**Extra Study**

by[LibertyMarshmellow98](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=4199063&page=submissions)©

It was just a struggle to get started. That was the main issue. I just took too long to start so I didn't write enough in the given time. My problems with writing in a professional academic style were also brought up in the feedback I had received. I was trying what I could but the grades I had received for my first semester essays were lack lustre to say the least. I comforted myself with the knowledge that they were not grades that would go towards my overall degree and were more like practice papers than anything. The exams at the end of the third semester were the real issue. They would be graded, the timed essays in those exam papers would have an impact on my overall degree and while second and third year counted for more, I didn't want to head into those years already having to catch up. These issues and the lack of solutions led me to turning up at his door.  
  
Dr. James Macleod. The words shone down on me as a last hope, from about head height on his office door. The cool wood was a welcome change from the surprisingly hot spring weather I had experienced on the way over to the university. That same heat filled the corridors inside the Arts and Humanities building where the majority of my history lecturers resided, including my personal tutor, Dr James Macleod.  
  
Young, strongly built, playful and incredibly attractive, you could tell that just from the wide eyes of all the heterosexual female students who followed him around. I'll admit I acknowledged his attractiveness when I saw him, always wearing fitting suit trousers and a number of smart, not to mention tight, shirts. I'm certain that when he showed up in our first seminar with that clean white shirt, half the group cooed. And his voice! That smooth melodic but slightly gruff Scottish accent did have me swooning. I'm not going to say that he sounded exactly like Gerard Butler...but I'm not, not going to say that. Physically he seemed slimmer, leaner and seemed to only be in his late twenties.  
  
Brushing out my pencil skirt and flapping my blouse to cool my chest down I prepared myself. I checked my watch and made certain that I was here at the time we had agreed to in our emails. The green sliding sign showed clearly that he was available. I knocked quickly and delicately.  
  
"Come in!" he called with a soft order. I entered.  
  
"Ah Miss Bailey, hello! Do come in. Close the door behind you."  
  
I did as he asked and stepped into the room with a nervous smile. We had already had one designated tutor meeting when I had arrived but the one-on-one environment was still nerve-racking for me.  
  
I took a seat in the chair he gestured to and sat opposite him, the desk separating the two of us.  
  
"So, thank you for emailing me. What exactly is it I can help you with?" he asked warmly.  
  
"Well, you see. Well, I just got the essay marks back and they said that, well I didn't score highly in the writing style or the sophistication of the argument. I think it's because we didn't do too many essays of this style at school, and I was just wondering if you had any ideas of how to help me out with that? Any advice I could use?" I knew I was stumbling over my words but I couldn't help myself. His gaze was intense but his casual, welcoming posture put me off guard.  
  
He paused for a minute before replying, "It is true that academic essays at university are a step above what you will have done at school, even sixth form or college." He tapped on his keyboard and looked at the screen, from what he said next I could tell he was looking at my results.  
  
"It seems you are doing quite well in the knowledge criteria and evaluating the evidence you bring up; those would be the issues that it would be most appropriate to visit me for. For issues of academic style and sophistication it might be better for you to approach the Academic Skills Service the university provides. It is student run and they conduct sessions that will help you improve." He turned to me with a smile of an easy job completed but the smile soon faded slightly as he looked at me. I sensed that my face was portraying more than I meant as I could see the hesitation in his eyes. The hesitation of someone who knows they haven't solved your problem.  
  
"I...already tried to book a slot with the Academic Skills people but...well." My nervousness was quite apparent I'm sure but I knew I had to press on and tell him. "I dated a fourth year in the first semester. We only went on a few dates and we broke up before the end of term, but it turns out he oversees organising things inside the Skills Service." I could see him put the dots together in his head so I hurried on to tell him the full story.  
  
"When I requested a meeting none of the other tutors were available for one-on-one tutoring...except him."  
  
"On multiple days and time slots?" Was his short response.  
  
"Yes." I looked down.  
  
"Have you come here to report that? I can get in touch with the-"  
  
"No!" I interrupted and then hurriedly stopped myself from continuing my rude interruption but he sat back and waited for me to say my piece. "Sorry I just...I don't want to cause any issues. He'll be leaving after the summer term and he hasn't done anything bad...I can just tell he wants to use the meeting to try to get back together."  
  
He bit his lip considering it and slowly nodded. "So, you just need a little help right now and don't want to create any stressful issues for yourself."  
  
I felt tears at the corners of my eyes as I gazed up into the kind and considerate face that sat across from me, leaning forward as though the small physical distance had translated into understanding. I brushed the forming tears from my eyes.  
  
"Yes. Yes, that is exactly what I need. I can go to the Skills department afterwards if I still need help and I won't bother you anymore I'm just really worried about the timed exams coming up. I want to improve before then!"  
  
He stood up with kindly raised eyebrows. "You're a smart young lady, I hope you are aware of that. Knowledge of your own flaws and the desire to better yourself." Looking at me he smiled. "How could any self-respecting personal tutor, any self-respecting academic, turn someone like that away."  
  
He started rummaging around in the papers that were piled on his half of the long desk at the side of the room. With a little "aha" sound he returned and placed a sheet of paper in front of me. I took it and examined it.  
  
"They're sources, from one of the later seminars I'm running. You would have been asked to read some of them in preparation for the session's discussion but I'm going to ask you to read every single one of them. When you return next week, you can work in my office or the side room-" He gestured first to where the long desk continued onto my side of the room and then to the corner of his room where a desk sat, almost entirely enclosed by a freestanding, shoulder-high fabric privacy screen, "-and complete an essay under timed conditions. From that I will go through it with you and give you feedback."  
  
"Work in here?" I asked surprised, expecting I would be working at home and bringing in any kinds of essays that I would get feedback from.  
  
"Yes, I prefer to discuss things in person and I have a time slot available where I can do my own research while you work and then give you feedback on Fridays, 3-5. That should work for your lecture schedule shouldn't it?"  
  
"Um...yeah." I unconsciously pulled at my blouse as I thought about working inside his office, weekly. Working in the warm arts building under his watchful gaze. I felt my temperature curiously rise at the thought.  
  
"And I would suggest you dress a little more comfortably than you are now. I appreciate the formal attire you wore to both this session and our last meeting, you look very professional, but with the heat of this spring I think you'll find a great benefit in lighter more comfortable clothes to work in. I know it can be hard to judge formality for lecturers but I like to think of myself as a little bit more casual than some of the old academics here."  
  
His cheeky but friendly demeaner and the casual compliments I had just received had thrown me completely off my game, which I believe, combined with the heat, is the only explanation as to why I would have ever said what I said next.  
  
"Please with this weather I'd need a bikini to be comfortable in here."  
  
Both our eyes rose with shock at what I had said and I clamped a hand over my mouth in a not-so-subtle display of completely, totally regretting what I had spoken.  
  
Laughter filled the room. He burst into a booming laugh and threw his head back and I for my part fell into a fit of giggles.  
  
"I am so...so sorry. I didn't mean..." I struggled to say through laughter.  
  
"Not at all, that was a good laugh. You've had a stressful and hot day, we'll put it down to that." He supposed as an explanation and continued to laugh. "I mean I would advise wearing something over the top of it for the journey here but..." he stopped himself, knowing when to hold back on a joke. "Perhaps shorts and t-shirt or a light dress would be a better choice right off the bat."  
  
"That's...that's probably wise. I'm sorry." I blushed ferociously.  
  
The insanity of what both of us were saying had embarrassed us both but underneath I felt something else. A tightness in my chest and the gears of my mind whirring. For just a moment a few images flashed through my mind. I saw myself sitting on his desk. Legs draped over the edge. I saw my images flick past of my body clad in multiple, highly inappropriate outfits. I saw his hungry gaze upon the image I had created.  
  
I licked my lips before I could stop myself.  
  
The feeling of his eyes flick to my mouth brought me back into the present before once again sending me into fantasies.  
  
He cleared his throat, "So does that sound like a plan. Let me know if you struggle to find any of the sources and I'll give you the questions when you come back here."  
  
I squeaked my reply, "Yes, yes that sounds great. Thank you so much. I really do appreciate it sir." I cringed at my use of "sir". I had been brought up to use it for school and it was hypothetically no less appropriate here. Hypothetically. Nevertheless, using it on him...it sent tingles to all the deliciously wrong places.  
  
He grinned at me, "You're more than welcome Miss Bailey. And please, feel free to call me James."  
  
Oh god that was worse. That was way worse.  
  
"Oh, well thank you James." Oh fuck, that was soooo much worse. "Call me Molly."  
  
"I look forward to next week, Molly."  
  
By the time I had shut the door behind me my pulse pounded inside my head and my knees could barely carry my body. I tumbled out of the building and down the road towards my house, and more importantly, my bed.  
  
Thirty minutes later I lay exhausted and breathing heavily upon my bed. My smart office clothes had been discarded in uncharacteristic carelessness and my duvet had mostly fallen on the floor. A name sat heavy upon my lips; despite the number of times it had recently poured out from between them.  
  
"See you next week, James."  
  
---------------------------------  
  
I didn't go with his recommendations of outfit straight away. I stared out "daring" to wear a tight pair of black jeans with a black and yellow crop top. Even still it felt inappropriate. However, as I got into writing I mostly forgot about my outfit. Mostly. I did notice his gaze flick to me occasionally. It was probably just because I was the only other person in the room. Maybe I had moved? Or maybe he was just keeping an eye on his student, as was his responsibility. Maybe.  
  
Or maybe the fact that this crop top showed off my midriff and hoisted my breasts so that a generous amount of cleavage could be seen was the reason? Even debating that distracted me a little. Surprisingly, I did manage to write an answer to one of the essay questions under his watchful gaze. It was when he read it and gave me feedback that my mind really started to wander.  
  
I had to remain quiet while James read my work but that only allowed me greater time to pretend to not be looking at him while getting a full and detailed, memorised image of him. Then it was time for him to give me precise feedback right next to me about how to improve and...what I had done well.  
  
After that first session the number of compliments started to increase. My writing style was improving, I was using sophisticated diction correctly and with restraint, nice outfit... Yeah that one gave me quite a buzz. The knowledge that I was improving my work was amazing and filled me with such pride but wearing tiny shorts and a black t-shirt and being complimented on it did excite me.  
  
On the surface he pulled it off as simply appreciating my sense of humour as the top had the words ' "What are you gonna do, stab me?" - Julius Caesar, 44 B.C.' written on it.  
  
It is a funny top. But more than that it was his decision to say outfit, not top, that made me feel so warm. My shorts barely covered my ass and clearly displayed my long legs. With my top clinging to me and outlining every contour I couldn't help but feel he appreciated my body as well as my humour.  
  
From then on it was a constantly varying combination of tantalising items of clothing. Short skirts, tight tops, leggings and thigh high socks. All worn in front of my professor. In front of only my professor.  
  
It was the seventh meeting that I wore my white summer dress with no underwear on. Oh, it was heavenly. He didn't get a peak under my dress but I could tell he could at least see the impression my nipples made on the fabric of my dress. That session was spent with me squirming in my seat as my excitement built. It was an intense struggle to write anything but it was almost as though my arousal heightened my focus and energy. I blitzed through the paper in record time and had plenty of time to check through it. I noted that my excitement and imagination had caused my mind and spelling accuracy to drift. Checking over my document for any last errors I remember finishing it and printing it early, much to James' surprise. He looked up at me impressed and not without an insulting amount of suspicion.  
  
He doubted that I would have been able to complete an accurate and comprehensive essay up to my recent standards in that time. The heat, or another engagement, must be distracting me and making me desire to finish quickly.  
  
I enjoyed how much he praised the work when he had read it, as if he was trying to make up for his unspoken doubt.  
  
His eyes sparkled with pride and he exclaimed how happy he was with the progress I had made. I knew then that my excitement was improving my work to degrees I didn't think possible and that more than anything I wanted to feel this handsome older man's eyes all over me. Even daring to imagine what it would feel like to experience not just his eyes on me, but his hands...maybe even his lips.  
  
However, his next piece of praise scared me.  
  
"Well, I think only a few more sessions of this Molly and you won't need any more help from me. You'll be more than able to excel in any future exams."  
  
Of course, that's true...it was bound to end at some point. He was aiding my skills, and nothing more.  
  
That evening, with my summer dress...somewhere, not on me, and my body drenched in sweat, was when I made the decision that it wouldn't end like that. Not with the parting of ways of two people who had achieved their goal and moved on. I would not leave behind the growing feelings and electricity I felt in his presence.  
  
That evening was when I chose next week's outfit.  
  
---------------------------------  
  
I pulled the coat around me tighter in what I'm sure was a very conspicuous manner. It was a large coat, thin material sure but thicker than anything that would be needed in this weather. I was sure I stood out like a sore, overly wrapped up thumb. The pleated white skirt that peaked out from beneath the coat was vital. Without it, I had looked as if I were naked underneath the coat. My lime green coat even had the classic belt associated with flasher trench coats. Luckily, I looked a fair bit trendier than that.  
  
I walked quickly. My small pink heels clicked against the concrete as I struggled through the campus under the harshly beating sun. My curls bounced as I quickly climbed up the steps to the humanities building. Cool sweat rolled along my neck making me shiver. Why was I doing this? Did I really want to push it this far?  
  
A throb emanated below. My breathing caught in my throat as I stepped into the stuffy building. Yes, of course I did.  
  
Up the stairs I hurried, hoping no one could catch a glimpse up my short skirt. I strode along the corridor, tensely worrying about letting my coat fall open. I clutched my bag to my side to prevent it bouncing on my back. Finally, I arrived. The green "Open" sign greeted me and I knocked.  
  
"Come in!" swam his harsh but melodic tones. I pushed the door open.  
  
His face lit up for a moment when he saw me enter and he sat up straighter, "Ah Molly good to- good to see you today." His voice had faltered halfway through the sentence. The excitement and barely concealed eagerness of his previous welcomes had faded to be replaced with concern.  
  
I could hardly blame his change in attitude. My change in outfit had likely sent his mind searching for answers. Was I upset with previous meetings? Had I decided the game had gone too far and so I was now focusing only on my studies.  
  
He cleared his throat and scratched his stubble, "Please, make yourself comfortable. Sit down, please. I have -er prepared todays research questions. I'm sure you did the- the research so you will have no problem with these questions. I have to say you have progressed greatly over these sessions. You're writing style and sophistication I mean. So...um...just a second."  
  
He rummaged around on his desk to collect the papers. His voice was all business. None of the playfulness from before. No excitement and admiration. Just nervous energy. A well brought up child at Christmas who had to pretend he was content with his extended family's disappointing gifts. There was no personalisation to the gift, so he responded with stock phrases. The energy he had built up remained but had been buried deep within. This present obviously was not worth that overwhelming energy with which he had enjoyed the others.  
  
I untied my coat and spoke, "Well it's all to do with your feedback James. I really do appreciate it." I turned away from him and towards the desk as I pulled the zip down.  
  
"Well- well you're too kind Mo- Miss Bailey, as your professor it is my job to aid students with their academic pursuits in any way I-"  
  
He had turned around. I couldn't see him but I knew. He was looking at me. I had frozen for just a second, a second that lasted an eternity. I could only imagine the view. Both hands had seized the long lapels of my jacket and dived over my shoulders. Smooth skin bare from shoulder blade to shoulder blade was clear to see. Neatly framed by my fists, clenching fabric.  
  
I had practiced this move. Practiced it intensely. Practiced it embarrassed. Practiced it excited. Practiced it with my whole-body buzzing and shaking. Buzzing and shaking was how I performed it to him.  
  
I released my grip and dropped my arms. It floated for a moment before tumbling away. I felt the material trace the lines along my back and caress my arms. I felt the weight as it pooled above my wrists as they clung to the ends of the sleeves. It slid over my waist and hung just in line with my thighs, suspended by my grip on the fluffy jacket cuffs. I passed my left sleeve to my right hand and experienced the caress of my jacket's liner against my leg. I swung my right hand up and folded the coat over my arm. It was a messy fold but there was no need to be precise, there was more to be done. I couldn't stop now.

I stood there, paused for a moment to check his reaction but he seemed as frozen as I was. I daintily bent at the waist and draped the coat over the chair. My body ached and I became aware of the fuzziness within my mind. I peeked down at myself. I was standing in front of my professor with a bright pink bikini top wrapped around my chest, a small, white pleated skirt around my waist and strappy pink heels cladding my bare feet. I could feel the blush overwhelming my cheeks but I couldn't stop now. The skirt had only been for the journey. I could not stop now!  
  
I reached my hands back behind myself and heard a soft intake of breath. My stomach tensed with the reminder of his presence, drinking in my appearance. My hands reached the top of my skirt and found its zip. I pulled down. The zipping noise was almost deafening so I think I rushed it. I could barely wait any longer, all thoughts of exaggerating it had been flushed from my brain and I'm sure those thoughts were awaiting me, pooled with the increasing dampness in my core.  
  
The zip had a sharp click and it was free. I tossed it to the side along with my coat. It was time to look him in the face. I turned towards him.  
  
He immediately looked away and shuffled to grab the papers. I could see his chest breathing heavily. He had conspicuously turned his entire waist away from me. My chest had that familiar clench as it was as good as visual proof that my "outfit" had affected him. He murmured and muttered absently to me about the papers for this week, the questions, his hope that I had researched thoroughly and his assurance that I had. Anything to fill the silence.  
  
I snuck a glance down at myself once again to drink in the sight on my bikini bottoms. This small pink set had only been worn to the beach a few times and now here I was in my professor's office, clad in only it and high heels. Looking at my chest I could see the hint of my nipples pushing against the material. I felt lightheaded.  
  
The bikini was not the most scandalous it could have been. It was not lingerie or just coloured string. I was perfectly serviceable for the beach, but I was not at the beach.  
  
I pushed my thighs together and felt the material rub against my crotch. I felt its dampness. I felt it slide against my lips and clit, sensitive and reacting. I imagined pulling them to the side and... No! I shook my head. Patience. Just like everything you've done so far. Take it slowly. It'll be so much better.  
  
He turned to give me the sheet of essay titles and I watched his eyes gorge themselves on how I looked. I started to unpack my laptop and charger and log in, bent at the waist of course.  
  
"Here let me get your coat and- and skirt."  
  
"Huh?" I exclaimed a little surprised. His cheeky half smile had returned. His confidence renewed as his fears had been unfounded. Far from ending the game, I had stepped it up. His support had once again been rewarded and he was riding that euphoric high. He snatched up my skirt and coat and hung them both on a hook on the door, leaving me without anything to cover myself.  
  
He was starting to figure me out, wasn't he? His smug nonchalant face sat upon those broad shoulders; chest puffed out with pride. My eyes flicked downwards and my teeth bit into my lip. He had momentarily forgotten to hide the incredibly large bulge that lay against the fabric of his black trousers. I looked away blushing as I saw his head flick down to follow my gaze. I'm not entirely sure if it was with confidence or embarrassment with which he walked back to his desk but he took his time.  
  
I started to set up a planning document for my practice essay but I really doubted how well I would be able to do. So far, my exposure in previous sessions had seemingly heightened my drive to work, to impress upon the rugged Scottish academic but this daring over exposure was threatening to make my vision blurry. I felt hot under the collar without any collar to speak of.  
  
As before, he got to work behind his computer quickly. At least, he went through the motions of working. Unlike the last few times, his typing was limited while absent minded clicking was prevalent.  
  
Like I was any different.  
  
The first 10 minutes progressed very slowly and the words of the essay titles blurred into one. I struggled to compile the information I had studied into one specific essay. The questions on culture, certain treaties, the rise of certain cities...none of it fitted my mood.  
  
I flicked my eyes over to his desk and gasped. His eyes had been fixed upon me and the inhuman speed with which he swung his head back to his screen did nothing to hide that. The hunger inside of them, the desire. I felt my internal fire ignite and my legs squeezed together. I'm not sure if my tensing was to release the feeling or build it up but I sat there with my mouth open relishing the electricity coursing through me. His words cut through the moment. He spoke without looking up.  
  
"If you do not write an essay, I'll put that coat back on you."  
  
I felt it, the groan that stormed its way up my throat and threatened to burst out. I constricted my throat desperately to hold it back. Instead a large and obviously gulp rang around the room. I flicked my head back to the sheet, chest and face scarlet. I looked at the test paper. It was clearer than it had been, I started to get ideas about a certain essay but I knew I wanted to do something to make me completely focused on the task at hand. I took a gamble.  
  
Both hands slid underneath my bikini top smoother than they had ever slid over silk and found my little peaks quicker than I'd ever found a light switch. I pinched, hard.  
  
The loud creak of his chair. I didn't look back. I couldn't have, my eyes were fluttering too much. I released my nipples. My hands lay calmly over the swell of my boobs and my left one scratched at the top of my left breast. With my face shining from my grin I leaned forwards and started on the question I had decided upon. My hands slid out from my underneath my small garment and rushed into action writing out my essay plan.  
  
It probably would have been quite a good essay, my best yet, but I was never destined to finish writing it that day.  
  
---------------------------------  
  
I had been writing for about twenty minutes and was more than half the way through the essay. Seeing as the exam would feature three essays to be completed within an hour and a half, I was doing reasonably well for a girl mildly distracted by the heat of her professor's eyes on her legs and the dampness of her bikini bottoms. The constant squirming didn't seem to be putting off my productivity.  
  
I had slipped my heels off after a few minutes. They were sexy for sure but they were not comfortable to work in. The freedom of my feet on his carpeted floor was luxurious and I had shivered when I noticed him shoot a few glances at them.  
  
The urge to do a similar action to the "innocent" nipple scratch in my bikini bottoms was overwhelming but I somehow resisted. It seemed like there was a line I wasn't quite ready, or sexually excited enough, to cross. I did however feel the desire to up the naughtiness, I wasn't sure if I could pull it off though. I turned my head slightly to the side so I could see him in my peripheral vision. A blurred unfocused mass of dark hair and muscled man greeted me, head pointed firmly at the screen with the concentration only found when someone wishes it to appear that they are concentrating. I smiled to myself. Now was the time. With my eyes still fixed on my essay with a calm gaze and relaxed face, my right arm descended. I heard a momentary stop in his keypresses the moment it slipped below the desk. I could just barely contain a laugh.  
  
My left hand continued to scroll with my laptop's trackpad and occasionally correct a few words in my previous paragraphs. Such a good student, editing her work, I thought to myself as my hand reached the left side of my bikini bottoms and fingers curled around its edge. His fingers were just lying on the keys now I could tell. I very gently pulled out any parts of the left side of my bikini bottom that were not flat to my skin and withdrew my hand. I heard him let out a silenced breath as he realised, I was just naturally adjusting my bikini.  
  
It made it even more delicious when I heard him stop typing again when I lifted the right side of my bikini bottom and slid it over to join the left side in a bunch of fabric. I cast a small look downwards but I needn't have bothered. I could feel the taunt pressure of the fabric in one spot and the cool air caressing what was exposed. I couldn't help myself and arched my waist and chest forward as the exquisite pleasure of what I was doing coursed through my body and combined with the physical impact of the temperature change.  
  
I instantly became a thousand times more aware of the moisture that was present along and at the bottom of my lips, gently cooling in the air. I knew with insane delight that he likely could not actually see my lips due to his position, my legs, and my bunched-up swimsuit, but he would know. He would absolutely know. And that was fantastic.  
  
I nearly hit the roof when there was a knock at the door.  
  
We both started in our chairs and gazed horrified at the door as if an imminent entrance was occurring but we both regained our awareness of the situation. This was a lecturer's office. No one would enter unless James gave his approval. I rapidly put my bikini bottoms back to the correct place while also realising that even properly arranged, my current attire was in no way suitable for visitors.  
  
I turned my terrified face to him and momentarily saw my concern reflected in his face, concern for his job, for arrest maybe?  
  
His face switched to motivated determination. He pointed at the second desk area in the corner. Its blue fabric screen prevented anyone from being seen unless they stood up inside it and enclosed the area from all sides, bar the entranceway that faced James' own desk. It had previously been another colleague's work area and housed the printer, or so James had told me, but now it was my salvation. I dived through the entranceway and slid myself under one the desks. Hidden from view I prayed that the mysterious visitor's business had nothing to do with this small workspace.  
  
"One moment." He called in a calm relaxed tone. A tone I would have never been able to call upon at such a moment. Perhaps that soothing Scottish accent granted him the ability to disguise any fear.  
  
I heard a click from across the room as James wisely closed my laptop, preventing suspicion as much as he could. Then a rustle at the doorway. I peeked my head around the corner just as he walked back to his desk, carrying my skirt. I was relieved at his forethought and calm. The skirt disappeared underneath his desk and he turned away from his computer to place his hands on some papers.  
  
"Come in!" He called gently.  
  
I pulled myself away from the entranceway. Curiosity was overwhelmed by fear and the desire to hide my presence. I heard the door open and James turn on his chair and drop some papers gently, disguising the reason for his request for the visitor to wait. A voice I didn't recognise soon started conversing with James. I heard them sit down at the chair opposite his desk and they seemed to not suspect my presence.  
  
I realised I had been breathing hard. My near miss started some critical thoughts. God, what was I doing? I could have jeopardized James' career and maybe even got him sent to prison. I was having fun and he had never seemed resistant, even seemingly enjoying it, but it was incredibly dangerous.  
  
Well... No. I had done my research, shamefully late at night as though the secrecy would hide the guilt of what I was researching. I was of legal age and apparently, although frowned upon, there was nothing illegal about a relationship or...sex...between a professor and student. However, it was something that he might be shamed or even forced out of his job for.  
  
That was why the guilt of it hit so much harder when my fingers found my soaking lips.  
  
My other hand slapped my mouth desperately as I felt the moan hit me and struggled to stay silent. I looked at my hand. Buried inside my bottoms, the outline visibly moving. Sitting with my knees pulled up to my chest, in my professor's office, in a bikini, masturbating while he talked to another student. It was all too much for me. I couldn't stop my fingers as they plunged in and out and rubbed around. They searched for my clit and found it with practiced ease. I moved the liquid that had gathered between my lips over the top of my clit and started to circle it. The heat was bursting through me and I fought a desperate battle to prevent noise. I struggle to stop any sounds from my mouth, from my frantic arm, my legs, even the wet squelch as my fingers pushed in and out of my pussy to give me a sense of fullness.  
  
My ass rose and fell and my hips roamed around as the pleasure smacked me from side to side. It became impossible to sit still. My legs splayed out lewdly and straightened slightly so I could relax. Being hidden had slowly fallen out of my priorities as I pleasured myself to the sound of their voices, oh so near. I carried on giving my pussy the attention it so desperately craved while I picked up on James' voice every few minutes. Did he know what I was doing? Could he tell? Could I show him?  
  
My chest tightened and my eyes clamped shut as I imagined it. I saw myself on his desk, clearly this time. My head thrown back and my fingers lewdly opening my lips for him to gaze longingly into. I pumped my fingers forcefully and frantically as I felt the wave approaching. I raced to extract as much pleasure as I could before it hit. My legs started to bounce and I bit down savagely on the knuckles that were jammed into my mouth, to stop the ear-splitting scream that I knew would attempt to fill the room. I shook my head fiercely and felt my orgasmic heat rush from my waist right the way up past my stomach and to the tops of my cheeks. I felt my hair slip and flick against my skin as I shook and finally arched my back. I shuddered and tensed as the orgasm touched every inch of my skin and burned it. My eyes were clenched shut but lights exploded behind them.  
  
Gradually, my movements stopped. My body relaxed and the tension seeped out of me like the fluids already had. I released a contented sigh that filled the room. My release, complete. Fuzzily, my senses returned to me and my eyes blinked against the harsh light. Opening incredibly slowly I tried to make sense of my surroundings through blurred vision. I blinked away the wetness in my eyes and saw a dark shape to my side. I groggily jumped at the figure looming over me.  
  
There was no hint of shock, no surprise, those eyes had been on me for long enough that those emotions had faded. What burned in those eyes, was hunger, and I was the prey.  
  
---------------------------------  
  
"Wha-?"  
  
"What happened to Michael?" James asked, completing the question my fried brain struggled to. "He left... about 3 minutes ago. Before you got too vocal."  
  
I realised where I was, who I was with, what I had done and grasped at any idea that could possibly salvage my intense and utter humiliation.  
  
"Stand up!" Gruff. Aggressive. Commanding. Yet lacking anger.  
  
I attempted to push myself off the ground but my legs faltered, they felt like jelly and my hands refused to supply any force to my efforts. I felt myself rising, weightlessly and realised James had grabbed me and lifted me. He steadied me with his hands around my waist. This was the first time we had touched when I wore so little. I felt sweat run along my breasts and sexual juices trickle to the edges of my thighs. My chest touched his, my legs either side of one of his.  
  
"Are you alright?" So much more sensitivity and care than before.  
  
My lips had melted into his before I registered the darkness of having closed my eyes. I felt his lips purse and cheeks draw in. The reaction of surprise. Push through, push through and don't pull away. He'll make his decision in these next moments.  
  
His tongue forced its way into my mouth and began that exquisite wrestle. His hands were upon my behind and crushed it between his strong hands with the intensity of weeks of admiration. I groaned onto his tongue and struggled to hold my footing as his hands almost lifted me from the ground.  
  
"James..." I whispered as we parted. I'm not sure what I wanted to say. Far too expectable phrases entered my mind. "We can't.", "We shouldn't", "We're teacher and student. It's not right."  
  
His fingers slipped under my bottom and slid into my wetness. My pussy, excited and dripping from my orgasm removed any of those options from my brain.  
  
"... fuck me...please."  
  
It was a smooth manoeuvre that pushed me down onto my knees. Even smoother was how quickly his trousers and boxers were down. Out from them emerged his large erection, bobbing in front of me, displaying the eagerness his calm face hid. His fingers spread out and massaged my scalp, curling and tangling in my hair. I sighed as I felt wetness smear across my head, my own wetness from moments ago when my own professor had dipped his fingers inside of me. His hands massaged but did not move me towards or away. We had swapped places, he was desperately holding on, knowing I couldn't possibly resist my urge to continue.  
  
My head and hands moved forward like glaciers. Slow, but continuous, no obstacle would stand in their path. Smooth skin greeted me. Thick, warm and pulsing it dwarfed my right hand. With my left, I grasped onto his strong thigh, steadying myself and digging my hands into his small curls as if in retaliation.  
  
His penis grew in my hand, I felt it harden at the simple eroticism of contact. My mouth was close and I exhaled naturally. I heard a gasp. Higher pitched than normal, so unlike the gruff Scotsman I knew. He coughed a few times likely to deepen his voice in shame but to me the complete change in him was electric. I had elicited that response. Without that little whimpery gasp, I might have waited far longer to wrap my lips around his dick.  
  
The head passed between my lips and I felt them lewdly being forced wide by his size. A guttural moan emerged from my mouth and vibrated his cock. It stiffened in my mouth and only increased my enthusiasm as my tongue lashed out to taste his head. Warm and soft, like the tip of a finger but infinitely more delicate. I felt concern for it. It's continuous reaction to everything I did, the way it sought out deeper depths of my mouth as if searching for comfort. My hand was unable to reach entirely around his cock now and my awareness of its size, now he was erect, only made me grip the base tighter to steady myself. My head pushed forward for what seemed like kilometres but when I opened my eyes, I could see that I was just over three-quarters of the way down his cock.  
  
I flicked my eyes up to him and saw that his were shut tightly. The pleasure coursing through him causing his face to scrunch up. He must have noticed I had stopped moving, before I had realised, and he looked down. I can only imagine what he saw. Me, on my knees, his large cock opening my mouth up to accept him but the struggle clear and evident and likely fuelling his self-confidence immensely.  
  
He started to move his hands. I nearly fought him when he pulled me backwards but I soon realised what he wished. He was going to face fuck me. Moving my head backwards and forwards in time with his encouraging movements I felt the movement of his cock shift around my mouth. Filling some areas then emptying my mouth till only the head remained.  
  
This carried on for a few minutes but I was rapidly losing track of time. He pulled me off his cock and I took a deep breath, suddenly aware of how out of breath I was. My face was flushed and I felt drool connecting my bottom lip and his cock fall onto my breasts. I sat on my knees looking up at him. His shining wet dick staring satisfied but intimidatingly ready for more.

He lifted me upwards with one hand still digging into my hair and the other underneath my arm, clasping my back. I was drawn towards his lips but he did not stay there caressing mine with his for long. Instead his head swerved to my cheeks and traced kisses along my side before biting at my earlobe, pulling slightly, before he dipped lower and kissed along my collarbone. I shivered at the wet kisses and the feeling of his manhood pressing against my stomach, my own saliva and his excitement marking my stomach.  
  
He pulled his face back for a second to look at my eyes. He looked for a second as if he was about to ask something but he must have sensed my absolute willingness and hunger and decided that my earlier agreement was more than sufficient. His hands found my bikini top and pushed it down with very little grace. His prize was there for him to see and he had no time to waste in adding to the intoxicating atmosphere.  
  
His head dived for my breasts, kissing the top of each of them individually before licking around my areolas and finally sucking on my nipples proper. My hands went to his head this time and found his thick dark coils the perfect handholds as my legs gave up their role as supports. He nipped and licked and sucked at my breasts making up for lost time. I thought back to my braless summer dress, my tank top, this tantalising bikini. For the first time the sheer weight of how much I had teased and excited him over the last few weeks was truly apparent to me and I couldn't help letting out a loud moan that echoed through the room.  
  
"Get on with it, James. Hurry." I begged desperately.  
  
"You want me to hurry?" He asked encouragingly.  
  
"God, yes. Please, take me." I replied.  
  
He dragged his hands to under my thighs and lifted me. He carried me with strong arms up to perch my bottom on the edge of the desk. From there I grasped the edge as his head rushed to my pussy. He forced the bikini to the side and pushed his tongue inside and found me thoroughly wet and ready after my masturbation. His tongue was imprecise and unskilled but my acute awareness of that was overshadowed by the sheer pleasure he was giving my sensitive clit and the extreme taboo of our situation. He pulled away and I saw a slight sheen on his lips. I grabbed his jacket and pulled him into me to taste myself on his lips before pulling his suit jacket off him and casting it to the floor.  
  
For his part, he held his dick and positioned it against my lips while holding my bikini bottoms to the side to allow his entrance. He traced it up and down, and dipped ever so slightly between them. His head begging entrance. I unbuttoned the top few buttons of his shirt but then dug my hands into his back, giving him the silent affirmation to push into me.  
  
Which he did. The last few weeks of teasing and growing closer exploded inside of me as he finally entered me and began to fill me. He fucked me against the desk, thrusting in and out and sliding my butt across the desk as I desperately attempted to hold on. He steadied us and used a hand to hold me in place and allow himself to full fill my pussy. We were both groaning heavily now but I was definitely the louder of the two of us.  
  
Surprisingly and without warning he pulled out of me and dragged me off the desk. The sudden emptiness struck me and I followed his movements with the desperation of wishing to continue. He guided me through the room facing me away from him and pushed my back forward. With his strong hands he bent me over his wooden desk. Pushing papers and his laptop to the side without a care.  
  
Here, at the desk he worked at daily, the desk we had talked over, the desk he had watched me from for the last few weeks, here he bent me over and ripped my bikini bottoms from me with his aggressive hands. The force of it being torn from me alone made me moan but I soon found my moans silenced. Bundled up the small pink bikini bottoms were forced into my mouth to muzzle my cries of pleasure. I was struck with both the awareness that we were likely not alone in the building and that with my tongue curled through the folds of my bottoms I could taste my own juices. I bit down hard on the bottoms and willed them to stay in place, to hush my pleasure that was impossible to contain.  
  
Bracing myself against the desk with my arms I felt him drag his cock across my bare cheeks before positioning his cock at my entrance, drawing it over my lips before eventually, decisively thrusting into me.  
  
I screamed into my swimsuit and heard the muffled exhale loudly surround me. My teased and tortured pussy begged for release and the new position had only made it feel even better. He thrust in and out of me with renewed energy, pumping his hips back and forth and forcing my own body to rock back and forth with each thrust, a comfortable but desperate rhythm forming between us. His right arm grasped onto my waist and used that to pull me back onto his cock at the end of each stroke. His left arm found my back and stroked along my side searching for my breasts to squeeze. Supported and massaged I continued to moan and lowered my head nearly to the desk.  
  
His hand released my breasts and ran along my neck to grasp at my hair. Gathering it up from both sides and bunching it up in a fist he pulled my head back and forced me to stare out of his window.  
  
I looked out across the grounds of the university. The sun sat high in the sky and shone off lecture room windows, that sat upon the many buildings of the campus. People walked across the different paths, oblivious to me, bent over my professors' desk as he pushed his cock in and out of me from behind. With that view I didn't notice his hand had left my waist until I felt the smack land against my ass. I screamed through my stuffed mouth and humped against him harder as more smacks rained down upon my ass. Each one left a sting and intense warmth that spread through my entire body.  
  
Suddenly I was overwhelmed. I was over the crest. My body poured itself over the edge and pleasure scorched every inch of my body. It could have been the third spank or the 300th that caused me to orgasm but at that point time had lost its meaning. James continued to slam into me as my orgasm made me buck and shake while impaled upon his cock. As I started to stop quaking, I felt his member pulsing inside of me and then felt him pull out of my pussy fully.  
  
I felt his movement behind me and then white-hot shots of cum pelted my ass and back. My fingers dived between my legs as I extended the pleasure by roughhousing my clit. I shook for a few more seconds and felt my juices running over my fingers.  
  
The last pulses of mine and James' orgasms finally wore out and I collapsed heavily onto his desk, utterly exhausted.  
  
"You're so beautiful." I heard from behind me.  
  
"Mhmmiphffer." Was my shaky response. I would like to say that was solely because of the bikini bottoms still hanging from my teeth but the orgasm had mostly rendered me speechless.  
  
I started to come around as his shining face looked down at my contented visage. He stroked my hair and gently released my bikini bottoms from my mouth. I saw his cock bobbing off to the side, a droplet of cum still hanging onto the head.  
  
I laughed.  
  
"What?" He asked confused but not concerned.  
  
"I was just thinking," I said through deep breaths "that I'm making good progress in these sessions."  
  
He chuckled, "Same time next week then?"  
  
"Sure, but buy me dinner afterwards."  
  
His face registered momentary worry and his eyes flicked around at his office. His gaze was searching for that which he cared about, concerned about losing it. However, eventually, his gaze found me, laying contentedly over his desk, with my back covered in his cum, shimmering in the light. He exhaled and his face relaxed. He'd surprised himself when he realised, he had found what his eyes sought out.  
  
"Sounds good to me. Are you going to wearing the same outfit?" He asked cheekily.  
  
I looked at him in mock shock. "Goodness no!" My voice dropped to a faux whisper. "My outfit will be far less concealing. The weather is getting warmer after all."