

Claiming What's Mine

Prologue

Khalil was as determined as the rattling of the window seals in my bedroom windows from the roaring thunderstorm outside that we barely made it in from. Our clothes were wet and glued to our bodies. I have to say the sight of his frame covered by clothes was more appealing to me than he had been in the past six months or more. I can't explain why I haven't found him sexually desirable lately maybe because he has been leaning on us taking things to the next level so much that he lacks romance. Khalil licks the rain off of my dripping neck and runs his left hand up my side to my breasts and his right hand down my other side gripping my butt. His lick turns into a suck, then Khalil presses his body against mine causing me to slam against the wall. Khalil feeds on my breasts through my t-shirt with his mouth while his hands work my button on my pants loose and he pulls them down my damp skin and tosses them to the floor along with my panties, leaving me naked from the waist down. He kissed my thighs over and over, and then Khalil got down on his knees and held them open with his hands. He placed his warm tongue on my clit, sucking me into his warmth. I put my hand on the back of his head and became lost in the feeling. I look down and envision someone else there between my thighs, someone else that I long for day and night. So I wrap my leg around his neck and worked my pussy in his mouth. I work the hell out of his tongue until I cream on it. I felt a finger inside the wetness that belonged to someone else, deep and firm, firmer than anytime before this one. I grip his shoulders and let out a moan that Khalil swallows as he kisses me. Khalil's long finger slides out of me then back inside me with another. As Khalil lifts me onto his legs and the wall, removing my feet from the floor. Finger fucking me, bringing me to another climax and back to the reality that he is who he is and always was Khalil. Not who I envisioned. Not who I desired. Not who I long for. Khalil's fingers were no longer inside me, but outside of my wetness on his swollen desire trying to guide himself in me. Reality hit me. I place my hand on his, pushing him away from my opening.

Claiming What's Mine

Sophomore year

As I lay across my full size bed draped with a royal purple blanket and black cotton sheets, throwing the blue hand ball against the thirty by forty inch black and white poster of Lady Liberty on my egg shell semi gloss dorm room wall above my four extra plush feathered pillows, I began to wonder what my roommate would be like this semester. Candy, my roommate from the year before decided to share an off campus apartment with her boyfriend. I can only hope that she is moderately clean, and yes, I'm not ashamed to admit that I'm obsessive with my cleanliness but I would think most women would be. It is quite late in the

evening, around nine o' clock, and usually room assignments would be done by now. Maybe no one wanted to be in this room realizing it was pretty far down the hall from the private lounge and phones that were provided on each floor for those who didn't want to pay the extra dough to have private lines in their rooms. I, on the other hand, found it to be a gold mine. Its location kept me out of the limelight and away from the many eyes that came attached to what I like to call gossiping critics. (Gossiping critics, people that sit around talking and judging the movements and decisions' made by others... yet are afraid to make themselves).

Then I heard the sound of muffled voices in the hall. "Oh boy," I thought, there's going to be a couple of noisy chicks next door, making all types of noise keeping me awake at night." Then I was interrupted with the strong sense of someone at the door, probably making sure that the number on the paper matched the number on the door. Since I knew that my sixth sense was usually right, I went to the door and opened it. To my surprise, it was a familiar face. It belonged to a girl that had the same psychology class that I had last semester. She was petite about a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty pounds with soft even caramel skin, silky black hair that fell just below her shoulders and big brown bedroom eyes. She had on a white t-shirt and a pair of beige jogging pants. She was holding two large red and black Burberrys suitcases and about four more were sitting in the well-lit hall behind her.

"Hi, this is room two-twenty eight?" Her voice was warm and inviting.

"That it is." I said secretly examining her hygiene.

"Well this is my new room!" she said struggling with her own over packing as she maneuvered through the door with bags in hand. I was trying to be hospitable and bring the rest of her bags in for her, but cut it short after lugging in two of her bags that felt like they were filled with bricks.

"What do you have in these things, rocks?" She laughed as if I were joking.

"No rocks, just my shoes, shoes, some more shoes, clothes, and my candles. You do like candles, don't you?" Rachele asked with out noticing any of the candles I already had placed around my half of the room.

"Yes," I replied noticing as she opened her suitcase of neatly folded clothes, she would be as clean as I was. After a little over an hour of watching her unpack, she finally got around to telling me her name.

"My name is Rachele Dickerson,"

"Rachele." I repeated out loud.

"You were in my psychology class. I'm Taylor Knight."

I remember Rachelle, and she remembered me too. She began to tell me about her background. She was from a small town in Virginia. Her father owns a chain of private investigation services along the east coast and her mother's a homemaker. She made it clear that her mother was well educated with a degree in family law, but decided to raise her instead of remaining in the work force in order to create a strong bond between the two, something that Mrs. Dickerson and her mother never had. Rachelle has no siblings. I could tell by the picture she placed on the nightstand beside her bed of her and her father standing with a white mustang horse that she was daddy's little girl. I told her about my family. My father is a judge in Denver. My mother is a chief district attorney for Lincoln County, and was too involved with her career to spend any time with me, but always made time to plan my life. Anyway, I continued by saying that they owned a home in Denver and some property in Florida.

"So what brought you to Hanover University?" Rachelle asked.

"I've always liked Chicago, and you?"

"My father felt that it was the best black college for an up and coming attorney."

"You're a law student?"

"Yes I am. You probably haven't thought about your major, have you?"

I thought it was quite presumptuous of her to think that I wouldn't know where I was in my life so far.

Besides, my life was already planned for me.

"On the contrary, I'm studying law as well. Growing up with lawyers as parents, it seemed pretty natural. Besides my mother attended this college and is an alumni committee member, which is a fancy title for someone who donates a lot of money each year." I said with a chuckle in my voice. "She feels like she's giving back to the black community."

"Tell me about it. My father feels the same."

"That explains how you're getting away with having a microwave in here." We both laughed.

"Speaking of microwaves, I'm starving, Rachelle exclaimed. Let's order a pizza."

I had no problem with that; I was pretty hungry myself. After devouring our pepperoni with extra cheese, and laughing at each other's survival stories of our past lives, as though we knew each other for years and were just catching up on the past few weeks, we fell asleep.

Taylor

The first day of classes was hectic as usual, freshmen bumping into each other, dropping books and entering the wrong classes. Every professor had their serious face on as they lectured us on the dos and don'ts of the semester. To my surprise, I was in four classes with Rachelle. I thought to myself I would never get tired of seeing her face. It was warm and friendly. I didn't see that in many people. I take it she didn't mind seeing me either because she sat next to me in every class.

Feeling utterly exhausted from the day's activities; I had books in hand and even homework. I got to my room, threw the books on the floor and plopped down on my bed. Rachelle hadn't gotten in yet. I decided to take a hot shower to wake up a little. As I was getting my stuff together for my shower, Rachelle walked in.

"Honey, I'm home," she said laughing.

She put her things down on her bed and immediately started to light the scented candles, as if she couldn't make another move without a fresh scent. I was digging that about her, the way she made the simplest things feel like home. And I could get used to this.

"So how was the rest of your day?" I asked.

"It was cool. I'm so happy I don't have any homework."

"How is that possible? I have some in at least two of the classes we have together."

She looked at me and said, "Oh you mean those essays? I did those in the cafeteria this afternoon."

I brushed off the idea of all the work I had left to do and walked to the bathroom to take my shower. When I came out the bathroom she was lying on the bed in nothing but her black bra and panties that matched in design and color. I didn't want to look too surprised by her state of comfort.

"I hope you're not uncomfortable seeing me in my underwear. This is the way I release from the day."

"No," I replied.

Not really knowing what I was feeling inside, I just tried not to pay much attention. As I was trying to concentrate on my homework, Rachelle started to talk about her day. I was trying not to seem too interested so I wouldn't have to look over at her half naked body. But I found myself watching her lips as they moved. They were so soft and full. I couldn't believe how much about her I hadn't noticed in an entire semester. There was something about Rachelle I found intriguing.

After a few hours of homework and chitchat, I asked Rachelle if she wanted to get some take out from the Chinese restaurant down the street. She gladly got dressed and we were on our way. I figured we could walk down to the restaurant, but before we left the room, I remembered that it was fall in Chicago and quickly grabbed my keys. Once inside my two-year-old black BMW, I turned up the heat to warm up a little.

"Wow, I'm impressed! she said as her eyes searched the gray leather interior. Your car is as clean as the room."

"I wouldn't have a clean room and a dirty car."

She laughed and we went on. It only took a couple minutes to reach the restaurant. We hustled our way through the relentless wind, walked in and grabbed some menus. I decided on the sweet and sour chicken lo Mein combination platter and an order of crabsticks. Rachelle ordered what seemed to me, like everything on the menu. To be such a little person, she ate a lot. We got our food and headed back to the dorm. It feels a little warmer in the room than usual, as if someone came in and turned up the heat. Or

maybe it was my own body temperature rising from the thoughts I was having about Rachele in her black lacy Victoria's secret earlier.

"Pass me some soy sauce." She gladly interrupts my thoughts. I give her the bag of condiments.

"What's on your mind?" she could tell I was in deep thought.

"Are you thinking about the alumni ball that's coming up in a couple of weeks?"

"A little bit. That means my mother will be in town and expect me to act like we're a happy pair."

I know Rachele could sense the strain of my mother's and my relationship in my voice, although she had no idea of the extent of my resentment. She tried to comfort me.

"Don't worry about it. My parents will most likely be here too, so we can fake it together." We laughed. But I knew she was just trying to make me feel better. I knew she had a healthy, loving relationship with her parents from the way she talked about them and their frequent calls. I just went along with it and continued to eat.

It's about twelve forty five am and I still haven't fallen asleep. I figure Rachelle has fallen to sleep already, because she isn't talking. All of a sudden, she blurts out of nowhere.

"Are you sleeping Taylor?"

I wasn't going to answer and pretend that I was long gone, but for some reason I involuntarily answer.

"No."

She jumps out of her bed and instead of turning on the light she lights some candles. Then she walks over to my stereo and turns it on as if I wouldn't care about her touching my property. I really didn't care. In my mind, she could touch whatever she wanted. After that, she came over and sat on my bed.

"So, are you not sleeping because you're still thinking about your mom?" baffled at how she sensed my thoughts I didn't reply.

"Don't worry we'll get through it together."

It seems like she has already declared herself my best friend, or my counselor. At this point in time, I really don't have that figured out but I was sure in time I would. Even though I have always been cautious about people and the reasoning of their friendship, this once again feels different and Rachelle truly seems and feels genuine to me.

It is eight am and my alarm is sounding off like trumpets in a band. As I struggle to turn it off I notice Rachelle's head lying at the end of my bed, still asleep. We must have fallen asleep talking to each other. The alarm didn't wake her so I'm trying not to either. I ease out of bed and grab my toothbrush and washcloth to do my morning ritual. When I return from the bathroom, Rachelle is awake and gathering her gear to wash up.

"Good morning, she said. Did you sleep well?"

"I guess so. I don't remember anything after 2am."

"Yeah, you went off to sleep before I did."

"Sorry!"

"That's okay. That's why I turned on the music. Sometimes it helps me fall asleep. I guess it worked on you a little quicker," she said laughing as she walked out of the room. When Rachele walked back in from the bathroom, I was getting dressed for class.

"It was awfully crowded in there."

She said it like she didn't expect a morning rush. Thirty girls on a floor with only three bathrooms, you have to expect a crowd. I said my byes on the way out of the door. I wasn't sure if I would see her much today, our schedules where different toward the end of the week.

I spot Rachele over by The Haven, which is the boys' dormitory, as I walk across the freshly manicured lawn on my way to the library. She's talking to Khalil Jones. He is one of the university's hottest basketball players. He ranks next to his twin brother Kareem. I had no idea why Rachele would be talking to Khalil. The fact that she would be entertained by a jock blows me away. Secretly I am kicking myself in the ass for even questioning her actions. I carried on to the library. It is quiet and I 'm guaranteed no interruptions. Besides, I don't need to concentrate on Rachele and whom she is interested in.