**Coed in the Corner**

She had been going to the corner of the General Education building to

study for a few weeks now. It was a little area near the stairwell with

a few comfy sofas and a small coffee table. It was crowded during the

day with students studying or just chatting with friends between

classes. In the evening, however, it became quiet as a tomb. No one

wanted to hang out in an empty classroom building, but Joni found it to

be just perfect.

Joni had tried the library, but it was just too stuffy. The smell of

musty old books was almost overpowering. In addition, you couldn't

count on it being quiet enough to study. The library was just too small

for such a large campus. Every available table and chair was being used

by the people trying to escape the confinement of their dorms.

So every evening, Joni would walk past the library and enter the General

Education building and make her way upstairs to her corner. She found

the sofas extremely comfortable. She had even dozed off a few times.

Today she just had to get out of her room for a while. Her roommate was

nice, but Joni needed a little time alone sometimes. She grabbed a

bottle of water and her laptop and headed off for her little corner of

the world. The university had wired all of the buildings for wireless

internet, so you could go just about anywhere you wanted and still use

your computer.

She settled in on her favorite sofa and booted up her laptop. She was in

her comfy clothes today. She had on a warm pair of sweats and a loose

sweater. Her long brown hair was pulled up in a ponytail. She kicked

off her shoes and tucked her feet underneath her.

Joni fired up her instant messenger and immediately got a reply from her

online friend, Tabber.

"What's up?" he asked.

"Not studying tonight," she wrote, "I'm just relaxing for a bit."

"So let's get right down to it then," Tabber responded, "have you been a

good girl today?"

Joni giggled to herself. Of course she had been a good girl. She'd been

in classes all morning and Lisa had been in their room all afternoon.

Tabber, for some reason, had always been able to get her talking about

sex. The fact that he was an anonymous guy from across the country

helped to ease her guard just a bit. Plus, he always seemed to say just

the right things.

"I've been so good for so long, I need to be bad for awhile," she typed

back.

"Perfect," Tabber responded, "so let's get you naked."

"I don't think so, "she wrote back, "I'm not in my room. I'm in a corner

of a building on campus."

"So?" he responded.

"Soooo, I don't think so," she wrote back.

"Joni, Joni, Joni..." he typed, "and here I thought you wanted to be

bad."

"Well, I do, but I'm not getting naked in this building," she wrote

back.

"All I'm asking is for a little exposed skin," he typed. "Look around

and see if you feel safe."

Joni looked around the corner. There were doors to the stairwell and

they were both closed. The hallway was empty. The only sound was the

gentle hum of the heating system. She smiled to herself as she felt

herself getting in the mood.

"Okay, Tabber," she replied, "Just what do you want me to do?"

"First, slowly slide your shirt up until just the bottom curve of your

breasts is visible," he ordered.

"How did he know I wasn't wearing a bra?" she giggled to herself. She

slowly pulled her sweater upwards until just the lower half of her

breasts were showing. She always did exactly what he told her.

"Now, tell me honestly," he asked, "are your nipples hard? Are you

feeling a little tingle between your legs?"

"Yes." She responded.

"Close your eyes. Pull your shirt all the way up to your neck. Let your

breasts out into the open," he told her.

She looked around once more, and then closed her eyes. She slowly pulled

her sweater up to her neck. Her nipples grew hard immediately. They

ached to be touched. She sat there for a full minute before opening her

eyes and replying to him.

"Ok," she typed back.

"So you're sitting there with your breasts exposed. How do you feel

right now?" he asked.

"I can't believe I'm doing this," she wrote, "When I type back to you,

my arms push my breasts together. You should see how they look so full

when I do that. I'm getting turned on. I can feel my pussy getting

hot."

"That's my girl," he replied. "Now, I want you to take your top

completely off. I want you to walk to the closest classroom and push

your breasts against the door. Come back here and report back to me."

"Ok," she responded.

She sat fully up and put the laptop on the coffee table. She gave a

quick look around, and then, grabbing the bottom of the sweater where

it had risen above her breasts, she quickly pulled it over her head.

For good measure, she tossed the sweater over onto another sofa.

Topless, wearing only sweatpants and socks, she stood up. Her nipples

were hard, standing up like thimbles from her breasts. She slowly

walked across the floor.

The nearest classroom was about 35 feet from where she had been sitting.

Joni walked proudly. She had a nice body and at that moment, she

wouldn't have cared if anyone had seen her. She made it all the way to

the classroom door. The light was off inside, but she put her face into

the window as she pressed her breasts up against the door. The door was

cold to the touch, but she forced herself to press her body closer.

She stepped back and walked quickly back to the sofa. She thought about

the students going into that room tomorrow. If they only knew what had

touched that door the night before!

Knowing what Tabber would want her to do next; she went ahead and

slipped her sweatpants off. Lying back on the couch wearing only a pair

of soft blue thong knickers, she picked up her laptop to reply to him.

"Mission accomplished," she wrote, "and I should tell you that I'm so

excited that I went ahead and took off my pants. I'm only wearing thong

knickers right now."

"Well, aren't you the bad girl tonight?" he responded. "So, do we feel

like touching ourselves now?"

She slid her hand down between her legs. Her pussy was steaming hot as

she pressed her fingers against herself.

"I'm very wet right now," she told him. "I'm going to have to do this

soon."

"Go ahead," she read on the screen as he typed, "I want you to strip

naked and finger yourself. Just keep reading the screen and I'll guide

you through it."

Joni typed, "Ok." She set the laptop on the coffee table. Raising her

ass up off of the sofa, she slipped her knickers down her legs until she

was completely naked except for her socks. She threw the knickers across

the room.

Spreading her legs wide, she reached down with her fingers and slid them

through her pussy lips, getting them soaked from the steaming moisture.

She read the screen as Tabber talked her through, telling her how to

touch herself. In seconds, however, she closed her eyes as the moment

took over. Her fingers were rapidly working at her clit. She could

smell her arousal and it only increased her excitement. Her free hand

found her breasts and she began to tug and pull on her nipples,

alternating from one to another.

"Unngggggghhh," she moaned as she felt her muscles tighten up. Her body

began arching upward, and with one quick rapid flick of her fingers

against her clit, she came hard.

"Ummmphhhh! Ummm! Ohhhhhhh..." she came hard and loud. Her moans echoed

in the empty corridor. She pressed her fingers hard against her clit as

the spasms shook through her body, finally collapsing back onto the

sofa, exhausted and spent.

Looking over at the screen, she had to laugh as Tabber was still typing

in commands, telling her to cum.

"Ok," she wrote, letting him off the hook, "I just came. It was

awesome."

She sat up and collected her clothes. She left her knickers off. They had

been so wet that now they were too cold to slide up against her. She

pulled her sweatpants and sweater back on and sat back, still catching

her breath.

"That was very good," she wrote to Tabber, "I can't believe I did that."

"Well, you are a bad girl from time to time," he replied, "now, what

about me?"

"Let me go see if Lisa is still in the room," she typed back, "If she's

gone, I'll take a few pictures to send you."

"That would be exactly what I need to get me through the night," he

replied.

She signed off and powered down her laptop. She gathered her things and

stood up and walked to the stairwell doors. Just as she opened the door

a girl was about to enter. A group of four guys and three more girls

were coming up the stairs.

"Is ummmm, anyone studying in the corner sofas?" the girl at the door

asked. Her faced seemed a little flushed as she talked to Joni, but

not really looking her in the face.

"Uhh, no," she responded, feeling her face turn red, "no one else is

there. It's all yours."

She quickly went down the stairs past the group and headed toward the

exit doors. Just as she gathered herself together to push on the door,

she heard a loud whispered, "Hey!"

Joni looked up the stairwell. It was the girl that had asked her if the

room was empty. "You forgot something," the girl said quietly. She was

holding Joni's knickers, twirling them around her finger.

Joni could have died right there, but the girl just blew her a kiss and

let the knickers fall. She disappeared back over the railing as Joni's

knickers fell to a heap at her feet.

Joni bent over quickly and grabbed them, stuffing them in her bag.

Back at her room, she pulled them out of the bag and tossed them into

her clothes hamper. They landed with most of the fabric on top, and

there, smack dab in the middle of the back of her knickers, was a faint,

pink, lipstick kiss.

"Had she been watching me?" Joni asked herself. The idea of it made her

heart race.

END

Coed in the Corner Ch. 02

by tabber Â©

"You've got mail!" the screen read as Joni sent Tabber an instant message.

"Well, actually you have a picture."

"Alright," he responded, "I'll check it out. Give me a sec, okay?"

"Go ahead," she replied. "I think you're going to enjoy it."

Tabber logged in on his email account. Sure enough, there was an email

from Joni. He clicked on it to find only an attachment, no text. He

downloaded the picture with great anticipation.

Joni was a college girl that Tabber had met online. He found her in a

message board at an erotic stories site. She had replied to a posting

under a thread about dares. One day she had sent him an instant message.

They had spent the afternoon chatting. Thirty minutes into the

conversation, he had her performing dares for him. They had been chatting

ever since.

She really got off on the dares he had her do. One afternoon, he dared her

to stand in the open doorway of her dorm. The doors of her dorm opened

onto an exterior walkway overlooking the back parking lot. She had

casually walked out to the railing, stretching as if taking a break from

studying. Looking around, she saw a few guys walking out to their cars.

She went back into the dorm, stripped off all of her clothes, and slowly

opened the door.

She stood about two feet into the room where only a direct look would have

seen her. She slowly counted to thirty, just as Tabber had directed, then

she slowly walked to the open doorway. Seeing no one around, she stood

there for another thirty seconds. Just as she was stepping back inside,

she saw a guy getting out of his car in the back of the parking lot. He

stood there for a second, as if not sure of what he was seeing.

She quickly jumped back inside and closed the door. She was so excited.

That guy had seen her standing naked in the doorway. He had seen her tits.

He had seen her neatly trimmed pussy.

She jumped onto her bed and spread her legs wide. She was so wet and hot

that her clit was poking proudly through the hood of the skin protecting

it. She had softly parted her pussy lips open and her fingers were

immediately slick with her juices. It didn't take her but a few strokes on

her clit before she was coming hard. As her body shook with the

after-convulsions, she had promised herself that she would do whatever

Tabber wanted her to do.

Joni and Tabber had shared many exciting stories with each other. She

would perform the task as he directed and then, she would write to him

describing everything she had done. Sometimes, she was able to take

pictures of herself, always careful to crop her face out of it.

This brings us back to him downloading the picture she had sent him. It

was the picture she had promised him after he had her masturbate in the

corner of the classroom building earlier in the evening.

He opened the picture, already hard in anticipation. The picture revealed

a young girl with pert, pink-nippled breasts. She was standing in her dorm

room, naked except for a pair of thong knickers she was holding just below

her belly. The knickers had a lipstick kiss imprinted onto the front

material.

"Nice," he typed back to her, "but what's with the kiss print?"

"That is what I found on the pair of knickers that I had left behind about

20 minutes ago," she responded. "There was a group of guys and girls that

came up just as I was leaving, I think one of the girls saw me

masturbating for you, or at the least getting dressed afterwards. She

found my knickers and tossed them downstairs to me."

Tabber reflected on this for a bit, then he responded, "Interesting. Do

you think she saw you? More importantly, did you want her to see you?"

"How does he always know just how to read me?" she thought to herself.

"Did I want her to see me?"

"Well? "He typed after a long pause had gone by.

"I don't know," she typed back, "I'm just not sure how I feel."

"Let's discuss the lipstick kiss," he told her.

She was sitting there in her desk chair, wearing only her sweats after

taking the picture for him. She picked up the knickers and laid them across

her lap. Slowly, she brought the knickers closer to her face. Amazingly,

they were still damp. She had really been excited and her juices had been

flowing from her pussy. Curious, she sniffed the damp crotch.

"This is what that girl smelled as she kissed my knickers," she though to

herself.

"What are you thinking about?" Tabber typed on the screen. "Remember, this

is me. You can tell me anything."

She thought a few seconds before replying, "I'm excited. I'm intrigued.

I'm wondering why she did it."

"Well, "he responded, "there's only one way to find out. You need to go

back."

"Right now?" she typed. "It's late. It's dark outside."

Tabber typed back, "Okay then, but I think you need to go back tomorrow."

Again, she sat there for a few seconds, pondering his statement. She just

couldn't imagine herself going back to see if the girl would come back.

Did she even know what she would do? What she would say? Why exactly did

she want to go?

"Joni," he typed back, "do you want me to dare you?"

That settled it. "Yes," she said softly out loud as she typed it at the

same time.

"Dare me to do it."

**Coed in the Corner Ch. 03**

He dared her to do it. She always did her best to do what he told her to do. When it came to doing something naughty, Tabber always knew what to tell Joni.

So there she was, walking across campus, heading toward her special corner of the general classroom building. Her heart was beating so strong she could feel it.

"I can't believe I'm going to do this," she thought to herself. "What exactly am I doing anyway?"

She chewed on her lower lip as she walked, lost in her thoughts. She was thinking back to what Tabber had told her last night.

"I want you to wear a short skirt," he began, "and a tight t-shirt. No bra, of course. I want you wearing the same pair of panties that the girl had kissed."

"Before you go, I want you to lie on your bed naked. Take the panties and rub them all over your body. Let the waistband of the panties slide slowly across your breasts until it meets your nipple. Slowly pull it across until it catches on your nipple, tugging at it until it finally comes loose, snapping your nipple," he continued with the rules.

"I want you to think about what might happen," Tabber went on, "you might kiss her, you might press your hand against her breast, you might even suck her nipple into your mouth. I want you thinking of all these things as you slide those panties around all over you. I want your pussy hot and wet, and when you touch it with your hand, I want your fingers to easily slide inside."

As Joni was walking across campus, she remembered what else he told her, "When you are so wet that you want to start fingering yourself, I want you to put the panties on. Stand up and really pull on them. Pull on them so hard that the crotch slides between the swollen lips of your pussy. Then, get dressed and go to see if she comes back."

So there she was, wearing a short skirt and flipflops, a tight shirt, no bra, her thong panties pushed against her steaming pussy, walking to her rendezvous.

She pushed the door open of the building. It was silent as a tomb, just how she liked it. She stopped just inside after closing the door, listening, straining to hear if anyone was around.

Slowly, her heart pounding in her chest, she started up the stairs.

At the top of the stairs, Joni carefully looked through the small window on the door. "Well, how about that?" she thought to herself, "There's a perfect view of the sofas where I sit. I bet that she did see me. But what exactly did she see?"

There was no one sitting there. She opened the door and walked through. She looked all around the area. There was no one there. A little disappointed, she walked over to the sofa and plopped heavily onto it. She let out a deep sigh.

She opened up her bag and took out the laptop. She signed on to her instant messenger and contacted Tabber.

"There's no one here," she wrote.

"Have patience, my friend," he replied. "Did you follow all of my instructions?"

"Yes," she typed back, "and I got so turned-on, that these panties are soaking wet.

Tabber immediately wrote back, "Take them off. Take them off and go to the stairwell and toss them down to the floor below."

"Okay," she replied. She leaned back on the sofa, lifted up her hips and slid the panties down. They hung tight against her pussy for a second, and she had to give a good tug to get them down her thighs.

Sliding them down to her feet, she reached down and pulled the panties off, one foot at a time. She sat the panties down next to her and replied back to Tabber.

"Okay, I have them off, I'm heading for the door now. I'll be right back." she wrote.

She pulled herself up off of the couch, and carried the panties to the door. She pulled the door open and walked to the stairwell.

"Here goes nothing," she thought as she tossed the panties over the railing. She watched them float and spin as they fell, landing in a little tangled heap at the bottom of the stairs.

She walked back over to the sofas and sat down. She leaned over to reply to Tabber.

"Mission accomplished," she typed, "now what?"

"Now, we wait," he wrote back. "Are you still excited?"

"Yes, a little," she wrote back, "I'm wearing the sexiest clothes I could get away with, and you just had me toss my panties to the ground floor."

"Okay then, no sense in just sitting there." He wrote, "take off your t-shirt."

Joni reached down and grabbed the bottom of the t-shirt and slowly slid it over her head. She fluffed her hair out and typed out the message to Tabber that she was now topless.

Tabber typed out what he wanted her to do.

"I want you to first take both nipples in your hands. Tug at them, tease them, pull on them until they're really erect. Then, stand up, and wearing only that skirt, I want you to repeat the walk that you did last night. This time, however, I want you to walk farther than you did last time. I want you to walk completely out of sight of the sofa. When you have gone as far as you can, I want you to go into the Men's restroom."

"Wow," she responded, "that's a little too daring for me. I can't do that."

"Joni, Joni, Joni..." he wrote back. "You know you're going to love this."

Joni wrote back to him, "Hey, I'm sitting here topless, isn't that enough for now?"

Before he could poke fun at her again, she wrote back, "I tell you what, I'll go downstairs and pick up the panties and then come back. That way, I'll know for sure that no one is coming into the building."

"Sounds good to me," he responded. "Go now. I'll be waiting."

Joni stood up, straightened the skirt against her thighs out of habit. She laughed out loud to herself. "I'm topless, and I'm worried about my skirt," she mumbled.

She walked to the doorway and peered through the window. Seeing no one, she opened the door and walked through. After the door closed, she paused for a second, listening for sounds. Hearing nothing, she walked quickly down the stairs, her breasts jiggling with every step.

In a hurry now that she was at the bottom of the stairs and at her most vulnerable position, she reached down and grabbed the panties where they lay on the floor. Standing up and preparing to turn and run quickly back up the stairs, the door to the outside opened.

"Oh!" said the girl from the night before. She was standing in place, frozen.

Joni, also frozen in place, holding the panties, didn't know what to do.

The girl recovered first, she stepped inside and closed the door. She was wearing the same outfit that Joni was, except of course, she had on a shirt. Joni was topless.

The girl reached out and gently took the panties from Joni's hands. Slowly, without taking her eyes from Joni's, she brought the panties up to her lips and added another lipstick kiss to them.

Joni didn't know what to do. Should she turn and run upstairs? Should she speak?

The girl saw her panic, and stepped forward and took Joni's face into her hands. She slowly leaned forward and pressed her lips to Joni's.

Joni closed her eyes as the girl kissed her. Their lips were wet, and warm. Joni surprised herself when she felt her own tongue push through her lips to caress the girl in front of her. The girl met her tongue with her own, lightly flicking hers against Joni's.

Their arms wrapped around each other in a firm embrace. They pulled the other closer to them. The girl's left hand moved up against the back of Joni's head and pulled her tighter against her face, their lips now mashing against each other. Joni felt light-headed. Her hands caressed the girl's back as they continued to kiss each other. She reached down to the bottom of the other girl's shirt and tugged it upward, unconsciously wanting to feel her naked breasts against hers.

The girl stepped back and pulled her shirt over her head and dropped it on the floor. Joni caught a quick glimpse of perfectly tanned breasts, with light brown nipples standing firm and erect. They quickly mashed their bodies together again, pressing their breasts against each other. Joni turned her head to the side, and started licking the girl's neck, rapidly placing little kisses up and down her the smooth, taught skin.

"I'm Joni," she whispered huskily as she turned her head and moved across the girl's throat to the other side.

"Jenni," said the girl, as she arched her head up, exposing her throat and neck for Joni's lips.

Jenni couldn't believe what she was feeling as Joni nibbled at her neck. It felt so good. She was so glad she took a chance and came on her own to the building.

"Let's go upstairs," she whispered to Joni, "before someone comes in like I did on you."

Joni stood up, and smiled. She reached down and grabbed Jenni's shirt and took off up the stairs.

Jenni followed behind her, admiring the view as Joni's ass and pussy were easily seen as she climbed up the stairs ahead of her.

At the top of the stairs, Joni stopped and turned, waiting for Jenni. "Just what did you see yesterday?" Joni asked her.

Jenni looked in Joni's eyes and replied, "I saw a beautiful girl having a beautiful experience. I was jealous. I wanted to join you."

"Would you like to know why I was doing that?" Joni asked her.

"Sure," Jenni said, "as long as it makes me feel as good as you did."

Joni smiled back at her, pushing the door open. She grabbed Jenni's hand and pulled her into the room.

"First of all, you have to meet Tabber," Joni told her as she pulled her over to the sofas.

Jenni responded with puzzlement in her voice, "Tabber?" she said as she quickly looked around the room.

"Yes," Joni said with a happy, contented sigh, "Tabber."

*...to be continued...hopefully*