Study Break, Pt.1

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Of one thing I was sure, I was too horny to study.

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I had been sitting at the same desk, in the same position for about three hours. This history text book was really not becoming any more interesting to me and this empty classroom was just as boring, no sounds, no company, nothing.

As always, my mind got the best of me and I turned my attention to my day dream. I could picture him just then, tall, smoothed black hair, bright green eyes, a brilliant smile, muscular build that showed under the button up shirts and slacks. I wanted him, desperately. He, just so happened to be my history professor. Professor Nelson was the talk of the campus, ever since he got hired about two semesters ago and girls were envious of other girls that had his class.

Awakening me was a dull throb between my legs. I was growing wetter and wetter just at the thought of his muscular body. I really wanted to know what his cock looked like, how he could use it, anything. I could feel the damp spot in my panties andclenchedmy legs together to attempt to dull the throb, but actually it ended up making it worse. Suddenly I was really glad the classroom was empty.

My hand slid slowly down the front of my jeans after unbuttoning and unzipping them, toying with my wet mound over my panties. God, I was soaking. I slid one finger apart from the rest and gently rubbed my clit through my underwear, causing a small moan to escape my lips.

Aware of the sound I had made my eyes opened and I turned to look around the room, nervously glancing to see if anyone walking by the door had heard me. Thankfully it appeared that no one was there, so I dared to slide my hand into my underwear and work my fingers over my outer lips, massaging the wetness just a little bit. A sigh slid past my full lips and I quietly slid my finger into myself, feeling my hot tight walls squeeze around it. It felt so good to have something inside of me. It was incredibly difficult to masturbate when I had two roommates. A deep breath in and my hand slowly started to work that one finger in and out, while my thumb massaged my slippery little clit. Oh it was so needy, it felt so good just to feel the pressure against it. I moved my thumb in a circular

motion, making me moan a little bit louder. My legs spread out and I finally slid down a bit in my seat, adding another finger to my wet hole. I could feel myself throbbing around the intrusion, moaning again I began to curl my fingers towards my belly button, moaning out again, eyes shut tight.

"Oh my god, yes." I whispered and sunk my teeth into my lip, swallowing hard as my fingers viciously attacked my own g-spot. My body was squirming just a little bit in my seat, whimpering as I felt my orgasm get closer and closer. My pussy was throbbing and I could hear the juices sloshing about on my fingers. Oh it felt so damn good.

As my eyes fluttered and I shut my eyes again, moaning a little bit. As my hand moved faster, I started to thrust my fingers against my g-spot, making me squirm. My pussy started to throb faster, and I felt myself come around my fingers.

Daringly I pulled my hand out once I had stopped shaking from the intensity of the orgasm, and licked my fingers just a little bit.

"If you keep doing that in my classroom I might have to give you extra credit." A manly voice spoke from the door.

A gasp escaped my lips and I pouted. "I am so sorry." I said as I fixed my pants, making my way to the door, holding up the books as I wandered to the side, trying to leave.

"No no, look what you started." Professor Nelson mentioned back down to his pants, and a smirk formed on his lips, erection straining.

"I suppose I'll have to finish it." I replied.