project partners

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they had to work all night...

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She looked at the clock as she stepped into the shower. The warm water running down her shoulders was just what she needed after a long day in college, and tempted as she was to soak in a bit longer, tonight there was no time to waste. *John will be here any minute,* she thought as she hurried out of the shower, wrapping her wet, dripping hair in the towel. She walked around her bedroom in her lingerie, trying to figure out what she should wear. *Damn it, I don't have enough clothes, and I went shopping just last week,* she thought. Just as she changed her pants for the nth time, she chided herself. *This is supposed to be a serious project night, so stop being an idiot and get on with it.* She finally decided on her favourite t-shirt and a pair of shorts she knew would show off her long legs innocently enough, and stacked up the books she had brought from the library on to the table. *There we go,* she sighed as she poured herself a drink and settled into the armchair, waiting for John to arrive.

At 5 ft 7 inches, Rhea was a dark-haired girl who never really considered herself pretty enough and ended up focusing all her attention on her work instead. On the other hand, the boys noticed the way she moved, her svelte body and did consider her quite pretty. And she was smarter than the average girls, so while the guys did some extra thinking, trying to figure out how to impress her, Rhea misinterpreted the lack of prospects as a sign that they just weren't interested in her, causing her to stay off the dating scene for a long time. All that changed when she met John. He was good-looking, smart and a smooth talker- and that had her floored instantly. The real surprise however, was when John suggested they pair up for their annual project. "We'll make a great team," he had said, causing Rhea's heart to skip a beat.

Don't read too much into that sentence, Rhea reminded herself as she answered the door. The first thing she noticed about John was his strong, masculine smell. *Wow, how am I to concentrate like this,* she wondered as they hugged and John made himself at home.

"Quite a place you have here," he said, settling down on her armchair. "Oh, and well stocked too," he said as he helped himself to Rhea's drink.

“Help yourself,” Rhea said, quite unnecessarily, as John was already pouring himself a second. He fixed another drink for Rhea and they both sat, drinking in silence for a bit.

This was the first time since she was staying alone that Rhea had male company over for the night. *Not like that meant anything, He’s here for work,* she reminded herself and she pushed a pile of books towards him.

“We’ve got to finish marking both these sets tonight, else we won’t have any proposal to submit tomorrow,” she said, trying her best to ignore John’s gaze lingering on her bare legs.

“I propose we first teach you to relax,” John said, sinking further into the chair. It was clear he had no intention to get started on work so soon.

“Shut up! We can relax once we’ve gotten some work done,” she scolded, laughing at John’s scowling expression. “At least can we try getting started,” she suggested.

“Alright, go ahead and tell me what has to be done,” John sighed. “But don’t try cramping it all together, we’ll just mess it up,” he said while he turned up the radio.

“What- why are you switching on the radio! How are we gonna concentrate!”

“Well, I can’t think straight without some music in the background, so you gotta live with it,” John replied. He tuned into a station which was playing the classics, and then pulled up a chair next to Rhea, sharing notes on what they’d dug out from the library so far.

Working with John was more difficult than she had expected, Rhea realized as she caught herself staring at John, lost halfway through John’s explanation of a particular problem. “Did you even hear what I said?” she heard him ask, with a peculiar look on his face. “I think I lost you somewhere halfway, didn’t I?” he laughed.

“Not really,” she tried to pull herself together. In reality, he had far from lost her. She was mentally undressing him, pulling him close to her, kissing him.

“Are you alright?” he asked her, a look of concern crossing his face.

“Yeah, sorry. Just a bit tired,” she replied, flustered.

“Tell me about it. All this permutations and combinations can be so mindboggling,” he replied. “How about taking a break for sometime,” he said, handing her a drink. “Drink up, it will help you relax.”

Rhea did as she was told, too tired to argue. After all, it's just one drink, she thought as she settled down close to John. She was even more aware of him now, as she relaxed against his warm body. She could hear his soft breath through the music, as the radio continued to play in the background. He's good at fixing drinks, she thought, as she soaked in the night, letting a slight buzz get hold of her.

"Is it okay if I just doze off here for a while?" she heard John say to her.

"Sure. Do you want me to turn off some lights?" she asked. *Why did I say that?!*

"That would be great, thanks!" he replied.

Rhea went over and dimmed the lights. She turned to look at John sprawled on the rug, cushions tucked below him. She sat across him, unsure of what to do. The lights weren't bright enough for her to read, and she didn't want to risk lying in his presence.

"You sure you wanna just sit in the corner like that? Why don't you lie down for sometime as well? We'd be able to work better, rested," he said.

"Ummm, I'm okay, I think," she mumbled back. The buzz was stronger now that the lights were off.

"Oh cmon, I don't bite," he said, as he got up and led her back to the rug. Now lying next to one another, Rhea wondered, *What am I doing,* when she felt John's lips on hers.

At first she tried pushing him off her, but she was trapped under him. Besides, all the pushing made John even more insistent and he moved up on her, pinning her under him. *Help,* she screamed as she struggled to throw him off, when he suddenly stopped kissing her and looked into her eyes. "For once, don't think and just let go," he whispered huskily as he started kissing her again. *Oh my god, he's high and so am I,* she thought as all her strength started leaving her. Her buzz mingled with his breath and his strong masculine strength, and she slowly felt a calm feeling take over her. As John's lips made his way to her neck, her breath felt more laboured and her body tingled under his touch.

His fingers now found her skin under her t-shirt. It was only a matter of time before they awkwardly removed each other's shirts. *We're like hungry children,* she thought as John explored every part of her torso with his lips. He pulled her bra off with his teeth, leaving her breasts exposed to his hungry mouth. As he sucked on her breasts, Rhea shut her eyes and dug her nails into his back. His hands were now on her shorts and soon Rhea was out of pants and wriggled as John attempted at pulling her panties down.

Her eyes flung open and she started struggling under John's weight again. "No," she protested as John's fingers made their way under her panty, caressing her mound, which was getting increasingly wet by the second. John stopped, and Rhea realized her body moved up to meet him again, as though protesting the halt. With one hand, John help up Rhea's hands, pinning them above her head as the other hand made its way further down her legs, his fingers teasingly brushing against her slit.

A moan escaped Rhea and she lost all sense of shame and hesitation. Her lips rose to meet his and she buckled under him, her pussy lips wet and eager under his fingers. "Yes, enjoy it baby," John whispered, as he continued licking her neck and stroking her clit. She moaned as he played with her wetness and suddenly without warning, John yanked her panties down to her feet and went down on her completely.

A mad fire raged through her body as John's tongue pushed out against Rhea's pussy. She ground her pussy lips against his mouth as he licked every inch of her pussy, sucking loudly and flicking her clit with his teasing tongue. "I knew you'd like this, you slut," John said, his mouth still on her pussy. Rhea shuddered as his hot breath fell on her clit and he used his hands to part her legs further apart. As she lay, exposed completely in front of her lover, John plunged his tongue down her pussy once again. He was raping her with his tongue and there was nothing she could do about it. Instead, she continued grinding her pussy into his lips and as John continued flicking and sucking at her clit, he held her hips harder and she felt herself cum all over his hungry mouth.

She panted as he came up and lay next to her, her face now buried in his shoulders. He placed a hand on her stomach and turned to face her. "Tired already?" he teased her. "We have all night to work," he said, as he looked at her hungrily. *Fine, if that's how you want to play,* Rhea thought as she returned his gaze, a smile on her face. *You called me a slut,* she smiled, *you have no idea…*