**Kate Gets Caught**

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**Kate Gets Caught - Introduction**

After a cursory glance to either side to make sure she wasn't being watched, Kate reached down and popped the button on her jeans. Her hand slid smoothly under the waistband of her pants and she sighed in relief when she was finally able to get two fingers settled around her clit. She rubbed gently, settling deeper into the seat as the tension finally slid away.

She'd thought that creep next to her was never going to leave. Usually Kate sat by herself up at the back of the lecture theatre, up on the left, by the emergency door and furthest from the entrance. She enjoyed the privacy, and the double sessions were usually a sure-fire opportunity to let off some steam. But this time Chris had found his way up to sit with her and had driven her to distraction with his attempts to poke fun at the lecturer.

It was bad enough that she hadn't had the chance to have a good wank before she left home this morning, but the reason she'd run out of time was that she'd decided on a whim to shave her bush - take off the lot - and then the hurried walk here, the seam of her jeans rubbing through her silk pants all the way, had Kate feeling like she was in heat. She'd hadn't shaved for years - not since she'd been with Erin - and it had taken longer than she'd expected. It felt weird but good. Silk on silk, sliding over each other all the damn way here. The pants were already soaked.

After Chris had gone, and as the lecture droned on, it was a blessed relief just to let her fingers move in firm, sure circles, drawing wetness over her hard clit and teasing it back from the skin around it. When she'd shifted in her seat, it had pulled the crotch of her right jeans even harder into her, and the pressure between her legs was pleasant but not really satisfying. What she'd give for a good silicone cock right now.

The thought made her clench, and suddenly that languorous stroking of her fingers was really going somewhere. Kate changed rhythm, flicking back and forth over her clit, and was rewarded with a delicious warmth, a familiar tingling starting in her toes and thighs. Her eyes flickered closed, for a moment, as she imagined her other hand holding a nice curved dildo, sliding it in and out of her, bumping right up against her g-spot.

That's probably why she hadn't seen them arrive, she thought later. They must have come in through the emergency exit: two campus security, one man, one woman. The first Kate knew of it was when the woman tapped her on the shoulder.

"Hey. You can't do that here."

Kate's eyes flew open and her hand shot out from her pants. Too late, she realised that looked guilty as hell. "I-"

"Come with us, please." Like the woman's, the man's voice was pitched low, but Kate still saw a couple of heads turn around to look.

*Shit, shit, shit.* She liked masturbating during lectures; the illicit feeling just made it hotter. But she'd never expected to get caught. Maybe she could talk her way out of it, but, oh, fuck, Kate could smell cunt on her fingers, and from the knowing look on the woman's face, so could she. Plus, Kate knew her face was bright red. And not just from embarrassment, either. She'd been right on the edge when they'd sneaked up on her. She could still feel it now, if she clenched hard enough-

"For fuck's sake, put your jeans on, girl, and get up."

Kate couldn't tell if the woman's tone was distasteful or amused. She opened her mouth to reply and then shut it again, not wanting to draw any more attention to herself. Instead, she simmered in her own perfect shame as she shuffled on the seat to settle her jeans snugly around her hips - damn, she felt so wet - and then refastened the button.

She was just pulling down the hem of her shirt when, to her surprise, the woman reached down and took her arm. "That'll do. Now come with us."

Kate tried ineffectively to pull herself free, but one look at the the woman's navy-shirted arm convinced her that she didn't stand a chance.

"That's right, love. Don't make us both haul you out. There's no need to make this any more awkward than it already is."

To her horror, Kate almost laughed. She couldn't help taking another peek at those well-defined muscles. Obviously they didn't have a very good idea of what made her feel awkward. Then she caught the woman glancing back at her, an appraising look on her face. *Oh, god. Does every butch woman in security* have *to have perfect gaydar?*

Next: Kate faces the consequences and has to make a choice...