Junior College Days Ch. 03

by thehotness ©

It was dance practice, and I was changing into the tight, short FBT shorts

which were more like hot pants than shorts, and the loose,

semi-translucent shift of a t-shirt that our school said was a Physical

Education/ PE T-shirt. But this time, in the cubicle, I stuffed my sports

bra and thong into my school bag. Jack was having rugby training and I

wanted to surprise him after training.

"Hey, Sue, you aren't wearing a bra!" My friend Michelle squealed.

"Yes, I am! Just that dumb people can't see it!" I laughed. My Dance

friends giggled, but they were pretty cool with it. You had to look pretty

carefully to see that I wasn't wearing any. And with all that movement

involved in Dance, I felt pretty ok with it. The cotton rubbing against my

nipples was betraying me though. I hoped they didn't stand out too much.

And I kind of realized when we did splits, people could see up my shorts.

Oops. Too bad. As usual, dance practice was always very well attended. Not

only the dancers, but also lots of guys usually come check us out when we

practise. After all, we were the most popular babes in school, and we

liked to flaunt it. We practised at the foyer, in front of some notice

boards because our cheap-ass school, despite being the premier college in

Singapore, was too cheap-assed to get us a decent dance studio with

mirrors. So we used the glass of the notice boards as mirrors for

ourselves. We shut out the crowd and the noise and the guys and the stares

and the comments, and studying ourselves in the mirror, we began to

practise.

As practice ended, I was pretty self-conscious because my tee was soaked

and really translucent now. My nipples stuck up proudly and you could

basically see every thing. I waited at the canteen for my hero. Jack

finally finished, and he was dirty, muddy, scratched, battered and sweaty

and stinky. He stopped in his tracks and stared. Hard. At my hard nipples.

And something else of his got hard too. "Give me a minute." He rushed down

to the netball court next to the canteen where the other ruggers were

using a fire hose to hose off themselves. Half-naked guys playing with

water in the evening– nice view I had to say.

He came back, a thin sheen of water over him. He shook his head like a

dog. "Eww!"

I squealed. He laughed. Jack took my hand and led me to the guy's toilet –

it was still empty, but soon it would be full of guys. It pretty much

stank! I held my nose. "You fucking guys are fucking smelly!" I told him.

He led me to the shower cubicle. It wasn't so bad inside the cubicle. He

helped me out of my tee, and pulled down my shorts to my knees. We began

to French and lick at each other's faces and biting necks and nibbling

ears. He pulled down his pants and freed Big Jack. He held my waist and

pushed me against the cubicle wall, my boobs and nipples pressing against

the cold walls. I felt his stiffness against my pussy, and he slowly

slipped into me.

"Fucking Jack! Where the fuck is he, man?"

"How the fuck should I know? He just fucking ran off like that."

"Cock-sucking asshole…I told him wait for us to go eat dinner together what…"

"What the fuck lah! Can you fucking hurry up?"

The toilet was suddenly crowded with guys, and Jack tensed up. He held me

still against the wall, on hand over my mouth. An impatient rugger banged

on the door of the cubicle. "Fucking hurry up lah!" Jack impaled me

impatiently and I squeaked a bit. He pressed me into the wall and reached

down for my knees, and lifted me. I got the idea and lifted my feet up and

wrapped my legs around his waist, my feet crossing behind at the small of

his back. He then supported my waist with one hand and cupped my breast

with the other. Pushing me against the wall, he slowly, deliberately began

to thrust. I bit my lip to prevent myself from moaning.

We fucked and fucked in that tiny cubicle. He was so strong and assured of

himself. He was so large and thick and I was addicted to friction. I was

addicted to him. I began to realize that there was no noise in the toilet

at all – maybe the ruggers had left already? I sighed with pleasure, and

moaned softly underneath my breath as I came, shuddering heavily and

shaking, biting my lip so hard until it really hurt. He came just after

me, shooting deep into me, shaking hard, too. He breathed out slowly. Felt

him slowly shrink in me. I opened my eyes, and looked upwards. About ten

faces were staring at us from over the cubicle walls. They looked kind of

shocked but also with an "Oh, no big deal I'm just looking" kind of

attitude. Their mouths were agape and eyes were really wide. God-damn

ruggers. "Hey, never seen people fucking before is it? Some privacy,

please?"

I fairly snapped at them. All ten heads disappeared. Then, there was a

sudden burst of laughter, and the whole toilet began to laugh. Even Jack

was laughing too. I began to smile. Fucking ruggers.