

Reading between the lines

By Clarabelle

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Hot and hard at the library; sometimes studying just isn't enough

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At the library, we're sitting so close together I can feel his breathe on my neck. I stare at a page of letters, grouped and typed in small neat rows. Already whole paragraphs of Times New Roman have become gibberish. His hand slides further up my thigh. My pussy anticipates his touch, a dull ache begins on my insides as desire starts to form. Our row of desks are nine flights above street level, facing the window. At night the view of blackness from these floor-to-ceiling glass panels reflects seriously studying students back onto themselves. Right now though, the sun is shining, corrugated campus roofs littered with air conditioning units look like over sized suitcases of 1960's space junk. The bricked path yawns away below us. Beside me, Obie licks his lips without looking up. One hand holds a pencil but he's not working on his notes anymore than I am. His fingers continue to trace a path up the smooth flesh of my thigh, working their way unhurriedly towards my skirt's hemline. It's summer, my legs are bare and I kicked off my Havanas half an hour ago. I can feel my own hands beginning to shake. A warm palm presses down on my skin. I glance across at him and he's staring at me. Behind us, the shuffle of shoes indicates we are not alone. Someone is making their way in and out of the shelving, searching. I turn my head. A dark skinned man stops close by, he wears wire rimmed glasses and an expression of concentration. He searches on a top shelf, retrieves a book, leaves. Obie curls his fingers in between my legs. I'm lush, waiting. He pushes a finger into my slit and languidly strokes all the way upward, missing the nub of my clit. I ache, unfulfilled. He pushes two fingers into my sopping folds, past my lips, into my vagina. Once again he curls his digits, only this time they are inside me, searching. It works, I jerk forward, impaled on his probing hand. He rubs and thrusts. It's delicious. I'm not breathing right. I've forgotten our study, I want to push the books aside and haul him up, remove his lovely cock from within red corduroy trousers and feel him slide inside me. My mouth is open, my stomach muscles beneath my singlet feel so tense they might jump and snap. My breath is so shallow it feels as though I am holding onto it. I might melt. His fingers slide out of me, they smear pussy juices over my lips. This time he reaches my clit, lightly touching it as though his finger is a cats tongue. I'm dizzy with lust, wriggling and chaffing against his hand. I adjust my arse in my seat from side to side. Wet with longing. I love the library and it's atmosphere of quiet; the smell of the books, the unappealing carpet and the 70's furniture. I wonder briefly if I am making a wet patch on my seat. I like my lips and shiver making a whispered, broken sound. Obie looks at me. I

want to burst. "Shall we fuck?" His voice sounds steady, but it's a little deeper than usual and his pupils are dilated, hiding most of the blue. He plunges his finger into me and I spread my legs wider. I want more. He makes little circles with his fingers and his eyes watch my mouth. I'm drowning. "Sure." "Well, lead the way." He stops touching me. I can smell my cunt on his fingers after he withdraws. My lust is a tangible scent in our little corner piled high with study materials. When we both stand I get a good look at the overwhelming evidence he's excited too. Taking his hand, I lead him away from the window, enjoying the feel of my swollen sex as I move. My arousal feels like cream between my thighs. I lead the way to one of the private listening rooms. Here there are no windows but also, you are unable to lock the door. Inside the little booth is a CD player and a set of headphones at a desk. I push these out of the way and slide my arse onto the little blue table. Obie moves the room's only chair and I place one foot on it, spreading my knees wide, leaning back on my hands. Look beautiful man, feast your eyes on what your hands have done to me. I am irrational with lust; too ready. I don't even get a kiss, he sinks to his knees and buries his face in my slit. It feels like caviar and gravel His tongue isn't gentle it's urgent, possessive, I'm shaking, holding onto the table, clenching and un-clenching my toes to ward off a too-soon-but-imminent orgasm. "Ooooooh." My voice is high, surprised. "Babe." I clutch the back of his blond head. I'm sure I'm pulling his hair but I don't care. I am cold, fresh water and flashing disco lights. I can't think, I close my eyes. He pokes his eager tongue inside me and I try to push more of my pussy into his face. He flicks his tongue across my clit over and over and I can't control my legs anymore, they shake and I grip the desk until my knuckles turn white, my other hand still in his hair. Just as I think I am going to let loose and shatter into pieces of window glass, he stops and stands. Enthusiastic fingers ply at his pants, first the belt buckle and then the button and zipper. Obie brings his face towards mine for a messy kiss. He tastes of pink, wet, sport and I thrust my tongue into his mouth; grateful, crazed, needy. I pull his cock from the sizable hole his zipper has made in his retro-trendy cords like stuffing from a teddy bear. My fingers wrap around his pole. I stroke. He's ready, I've made pre-cum glisten on his cock head in the seconds since I pulled him free and we both watch as I guide his cock into me, inch by glorious inch, feeding my pussy slowly so I can relish every second. Even before he's all the way inside I cum. Obie holds my thighs while I'm shaking, my internal muscles dancing on his cock. When he's buried in my softness, Obie kisses my neck. His hair brushes my cheek and it's a gentle, caring trail of kisses that belies the tension I can feel in his body and his hot, jagged breath escaping onto my skin. "That's good, Babe. I'm so wet." He shifts his weight and burrows rhythmically, balls deep, time and again. Our pelvic bones meet and I grind onto him, biting my lip to keep from crying out. Obie lets up and the pressure only increases inside me. He flips me over, his slight frame catches my arse, I'm pinned between the desk and his hips. He places the head of his cock on my skin for a moment. I feel the heat, moan for it and he obliges. I shuffle my feet, buying the necessary few centimeters of space so I can tickle and toy with my clit. He goes in as deep as he can, my arse cheeks stop him from burying his whole length. Obie grips flesh on my arse and spreads my cheeks. I feel another precious few millimeters sliding inside. His thighs press onto mine as he thrusts. I close my eyes and orgasm all over his glorious cock. He thickens inside me and sharply, suddenly, withdraws. It catches me by

surprise and in that moment I miss the fullness and his heat. Cum spurts onto my arse. I recognize the reason he withdrew. I turn, smitten, delirious, sated. He doesn't kiss me, Obie looks at the expression on my face. I don't know what he sees in my eyes but he grins. "Sometimes I can't study" he says softly "My head is so full of you." "Aw. That was... I don't have words." "We got plenty." He purrs. "All in stacked up and in neat little rows at our desks." He buttons his cords like a comic book hero and opens the door. As we head back to our spot I can feel his semen cooling and soaking the material of my skirt. I hope the pattern hides the moisture marks. I don't say anything. My rubbery legs carry me back to our work station and we both resume our posts, smelling of sex and smiling. Rows and rows of silent books appear to disapprove. Beside me Obie licks his finger, more than he normally would, just to turn a page.