**Roxanne's Biology 101**

by[BuddyOne](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=62291&page=submissions)©

This goes back a ways, to my college years. It was the 60's, a pretty liberated time as we look back now, but for us living it, it didn't happen all at once but changed gradually. A lot of us, me and my friends, were raised in pretty strict households, and when we finally got to college and things began to loosen up, we went a little crazy. But it was all because we were reacting to all the years of having to repress our desires. At least that's what I think.  
  
This story begins with me and my casual friend Roxanne hanging out one night at the student center talking about the so-called sexual revolution we were living through. I was taking the stand that things hadn't really changed that much since my older brother had been in college five years earlier. I'd only gotten laid once my entire sophomore year, and that was somewhat of an "accident" as both of us had been too drunk to really realize what we were doing. I didn't really remember anything about it, other than that I had woken up in bed with this girl I didn't know after a party and she said we had "done it". I never saw her again after that. So I was arguing with Roxanne, telling her that if there was a sexual revolution, it had surely passed our campus by.  
  
Roxanne was a freshman, but she didn't act like one. That's why I liked her. That and that she was the prettiest girl I had ever met. She had long reddish brown hair, blue eyes, a creamy complexion, full luscious lips, and a fantastic body, not too lean and not too heavy. She filled out her bellbottoms and sweaters beautifully. She also was really bright and had a great sense of humor. She apparently only wanted to be friends with me, and I could live with that, but I always hoped it could blossom into something more.  
  
Anyway, Roxanne was of the opinion that things had changed a lot and that the girls she knew had loosened up their ideas about sex a lot compared to, say, her older sister, who was about the same age as my older brother. We went back and forth, just having fun really, and then she said that the problem with boys my age was that they really didn't know anywhere near as much as they thought they did about females and the female body. Well, of course, I argued, how can we know much about the female body if we're never really given a chance to learn about it. For instance, I said, my younger brother, who's fourteen, isn't going to know anything until some girl, if he's lucky, finally lets him into her clothes some day. She had to agree with me on that one. We both agreed that what this country really needed was a down-and-dirty hands-on sex education program for young teenagers. We quit arguing after that, happy to find something we could agree on.  
  
About a month later, Roxanne and I ended up at the same fraternity party and we were both getting pretty tanked on beer and smoking joints. She looked great to me, kind of wild looking, with her long red hair kind of mussed up a bit and hanging in front of her face. She was wearing a peasant skirt that came down to her ankles and some kind of jacket that buttoned up to her chin, but even all covered up like that she was sexy as hell. As she got drunker and higher she just laughed more and more at my stupid jokes and hung on to me tighter. It was a great night for me.  
  
When it was time to leave, I started driving Roxanne back to her dorm when she realized that it was too late to go back there, that the doors would be locked (as they did at the girls' dorms back then) and that she'd get reported to the dean and her parents for staying out past curfew. Since I lived in the dorms but also spent weekends at my parents' house nearby, I said she should just come over to the house till morning and then I'd drive her back early and she could climb in the window of one of the first floor rooms and sneak into the office and sign herself in before the dorm counselor woke up. She thought that was a great plan. I did too. I was totally psyched about having Roxanne to myself all night. My parents were in Florida for the month and my younger brother was spending most of his time at my aunt's house while they were gone.  
  
Of course, when we got to the house, my stupid younger brother and two of his even stupider friends were there, sitting around the living room drinking pepsi's and watching TV. I was so bummed they were there. Apparently the little squirt had convinced our aunt that our parents sometimes let him have sleepovers with friends and that they'd be really good and responsible and she'd bought it. He really was a pretty good little liar. Well, Roxanne is a total social butterfly and since there was something like a lame excuse for a party going on in the living room she just wanted to stay down there and hang with the boys even though I tried to convince her that we should go upstairs to my room. No way, she said to me, I'm not going up to your bedroom, you might get the wrong idea. Even when she said no to me, she was so cute, so gorgeous, I could laugh and go along with her and feel just fine. Ok, so we'll hang with the kids. I got us few beers out of the refrigerator and we lay around on the couch watching the tube with the fourteen-year-olds.  
  
I guess we had a few beers and we both got pretty drunk again. Laying around on the couch next to each other with the boys lying around on the floor in front of us we got pretty relaxed and pretty buzzed and also, I guess, pretty warm, and I took off my shoes and socks and sweater and Roxanne took off her shoes and socks and her jacket. Underneath, she wore a pretty flimsy little undershirt, the kind with no sleeves and just thin straps over her shoulders. The alcohol and the warm room put a rosy glow into her complexion and even the skin on her arms and back and shoulders was glowing pink with heat. She looked good enough to eat.  
  
Don't think the 14-year-olds didn't notice either. They definitely did. I could see all six little beady eyes glued to her as she unbuttoned her jacket and took it off. When she reclined back into the couch, her long skirt fell back just above her knees, which were perfect just like the rest of her. The boys were pretending to watch TV but more or less mostly eyeballing her legs and chest every chance they got. I thought it was pretty funny myself, seeing them get all worked up over a little skin. I couldn't really blame them either, as Roxanne, at 19, was their idea of the perfect "older woman". They didn't usually ever get to hang out with anyone like her. I figured I'd let them have their fun.  
  
Then, something funny happened on TV. For the life of me, I can't remember what. But Roxanne thought it was funny as hell, I guess, because she started laughing hysterically, and while she laughed she started kicking her bare legs up in the air and pumping them like she was riding a bicycle. Now, me, seated on the opposite end of the couch, I had what I thought was a pretty great view from the side of her legs as they went up in the air and I was enjoying it like crazy, but then I realized that the boys on the floor were practically right in front of her and sitting at a perfect eye level to see right up between her naked legs and sure enough their eyes were glued on her legs and just about popping out of their sockets. What could I do? Apparently it was their lucky night. If I said anything out loud it would just embarrass her and besides she did have panties on, I could kind of see that much, so what the hell. Eventually, she calmed down and quit kicking her legs and just rested them back down on the coffee table where they'd been, but her skirt, which had ridden pretty high up her thighs stayed there exposing plenty of creamy white skin to me and the boys. I felt myself getting a little hard just looking at her legs and her chest under that flimsy shirt. It was kind of embarrassing for me.  
  
Well, over the course of the next half hour or so that skirt just slowly slid higher and higher up Roxanne's fantastic legs and it got so the boys weren't watching the TV at all, just staring up her skirt. I'm sure from where they sat on the floor, they had great views all the way up to her panties. I was actually getting a little jealous. She'd never let me see her panties. So, finally, I skooched up next to her and whispered, you should pull your skirt back down, you're giving the boys a show. She looked down at the boys and smiled. Oh, they're ok, she said out loud. They're just boys. So I said out loud, boys with big eyeballs, and that got them all embarrassed and they turned away, pretending they hadn't been staring. Besides, she said, I wear a lot less than this on the beach, don't I? And boys stare at me there. So what's the big deal? And besides that, aren't you the one who said that boys this age never get a chance to learn anything about the female body because they never get to see one?  
  
Well, yeah, I said, but…  
  
That's when my little brother cut in. Let her alone, he said, we ain't doing nothing. We weren't looking anyway. Like she said, we can see plenty more on the beach any day of the summer. My brother is a pain in the ass with a big mouth but what could I say? If she didn't mind them staring at her panties then there wasn't much I could do, was there? I got up to get another beer. Roxanne said, get me one too, and I did against my better judgement. I figured she'd had enough. I'd never seen her act this way before. It was kind of weird. Well, we drank another beer and Roxanne never did slide her skirt back down and somewhere in there I think my little brother got up and snuck over to the thermostat and pushed the heat way up, because it kept getting warmer and warmer in that room, until finally, Roxanne sat up, drunk as a skunk, and announced, shit is IS hot in here, and promptly slid her skirt right off and down her legs completely. Well, I immediately went hard as a rock and I'm sure my little buddies on the floor did also, but not one of us said a word. We just kind of looked at each other, looked back at her panty-clad little body lying back on that couch and kept quiet. She had her long smooth white legs kind of splayed out on the coffee table and even from where I sat next to her I could see the thin strip of cotton that covered her love hole. From down on the floor, I'm sure the boys had an even better view.  
  
Go ahead and look, Roxanne said suddenly. I ain't gonna bite you. It's just a body. We all got one. Well, I never! Here I was finally getting to see the female body of my dreams and I had to share the moment with a bunch of adolescent boys who were probably already creaming their pants. Life is sure strange sometimes. Here I was winning my argument with Roxanne about boys needing better sex education and here she was exhibiting her panty-covered ass to my little brother. Well, one of the boys, a little more of a wise ass than even my brother, he crawls over right next to her legs and he starts examining them from about six inches away. I mean he practically has his nose rubbing up against her fine skin. I said, quit it, asshole but Roxanne answered real quick, let him alone, he's learning something and with that she spread her legs apart a little further and slid down lower so that her butt was practically hanging off in the space between the couch and the coffee table. My brother chimed in, yeah, let him alone, and he crawled over too, and then the third one did and they all had their eyes and noses about six inches from her naked thighs making like they were doing some kind of science experiment. Then my brother, he started sniffing her, moving his nose up from her feet towards her thighs, and when he got up near her crotch, he got his nose within about an inch of where her love hole was covered with that thin white layer of cotton and took himself a nice deep sniff. Beautiful, he said. Of course, the other two had to copy him and all the time Roxanne just lay there watching them, her long red hair falling in front of her eyes, smiling at them. She was really enjoying the attention. The other two said beautiful too. She said, thank you. I couldn't believe what was happening. I guess all the beer and dope had got my beautiful friend a little too uninhibited for her own good, but she seemed to be in charge of her own faculties and wasn't about to let me interfere, so I just stayed out of it, except that my cock was straining something awful at my tight jeans.  
  
Just then Roxanne said, turn around. We just stared at her. Turn around, she repeated, all of you, don't look. Well, we all turned our backs on her until she said ok, and when we turned back we could see that she'd pushed her t-shirt up so it barely covered the bottom edges of her breasts, and even more interesting than that, her panties were now in her left hand, while with her right hand she was holding one of the lace doilies off the back of the couch over her naked crotch. Let's have a biology lesson, she said. I think I heard one of the boys moan at that point and I wouldn't be surprised if he'd just creamed his pants. I know I was close to it myself. I mean this girl was supremely gorgeous, supremely turned-on, and apparently totally willing for us to feast our eyes and who knows what else on every inch of her. My heart was pounding and my hands were sweaty. She had all of us totally in her power and she was loving it.  
  
Ok, who wants to go first, she asked. My brother piped right in and she said, ok, now what would you like to learn about tonite? Is there some part of the female body that you want to know more about? Now I know we all had our eyes perfectly glued to that precious little lacy doily she was holding to barely cover her love hole and were trying to disappear it with our minds, but for some reason, my little brother said breasts. With that, Roxanne, tucked that little doily between her thighs and squeezed them together real tight to hold it there, and then with her two hands she slowly peeled her shirt up and over her head and off revealing two of the softest, roundest, rosiest looking breasts I've ever seen, before or since. I mean that girl had the perfect breasts, with soft pink nipples, and as we stared she lifted her butt up off the couch and arched her back pointing her luscious breasts straight up at the ceiling. Then she took her two hands and pushed her breasts together from the sides, creating the illusion of a huge cleavage, with the pearly little nipples bursting out of the tops. I could hardly breath looking at her. She let herself back down. Any questions, she asked my brother. He could barely speak and managed to croak out, no ma'am. The next kid wanted to see her ass so she had us all turn around while she repositioned herself, laying on her front with her perfect pink/white behind curving over the large arm of the couch with her knees supported on the couch and her top half kind of resting on the end table next to the couch. She had carefully positioned that tiny doily between her thighs so that her crotch was still hidden although we could see plenty of red pubic hair in the general area. She lay like that for a while allowing each boy to climb up on the couch behind her and get a real close look at her perfect ass. I just stood back and watched, my heart in my mouth and my cock beginning to drip into my underwear.  
  
I was next. I said, I want to see that perfectly smooth little patch of skin right up between your legs where your thigh meets your pussy. So she had us turn around again and when we turned back she had lay down on her back on the coffee table with her feet resting on the floor and her legs spread apart and she was holding that little white piece of cloth and letting it drape down in front of her pussy lips, hiding them. But nothing else was hidden at all. Her beautiful, creamy inner thighs, her patch of curly red pubic hair, and as she held the tiny piece of cloth to one side a little, she revealed to us that perfectly smooth suare inch of skin where her thigh met her crotch. I knelt down in front of her between her gorgeous legs and got my nose within an inch of so of her love hole and took a deep breath and as I exhaled I blew lightly on the lace making it flap around a little. Roxanne said, ummm, that feels nice and so I did it some more and as I did she spread her thighs even further apart and began rubbing her breasts with her one free hand. Well, now, I said, you can't let the boys go home now without letting them see the best part can you and she said no, I wouldn't do that, and that's when she lifted the lace cloth and there I was a few inches from the pinkest, wettest, finest smelling pussy I've ever seen, before or since. I think at that point all three of the boys sank to their knees in disbelief and they would have let it go at that but she made them all take turns coming up between her thighs at getting a good sniff. She told one of the them to take their fingers and spread her love lips apart so we could all see up into her, and he actually did it, although his hands were shaking as he did, and while he was holding her open for us to look up inside her, he starting letting one of his little pinkies slide up into her. She didn't say a word and so one by one the other two boys came up and spread her pouting pink lips with one hand while they slid a happy little finger up into her with the other. She moaned a little and I could see that her love hole was getting wetter by the minute so I guessed she was having a pretty good time.  
  
Well, finally it was my turn and I knelt down again between her creamy thighs and pushed my big middle finger up into her and then pulled it out slow and then eased it back in and then out again and she spread her legs about as wide as they'd go and began pumping on my finger, all the time the three boys sitting around me on the floor staring up into her, and I pumped and she pumped until finally she screamed and came and came and came.  
  
The boys just stared mutely, not believing their luck. I came in my pants the same time she did. After that, I lifted her up and brought her to my room and we made love and laughed about the boys' eyes bugging out of their heads and remained good friends all through school. I lost track of her eventually. She went off and married somebody else. I'm sure she's doing fine. She was a great girl and at times when I want to really turn myself on I let my mind wander back to that remarkable first night with her.