**Freshman Studies Optional Lecture**

by[aspleyguise](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5332489&page=submissions)©

Diane took a deep breath as she entered the classroom. A handful of students were scattered around the desks in the middle and back rows of the classroom, on their phones or chatting while their middle-aged professor struggled with connecting his laptop to projector. All eyes briefly swiveled to her.

"Welcome Diane, please have a seat," Dr. Marins called from the lecturer's desk at the front of the room. "Now that we're all gathered, I have a few slides... if I could just get this thing to work..."

Diane obediently took the first seat she came to, smoothing down her skirt self-consciously. It felt so breezy down there, and she couldn't help but shift furtively. The underwear that Dr. Marins had picked out could barely be called that, mostly just lace that rode up while she walked, a constant reminder of what she was about to do since she had put it on that morning and took the train to campus.

She tried to discreetly count the students in the room without making eye contact with anyone (there were ten, mostly male). Not too many but still more than she was expecting... She knew none of their names, though she must have already graded a few of their homework assignments as one of the TAs for this lecture. Compulsively, Diane checked her email, closed her email, checked her Twitter, closed her Twitter, unable to calm down. Though everyone seemed to ignore her, she could feel the weight of their gazes dragging over her body like a physical feeling.

She slid her eyes to the door. Technically, today was a part of her job, but she wondered what would happen if she suddenly ditched... but it was too late.

Dr. Marins was brilliant and she'd hoped to work with him since getting into her program, though until two weeks ago she had no idea how true the rumors were.

"Alright," Dr. Marins clapped. "Since the projector is not working, we'll have to skip to the main event. Diane, if you please." He dragged a chair to the front and positioned it to face the class. He was close enough that she could feel his body heat on her back as she sat down. Diane schooled her face, trying to look detached, and focused on evenly breathing in and out. She fixed her eyes to the back wall, ignoring the faces that now turned to openly watch her. As long as nobody knew of the shameful dampness already gathering between her legs, she'd be alright.

"As part of our anthropological studies, we must consider the specifics of sexual objectification." Dr. Marins started, his even voice making it seem like any other lecture. The man talked for a while but Diane could only hear her heart pounding as she waited for what was next.

"Diane, your blouse please."

Diane began mechanically undoing the buttons of her neat white blouse, slowly revealing the soft mounds of her tits. They threatened to spill over the top of her lacy bra with each shuddering breath. The classroom was deadly silent as she shrugged out of her blouse, and let it fall to the ground.

"Good, you wore it as instructed," he said. She glanced back at Dr. Marins before she caught herself and looked to the back of the class again. The man had looked composed, but she had caught the hungry glint in his eye. "Students, please come closer so you can see Diane better."

The screech of chairs being pushed back grated. Now Diane was surrounded by a half-circle of strangers, feeling the weight of their attention while the professor lectured behind her. She couldn't hear a thing, sweating and concentrating on breathing evenly. Who knew that being a TA would be so difficult?

Something hard tapped her shoulder. "Apologies, class, I seem to have misplaced my pointer, so we'll have to use this yardstick instead." Dr. Marins walked to her side and indicated for her to stand. He used the ruler to gesture as he lectured, first caressing her exposed bra, then indicating at her red face, and then lightly trailing it down her belly until it slipped under the waistband of her skirt with deliberate intent. A little push. A little pull. He let it linger there for a sentence or two before returning it to his side.

"Your skirt please," the professor requested. She wriggled out of her form fitting skirt, flushing darker as she exposed her matching lacy panties. "A volunteer to help Diane with her pants?" Dr. Marins asked the class. "Come on, spread those knees Diane, they'll never get them off without your help." Slowly, Diane complied, unclenching her thighs. This position made her feel the cool air against her pussy lips... She swallowed hard.

One of the undergraduates hesitantly stepped forward to hook his fingers around her lacy panties and helped her out of the soaking wet fabric. Eyes followed the clear thread of fluid that stretched from her pussy to her panties, until it snapped.

"Look at her, look how wet she is" the professor said. She couldn't help but quiver as everyone looked down to where she was shamefully exposed and drooling.

The ruler returned, flirting with the edge of her bra as Dr. Marins resumed the lesson. It playfully nudged one of the straps off her shoulder, then the other, then turned to rest flat against her upper back. It glided in one long stroke over her stiff spine and perky ass, tapping once to make her cheeks jiggle, before resting against the inside of her thigh, hard and unyielding and threateningly close to where she was dripping from standing almost naked in front of a room of strangers.

"Bra please," Dr. Marins said casually and continued talking.

Her hands reached around to unclasp her bra and her breasts spilled out. They were heavy, round, with flat dark nipples that seemed to invite a nibble. Now she was fully naked except for the sandals on her feet and the vivid blush across her skin, a shameful specimen on display, dripping and silent while on display for her professor's undergraduate class like a human anatomy doll. They must've been imagining how they would fuck her, imagining how she would welcome it, knowing by the way she swallowed hard and her hands trembled with half wanting to to cover herself up and half wanting to catch the drool from her pussy and push it deeper.

"As you can see, the gaze is enough to demonstrate the power of society's pressure on the body." Dr. Marins finally paused in his lecturing. "Go on," he encouraged his students. "Try her out." None of them moved, until finally the same student who slipped off her panties stepped forward. He cupped her breasts, squeezing and thumbing over her nipples, expertly, focused on how they stiffened without looking at her, treating her body like a science experiment or a toy. Her nubs betrayed her—she gasped as they sent a direct jolt to her core, feeling a flash of heat.

The student stepped back, and she wasn't sure why she felt a bit disappointed. Just then, Dr. Marins nimbly stepped closer to her body and demonstrated for the class. Diane watched helplessly as he closed his lips around a nipple and suckled. His lively tongue swirled, first probing and then rolling, tongue kissing her tit without holding back. She closed her eyes to escape the wet sounds echoing in the otherwise silent room and the many eyes that watched her clinically.

"Ah!" She gasped when he suddenly gnawed. Her knees went weak; when she starting trembling harder, gulping down the sounds that threatened to escape her mouth, Dr. Marins finally had mercy and released her, wiping the shiny saliva around his lips on the back of his hands.

"Put a foot up on the chair, no need to be shy," Dr. Marins said to her now, not so discreetly adjusting himself. Diane complied. At this angle, their stares caressed between her legs, stroking her swollen pussy lips before landing on the nub that peeked out between them. She swallowed hard when some of her wetness slid down her thigh and their eyes followed.

"Class, it's time for a tutorial." The students glanced at each other and a few took a step forward. They began to put their hands on her body. The eye contact was too intimate—she quickly closed her eyes but couldn't get away from the sensations. Some groped and stroked her tentatively, but some seemed to know exactly what they were doing. Fingers slid between her legs and tested the wetness between her legs, slid in and made her wetter as her pussy ached for something larger. A bold finger circled at her ass, stroked over her puckered hole. She shuddered, and they seemed to like that, pressing harder against her hole, rubbing her clit.

"Actually Diane, why don't you get on the lecturer's desk." Diane dazedly opened her eyes and immediately hated herself for feeling disappointed when the hands left her. The circle of students parted to let her go lie on the cold table. This was significantly less comfortable—her legs were dangling off the desk, her head barely fit, and worst of all the stares were even more penetrating as she looked up from below; their heads were blocking out the ceiling. She couldn't read those backlit faces as they loomed over her. But their eyes were full of something that caused her pussy to gush, pooling on the table beneath her.

"We're almost out of time, but this is your reward for being such good students, so feel free to explore while I cover the last of this lecture." He'd joined the circle at her head, eyes twinkling mischievously and hungrily. Immediately, the hands returned, exploring every inch of her skin while she lay unmoving. Somewhere Dr. Marins had lost the yardstick, and began trailing his warm fingers around her jaw, stroking her cheek, tracing around her throat. He tapped his index finger against her lips before sliding it in to the knuckle without warning, almost choking her before she forced herself to relax and enjoy the familiar salty taste of his skin.

Bold hands began tweaking her sensitive nipples, which caused her hips to buck minutely until she got her body under control. The finger in her mouth played with her tongue. Dr. Marins kept talking the whole time.

Someone wrapped a hand around her knee and pushed it up, until her glistening pussy was open for viewing. A finger teased at her entrance and slid right in thanks to all her juices. They immediately added a second finger and started scissoring, stretching her inner walls deliciously, exploring her wet tight heat. Diane wished she could ignore from the filthy squelching noises, but they echoed in the room and in her head. Another hand began pressing at her clit, first with light teases and then firm strokes. She buckled, her body wanting to escape the powerful sensations, but more people held down her hips and pulled up her other leg, until she was fully exposed.

Dr. Marins shoved another two fingers into her gasping mouth and tickled her tongue and teeth. Her moans sounded even louder now that she couldn't close her lips. She felt so dirty, but she couldn't bring herself to care. A delicious feeling was building at the bottom of her belly. Another finger pushed in alongside the two in her pussy. Her eyelids fluttered as she adjusted to this new stretch. Her clit was teased harder, rougher. She was getting close—her stomach fluttered—

Abruptly the hand in her mouth slid out, slick with spit. "That concludes the lecture. Thank you all for participating, I will see you all next week. If you have any questions, don't hesitate to email." At this, the other hands reluctantly retreated too. Diane could have shouted with frustration. The professor herded his students out, some of them leaving quite unwillingly, more than a few waddling awkwardly.

He shot her a smile as he closed the door. After a moment of thought, he locked it.

"Hurry up," Diane said hoarsely.

"And many thanks to you, Diane." Her eyes watched him hungrily as he tore open the condom from his breast pocket. "You were such a good sport," he continued evenly as he slid his cock into her dripping heat. The fingers that Diane had helpfully moistened started playing with her clit, swirling and rubbing and teasing. Mindlessly, her mouth fell open as her legs clamped around his waist.

"Good thing I tutored you before this lesson," Dr. Marins panted, his dick gripped by her tight young pussy. He congratulated himself on his good eye. "Made you so much more relaxed, got you used to fucking at school." Diane couldn't respond, grunting with every snap of his hips. "Told you you'd love this." He knew he was hitting her good spot by her sloppy look and chuckled, thrusting his thick tongue into her unresisting mouth. She loved it when he made of mess of her, and he loved to see it.

The feeling was before was building up again in Diane's belly. "Ah... ah!" Her inner walls fluttered, she came with a shout. Her watery eyes stared at her professor's red face as he tried to hold back, tried to fuck her through the rippling sensations gripping her body, tried to resist his own climax and failed. His entire body stiffened as his dick twitched and filled her with his hot spunk.

Shuddering, he panted against her mouth. Her fingers tangled in his hair and dragged his face down to hers, engulfing his groans as her inner walls mercilessly milked out the last of his cum.

They caught their breaths for a moment. He chuckled at the face she made at the feeling of his dick sliding out of her body. The suddenly cool air against her skin reminded Diane of her clothes still strewn about the floor. With wobbling legs, she climbed off the desk to dress. Her panties were nowhere to be seen, but they probably would have to be sacrificed anyway, too soaked to wear. She would just have to hope that nobody looked closely enough to see the wet spot on her skirt.

Dr. Marins had straightened out his clothes, but there was no way he could hide his rumpled shirt, flushed face, and messy hair. He looked fucked out. She probably did too. They shared a secret smile.