The art of eye contact

by purplefuzzysweater

Summary

Peter and Michelle are residents of the same dorm house and they've definitely noticed each other.

Notes

Alright, I wrote this rather quickly, it hasn't really been edited and I think it'll show (sorry!). I really, really had fun writing this, though! And I heard this is the horny fandom, so I hope you guys enjoy this lol. (Look out for the tiny plot!)

See the end of the work for more notes.

She first sees him in the dining hall of Pierson House, two days after classes start.

Well, actually, it's the back of his head that she sees first. She thinks he has nice hair – his curls shine and the back of his neck is perfectly trimmed – and so she supposes that his face also has to be, logically, as strange as this reasoning may seem.

She gets half of an answer when he drops his fork and slightly turns to pick it up: even his three-quarters profile makes her feel the sudden urge to draw the curve of his nose.

The second time she sees him, once again in the dining hall, Michelle is sitting just one table away.

He is chatting with a blonde girl and she watches them laugh loudly at something. They're not just classmates, she concludes from the exchange. They definitely know each other well.
When a boy with good-natured features joins them and wraps a loving arm around the girl's waist, Michelle releases the tiniest sigh of relief.

It's embarrassing and probably her best kept secret, but Michelle develops crushes very easily. She's just far too smart and cynical for people to accept that she can also be soft – which, yeah, it can be convenient, alright – but here's the truth.

She loves love.

She likes the idea of it, she likes its complexities, and she loves practicing it.

She's a hopeless romantic, if you will.

She falls in love with people she sees in the subway and her heart pretends to break when they get off at their station, while she stays aboard and mourns yet another failed romance.

She falls in love with her professors, especially those whose careers and convictions she admires.

She falls in love at the supermarket, at the museum, at the library, and then forgets the object of her affection an hour after seeing them, when her eyes stumble upon a new fantasized partner in one of the school's lecture halls.

She's had one boyfriend in her life. It lasted over the course of a summer, and she was 17 years old. Michelle knows that this relationship was not meant to last, but she misses the idea of having her person. The two one-night stands she's had don't really count.

And so as if to fill this void, between two literature classics, she likes reading airport novels – her favorites are those that are set in London or Paris, specifically. These ones are particularly romantic and just as absurd in their unrealistic nature.

Michelle devours them.

The one she's reading right now is set in Notting Hill. In Chapter 1, the main character (a young woman) meets the other main character (a young man) in a bar. They understand in Chapter 8 that that moment was them falling in love at first sight. So wholesome.

But before that, at the end of Chapter 3, they fuck in the bathroom of the bar from Chapter 1.

Michelle admits, and there's nothing shameful about it, that she really likes this genre of novels because they're naively sentimental, but also because they always contain a sex scene described in enough detail that it makes her want to slip her hand into her panties while reading it.

For example, the scene in Chapter 3 of her current novel is particularly graphic.

Michelle notes that her two main characters do not speak to each other before this scene. They just look at each other from their respective corners of the bar, and go back to their lives while thinking about each other secretly.

The scene in Chapter 3 plays out in her mind when she sees Dining Hall Boy for the third time, this time in one of the campus’ cafés.

Her heart leaps in her chest when their eyes meet briefly.
Michelle falls in love instantly.

It turns out that Dining Hall Boy is actually named Peter.

Michelle hears his friend greet him in the lobby of the dorm hall. She then finds out on her own that his last name is Parker. Don't ask.

She knows she sounds like a stalker, but seriously, who hasn't had that kind of crush? The one that consists in admiring someone from afar and silently dreaming of the possibility of a relationship with them? It happens. It happens mostly to dreamers and artists, and Michelle is both of these things. Sometimes that's even how people get together.

Besides, it's not like she's behaving inappropriately. She's really not doing anything.

She just gets clammy hands when Peter is around and they make accidental eye contact.

It happens.

* * *

“There's a guy who's been looking at you for the past ten minutes, MJ.”

Michelle looks up from her laptop and stares at Cindy.

“Blue sweater,” the latter clarifies. “About 30 feet behind you, left diagonal.”

Michelle holds her breath, doesn't turn around to look – she doesn’t need to. She knows very well who is sitting behind her because she knows very well who regularly goes to that café, and she knows very well that this person is wearing a blue sweater because she saw him come in. But just for the heck of it, she asks, “Does he have brown hair?”

“Affirmative.”

“Is he short?”

“Kinda.” Cindy raises her eyebrows. “Do you know him?”

“It's Peter,” Michelle whispers.

“And who is Peter? A classmate?”

Uncomfortable silence. Blushing cheeks. She shakes her head.

“How do you know him, then?” Cindy insists.

“No, uh, it's... I, I don't know him.”

Her roommate resists rolling her eyes. Michelle sticks her fork in her blueberry muffin, and pushes the crumbs on her plate with an expression she tries her best to keep nonchalant.
“Alright, I'm not going to ask you how you know his name, but he's looking at you anyway. He seems interested to me.”

Cindy watches her friend's reaction and the glimmer of hope in her eyes does not go unnoticed.

“Go talk to him?” she encourages.

“Yeah, not gonna happen.”

It turns into a game before he realizes it.

Peter knows he'll see her in the dining hall during the evening. He knows that her room is on the fourth floor of the building because Betty told him after taking the elevator with her one day. He also knows that she goes to the same café as him, the one right next to the School of Architecture.

In short, he knows where he is likely to run into her.

And when they run into each other, he also knows that they will always cast one or two furtive glances at each other as they pass by, or from their respective corner of the room.

He starts looking forward to it.

And then on the days when he doesn't see her, it's ridiculous but he's genuinely disappointed. One night she doesn't eat in the dining hall and Peter blames her absence for his lack of appetite.

Ned says he's literally the most dramatic person on earth.

Betty says she understands. She also thinks that the girl is super pretty and decides to nickname her Mystery Girl.

Mystery Girl’s face is both soft and serious, her eyebrows full and her hair rarely untied.

Peter fixes his visual attention on a new attribute or a new detail every time.

The red highlights on some of her strands. Her jacket that is a little too wide around her shoulders. The novel she's reading. Her height. Her lips after applying lip balm.

And on a Saturday morning, when he sees her up close for the very first time, he notices – forgive him, he's 19 years old – her breasts.

It is unusually warm for the end of September and she is walking home from shopping, a Trader Joe's paper bag in her hand.

The very light breeze betrays the fact that she is not wearing a bra. Her black t-shirt is stretched on the front, the timid form of the tip of her breasts is responsible for this.

Peter blushes as he looks away – he was better raised than that. Then, as usual, the magic happens and they make eye contact briefly. She purses her lips in a polite and awkward smile. He does the same, more shy.
This is the first real contact they have.

That night, lying on his bed and in the solitude of his room, Peter reflects on it. He imagines what their day would have looked like if he had only dared to greet her. At least eleven scenarios come to mind.

Look, it's just a little game between the two of them.

And besides, he's pretty sure she started it.

Peter finally accepts his fate a few days later and admits to himself that he has a big, fat crush on that girl.

It's a crush as solid as the one he had on Liz in high school. The one he had on Gwen from his Applied Mathematics class, the one he had on Felicia from Alpha Kappa Chi.

Except he had at least talked to each of them. Felicia a little more than just talked.

He doesn't even know Mystery Girl's name, yet he already pictures himself moaning it in her ear.

Her name is Michelle.

Betty pretends to drum roll before relaying the precious information to him. Michelle’s roommate was the one who told her when they chatted at the library, in front of the snack machine.

Michelle's major is English. She and Cindy have been sharing a room since their first year of college. They are now sophomores, just like him.

Peter doesn't know how such a trivial conversation as the one Cindy and Betty had had led to this topic, but the latter also informs him that Michelle is single.

As the days go by, Peter becomes more and more eager to talk to her.

He makes sure that they always eat one or two tables away from each other in the dining hall. Ned eventually indulges in the game, mocking his best friend by telling him he is acting like a middle schooler.

And yeah, Peter blushes, but that doesn't stop him from coming up with more excuses to hang around the hallways of Pierson's fourth floor, while his room is on the third.

On one evening, he runs into her as she walks out of the laundry room. She's on the phone, a thoughtful expression on her face, but she still locks eyes with him as he passes her, because that's just what they do.

Peter starts the washer and sits on one of the benches, but as he goes to put his basket next to him, something falls to the floor.
It’s a book. The cover is green and pink; Peter wonders why it looks so familiar until his brain informs him that it is in fact the novel he saw Michelle reading in one of the common rooms.

He grabs it, flips through the pages, excited by the idea of having in his hands an item belonging to the object of his affection.

He’s already fantasizing about giving it back to her. Their first conversation.

His fingers glide against a dog-eared page, which announces the beginning of the third chapter of the novel.

A few pages later, there’s another dog ear and small drawings are sketched in the margins. He starts reading a random paragraph.

“His fingers clung so tightly to her hips that they turned ivory white. The fabric of her dress hid the place where their two bodies met, like a veil of modesty, but the wet noises that filled the tiny toilet stall largely betrayed the lewdness of their union.”

Peter blinks twice.

He double-checks the cover – it is definitely the book he saw her read.

The following paragraphs become more and more crude and daring with each word, and Peter feels the temperature of his body go up. It is suddenly too hot in the room, the humidity of the washing machines is now unbearable.

He closes the novel feeling guilty, as if he’s intruded into her privacy.

So Michelle is that kind of reader.

He fears that he will never be able to disassociate her from the excerpt he just read.

But quite honestly, he also wonders what happens next.

As he reopens the book to steal a few more details, someone enters the laundry room.

It's Michelle. Freaking Michelle enters the freaking laundry room as he’s reading her freaking erotic book.

She is holding her laundry basket under her right arm, and her hair is tied into a bun with untamed strands flying around her face. She seems in a hurry, a little concerned. In the middle of a mission, maybe.

Her gaze moves from Peter’s to the book he is holding between his fingers.

He understands that she came back for what she forgot when her cheeks turn slightly red. He sees her considering her options.

Driven by a sudden burst of boldness he doesn't know the origin of, Peter gets up and hands her the novel.

“Is it yours?”

She wants to deny it so bad, he can tell. So he offers her a way out. “… Or maybe not?”

Silence.
Audible swallow.

“Uh, yeah, it is. It's my book,” she dares.

“Oh, sorry, I started flipping through it while I was waiting for my laundry,” he dares.

Michelle's eyes widen. She extends her arm to retrieve her property, and her basket slips, scattering its contents on the tiled floor.

Peter rushes to help her.

He sees her trying to work fast so that the awkward moment ends as quickly as possible. Peter follows her pace and grabs all the clothes he can get his hands on. His fingers grasp a piece of petroleum blue fabric, so small and thin that he concludes that it is a thong before he even fully sees it.

His brain short circuits, to put it simply. Again, his hormones are those of a 19-year-old.

Michelle notices his change in behavior and discovers the reason behind it with horror.

She says, “sorry,” because it seems like the right thing to do.

Peter stammers, “it's okay”, and hands her her underwear.

Everything is awfully awkward. Absolutely everything.

Michelle leaves a few moments later with her basket, her novel and a mortified expression, and Peter lingers on the bench, waiting for the washing machine to stop and for his desire to disappear from the face of the earth to fade away.

He comes to wonder if Michelle has moved out of the dorm after a week has passed and he has not seen her once.

Clearly, he's a little upset.

The food in the dining hall suddenly tastes bland when Mystery Girl is not around.

“You don't even know her,” Ned reminds him.

“Do you want me to ask her roommate where she is?” Betty offers.

Peter shakes his head.

As he finishes reading the PDF version of Michelle's novel – curiosity is perhaps his worst flaw – he wonders how a silly crush from a simple physical attraction ended up having such an impact on him.

This is frankly absurd.

He misses their little staring contest, and besides, it feels like they’ve both lost.

The end of October is fast approaching and with it, the Halloween party organized each year by the
residents of Pierson House.

Michelle didn't move out of the dorm building because he sees her again in the lobby two days before the party. She holds his gaze for longer than usual, and he respects her audacity.

And above all, his heart goes absolutely bonkers because, just like that, their game officially resumes.

“This is the worst costume I've ever seen in my life,” Cindy says, leaning against the checkout counter. She turns to the saleswoman and adds, “No offense.”

Michelle chuckles. She picks up her plastic bag and exits the store, her roommate on her heels.

“And you have the most unoriginal costume in the world.”

“Zombie Nurse is a Halloween classic, MJ.”

“Hmhm.”

“Just say you’re too lazy to dress up and go.”

“I'm too lazy to dress up,” Michelle repeats in good faith.

Which is true. She accompanied Cindy to buy her costume without a specific personal purpose, then stumbled upon a pair of black antennas with glitters ($2.99) on a shelf. Add to this her black t-shirt dress, which she usually wears tucked into her sweatpants when going grocery shopping, and sheer black tights, and there you have a butterfly!

“You could have at least bought wings,” her roommate comments on the night of the party, while Michelle puts on her ankle boots (the ones with a small heel and pointed toe - see? She made an effort).

“Not convenient in the crowd.”

She leaves her hair down, while Cindy ties hers in a work bun. The contrast between their two outfits is kind of hilarious, if you ask Michelle.

The entire ground floor has been redecorated and is plunged into darkness, with the exception of a few purple and red spotlights. The music makes the walls vibrate, and Michelle was right: there's probably like, eight Zombie Nurses in the main room alone.

She has only been to one frat party since she started college, yet she recognizes the characteristic atmosphere of those in the one her dorm house has organized. People are grinding more than they are dancing, there are glasses spilled everywhere, two couples making out on the same sofa.

Cindy drags her to the makeshift bar to drink tequila shots, and she decides to fully go with the flow for one night, she who's not really a party girl. She downs two shots successively. Their effect is only felt ten minutes later, when she and Cindy have joined a group of people on the dance floor. There's an old pop song from 2007 or 2008 playing, and Michelle starts to think the party is fun. A third shot brought by Carlie, who lives down the hall, is downed as well and she starts thinking the
party is amazing. She doesn't pay too much attention to who's around her because there are too many people and her mind is a little blurry anyway, but at some point Cindy's eyes widen and she waves her finger at Michelle as if to tell her to turn around.

“Turn around,” Cindy silently commands her, each syllable pronounced in an exaggerated way so she can read her lips.

Michelle complies slowly. Behind her, with five or six people separating them, Peter is dancing with his two friends in an astronaut costume, no helmet.

As their eyes meet – naturally – through the small crowd, the DJ decides to make his transition and freaking “Birthday Sex” starts playing like a vicious joke.

The whole crowd is now suffocating. It is probably 200 degrees in the room and people are out of control.

Peter holds her gaze.

OK. Alright.

... What now?

He raises his bottle of beer as if to toast to Michelle, his face impassive but his look intense, and he too looks a little drunk.

The tension is palpable. She feels the bass of the music make her heart tremble against her ribcage, and something else entirely is also throbbing between her legs.

Taking a small breath, she decides to try something.

She slowly turns her back to him, then pretends to dance to the lazy rhythm of the song. Cindy's already gone.

Ten seconds later, Michelle feels the warm presence of someone right behind her. The person puts one hand on her hip. Their sleeve is white, and it is decorated with a NASA patch.

Her heart quickens.

Peter gives her a few seconds to react and when he sees that she doesn't move away, he touches the front of his body to her back tentatively. Michelle immediately steps back to be even closer to him and moves his arm so that he circles her waist from the front.

He vaguely wonders if he's dreaming.

Michelle thinks it's now or never.

She twists in his arms so that she can bring their faces closer together for him to understand where she's getting at. He looks at her under his eyelashes, his pelvis still firmly attached to Michelle's and following each of her movements like a second skin.

His fingertips imperceptibly squeeze her hip and that's the only encouragement she needs.

She reduces the distance between them and kisses him square on the mouth. Peter shifts his position to better respond to the kiss, and keeps both hands firmly on her waist while she has one hand on his face, the other on his neck, her thumb stroking his jaw. He opens his mouth slightly, inviting her to do the same, and slips his tongue between her lips to play with hers. Michelle
welcomes him eagerly, returning his licks with the same passion. They explore each other's mouths feverishly, their breathing blending together where their noses touch.

Everything is very imperfect, a little messy, because they are kissing each other with frenzy. They are two young people who are just unable to hold back now.

She feels a little reckless, and so she drops a wet kiss on the corner of his half-opened mouth, grabs his lower lip between hers, then between her teeth, and pulls on it lightly. He lets her do it, conquered and terribly aroused. Then when she releases his lip, he tilts his head to gain access to her neck and dips his face between her jaw and shoulder to leave a trail of urgent kisses and small nibbles, and she feels his fingers squeezing her waist a little harder.

She genuinely forgets that they are in the middle of the dance floor until they accidentally bump into a guy dressed as a vampire.

Peter silently apologizes to him, raising a hand.

She glances at him furtively under the light of the spot just above them. His cheeks are pink, his neck too, and his hair is completely disheveled. He runs a hand through his curls as if he heard her think, then fixes his attention on her again.

Michelle wants him. Terribly.

She steps back without taking her eyes off him at first, then turns on her heels and sneaks into the crowd to get out of the room.

When she looks over her shoulder, she sees him following her, his expression oddly focused. She goes through two hallways and heads for the main stairs to go up to her room. On the second floor however, Michelle realizes that she doesn't have her key card with her. Cindy kept it.

She intentionally decides not to ask him if they can go to his room.

Instead, Michelle changes direction and heads for the girls' common bathroom. She enters and leaves the light off and the door ajar.

Five seconds later, Peter joins her and closes the door behind him. They find themselves in the dark again, illuminated only by the moonlight that breaks through the windows of the room without much conviction. There is something particularly exhilarating about the fact that they have not exchanged a single word since they started.

Peter doesn't waste any time. He pins her against a wall and resumes where he left off earlier, with his face buried in Michelle's neck. She squeals then purses her lips, embarrassed.

Peter strokes with his thumb the area of her neck where he placed his last kiss. He laughs, a little puff of air out of his nose, and speaks for the first time tonight: “It's almost like in your book.”

Oh.

He’s acting bold.

Michelle mentally counts up to 2 ¾, just long enough to reboot. Then, with confidence she fully borrows from the main character of her novel, she says – not without clearing her throat first: “And what happens next, in my book?”

That makes him gulp.
He blushes but he doesn't look away. Instead, without warning, he kisses Michelle again, his hands immediately slipping under her dress. He lowers her tights with dexterity, and she removes her boots with her toes, quickly accepting to give in to Peter's control. She ends up barefoot on the cold bathroom tile, which is disgusting, but there are situations that require some concessions.

He forces her to turn around and she is now facing away from him, her hands resting on the side of one of the sinks, breathless. Peter slowly lifts her dress, with the thoughtfulness that goes into unwrapping a gift, with the attention of a 19-year-old boy who is standing in front of a girl's ass.

He gasps again. "Oh, you're wearing it," he comments shyly.

Michelle turns her head. "What?"

Without a word, he slips a finger under the petroleum blue elastic band, just under her hip bone, and releases it, snapping the thin fabric against her skin.

"Oh," Michelle says, now understanding. Honestly, she feels like she should be embarrassed by her position, by their conversation, by the fact that they haven't even been officially introduced and that they're in a common bathroom. But she's way too horny to think about all that, and Peter's looking at her ass, and all she wants is for him to touch her like in her novels.

So she arches her back slightly and adds, "You like?"

"I like it very much," he replies without hesitation, his voice hoarse.

That definitely has an effect between her legs.

She meets his eyes over her shoulder. "Keep it, then."

And damn it, she really doesn't have to tell him twice. Peter slides her thong along her legs, as he did for her tights two minutes earlier, and seems to hesitate for a second before he puts the underwear in the pocket of his astronaut suit.

Michelle chuckles. He shrugs with a smile, his left hand still holding her dress above her waist.

"I never turn down a gift," he says.

And without an extra word or effort, he grabs her by the hips and turns her around again. He then slightly lifts her up to sit her down on the counter but in such a way that her toes are still touching the ground, and then he crouches down in front of her.

It's Michelle's turn to gulp.

He is himself usually quite shy, but there must definitely be something in the air because he feels like another person tonight. Maybe it's related to the fact that he has a little alcohol in his system. Maybe it's related to the fact that he and Michelle have essentially done two full months of foreplay already.

He stops questioning himself and spreads her legs, exposing her entirely in front of his face, and because Peter is a science nerd, he takes a moment to look at her.

He curiously strokes the small bush of hair at the center with his phalanx and observes her reaction. Then, searching for her eyes, he repeats his action, this time a little lower. He slides his knuckle against the small bundle of nerves with a measured pressure, and Michelle's thighs tremble when he stops his action even lower, his knuckle now nestled between her warm and undeniably
soaking wet lips.

He freezes.

“Uh, sorry,” Michelle feels obligated to say. “I haven't had sex in a while, so –”

Her words are left hanging in the air because he sticks his face between her legs, and she feels a firm lick between her lips, and anyway she immediately forgets what she wanted to say, where she is, who she is. She shuts her eyes.

A few additional licks, then Peter rubs a finger against her center as if to collect dampness, and he pushes it into her. His thumb finds her clit, and he rolls it to the rhythm of his other finger. In, out, in, out, just like Michelle's breathing, which is becoming more and more audible. When he replaces his thumb with his mouth and bends the finger that is penetrating her in an exploratory move, she moans, one hand grasping the edge of the counter, the other keeping her dress up.

She does not realize that she has stood up and is now standing above him, both legs spread over his head. When she reopens her eyes for a second, she catches his gaze, sees his dilated pupils and red cheeks, and suddenly becomes aware of the slightly degrading position in which he is now.

Peter seems to discern her embarrassment because he removes his finger and adjusts his position on the floor, places both hands behind him so that his back is slightly tilted back, and so that she understands that he is 100% consenting to what is happening.

When he sees her silently hesitating, he says, gentleman and a little innocently, “It will be more enjoyable for you.”

“Are you sure you’re ok with, hm, me doing… that?” Michelle asks.

He nods and encourages her by placing one hand behind her thigh to push her towards him.

Michelle positions herself above his face again, then slightly bends her knees to put her weight on his mouth and chin. She sees him adjusting underneath her, then his hands leave the tile to rest on her butt.

She doesn't move, not knowing exactly what to do because it's the first time in her life that she finds herself in the bathroom of the second floor of her dorm, half-naked, while a guy she doesn't really know eats her pussy.

Because that's what's happening: Peter is doing all the work while her legs tremble against his ears and she struggles not to collapse. He eats her out like he has been denied dinner earlier, like she is his favorite meal, like he is the one who’s getting the most pleasure out of the situation. And he’s making small, satisfied noises, too.

And like, what the heck, Michelle thinks in between moans. Peter Parker is eating her pussy and he doesn't even know her name!

The mere fact of formulating this sentence silently brings her closer to her climax. She clutches her dress with a little more force, and her other hand comes to rest in Peter's curls. He releases the butt cheek he was fondling, and places his hand on Michelle's at the back of his head. The message is pretty clear: move closer.

Michelle obeys while panting, and lowers her hips slightly more while moving his head closer to her center. He pulls her brutally against him, and she finds herself completely flushed against his face, his nose buried in her hairs and his chin almost between her lips. She squirms, close to her
goal, while he laps and sucks at everything he can. It's an imprecise mess, a mixture of wet noises and moaning, and there's fog on the mirror.

Michelle comes silently, and Peter feels her throbbing against him and wow. Woooooowwwww.

He watches her, stunned by what they've just done, as she catches her breath. When their eyes meet, he lets out an awkward laugh that's also kind of complicit. Michelle has no idea what she's supposed to do or say, especially as she looks at the bottom of his face that's gleaming because of her.

“Uh,” she starts.

“I don't have a condom,” he says at the same time.

“Neither do I.”

“I have some in my room.”

Michelle fixes her dress, uncomfortable. “Okay.”

“Do you want to continue or...?”

It suddenly occurs to her that this surrealist conversation is one of the first ones they have and that she has literally gifted him her panties earlier. It makes her want to burst out laughing, but it's definitely nervous.

“Yeah,” she answers eventually.

“I'll go get a condom, then.”

“Cool. Thanks.”

“Wait for me here?” He scratches his ear timidly. It's amazing how he manages to look genuinely shy despite the professional-like performance he just did.

Michelle nods and he walks away in a weird way to hide the bump at the front of his costume, and she feels a little bad for neglecting him. Well, apparently, she'll have a chance to make up for it in a few minutes. She takes the opportunity of being alone to calm down, then to check herself in the mirror: her hair has gained in volume and her mascara is a bit spread under her right eye. No trace of gloss left. She brushes her curls with her fingers, while giving herself a mini pep talk to force her to regain the confidence she had when she and Peter started. Her sexual fantasy is currently being fulfilled, so she really needs to get it together.

He comes back barely two minutes later, the zipper of his jumpsuit already down on his chest, an excited smile on his face. Michelle smiles back at him, then kisses him without wasting her time. At first he is surprised, but then he quickly melts against her lips and places his hands on her jaw to kiss her more precisely, almost methodical now. Their tongues find each other again and battle playfully until they both need more than just that.

Michelle steps back to look him in the eye.

“Do you want me to blow you?” She asks, and there's hope in her voice.

“Uh...” The hesitation is clear on his face, but he ultimately says, “No, I really won't last long if
you... if, uh, you blow me....”

“Oh, ok.”

He kind of seems sorry. “I was already close earlier. But definitely some other time?”

And just like that, Sex Freak Peter makes his comeback, taking a rain check on a darn blow job like it's some study session, and she feels the direct effect of his implication between her legs.

“Sure,” Michelle says. She starts lowering his zipper completely, now exposing his abs and his sparse happy trail. She runs two fingers down his chest (*unexpectedly toned*?), drags them all the way down to the elastic band of his briefs. Dips her hand without warning and Peter shudders as she touches him.

Michelle withdraws her hand and quickly puts it under the water in the sink behind her, then slides it back into the warmth of his underwear. She grabs him and begins to slide her fist from bottom to top, making small circular movements. Peter breathes hard; discreet moans escape him, and Michelle kisses him after the second one. He puffs against her mouth and she slips her tongue between his lips for a warm and hungry kiss, while her thumb caresses the tip of his member.

Peter lowers his briefs without interrupting their kiss, so that his member is fully released even though he is still wearing his astronaut suit. He eventually pulls back to watch Michelle touch him. The idea that her hand is literally wrapped around him like that, after having dreamed about it for several weeks, drives him crazy. He moves his hips imperceptibly to try and guide her, although she doesn't really need help because if she keeps doing what she's doing, he might have gone to fetch a condom for nothing.

He gives a long, trembling sigh as Michelle begins to stroke his balls.

“Yeah, alright, condom,” he suddenly declares.

Michelle giggles and grabs the small tin foil square that he takes out of his pocket. She carefully opens it, throws the paper in the trash can and unrolls the latex on Peter while he holds his breath.

“What do you prefer? You want me to face away from you?” She asks.

Peter shakes his head. “No, we won't be able to kiss properly.” And wow, Michelle's heart is jumping in her chest, and he really has to stop acting innocent like that because it's having a dangerous effect on her.

She grabs him by the hips and brings him closer to her as she moves back to sit on the counter again. Peter stands between her thighs, arranges his costume so that it doesn't inconvenience him and lifts Michelle's dress. He guides his dick towards her entrance, presses his thumb on her clit and draws small circles as he gradually penetrates her.

Michelle sighs loudly. He swallows it with a kiss.

Once he has fully entered her and their hips are flushed together, he frames Michelle's face in his hands again and kisses her tenderly, while she clings to his shoulders, and spreads her legs wide apart. He really takes his time at first, giving precise, almost calculated thrusts. His movements are slow and passionate, and they match his kisses, and she can tell he wants her to be comfortable. Then Michelle starts to shift her position, puts a heel on the counter and lets her other foot graze the floor, and then Peter’s behavior changes.

The angle is different, narrower, more enjoyable. He puts one hand on the ankle next to his hip, the
other on Michelle's thigh and starts to accelerate his rhythm, his long kisses becoming short breaths against her mouth. She moans in his ear while he closes his eyes.

“You feel so good,” he suddenly pants.

She tightens her inner muscles just to see how he reacts to that, and Peter bites his lower lip and speeds up a little bit more, and she really has that grip on him, and wow.

“Do it again,” he commands. Michelle obeys. He moans in her neck.

“I'm close,” Peter announces and it’s been less than five minutes.

“Open your eyes,” she orders in turn.

Michelle wraps her arms around his neck, while he wraps her legs around his waist and holds her by the hips. He looks into her eyes as he approaches his climax and neither of them looks away for a single second. Not even when he thrusts into her a little roughly and deep and she moans, an airy and incredibly feminine sound. She bites her lip after the fact, and he tries to repeat his movement to get a similar reaction, thrusting into her sharply. Then he tries something else and quickens his pace again, his hips start moving fast against hers until his movements are muddled and he is fucking her purely and simply like a young man trying to cum.

“I've thought about this moment since the first time I saw you in the dining hall,” she hiccups, her voice chopped up by the speed of his movements.

He doesn't answer, but grins at her instead. His hand slips between their two bodies, and he starts playing with her clit again.

“I dreamt of having you inside me when I had never even spoken to you,” she continues, with a disbelieving laugh because it still feels surreal that they’re having sex right now. He presses his thumb against her again and she moans. “Oh... and now... and now, here we are.”

Peter frowns, focused. He still doesn't take his eyes off her. His fingers go at the same rhythm as his dick: frenetic. But she seems to like that. She seems to like that he’s pounding into her.

Michelle lowers a hand towards his butt and squeezes a cheek through his suit, then she contracts her inner walls one last time and Peter opens his mouth, freezes and comes, still looking into her eyes.

This could’ve been a bit weird but instead, it is incredibly hot.

They kiss tenderly, intimately, while he empties himself completely into the condom and continues to move lazily between her legs.

“That was... it was...” Peter starts, stunned, when he has caught his breath. Michelle laughs, kisses his cheek and pulls away from his embrace to head to one of the toilet stalls. He removes the condom and ties it before throwing it in the garbage, and covering it with toilet paper so that it is hidden from view. Then he cleans the counter as best he can.

“I'm sorry you didn't come,” he says to Michelle, genuinely apologetic and a little embarrassed, from the other side of the door. She comes out of her stall, her hair tied into a ponytail.

“You made me come pretty hard earlier,” she replies with another kiss on his cheek. “And we'll have other opportunities, you said it yourself.”
Peter giggles. “Right. Uh, by the way,” he blushes, reaches out his hand. “I'm Peter.”

“Michelle, but you can call me MJ.”

“MJ,” he repeats with a smile. “And so... have we done your novel fantasy justice?”

Michelle frowns and smiles at the same time, falsely outraged. She decides to turn his teasing to her advantage.

“I don't know,” she puts her shoes back on. “There are some really exciting things we haven't done.”

“Which ones?”

Heading towards the door, Michelle turns halfway to look over her shoulder. “Sitting together in the dining hall.”

“Tomorrow morning,” Peter hastily promises.

“Okay.” A silence settles in for a few seconds, but they’re still looking at each other.

“It's a date, then?”

“It's a date.”

He smiles at her before she closes the door behind her, and stands there for a couple of minutes as one game ends and another, with very different rules and stakes, begins officially.

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End Notes

If you spot any typos or mistakes, feel free to point them out in the comments!
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