridget started to slowly walk toward me. I could feel the lump in my throat grow with every step. I tried to close my mouth and swallow it, but I couldn’t. “Um…”

“Ssshhh. Don’t talk. I want to be the teacher tonight. You can be my student and we can practice role playing. I want to show you things that you don’t learn in class.” She got over to me, placed her hand on my chest and straddled me, sitting on my lap, facing me.

“I thought you were the shy type?” I asked her.

“Yeah, I just said that to make you feel better. I’m not real shy; I just don’t always know the best way to approach a guy that I like. I like you Jason and I think you’re hot. I like it when I catch you looking at me. It makes me feel good. A lot of guys look at me, but when I look back at them, they always wink at me or do some dumb shit that they think is hot like blow me kisses or something. You just turn away real quick when I look at you, like you are embarrassed. I like that. I like knowing that you find me attractive. And now that I have you, I don’t want to let you go. I want to show you that I like you too, and I had to figure out a way to get you and me alone. My room mate is out with her boyfriend and she’ll be back later, but we have some time ‘til then.” She leaned in and kissed me. I reached up and brushed her hair out of our faces. She threw her head to the side, moving her hair over and returned her lips to mine. Her lips were soft and tasted like cherries. It must have been the lip-gloss.

Her hands were around my neck as she opened her mouth and started to stick her tongue into mine. I returned the favor, and our tongues danced wildly around each other. She moved her hands down to my chest. I’m not trying to brag, but I was in really good shape. I was 6’ 2” and weighed 205 pounds. I had been working out religiously since I was fourteen. I was an avid swimmer and mountain biker as well. She placed her hands on my chest and said, “Oooh, I like what I feel. You workout?” She asked but already knew the answer. “I love a guy in good physical shape. Let’s see what we have under this shirt.” She moved her hands down my stomach and started to lift my shirt up. As my shirt came up over my stomach, it exposed my abs. Not the perfect 6-pack style, but they were toned. “Mmmmmmm, nice abs!” She continued lifting my shirt up over my chest and off over my head. “Damn, you do work out. I like that.” She brought her hands back down to my chest and softly dug her fingernails into my skin.

My hands found their way to her ass and I began to rub and grab her cheeks. Her ass was nice and firm. She must work out too; she definitely took care of her body. She leaned down and started to kiss my chest. As she did, I quietly moaned. “You like that?” She asked me.

“Yeah, that feels good. I love your ass. It’s nice and firm.” She picked her head up off my chest and started to kiss me again.

“Yeah? Well, these are firm too,” she said as she sat up, grabbed my hands, and brought them up to her breasts. She placed her tits in my hands and had me rubbing them in no time. “You like those too? I love to play with them. People ask me if I got a boob job. I tell them that I am 100% natural.”

“Wow! They’re great! Yeah, I like these.” Bridget arched her back, making her tits stick out from her chest more. I took my hands away and just looked at them for a few seconds. When I did this, Bridget reached up and started to untie her shirt. “Hold on. Let me do that.” I put my hands back to her chest and slowly untied her shirt. I had it untied, but I didn’t pull it off. I let it sit there as I ran my hands up underneath her shirt, feeling her soft-skinned mounds. They must have been a full C-cup. Her nipples poked me in my palms and her breasts easily filled up my hands. I moved my hands down a bit to get her nipples between my finger tips. I pinched her nipples and she let out a soft moan. I could feel the blood pumping into my cock, hardening it. Bridget felt this too because she started to slowly grind her pussy over my shorts on my cock. I moved my hands off of her tits, pulling the shirt with them. They looked even better than they felt. She was so hot. After I pulled her shirt off of her arms, she reached up and grabbed her tits, rubbing them. My hands returned to her ass and I helped her grind on my cock, pushing and pulling her hips back and forth. She leaned in to kiss me and ran her hands down my chest, over my stomach and to my belt. She slid back on me a little, unbuckled my belt and unbuttoned my shorts. She slightly stood up so she could unzip my pants and slide them off of me with my boxers. My cock, now fully erect, popped out from under my shorts and stood at attention.

Bridget looked down at my throbbing shaft. “Oh my, you are in good shape all around huh?” She grasped my dick and started to massage it as I returned my hands to her tits. I rubbed her and pinched and twisted her nipples. Bridget started to moan which made me even hotter. She pushed my cock up so the tip was sitting near my belly button and started to grind her pussy on it.

“Wait, that kinda hurts. Your underwear is rubbing on me.”

“So take them off.” She stood up and twisted around to face away from me. She pushed her ass out which made her plaid skirt lift up, exposing the bottom half of her perfect ass. I slid my hands up her ass and grabbed a tiny little black string at the top of her cheeks. I started to pull down and as the string came out of her ass, she grabbed the front of them, bent over, and helped me pull them down to her ankles and off. When I sat back up from taking her g-string off, she stayed bent over. Her semi-wet pussy and perfect ass were staring me in the face. I grabbed her hips and pulled my face into her. I started to lick up and down her slit. Her juices tasted so good and she smelled the same as her lip-gloss tasted. She looked up at me and smiled as she reached back and started to stroke my cock. Bridget turned around and got on her knees. She still had my hard-on in her hand, placed it into her mouth and started to bob her head up and down on my shaft, moving her hand with her lips. I grabbed her head, pulling her hair back so I could watch her take the full length of my cock into her mouth. She opened her eyes and looked up at me. I pulled her gently, by the head and brought her face up to mine. I stuck my tongue into her mouth and twirled it around hers. She shuffled her feet to either side of mine, again, straddling me. Her hand still on my cock, she aimed it at her wet entrance, and slowly sat down onto me. She was so tight that I felt the head of my prick ‘pop’ into her.

“Holy shit Jason. Either I’m really tight or you have a huge cock. That feels great!” She exclaimed. She had to lower herself slowly onto my dick. I could see the pleasure and pain in her face as she went down. She got half way down my shaft, and slid back up. She sat there for a second to catch her breath. She then lowered herself again onto my hard-on, this time taking the full length of it inside her. She was tight, but her juices were almost dripping out of her so she was nice and lubed. She sat there, with the length of me inside and started to grind on me. My hands went back up to her tits and I started to flick her nipples and pinch them again. Her hands both went over to her left side, and unzipped her plaid skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She leaned back and put her hands on my legs for support. I looked down and saw that my dick was fully inserted into her wet pussy and her juices had covered the area around the base of my shaft.

“Oh my god that feels so good!” I told her. Bridget started to move back up my shaft. She rose so only the head of my dick was in her and then slid back down again. She did this very slowly a few more times, making sure she was wet enough to make it slide easily in and out. She started to move up and down faster now. And as she got down to the base of my cock, she would rock her hips back, to rub her clit on me. I brought one hand down, placed it on her clit and started rubbing it. Her pussy flinched and tightened up when I did this. I pushed my dick deep into her when she tightened her pussy. I was so far in I could feel her cervix pressing against my head.

Bridget started moving up and down faster. “Oh my god that feels so good,” she said. “Oh Jason, fuck me, fuck me.” ‘OK’ I thought to myself. I started to push hard and deep into her each time she came down on my shaft. Her pussy was getting hotter and it was tightening up. “Oh my god, I’m gonna cum Jason. I’m gonna fucking cum!” She yelled.

“Come on, I want your juices all over me,” I said as I pushed harder and faster into her cunt. As we fucked faster, I felt my balls start to tighten up. I twitched my cock inside her and she let out another scream of pleasure. As I felt the cum traveling up my cock, I grabbed her hips, and started to lift and pull her up and down faster. “I’m gonna cum all over you!” I told her.

“No, fucking go inside me. I want to feel you hot load in me. Oohh fuck!!” She started to bounce faster. “I’m cumming. I’m fucking cumming Jason!” She yelled as she dug her fingers into my legs.

“Here it comes,” I said as I shot my wad into her wet pussy. I pumped and twitched my cock inside of her cunt as hard as I could. I pushed deeper than I ever had before. I could feel her clamp down on my cock as she climaxed which made me finish stronger and harder than ever before. I pumped a few more times, making sure I pushed the whole load of cum out of my cock into her pussy.

She leaned forward, brought her hands up, grabbed my face and pulled me to her to kiss me. She was breathing heavy, trying to kiss me between breaths. She sighed heavily, “Oh my god. That was so good. I haven’t had an orgasm like that in forever. Your cock is so big Jason. I love the feel of you inside me.”

“I haven’t cummed like that in a long time. I think I totally drained my balls inside you. You are so hot, outside and in!” We sat there on the chair for a minute, kissing, trying to catch out breath. “I gotta tell you Bridget, when you ‘dropped’ your book earlier, I wanted to pull my cock out and fuck you right there. And in class when I picked up your pencil. That was so hot. My cock got instantly hard seeing your pussy.”

“I know, I saw it sticking out after class. I would’ve let you fuck me right there on the stairs too. I don’t care if people watch me fuck; it actually turns me on even more.” She stood up and let my cock slide out of her dripping pussy. I was still semi-erect as she stood up. “Not trying to rush this, but my room mate will be back soon. What do you wanna do?”

“Do you wanna go play putt-putt for real now?”

“No, sorry, I don’t like it. Like I said, it was just a ploy to get you to come over here.” Bridget grabbed her clothes off of the floor, walked over to her closet, put them away and got some other clothes out. She unzipped her boots and took them off with her stockings.

I stood up, grabbed my clothes and started to put them back on. “Well, what do you want to do now? I don’t wanna make this awkward, but it’s kinda turning into that.”

“Well, where is your dorm?”

“I’m across on the west side of campus, but, my room mate is gone for the weekend. You wanna go over there before your room mate gets back? We can figure something out I’m sure.