

Anatomy Lessons Preview

He lost his train of thought when she reached for the top shelf to replace a book. The position lifted her sweater up her abdomen to expose a tantalizing glimpse of her navel. She caught his gaze and made no immediate effort to fix the display.

“Campus is deserted as far as I can tell,” she hummed, “We could probably do this stuff naked and nobody would ever know.”

This took Jake by surprise. As flustered as he was, he didn’t dare let it show. A faint glimmer of hope that he could work this to his advantage was alive. Every time he’d ran through this kind of scenario in his head, confidence was key. The next words out of his mouth could seal the deal. “...Is that an offer?”

The smile on her face was promising. “We’ll see.” Holding a book in her arms and into her chest in such a way as to make her breasts bulge around the cover, she introduced herself. “I’m Diane.”

“J-Jake,” he mumbled. The spell cast by her book-hugging tits was powerful.

Diane knew full well what she was doing. Enjoying his reaction, she turned back to the shelf and bent to the bottom row. Extra care was put into bending only at the hips. Jake’s dry mouth amused her when she stood back up.

“Whew...” Diane breathed. A finger curled around her sweater collar to pull it in and out and circulate air across her body. “This library is an oven! I should have worn something under this sweater... It’s so hot I wish I could just take it off...”

Jake could feel himself short-circuiting. Years of watching porn had left him surprisingly ill-equipped to handle this situation. He wasn’t prepared for this kind of flirting. Not in real life. No girl had ever come on to him this strongly. He still couldn’t be certain a hidden camera crew wasn’t ready to jump out if he took the bait. It all seemed too good to be true. Still, as Diane bemoaned the library’s heat and accentuated her sweater-hugged bust, he had to look. The distinct curve of bra lines made his cock throb.

Diane could tell he was going to need a little help. Spending the last few hours alone in the library had left her craving attention. What’s more, being alone with her thoughts never failed to put her in a horny mood.

She watched Jake’s lingering eyes and ran a finger down the front of her left breast. “Do you think I should just take it off...?”

“Well... If you’re hot, I don’t see why not.”

Diane looked around the area. “I don’t know... I wouldn’t want anyone to see... My bra is *all I have* under here...”

This girl was trying to drive him insane. Jake wanted to rip the sweater off by his teeth at this point. “It’s only,” he urged, “I won’t tell.”

Diane approached like a hungry lioness. The heat from her breasts resting between them made Jake sweat.

“Would *you* like to take it off for me?”

An arm wrapped around Jake's waist and a hand teased the front of his jeans before sliding into his boxers. He felt like a mouse caught in a python's grip.

"Please?" Diane cooed while curling her fingers around his shaft. She leaned into him, pushing his back into the bookshelf. "My hands are kind of busy right now..."

Heat poured from her sweater. Jake could feel himself throbbing in her grip. He would be lucky to maintain composure until her sweater came off at this rate. Diane's breasts pushed soft and full against his chest. The thought of getting his hands on such marvelous sweater-fillers was maddening. Nervous as he was, Jake wasn't going to let this blessing pass him by.

"I can help with that," he said in a low voice. Placing a hand on her butt, he pulled her pelvis into his to sandwich her hand against his cock. His remaining hand latched onto the bottom of her sweater. The bare of her back rubbed against his wrist as he lifted the sweater up her body.