**Suki & Francis**

by[glittercat](https://www.literotica.com/stories/memberpage.php?uid=5474396&page=submissions)©

**Suki & Francis Ch. 01**

Suki's cunt was dripping wet. She could feel it soaking through her underwear as she sat on the hard wooden chair, felt the pressure from the seat as she tried not to squirm too much. She could also feel Francis's gaze boring into her back from where he sat at the desk behind her.

Going to finishing school had not been Suki's idea. She was twenty one, an adult, so why did she need more school? Couldn't she be trusted to get by in society by herself? But apparently not, according to her guardians, so here she was sitting through a dry lecture on economic policy and its implications for organising fundraisers while her cunt dripped through her panties to soak the wooden chair.

She was wearing white underwear today, she remembered, a big cotton pair that she felt more secure in, more covered, given that the uniform required a tiny tartan skirt. It was so short that the material fanned out behind her as she sat on the chair, and there was nothing between her juicy dripping cunt and the seat apart from a thin layer of cotton.

She wondered if she was wet enough for her lady parts to be visible through the fabric, like nipples at a wet t-shirt competition. She wondered if she was wet enough that Francis, sitting at the desk behind her, could smell it. she wondered if there would be a wet patch on the chair when she stood up, and she wondered if Francis would notice. Being in such close proximity to him after the events of last night was intoxicating. She could almost feel his hot breath on the nape of her neck, almost smell his dark erotic musk . . . but she was getting ahead of herself. She crossed and uncrossed her legs, feeling the lips of her cunt squeeze together . . .

'Ms Pemberton . . .?'

'Huh?' said Suki. The teacher was staring at her as though she was expected to do or say something. Shit. She'd been asked a question, and she'd been so busy thinking about her cunt and about Francis and about how she'd like the two of them to get together that she straight up hadn't noticed.

'Well?'

'Oh, I, uh, I definitely agree,' said Suki, brazening it out. 'Definitely a good policy.'

'You agree that I asked you to open the window and that opening the window is a good policy?'

'Of course,' said Suki brightly, fingering the top button of her white school blouse.

'It's getting hot in here.'

There were some snickers from the back of the classroom and Suki could swear she could hear some male voices muttering something about 'so take off all your clothes', like the song.

'Get on with it then,' said the teacher.

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Francis was hard as a rock and he was glad of the desk in front of his lap to hide his erection from the class. He was sitting behind Suki again, on purpose of course, so he could watch her. He was leaning forward as far as he could without seeming odd, and he could feel the tip of his cock pressed into the underside of the desk.

He wondered if Suki knew that her blouse was slightly see-through. He could see the hot pink outline of a lacy bra across her back. It would be the work of a moment to reach forward under her untucked shirt, stroke his hand across her back and undo the fastenings, reach around her front, squeeze her hard little nipples and plunge his other hand down into her lap . . .but people were watching. He couldn't embarrass himself in front of the entire class, not if he ever hoped to run for office one day. Gossip sticks.

He also, however, couldn't stop thinking about Suki and her tight little ass as it swayed in tartan when she walked through the corridors, about whether the underwear she was wearing matched her pink lacy bra, about what her cunt looked like . . . they had been so close, last night, they had almost . . .

She was standing up. Was it the end of class already? He shot a look at the clock on the wall. No, half an hour to go. His gaze returned to Suki's ass, which was now level with his eyeline. If only he could flip up the pleats of her skirt, pull her pants aside and just ram her, there and then, leaning forward over the desk in front of everyone . . .squeeze her tits and make her scream, make her cum, make her writhe with pleasure in his dirty little arms . . . thrust his cock right inside her, over and over again . . . the idea felt so wrong, and so, so right . . .

His eyes followed her as she walked over to the window. She was walking a little strangely, ass clenched, and it gave him an idea. Rummaging around in his bag, he found his keys. Attached to them on a keyring was a little plastic disk, about a centimetre thick, the shape and size of a large coin. The idea was that you pressed the button on the controller (the controller that he currently had in his pocket) and the disk vibrated, to help you find your keys. Francis was always losing his keys, but he had another idea as to how he could use the device.

While the class's attention was diverted, (oh, Suki's sweet little ass! She had to climb up onto an empty desk to reach the window and open it, and the angle was almost right, if he craned his neck . . .) he slipped the disk off the keyring and slid it neatly onto her vacant chair in front of his desk. There was a darker patch on the wood and his fingers came back wet. He furtively brought them to his nose and sniffed; definitely smelled like cunt. She'd creamed all over the chair, the dirty little whore . . .and he hadn't even touched her. Yet. Unless economics just really turned her on?

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Suki's face felt red and flushed as she walked back to her desk, squeezing past the other students' desks. She hoped no one had seen her underwear, soaked through as it was with all the juice she'd made just by thinking about Francis . . .the tartan skirt was so short though, she'd had to be very careful not to flash everybody . . . she imagined Francis flipping the skirt up, reaching under it, to squeeze and stroke and pummel her swollen lips beneath it . . . oh god she wanted him, wanted his hands on her cunt, wanted his cock inside her . . .

There was something hard on the chair when she sat down. Had something fallen out of the desk? No, that didn't make sense . . .

A wordless cry escaped her as whatever it was started to vibrate, sending ripples of pleasure pulsating through her.

'Ms Pemberton?' said the teacher again.

'Nothing! Just banged my knee,' said Suki, hoping the class and the teacher would believe her.

The vibrating stopped. Suki shifted on her chair, trying to get whatever it was to do it again.

She felt concern wrinkle up between her eyebrows, she was so fucking horny and somehow there was something on her chair that gave her a few seconds of relief, if it didn't start up vibrating again she'd have no choice but to just start furiously wanking, there in the middle of class, she'd probably get expelled but fuck it, who cared? Between her legs was nothing but wetness and a furious need, oh god, she'd die if it didn't start up again . . .

Bzzzzzzz . . .

The sound was muffled by her wet juicy cunt lips and the flesh of her ass which soaked up the vibrations, but the disk was only as big as the circle her thumb and forefinger made and she'd have to position it better somehow . . .

She wriggled around on the chair, possessed by a furious need. . .

Oh fuck, oh fuck . . . Francis! He must have had something to do with this.

The thought made her hotter, wetter, hornier somehow even though she thought it was impossible, she was already the horniest she'd ever been. So he carried a vibrator around in his pocket? What a pervert! Still, the thought of it was so hot . . .he could slip this thing onto her chair whenever the fuck he liked and she'd love it, she'd just cream herself thinking about it, her cunt, his for the taking, under his control . . .

The buzzing stopped again, and she stopped squirming. She shot a furtive look behind her, and saw Francis's dark eyes glittering, a dirty little grin on his chiselled, handsome face.