

Health Class

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I used to hate doing group projects

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Gosh, another class on a boring Monday morning. I was getting so sick of these stupid college courses I had to take just to get my degree. I thought after you graduated high school, you finally got to study the subjects you were interested in. I mean here I am, studying to be a journalist but now I have to take a boring health class just to fulfill credits for my degree. What a waste of money and what a waste of time. This afternoon I actually arrived for class twenty minutes early and decided to go inside. I'm usually right on time and just grab a seat anywhere I can but today I took the opportunity to find a seat in the back of the classroom so I could get some much needed nap time. I was surprised to see what a great view this seat gave me. The classroom was a large stadium style venue and was a bit more vertical than most. I could almost see the very top of the students heads who were seated in the front row. I also noticed there were a lot of cute girls in the class that I never noticed before. Well the professor was teaching on a new subject which I found the least bit fascinating. It was terrible how far removed I was from the topic at hand. The only thing that woke me from my comatose state was the startling news that we would be working in pairs for next weeks assignment. It was a group project where we would be teaching the class about a topic he would chose for us. The worse news was he would be assigning us with our partners. I was a little worried about this because I've had the experience of being paired with people who were less than stellar in the past. I really hope I didn't get some dopey guy who wouldn't be able to pull his weight in the project. It would be a shame for me to have to kick someone's ass just so I could ensure I got an A. What if I got a freaky gothic chick instead? Please no, that's all I need, someone to scare the living snot out of me as I learned about another topic that was so irrelevant to my own academic goals. On the other hand, what if I was set up with one of those hot chicks I was drooling at right before class started. That would definitely be bare able. My joy quickly changed to fear when the professor announced, "Max Joyner you will be paired with Erica Yearly." I looked around the room to see if she had stood up so I could evaluate my partner. As I stood up to get the handout from the professor I saw her stand and walk down the stadium steps towards me. Oh man, she wasn't what I had hoped for. She was wearing really loose jeans, sandals with socks and an Arizona State sweatshirt. She had on dark rimmed glasses and her hair was hidden inside a baseball cap. Great, now I had this home school, dorky girl as a partner. As I walked over to meet her, one of the blonde beauties in the front

row whispered to me, "To bad it wasn't me Mark, we could of had some fun." Great, I had such fantastic possibilities brewing before my very eyes and now I was going to be stuck studying with Erica. "Hi Max, my names Erica. I hope you're not too disappointed." "Don't be silly Erica, I'm happy to be doing the project with you. Maybe we meet after class and talk about our project." I handed her the project outline and made my way back to me seat. I noticed she was three rows below me and seated towards the middle of the classroom. I kept staring at her as class went on and decided she was cute in a different way. I couldn't tell if she was fit or not because she was wearing such loose clothing. I wasn't sure if she was actually pretty because her face was hidden behind glasses and a baseball cap. What killed me was her taste in footwear. No one wears sandals with socks unless they grew up inside, away from television. I bet she didn't even know what a thong was let alone a Victoria Secret' s catalogue. My hopes of having a fun, exciting time with a beautiful partner were shot for sure. After class was out, I walked to the quad for a soda when Erica stopped me to talk about the project. "Hey Max, sorry to bother you but maybe we could talk about our project really quick?" "Oh yeah Erica, no problem. I totally forgot about it. The professor has a way of erasing my mind with his boring lectures. What did you have in mind?" (As she stood there talking to me, I noticed she actually had really pretty eyes. They were like an aqua green color. Very different but very pretty. Her glasses were silly though and seemed to almost magnify the size of them. I assumed due to her choice of clothing she would be pale as a ghost but her skin seemed surprisingly tan. She didn't seem heavy because her neckline was sleek and tender. I still couldn't get past those hideous sandals though. Who wears burkenstocks anymore?) "Well Max, the professor assigned us with Cardiovascular Fitness. Not a very exciting topic. I'm wasn't sure if you wanted to meet at the university library or if you wanted to come by my place to start on it. We can do our research through the computers if you like that better. Its up to you though, we could even go someplace else. Your room or the health center or something." "Your place if fine Erica, I'm more of a computer researcher anyway. The library would just put me to sleep so it's probably better we not go there." (What was I thinking! I could at least have a chance to escape if we went to the campus library. Too late she responded instantly) "Okay great! I was hoping you'd say that. My place is at 7020 Williams Field Road. I live in the tan apartment complex on the corner. Its #31507 on the third floor. How about like 7 o'clock tomorrow night. I have to work tonight so tomorrow night would work better." "That's fine with me. By the way, where do you work at?" (I'm some what of a conversationalist but I was actually just trying to seem interested by asking questions. I didn't want to be a jerk and I had sometime to kill. Erica seemed really nice too so I was curious to find out what she was about.) "Oh It's no where great, just a little restaurant off of 3rd Street in Phoenix." "Really, I'm down there a lot. I can't remember many restaurants. There's this one place called Hoot....." (Erica cuts me off suddenly) "Anyway, just bring your text books and stuff and that should be good. "Yeah that sounds perfect Erica. Maybe I can bring a pizza or something. Do you room with someone else? Should I bring more than one?" "No, my roommate Rachel is out on a trip so I have the place to myself. Pizza sounds great though Max." (There was awkward silence for a few seconds so I decided to make a break for it.) "Ok Erica count me in for tomorrow, I got to go now. I have football practice to get to." (As I briskly walked away, she

kind of stood there in shock for a moment before turning around and leaving in the opposite direction. For the rest of the day I kept thinking of ways to get myself out of this stupid project. I hated group projects. I had a busy social life. Even though it wasn't Friday or Saturday I still had plans. I would have loved to talk with Heather in the front row and set something up. It would have been so easy. College girls swarmed around me, It's probably because I was known for being this stellar athlete. Football season was just starting and all these groupies would be lining the practice field to watch us every afternoon. I guess being the starting free safety for a division one school had its perks. I hoped on making it to the NFL and if this season went well I had a good shot. After practice, me and some of my teammates got together and went out to get some food since we were all starving. My buddies Marvin, Trace, Fred and Jack were part of the starting defense and we were like brothers to each other. Trace grew up in Arizona and knew of all the great places to eat at. Tonight we chose this BBQ place just outside of campus. "Hey guys, I guess I can't hang tomorrow night. I have to do this lame project for my health class." [Fred] "Dang Max, we were going to that fraternity parties with all those hot sorority chicks from the Gamma Chi Epsilon house. So did Professor Huff partner you up with any hot chicky momma' s?" "No, not this time. I actually got this girl named Erica Yearly as a partner. You guys ever heard of her." [Marvin] "Erica, Erica, Erica.... I've known a lot of Erica's max. Can't say I know an Erica Yearly though. Would I want to?" "No way Marvin, unless you like glasses, baggy sweaters and sandals with socks." [Marvin] Hahahaha that's real sexy. I bet you can't wait to start your project huh?" "Yeah I can hardly contain myself." [Jack] Hold on, I know that chick. She's in my English class. She wears that stuff like everyday. I mean not the same outfit but the same kind of stuff. Its like she just woke up or she's covering herself up for some reason. I feel for ya bro, I feel for ya." (Jack pats is chest with his fist and gives me the peace sign in a way that gives the impression he pity' s me). "Hey Trace, do you know of any good restaurants near 3rd Street in Phoenix?" [Trace] "Good places? Not really, that's kind of like burger joints and stuff. The only big restaurant I know of is Hooters but there food kind of sucks. The view is worth it though." [Fred] Oh dang, there's this chick Rachel there who is the bomb diggity! She is smoking hot. Perfect blonde chick with massive hooters. I got's to get me some of that." [Marvin] No way! That one waitress with those really blue eyes is the best. They're like pools of turquoise resting above two golden mountain peaks! What's her name again? Trace you remember her name? "You guys actually go there. You freaking sick bastards. I'd never go to a place like that." [Fred] That's because your gay Mr. NFL linebacker. You should just be a wide receiver 'cause we all know you're not a tight end!" [Trace] You're the gay one Fred. I've seen you use a loofa in the shower after practice. (The guys crack up as they shove ribs and beer in their faces) [Trace] It's a Hooters though Max. Why are you asking anyway?" "I just couldn't remember what restaurant it was. Erica told me she works at a restaurant down there on 3rd Street so that's why I was curious. It couldn't be Hooters though unless they changed there uniforms. It's funny though, Erica's roommate's name is Rachel." (The guys have a good laugh over it and pat me on the back to try and cheer me up. This is not what college is supposed to be like. It's supposed to be adventurous, hilarious and full of sexy co-eds. I guess tomorrow night would just fulfill the hilarious aspect of it . The next afternoon after class I tossed my pride out the window and marched over to the local pizza place

and ordered a pepperoni pizza with extra cheese. I've driven past Erica's apartments before on my way to campus and had no trouble finding her door. When she answered the door, I was again greeted by a girl wearing sweats, a baggy sweater and a ball cap with glasses. I have to admit though, Erica was really sweet. I promised myself to treat her well and to be as charming as I could. I mean I wasn't on a date so what was my big deal anyway.) "Hey Max, its so great to see you. You brought the pizza too, that's terrific. Come on in and make yourself at home." (It was funny, for such a bland, drab-styled person, her apartment was very snazzy. The couches were made of this black velvet material with cheetah and zebra print pillows. There was pink accents throughout the room and the kitchen had pink and aqua colored appliances. She had this great flat screen television and an awesome jukebox in the corner of the dinning room. There was a pink and yellow surfboard hung on the wall over the couch and photographs of the beach everywhere. I was surprised and made an assumption that her roommate, Rachel, must be a hot California chick who moved out to Arizona for school. I even saw a picture of her which was awe inspiring. Rachel was in a tiny bikini on a boat with an equally hot chick who I swear looked almost like Erica. I only assume it wasn't because this girl had make-up on, had gorgeous long brown hair and a was very tan. Her body was flawless too. Man did I wish that Rachel was here so I could make a move on her. I didn't comment on the picture because I didn't want Erica to get uncomfortable. I didn't want her to think I was a meat head jock like the rest of my buddies.) "Wow Erica, you have a really great place here. I would have never guessed you would be the type to have all this stuff." "Yeah I know. I actually grew up in California so some of this stuff just helps remind me of back home. You grew up in California too Max, didn't you?" "How'd you know that Erica?" "I saw it in the game program, when you guys played Oregon last year. I went to the game and have to say you're a monster on the field. I actually grew up in Manhattan Beach. We were only a few cities away from each other." (Wow I was shocked she knew that. She must have been a fan of my high school days or read up about me on the internet. We did win CIF twice in high school and last year we played in a Bowl game here. Now I was kind of freaked out. Was she like a crazed fan now. One who watched me and had pictures of me plastered in her room?) "Yeah I grew up in HB. That's funny that you know that Erica." (She laughed nervously as she put the pizza down on the kitchen counter. I also laughed as I had a sweat starting to roll down my forehead) "Hey lets get started on the project, My computer is just in the bedroom over there." (Erica walked across the living room and towards her room. I looked down at her ass and noticed it was actually really nice. She had an apple bottom for sure. The sweats were tight around her waist and the pants were partially caught in the crack of her ass.) "Dang!" (I accidentally said out loud). "What did you need Max?" "Oh nothing, I just had a cough in my throat." (As we walked in, I almost shuttered at the fact I may be walking into some freaky room with an idol erected in my honor. I was pleasantly surprised to be greeted by a wall littered with surfing posters and cheer leading ribbons. She actually had a lot of cool stuff in there. I noticed her closet was open and there were all sorts of tank tops, skirts, tiny shorts and sexy outfits. She noticed me looking and smiled.) "Hey Erica, are those your clothes or Rachels?" (Now I was really confused. Those couldn't be hers. She's never worn them before. Trust me I would have noticed that). "Oh yeah those are mine. Rachel's room is all the way across the

living room." "I don't get it, why do you always wear sweats then?" "Well I guess I don't want to get noticed really. I'm kind of incognito." (As she said this, I was shocked to see a Hooters shirt and orange shorts folded neatly on top of a gym bag in the corner. I knew it, she worked there. Where else would she work on 3rd Street. Oh man now my mind was racing. My memory went back to the picture in the living room of Rachel. The girl next to her was Erica. She was the other one on the boat with her. I started sweating now, my pulse was racing. I've been with some good looking chicks before but Erica was drop dead gorgeous. I mean I'm a pretty good catch myself but Erica was way out of my league. She was like movie star hot. What if I actually had a chance with her? I would be the luckiest guy in the world.) (I acted oblivious to what I just realized and asked her why she wanted to kind of blend in and be incognito) "Well I work at this restaurant and a lot of students go there and I'd hate to be noticed and harassed all day on campus." "Erica don't get mad at me when I ask this but do you work at Hooters?" (I said this as I pointed toward her bag) "Uh yeah, you caught me." (We both nervously laughed about it as she walked over to her bed and sat on the corner.) "You actually surprise me Max. Most guys I have group projects with just ditch me or make up some stupid excuses not to work together. You were so sweet and a total gentleman. That's really rare these days, especially for a football star like you." (Erica patted a portion of the bed next to her and motioned for me to sit down. I walked over slowly and looked at her as she continued to talk.) "Guys seem to only care what girls look like on the outside and I hate that. I see it every day at work. They're always gawking at me and leering at my ass when I walk away. I mean I expect it at a place like that but it doesn't mean I like it. I just work there because the pay is good and I need it for college. I didn't get a fancy scholarship like you. (She says this in a sweet and sarcastic tone). "Yeah I'm pretty lucky. I get to just focus on football and classes. I have no idea what it's like to have to worry about all that other stuff." "I like that about you Max. You're different than most guys. You don't act all high and mighty. You treat people fairly and equally. Just like I said earlier, you didn't care what I looked like, you still came by and made the best of it." (I didn't know what to say. I honestly didn't know Erica was a smoking hot waitress at Hooters. If I did I would have been here in a heartbeat. I noticed Erica was scooting closer and closer to me now. I was really curious to find out what she was planning on doing. I mean, now that I looked at her closer, she had a pretty face and her clothes only lent to the idea she most likely was a very fit girl under all those sweats. I mean everyone knows girls who work at Hooters are unbelievably beautiful). "Am I making you nervous Max?" "No. Who me nervous? No way Erica." (She giggled a second as she took off her glasses which revealed her beautiful eyes. Her lips were so smooth and her neck was very long and thin. Wow when she smiled it was breathtaking. Any guy would die just to have the chance to even be noticed by her. She lifted her baseball cap off and pulled the ribbon out of her ponytail revealing gorgeous, straight, long brown hair. I couldn't believe how truly beautiful she was. She put her hand on my leg and started to caress it. My dick started to get hard, she was turning me on so badly). "Max would you be mad if I made this project a little bit more fun?" (I didn't know what to say. I was speechless. All I could do was nod my head yes. Erica stood up and walked away from the bed. She stopped several feet away and turned around slowly.) "Max I bet you are really curious about what is hidden underneath these sweats huh?" (How did she

know I was thinking about that? Was she reading my mind?) (Erica slowly lifted her sweater off and revealed a tiny satin bra underneath. It was a tiny turquoise wireless push up bra. Her breasts were mashed together creating unbelievable cleavage. I only guessed she was a full C cup from the looks of the bra and how it was completely filled out. Her stomach was rock hard. Very sleek and chiseled. You could see the outlines of her abs slightly as she breathed in. I assumed she was into fitness modeling because I saw a Miss Manhattan Beach Fitness competition sash hanging on the door handle of her closet. Her naval was so sexy and it was emblazoned with this tiny jewel hanging from it. She slowly took hold of her sweat pants and pushed them down off of her legs. I'm a leg guy and have to say her legs were phenomenal. They were so smooth and shapely. She was definitely not a wafer or a strung out model type. I was amazed at how deep her tan was. It was like she was a golden goddess or a Hawaiian princess. I have never seen a woman so perfect in my whole life. I simply could not understand how she flew under the radar for so long). (She took several small steps towards me and then turned around again. Her body glistened from the overhead lamp and her lips were moistened from her tongue that slipped over them in a provocative manner. She slowly bent over at her hips and picked her sweats up off the ground. Her ass was perfect. It was so round and supple as I noticed her thong underwear disappear down her crack. She flung the sweats at me which ultimately covered my face. Unfortunately it couldn't hide the fact that I had the biggest hard on of my life. My dick continued to grow and now was throbbing in my workout shorts. I knew it was so obvious to her because the shorts had no ability to hide the fact that I was extremely turned on. It was like I was literally pitching a tent in my shorts. As I tried to uncover my face, I felt her legs wrap around the top of my legs as she sat down on my lap. Erica pulled the clothes off covering my face to reveal her breasts dangling in front of my eyes. Her hands slipped under my shirt and clutched my chest. She rubbed my upper torso, feeling every muscle and crevice with her fingers. As her hands drifted down my abs and towards my lower pelvic area, my stomach started to convulse at the feeling of anticipation. She reached down under my waste band and grabbed my cock in her right hand. "So this is what a star football players cock feels like?" (I had nothing to say, all I could do was feel the intensity of her hand rub my cock up and down. She brought her hand back up to her mouth and licked it for several seconds before returning it to my dick.) "Do you like this kind of project Max? Do you like the type of research I'm doing on you? (Again all I could do is nod and let out the occasional grunt as she massaged my cock.) "Max (She whispered into my ear) would you like to know what it feels like to have my lips around your cock? I would. I want to taste what your cock tastes like." (My cock was rock hard and barely able to contain all the blood that was pulsating through it. She slowly dropped herself to the ground and sat on her ass. She took my cock out of the shorts left leg hole and wrapped her lips around the head. All I could hear was her mutter "Mmmm" as she licked the bottom of it. She started to stroke it as her head bobbed up and down for several minutes. I had to pull her head away at one point as I fought the urge to cum in her mouth.) "Baby don't worry if you cum in my mouth. I have all weekend to work on this project." (She took hold of my cock again with her right hand and stood up, guiding me up as well. She walked me over to the dresser by my dick as she sat down on the top of it. With her hand still around my dick, she guided it into her wet pussy. I couldn't

believe this was happening. I looked her in the eyes and she licked her lips. She leaned forward and kissed me passionately. She put her nose against mine and looked me straight in the eyes. The left side of her face caressed mine as she kissed my ear and whispered very softly, "I want you to fuck the shit out of me." I put my hands on her legs and rubbed them up and down. My dick was still aimed right at her slit as it rested in front, barely nudging her vaginal lips. I could tell it was driving her wild as I teased her with my cock. It was getting so intense. My dick was so hard it was almost painful. I wrapped my mouth around hers and caressed her tongue against mine. I moved one of my hands behind her head as I continued to taste the inside of her mouth. As we were kissing, I unexpectedly thrust my cock inside her she suddenly exhaled in surprise. I continued to push in and out for minutes. She tried to moan or cry out by I stifled her attempts as I continued to kiss her as I pummeled her pussy with my dig. I pulled my head away and watched her body glisten as our bodies wrapped around each others. Each time I thrust, she bellowed out slightly. Her grip around me started to tighten as she started to move her pelvis closer and closer to mine. I picked her up in my arms and held her in the air as I continued to thrust into her wet, glistening slit. She released one of her arms from my neck and let it dangle in the air as she continued to ride me. She yelled, "Yes, Yes," as our bodies continued to impact and release against each other. The sounds of her breasts slapping against my chest were incredible and the intensity in her eyes only caused me to penetrate faster and deeper. Her body suddenly tensed up and her eyes closed as she ultimately came to an orgasm. Her hips flexed and her legs tightened like a vice around my ribs almost stifling the oxygen that circulated in my lungs. She couldn't help it as she yelled out in pleasure, her words drifting out the open window. I dropped her on the bed and turned her over as I shifted behind her. As I put my dick back into her, her legs quivered and her body jolted for several minutes. I rammed her from behind for almost ten minutes when I noticed myself nearing climax as my breath started to get fainter and my thrusts became deeper and slower. My cock was as stiff as a rock and about to explode inside this beautiful woman. I grabbed both of her breasts and arched her back up to my chest as my dick suddenly shot streams of cum inside of her. I seemed to orgasm for minutes as I enjoyed the feeling of semen pump into her body as I simultaneously moaned out in elation. Soon our bodies came crashing down onto the bed as we lay there motionless for almost ten minutes. Our bodies were sweating and our chests were heaving as we slowly drifted back into a relaxed state. I rolled off of her to the side and pulled her down on top of me. I kissed her slowly along the lips and kissed her neck as she nudged her cheek against my face. I looked into her vanity mirror which was to the left of us. I couldn't help but examine her perfect body. It was flawless throughout. She was perfect and she wanted me, how could I have guessed I'd end up with someone like her). "Well Max, we can rest for awhile and then have some pizza and start up again if you like." "Wow are you crazy, I want to keep going until I can't anymore. Maybe we can just skip the pizza." "Oh Max, you're so great and you definitely fucked me like no one has or ever will again." (I looked her in the eyes and kissed her again). (We both laughed as I wrapped my arms around her waist and playfully kissed each other. I couldn't believe I found this girl and how close I got to actually ruining it. We had sex several more times that night before finally starting our project. Who would have ever thought a project about cardiovascular fitness would have

such a practical application associated with it. I'll never complain about group projects again.