Foreign Study

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Wait, Sarah whispered. I need you to watch.

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The odds against an American child growing up to be an NFL Quarterback or Victoria Secret model are on the order of 20 million to one. Most of us live at the median of the bell curve of human possibilities. Average looks. Average physique. Average intelligence. Average motivation. Average sex appeal.

Not me. I belong to a subgroup that is blessed–or cursed, depending on your perspective–with above average intelligence and academic motivation. But being brainy has it's price. In my case, it means below average looks, sub par social skills, and a complete absence of sex appeal.

I am, in short, a nerd. And like most flocks of a feather, nerds tend to stick together. So when I arrived in Prague for a semester of foreign study, I looked for someone else who didn't party, didn't date, and didn't waste time hanging out in pubs.

That's how I found Sarah.

We share a compulsion to study. Classes, labs and studio sessions during the day, reading assignments and lecture-note reviews at night. For a while, we'd meet after dinner in the University Library, but Sarah's dorm room turned out to be more comfortable and convenient.

It didn't take long to realize that while Sarah's behavior conformed to nerd norms, she wasn't entirely like the rest of us. Sure, she kept her hair gathered in a tight bun, seldom wore makeup, hid behind oversized reading glasses, and her wardrobe consisted entirely of loose sweats, khaki pants, oversized sweaters, and L.L. Bean hiking shoes.

As I got to know Sarah better, it became clear that the hair she kept bundled was long, luxurious and blonde. Even without makeup, her lips were full, her eyes were wide and pale blue, and there were strong hints that her body, although carefully obscured, was shapely and lithe. Imagine Emma Watson or, better yet, Emma Stone, in character as a nerd-girl without makeup and wearing frumpy clothes, tortoise frame glasses and hiking boots. That's Sarah.

During study breaks, our conversation invariably turned to course work and aspirations. She dreamed of winnig a Fulbright to study Medieval Art at Oxford. I confessed how, although almost certainly bound for law school and a career in corporate-contract litigation, I longed to be a video game programmer.

We soon developed a typical Platonic, nerd relationship. Still, the more I listened to Sarah's perfectly modulated voice, the more I wondered if there might be a smoldering, sexually liberated babe under the nerd veneer.

There were clues. Sarah was a gifted artist, and fresh pencil sketches frequently appeared on her walls. With just a few confident strokes Sara could define the essence of almost any object. There were a handful of still life drawings. But most of her sketches were nudes–naked male and female bodies drawn with uncanny precision and shaded in exquisite detail.

While none were overtly sexual, taken together they implied a serious familiarity with the nude bodies of both sexes. Not a typical nerd knowledge set.

Then there was the boyfriend back in Boston. Sarah never actually mentioned him. There was no need, Boston Boyfriend Skyped almost every evening during our study sessions.

If we were nearly finished, I gathered up my notebooks and let myself out with a wave. If we were still working, Sarah would put on her headset and talk for few minutes while I kept out of webcam range. I couldn't avoid hearing her end of the conversation, which typically included promises to log online in a few hour's time. Promises that dripped with very unnerd-like sexual innuendo.

As far as I could tell, Boston Boyfriend didn't know I existed. This omission became an unspoken conspiracy. It also made me wonder what other secrets Sarah might be keeping to herself.

With time, when we studied, Sarah's bulky sweaters and khakis gave way to baggy sweat shirts and pants. There were even rare moments of nerdish flirtation, mainly in the form of deadpan statements about my obvious and persistent state of sexual frustration. My masturbation habits, in particular, were the subject of mild teasing. "You look relaxed tonight, Jason," was a frequent greeting. "You must have gotten some privacy last night."

Shortly after mid-terms, on the way to her dorm, a fellow Warcraft addict dragged me into a pub for some Pilsner and a sausage sandwich. It was almost 10 PM when I finally reached her room. Sarah opened the door glistening in sweat and wearing a faded Jonas Brothers tee shirt and gym shorts. In a single wide-eyed glance, I confirmed that Sarah, indeed, possessed one smoking-hot body.

Sarah's breasts were far higher and fuller than I imagined. Her legs were long and slim. So slim that when she walked, light shone through a narrow V-shaped gap at the top of her inner thighs.

Out of nervousness, I launched into my notes, stealing glances at Sarah's breasts and frequently losing my place as a result. When I finished, Sarah re-positioned herself on the bed, pulling her legs against her chest while reading from a notebook balanced on her knees. I don't think she realized that in this position her gym shorts were stretched drum-tight. Even in the dim light I could make out the shape of her lower lips straining against thin cotton.

I was looking at Sarah so intently, that I didn't notice she had stopped reading.

"Jason," she said with her voice raised to get my attention.

She had a quizzical, bemused expression. "Are you checking out my kitty?"

Talk about a deer caught in the headlights. All I could do was lift my gaze and try to avoiding looking her in the eye.

"You are, aren't you?" It was a rhetorical question and she asked it with a giggle.

"My God, I'm so sorry," I blurted. "I don't know what happened."

I don't usually blush, but I could feel my face turning 40 shades of red.

"Don't worry, I'm actually kinda flattered." Sarah was smiling now. And not just a little grin, but a full smile that radiated good-natured acceptance of my rude behavior. "I didn't know you thought of me that sort of way."

As she spoke, she nodded toward my lower torso. I followed her gaze to the front of my jeans, and my embarrassment compounded exponentially. There, outlined in full relief, was my erect penis.

I was wearing ancient, stonewashed jeans that had seen hundreds, maybe thousands of wash-rinse cycles. They were so soft that the fabric molded to every anatomical contour, leaving little to the imagination.

"Why, Jason," she exclaimed leaning in for a closer view. "You're aren't, are you?"

"Aren't what?" I asked, a little bewildered

"Aren't circumcised."

Despite my humiliation, something amazing was happening. Sarah's eyes shone with fascination as she examined the bulge in my jeans. And that strange, sexy gaze made Sarah look more attractive than any Supermodel, taking my arousal to whole new level. I felt butterflies in my stomach and although I dared not look down at myself again, I knew my cock was twitching visibly.

"It's that obvious?" I asked.

"Oh, yes!" she said, taking a series of short, deep breaths that made her breasts heave. Distended nipples pressed against the fabric on either side of Nick and Kevin's silk-screened faces. "It's just that... that I've never seen an uncircumcised cock before... at least not a hard one. It's very beautiful."

"Really?" It was my turn to be flattered. My Mother, always the militant nonconformist, refused to permit me to be circumcised as an infant, saying I should "be allowed to make up my own mind." Seriously? Show me the juvenile who's going to say, "Sure, bring on the scalpel," and I'll show you an incipient psychopathic misfit.

"Oh, Yes! It's... well... almost classical. Like the 2nd Century statue of Hermes by Lysippos, or Leochares' sculpture of Apollo!"

"Apollo? You're kidding me, right?"

"Not at all. Yours looks bigger, although it's probably an unfair comparison, since in the statue Apollo is, you know, completely relaxed."

"Wow, Sarah. I'm relatively certain that my uncircumcised boner has never been been mentioned in the same sentence with a Greek God before." I was starting to actually feel O.K. about the whole erection thing, and was enjoying the fact that Sarah still hadn't taken her eyes off my twitching cock.

"Can I asked you something. Jason?"

"Sure."

"Can I draw you?"

"Draw me?"

"Yes! I never done a penis like yours before."

I should have just bit my tongue, but instead I blurted, "Are you sure you don't want to rephrase that?"

It was Sarah's turn to blush. "Sorry. I meant I've never drawn an uncircumcised penis before. Especially not one that's so... so rampant!"

It was slowly dawning that Sarah was asking me to pose in the altogether. "You mean you'd want me to be..."

"Nude," she said enthusiastically. "And, of course, fully erect like you are now."

Now, I'm basically a shy person. Not that I didn't play Doctor a few times during childhood, or participate in an eventful game of strip poker with the female members of my High School Debate Team. But posing naked for an attractive woman, a close woman friend at that, is something I'd never considered.

"Oh, Jezus, Sarah." I equivocated. "I'm not sure."

"Jason," she whispered, smiling at me and reaching up to release her bun, causing silky blonde hair to cascade across her shoulders in an explosion of gold highlights. "You won't be the only one."

"O.K." I gulped and nodded vigorously. The possibility of seeing Sarah without clothes trumped any pretension of modesty.

"Thanks, Jason. Undress while I get my stuff."

By the time I removed my shirt and shoes, Sarah had found her sketch book and pencils and was sitting cross-legged on her bed.

I looked at her sheepishly, and she smiled encouragingly, as if to say get on with it.

"What about you?" I asked, undoing my belt and snap.

"I will," she promised. "When the time is right."

I found the zip and lowered it slowly, revealing a white triangle of cotton. With the zipper released, my jeans collapsed to the floor. Sarah continued to smile, but I thought I noticed something new in

her eyes–a hint of sexual arousal.

"In for a dime, in for dollar," I said, hooking my thumbs in the waistband and sliding my briefs off. My cock leapt free, bouncing up and down until it finally came to a rest, sticking straight out from my torso. In all honesty, I've never actually measured myself. All I can say is that I'm tall and skinny, and from what I've seen in the locker room, I'm probably a bit longer, but a bit thinner, than the typical college-age male.

Sarah directed me in several poses, until she found one that was comfortable for me, yet satisfied her sense of aesthetics.

What she did next, took me by complete surprise. Slipping the pencil behind her ear and setting aside the drawing pad, Sarah walked up to me, observing my erection from different angles at close range. I could smell the faint fragrance of shampoo on her hair, see her mouth purse in concentration, and watch the way the jiggle of her breasts distorted the Jonas boys happy, adolescent faces.

Next, she settled to her knees, bringing her face to within inches of my cock. Looking down from above, watching her eyes focus on my erection was almost too much excitement to bear and I began throbbing and twiching involuntarily. I closed my eyes and tried to mentally assemble a top ten list of Supreme Court decisions. But all I could do was visualize Sarah's lips hovering inches away.

A sharp pain jolted my eyes open. "Ouch," I yelled. The eraser end of Sarah's pencil was poised in her hand, ready to slap my cock again.

"Don't you dare ejaculate," Sarah said, more to my erection than to me. "At least, not yet."

Still on her knees, she looked up into my eyes, which must have been wide with shock. "Sorry, Jason. I thought you were getting ready to, ummm, cum before I even got going."

"That's not likely now," I said, my feelings smarting almost as much as my prick. "Anyway, I wasn't expecting such an intimate inspection."

She smiled at me with the kind of sincere empathy that makes men do extremely foolish things, like rush out and buy engagement rings. "I forgot what a hair-trigger response you guys have."

She climbed back on the bed. But she didn't pick up her pad. Rather, she just continued looking, taking my measure with her eyes and her intellect.

After what seemed like an eternal visual inspection, Sarah started drawing. With practiced economy,

her pencil flew across the page with long, fluid strokes. After just a couple of minutes work, she paused, looking back and forth between me and the drawing pad.

"Not bad," she said softly.

"Can I see?"

"NO! Don't move. That's just the outline. Now comes the hard part. I have to render the details. If you shift your position, even a couple of inches, the entire relationship of highlights and shadows will change," she said with a worried frown. "And believe me, that's not a good thing."

As she began rendering, the hints of sexual arousal I'd detected earlier–swollen nipples, deep breathing, and a shy smile with heavy eyelids–all but vanished. Suddenly, Sarah was all business, and my erection responded accordingly.

"Jason!" she exclaimed. "Stop it."

"What," I asked, genuinely confused.

"You're moving. It's changing the light."

"No, I'm not!"

She looked up from the pad. "You're right," she said. "You're not moving, but IT is! It's, ummmm, deflating."

"What should I do?"

"Not a thing. Just stay perfectly still." With that she put down her pad, and fluffed her hair with her fingers, then stood up and arched her back taking a deep breath.

"O.K." I said, following her movements with my eyes.

"I think I know how to handle this," she said, smiling in a way that let me know that this time that she was perfectly aware of what she was implying.

Very slowly and sensuously, she began to pull her gym shorts down, revealing a pair of low-cut white cotton panties.

As I watched, I could feel the blood surging back into my cock. Sarah took almost a full minute getting down to her panties and by the time the gym shorts reached the floor, I was as hard as I'd ever been. She was stunning beyond my wildest dreams. At the hips, the panties were barely two inches wide. They concealed just enough to tease me mercilessly.

"Nice," she said looking at my cock, her pink tongue absent-mindedly licking her upper lip.

"Very nice," I replied, looking at the thin front pantie panel. I could now plainly see a dark crevice between her swollen pussy lips. A damp stain was slowly spreading out from the center, turning the cotton translucent.

She sat back on the bed and hoisted her pad, but purposely kept her legs spread so my view was unencumbered.

"Much better," Sarah whispered in voice so sexy it was all I could do not to lunge at her.

As she resumed working, the deeper in concentration she sank, the more she gently rotated her hips, which in turn forced her pussy lips ever more firmly against panties that were quickly becoming transparent.

I mustered my courage and asked, "Sarah can I ask you something?"

"Sure."

"Is this turning you on?"

"I don't think we need Sherlock Holmes to figure that out," she smiled, looking down at the gathering wet spot.

To my amazement, Sarah dropped her pencil and in one easy motion she slipped her hand beneath the damp fabric of her panties. Her middle finger sought out her clitoris and began circling rhythmically as her eyes fluttered shut. After the longest moment of my life, they gradually opened again.

"Don't move," she said with a pleading tone. "Please don't. Just a few more minutes."

"I'll try," I replied, watching her slender fingers reluctantly withdraw from her panties.

"Do you want me to take them off?"

"Better not," I said. It was taking every ounce of self control to maintain my pose. "Please finish soon!"

"It's close. Very close," she said picking up the pencil.

"Yes," I moaned in agreement, closing my eyes and listening to the frantic scratching sound of her pencil. But I couldn't get the image of Sarah reaching into her panties out of my mind.

I tried distracting myself by calculating pi to eight places. By the time I reached 3.1415, I was once again visualizing Sarah's fingers snaking sensuously into her panties. My cock responded with a violent throb.

I tried taking a deep breath. Halfway through the inhalation, I recognized a musky fragrance that could only be the scent of her arousal. It was too much.

M cock recoiled, like a snake preparing to strike. At the same time. my balls tightend.

"Ooooooooooo." Before I could even try to stop it, my cock pulsed violently with a life of its own.

"Oh, Jason!" Sarah exclaimed and somewhere in the distance I heard a pencil clattering across the floor. I made one desperate attempt to stave off the ejaculation, clenching my fists, my abs and my ass cheeks.

I had abandoned the pose, but that was the last thing on my mind as I struggled against the power of Nature.

Then I felt fingers, they could only be Sarah's fingers, gently squeezing the shaft of my throbbing cock. An instant later, hot, wet lips encircled me.

My head snapped back and I screamed her name with enough force to shatter glass. My hips thrust wildly and the first wave of orgasm overtook me. I felt my cock slide deeper into the warm channel of Sarah's mouth, her fingers gripping tight near the base. My first shot squirted across her tongue, accompanied by an indescribably intense wave of pleasure.

As the second eruption arrived, I struggled to pull away. Sarah gripped harder and sucked me deeper. Again and again, I released onto her warm tongue, my body shaking in ecstasy. Gradually, even in the erotic embrace of Sarah's mouth, the eruptions gradually subsided.

We rolled onto her bed and Sarah positioned me on my hands and knees with my still very erect cock hanging down like a cow's udder. Slipping underneath, she moved her mouth under my cockhead and began milking the final drops by softly squeezing inch by inch from base to tip. Never had I experienced pleasure like this before. As she flicked each orb of liquid onto her tongue, my cock throbbed, my balls contracted, and my entire body tingled with the sensations of another mini-orgasm.

When I could stand no more, I rolled onto the floor, grabbed a tiny foot and sucked Sarah's toes between my lips.

"Wait," Sarah whispered. "I need you to watch. Please watch me."

With that, she moved to the edge of the bed, legs parted and feet arched with toes on the floor. I squatted and peered between her legs as Sarah's fingers trailed across her abs and slid under the waist of her panties for a second time.

As fingers parted swollen pussy lips, I heard the faintest whimper. Gently I reached up, hooked my own fingertips under the panties and tugged until they slid down along her thighs. She brought her legs together long enough for me to slip the panties over her ankles and past her feet.

Her newly exposed pussy invited closer inspection, and I scuttled nearer, resting my cheek on the inside of her knee. Sarah's outer lips were pale pink, distended and shiny from her secretions. Between them peeked a pair red, fleshy inner lips. Above, the milky white skin of her mound was covered in curly blonde pubic hair that was so fine at first I assumed she had shaved.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Sarah whimpered as her fingertip found her pouting clitoris. I blew hot breath onto her thigh, and the whimpers gained volume and frequency.

Her movements grew more urgent. I explored with my tongue, taking a tentative taste of the salty skin near her knee. She responded with another soft moan. Slowly, I guided my tongue along her inner thigh until it joined her fingers at her pussy.

"Jaaaaaaaaaason," she moaned when my tongue parted her lips and and twisted inside. Her hips thrust to meet me. I cupped my hands behind her naked ass cheeks and pulled her against my mouth.

"Jaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaason..." Sarah was now rocking her hips furiously as my tongue fluttered in and out of her vagina. Then the earth stood still. In that instant, Sarah raised her torso off the bed and I thrust my tongue between her legs as far as it would go.

Sarah's whimpers merged into a single, guttural moan of pleasure, and I felt the muscles of her vaginal canal spasm in a series of powerful contractions that ended only when her hips fell back to the mattress. I slid along her trembling torso until I could fold her into my arms, her face pressed against my chest.

"Oh, My, God!" she whispered, looking up into my eyes.

I caressed her skin with my fingertips and leaned down as if to whisper in her ear. Instead, I swirled my tongue across the back of neck, and felt her body respond with a shudder.

"So, Mr. Math Genius," she smiled. "What are the chances of us doing this again sometime?"

"If by 'sometime,' you mean the next three minutes, I'd put the odds at 99.9999 percent," I replied, grabbing the hem of Sarah's tee and lifting it over head. "Maybe even better if we send the Jonas Brothers on holiday."

If you've come this far, it should be obvious this is a work of erotic fiction. Unless you actually are an NFL Quarterback, the odds against meeting a woman like Sarah are in excess of 400 million to one.