**Biology Class**

by[Alured](http://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=1928507&page=submissions)©

A week into the spring semester, she transferred into my biology class.  
  
I remembered having her in my Comp I class the prior semester. I thought she was cute, but we never had the opportunity to chat. The seat next to me was empty and I secretly hoped she would sit next to me. After checking in with the professor, she headed for my table and sat down.  
  
"We had class together last year didn't we?" she asked. She remembered me after all.  
  
"Yes we did. We never had a chance to talk much. I hope we get to work together this time around."  
  
"Well, I'm about a week behind; I was hoping you be able to help me catch up?" she asked.  
  
"I think I could do that, but it'll cost ya. Just kidding. I will make you copies of the notes I have by next class."  
  
We sat next to each other from that day forward. We were allowed to take class notes on our laptops while the professor talked, but mostly we typed to each other at the bottom of our computer screens. At first, we made small talk, getting to know each other better. By the third week of class, we had started flirting. We also found time to have a couple lunch dates. But nothing could have prepared me for that day of class in the first week of April.  
  
Our correspondence started the same as usual that day, yet something was different. The weather was nice and it was the first time I had seen her in a skirt. Blue denim, stopping just above her knees. I couldn't help but to comment on it.  
  
I typed to her, "I like your skirt. Why have you been hiding your legs from me?"  
  
She replied, "I has been winter and it's tough to keep up with the shaving. Who wants to see nicks on my legs?"  
  
"There is a price to having smooth legs I guess."  
  
She stroked her calf and then she typed, "Took me longer than usual, but I think I did a good job."  
  
"That's a mighty high opinion when you're the only judge of that."  
  
"Maybe I'll let you have a touch after class, and then you can be the judge."  
  
"What would you say if I wanted to judge right now? I tend to get impatient"  
  
She typed, "Above the knee or below it?"  
  
I replied, "It will have to be under the knee, as your thighs are pretty well covered. ;)"  
  
"I could pull my skirt up a little. I want to be fair. I did say legs after all, not just calf."  
  
"Lol. That sounds fair. What are the criteria to this beauty contest? "  
  
"So I'm a pageant contestant huh? Umm... What do you think? You're the judge after all."  
  
I was momentarily lost in thought, "where did this new side of her come from? She had never been this openly flirty before."  
  
I noticed she was waiting for my answer, "Well, there will have to be a touch category obviously."  
  
"Yeah."  
  
"I think a visual inspection is also in order."  
  
"If you inspect me any harder right now, you might start to drool... lol"  
  
"I'm trying to be thorough. I take my job very seriously."  
  
"Somehow, I doubt that."  
  
Our table was dead center of the room, with her seated on my right. The pair of students directly behind us were close enough they could have read our screens if they were paying any attention to us, rather than the lecture. We always feared the possibility they may actually try to read our screens, so we would wait just long enough for the other to read their message and then erase the evidence.  
  
After jotting down a few key points about mitochondria, I typed, "Are you ready to begin the visual inspection portion of the contest?"  
  
She quickly replied, "Now?"  
  
"Sure, why not?"  
  
After a few moments, she replied, "Ok, what would you like to see first?"  
  
"Let's start from the bottom and work our way up. Slide off your shoes."  
  
"You think I might have hairy feet!? And there was no mention of taking anything off."  
  
"I just wanted to see if you painted your toes. J"  
  
She softly smiled as she typed, "ok." She slid off her shoes and rubbed her feet together. "Happy?"  
  
"Not starting off good I'm afraid. I'm going to have to deduct for the color."  
  
"What's wrong with the color?" she asked.  
  
"It doesn't go with the outfit you're wearing."  
  
"Sure it does, it matches my bra and panties."  
  
I said nothing. I was too shocked for words.  
  
She softly smiled and blushed. "I take it from the look on your face; you're ok with my toe nail polish now?"  
  
What I wanted to say was I was envisioning her in nothing but her underwear, but instead I typed, "I'll give the color a passing grade."  
  
"Ooh, you're hard to please. Plus, what does color have to do with shaving my legs? I think you were looking for an excuse to get my shoes off."  
  
"At this point, I'm looking for an excuse to get any part of you "off" lol."  
  
She blushed again, "Cute. Are you sure you can get any other part of me "off" now that I know your plan?" she asked.  
  
"I guess we'll find out. J Back to business..." I continued to type, "Toes and feet are good... calves looking sexy... Houston, we have a problem."  
  
"What?"  
  
"I can't see past your knees. So I'm unable to award full points for the visual portion."  
  
"And how can I get full points?"  
  
I decided to push my luck. "I need to see what's hiding under that skirt."  
  
She tensed up and quickly typed, "Here? Now? You can't be serious."  
  
"I didn't think you would go for it, but thought I could try. Who could blame for wanting to see your hot ass."  
  
"I might have gone for it if the table wasn't in the middle of the room. Tell me more about my ass."  
  
"When you walk up the stairs, I can't tell you how bad I've wanted to reach out and squeeze it. You in spandex pants makes me crazy."  
  
"Good, that was what I was going for."  
  
"What???"  
  
She blushed and looked away with a devilish grin.  
  
I typed, "You tease! Last chance to get full points. What do you say?"  
  
"I'm not going to show you my panties, but I might agree to something else."  
  
I quickly thought of another option. "What if I settle for a little thigh action then?"  
  
"Say please."  
  
"PLEASE..."  
  
"I can't believe I'm doing this..."  
  
She placed her hands on the edges of the chair near her hips. I watched with anticipation as she held down the sides of her skirt with her thumbs; slowly sliding down in her seat. As her skirt rose up, I was captivated as more and more of her soft, white skin became visible. I was felling tightness in my shorts by the time she stopped halfway up her thighs. After a few seconds, she sat back up and the view was gone.  
  
"Good enough?" She typed.  
  
"That was ok for starters, but I can check off the thighs too. Now for the rubbing portion of the competition... lol" I seriously wanted to touch her at this point, but I was still trying to play it cool.  
  
She asked, "Rubbing huh? What would you do if I wanted to rub "you" right here in class?"  
  
I almost choked. "Getting a little worked up are we? I guess I need to slide closer, so we weren't so obvious? ;)"  
  
She reached over and made a little tug on my chair.  
  
I looked around a little and carefully slid myself a little closer to her, both trying to be cute and hoping she was a least bit serious. She laughed quietly to herself and licked her lips. I thought when she licked her lips she was getting ready to reach over, but I realized when she typed, "Are you hard?" that her lips had gone dry.  
  
I was taken aback by her frankness and couldn't help but smile. I had never had a woman be that direct with me before and it turned me on more than anything. "Yes." I admitted. She paused her typing to take a breath. I realized too that I was feeling a little tingly, forgetting to breathe myself. She was getting so turned on, she admitted, that she was getting wet.  
  
I can't remember what I was trying to say in reply to that, but I quickly realized I was typing harder than I should have been when the guy at the table next to me cleared his throat and was glaring at me. She interrupted my apologies with another question.  
  
"I'm so worked up right now; do you want to "make out" after class?"  
  
I told her I most definitely did. I had never so much as touched her before, but I had wanted to for a while now. We still had a bit of time until the end of class. She asked if I knew of any quiet areas nearby, and I had a spot immediately in mind. I told her when class was over to follow me. I could tell by her constant glancing at the clock she wanted class over sooner than later.  
  
We listened to the professor for a few minutes, trying not to think about our tryst, and then I began thinking about her legs again. I would glance ever few seconds, trying not to be obvious. During one of my glances I noticed for the first time that the front of her skirt was comprised of buttons.  
  
She caught me staring and typed, "What are you looking at?"  
  
"Are the buttons on your skirt functional or just for looks?"  
  
She blushed and her fingers slightly trembled over the keys. I wondered if she was thinking what I was thinking.  
  
Finally she said, "Yes, they are functional."  
  
"I don't believe you. Can you prove it?"  
  
She squirmed in her seat as she went between typing and erasing. Eventually, she gave up trying to type. Instead she crossed her legs towards me and moved her left hand to the hem of her skirt. She smoothed out her skirt and kept her hand over the bottom button. The professor chose that moment to walk down the aisle and hand back papers to us, causing her to quickly place her hands upon the desk. When he finished, she didn't move or type anything for a few minutes.  
  
"She's lost her nerve," I thought. I began typing to her when she again moved her hand onto her lap. She casually looked around the room and once satisfied with her search; she again toyed with the bottom button of her skirt. With a quick squeeze, she popped the button, exposing four inches of thigh. She slid her hand up to the next button and I thought she was going to undo another one. She instead brought her hand back to the keyboard, took in a deep breath and started to type.  
  
"I told you they worked."  
  
"I will give you the bottom one, but I think you stopped because the rest of them are just sewn on. You might be bluffing. I'm still not convinced."  
  
"You're impossible to please!"  
  
"And you have a smoking hot body. We all have our problems."  
  
She blushed and reached up to her necklace, twirling it between her fingers. Her breathing was becoming irregular and her nipples were now visible through her shirt.  
  
I typed. "This is really turning you on isn't it?"  
  
She made a quick glance at her chest and started shaking her head; smiling. "You know I hate you right now."  
  
"No... you're loving this right now. So... about those buttons..."  
  
She bit at her bottom lip and sat all the way up in her chair. She pretended to adjust in her seat so she could turn her body in towards me; our knees now almost touching. I jumped when something cold suddenly brushed my leg; not expecting her foot to be rubbing against it. If she felt my jump, she didn't say, but continued to run her toes up and down.  
  
"Am I getting to you?" I asked.  
  
"I'm so horny right now. I want to rub on something else, but this will have to do until the end of class... ;)"  
  
I glanced at the clock. We still had 20 minutes to go. We had lost track of the class discussion at this point and really I couldn't give a damn. She was consuming all my thoughts and I still wasn't sure if she was just messing around. I leaned towards her; pretending to point out something in the textbook between us. She remained surprisingly still as I slid my other hand down the inside of her thigh.  
  
She was the picture of tranquility from the waist up, but I could feel the small twitches as I rubbed her leg. She had done a wonderful job of shaving. Every inch of her cool skin was smooth to the touch. I stopped moving my hand for a minute, just enjoying the feeling of her leg.  
  
She got my attention with a poke of her toes. She started to rub harder against my calf with the ball of her foot. I squeezed a little harder on her leg. Her foot traveled further up my calf and I slid my hand further up her thigh. Every time her foot went higher up my leg, my hand went a little further up her thigh. Eventually she couldn't rub any higher and she had to uncross her legs a bit to get a better angle. That helped me out as well. She made a little whimper when I slid my hand under her skirt.  
  
I continued to match her rubbing and her foot started to get irregular. My hand was completely under her skirt when she grasped the edges of her laptop, her thumbs slowly rubbing along the casing. She betrayed herself with a small intake of breath as I found her other thigh. Her foot stopped moving when my hand brushed against the edge of her panties and she quickly typed, "Enough!"  
  
I slowly removed my hand and typed "I didn't want you to feel left out and now I'm positive that your buttons are just for looks."  
  
"I'll show you how fake they are when we get out of class!"  
  
"Sure you will... They're fakes and you know it."  
  
She made a small look over her shoulder behind us, checking to see if the pair behind us was still engaged with the class. Looking straight at the professor, she undid another button on her skirt.  
  
"So they're fakes? hmmm..."  
  
I was speechless. I wanted to type some witty retort, but I had to keep erasing and retyping; and erasing...  
  
"Maybe you're still not sure? You still need another button to decide?"  
  
She undid another button without hesitation. She was now sitting with eight inches of her skirt unbuttoned and her beautiful legs were out for the world to see. One more button and I was positive her panties would be showing.  
  
I typed, "I think you have proven your point. My apologies... And thank you for the wonderful view."  
  
"np" was all she could write at the moment. Her hands were shaking.  
  
I wanted to reach across and stroke her leg again, but I thought that would bring too much attention to her current wardrobe "malfunction".  
  
I looked at my watch and had to stifle a laugh.  
  
"What?"  
  
"We have about five minutes left of class and although I'm enjoying the view, how are you planning on getting out of here with your skirt open? ;)"  
  
"You got me so worked up I hadn't thought about that... Shit"  
  
"You can't just stroll out of here like that. lol"  
  
"I know... damn... ummm? Any ideas?"  
  
"I don't know if I want to help you. I would rather like to see how you're getting out of this."  
  
"I hate you again... please help."  
  
"Show me what color panties your wearing and I will help you."  
  
"NO! :p"  
  
"Good luck lol"  
  
She tried to button her skirt back together, but her adjustments had scrunched her skirt under her making it too difficult to button any while seated. The professor began telling us about our homework assignment and everyone was writing down the assignment and packing up their things.  
  
I closed up my laptop and began putting it away in my bag. I leaned in and said, "Last Chance."  
  
She looked frustrated and quickly gave in. "Fine."  
  
She made a quick look around and she uncrossed her legs showing me her blue panties. They were actually light blue, but they had gotten a little darker during the hour of class. That made me even harder.  
  
"Now help me." She enclosed her legs, leaned towards me and patted my crotch. "And how are you planning on walking out of here with a hard on?"  
  
"I'll figure something out. Start packing up your things."  
  
I stood up with my laptop bag in front of me to block the view of my "situation" hoping it would go away enough to not be noticed. Most of the class had left by now, including the pair behind us, so she faced the back of the room to finish buttoning up. She had taken too long packing and the professor finished gathering his things and started walking towards us. I told her, "You better hurry or cover up." That made her fumble fastening the bottom buttons and she scrambled to grab her laptop. I walked towards him, engaging in conversation.  
  
"What did you think of today's lesson?" he asked.  
  
I glanced over at her blushing as she was placing her laptop in her bag with her skirt still mostly unbuttoned, "it was very enlightening thank you."  
  
"Well I'm glad you liked it, sometimes this section can be rather boring."  
  
"I think you did a good job at keeping us entertained." He was facing away from her and she quickly worked on her situation as all the other students had left by now.  
  
He glanced at her just as she clasped her bottom button, "Shall we get out of here then?"  
  
I looked over at her and smiled, "Sure, we have somewhere to be right now anyways."  
  
If looks could kill, I would have been dead. As we walked, she mouthed, "Oh my God!" I didn't think he would read too much into that, but I was enjoying this too much. I went to lift up the back of her skirt to look at her ass, and she playfully swatted my hand away. She smile and mouthed "stop it." We reached the door said our goodbyes to the professor.  
  
As soon as he was out of earshot, I said "That was fun."  
  
"Yeah if you say so, I had no idea you were this crazy." she said smiling. "I will meet you outside the bathroom in a few. I won't be long."  
  
"Ok I will wait for you over there at the end of the hall."