Cariny

**The Library Tease - Acts I and II**

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The Library Tease  
  
Act One - A Place of Higher Yearning  
  
It was a quarter to midnight by the clock in the foyer of the campus library when Desiree Turner strode in, brushing back her long, light brown hair as she unslung her rucksack and fished out her student ID. The dozing student on duty at the front desk -- now suddenly wide awake -- gave the ID a cursory glance and nodded the pretty coed through the turnstiles, openly frowning in disappointment at the boxy windbreaker and long skirt she was wearing that night, instead of her customary T-shirt and jeans. Swiveling around on his stool, he watched her hurry toward the elevators, daydreaming about those innocent blue eyes, that pert nose, those...  
  
He shook his head as the elevator swallowed her up and carried her away. He wondered, not for the first time, what she looked like in a bikini -- and out of one....  
  
The creaking elevator came to a shuddering stop and Desiree stepped out onto the third floor, facing an unusually deserted study hall next to the Biology section. On any other night her appearance would have turned heads, as it did wherever she went on campus, passing shyly through the admiring gazes that lingered on her wonderful curves. Tonight, though, there was no one around to appreciate the graceful strides that took her past aisle after aisle of dusty Economics texts, then right and down past Psychology, then left and deep into the desert of the Ancient History section, where she quietly wound her way to her usual carrel. She unshouldered her rucksack and sat down, checking her watch. Ten minutes to midnight: safely on schedule.  
  
There was nobody else in this part of the library. There never was, which was what made it such a good place to study. And study she did; the pretty sophomore was a Dean's List student. But the dean would have been shocked to know the purpose of her visit to the library that night.  
  
Desiree was not oblivious to the impression she made on men. A late bloomer whose curves developed abruptly in the spring of her senior year in high school, she was still a little uncomfortable with the way men looked at her, the friendly smiles that adolescent cuteness had won her now giving way to grins tinged with something a bit unsettling. Even worse was the way her body responded to their looks. Without intending to, she would find herself putting a little more arch in her back, a little more sway in her hips. It was frightening and confusing ... but also exciting.  
  
Since her transformation she had had only a few dates, discovering to her dismay that the sweet shyness that boys had always respected before was apparently no longer any protection. She found it harder and harder to keep their hands from venturing into places where they ought not be. Then one night she was with Tommy Morgan, who had never tried anything before. Tommy was murmuring in her ear, and his hand had drifted onto the front of her blouse, lightly palming the soft mounds there, which had become incredibly sensitive. It felt so nice sitting beside him on the sofa with her head laid back, listening to him tell her how beautiful she was, feeling the soft, warm kisses on her throat and the heat radiating through her chest.  
  
Desiree closed her eyes -- it seemed like just a few seconds -- feeling wonderfully warm and sexy. Then suddenly she felt a coolness between her legs. She opened her eyes and was shocked to find her blouse wide open and her skirt around her ankles. She screamed and made Tommy Morgan take her straight home, where she hoped to die of shame.  
  
After that she stopped going out, knowing she could no longer trust her dates -- or herself. But she couldn't stop men from looking, and she couldn't help noticing them looking, or deny the excitement she felt. Her body now seemed to have a mind of its own; it wanted to be seen, it wanted to be touched. Bewildered, Desiree cast about for some way to relieve the tension that was building up inside her, knowing that she had to do something before she broke down and accepted another date. And then she had gotten this idea.  
  
Grabbing her rucksack, Desiree rose and made her way the thirty feet down a dimly lit corridor to the door marked "C-14." She glanced anxiously both ways before turning the knob and slipping inside, locking the door behind her.   
  
The pretty blue eyes that had dazzled the kid at the front desk widened against the dark. The reading room was broad and deep, with dusty bookshelves lining the walls and three massive wooden tables filling most of the interior. The near end of the center table was directly in front of her; the far end, twenty feet away, reached almost to the opposite wall and its three tall, wide windows. Desiree was relieved to see that the heavy drapes, which she herself had opened that afternoon, had not been reclosed.  
  
Setting her rucksack down, she circled around the tables and peered out the windows. Down below her was the plaza where the midnight rally for the next day's football game was about to commence. Already the plaza was alive with chattering students, their voices coming to her quite clearly when she carefully cracked open the center window. The rally band was forming up on the plaza steps to her right, sputtering out random snippets of the school fight song as it tuned up for the festivities. Her heartbeat began to quicken. Time for her to get ready!  
  
  
Act Two -- Midnight Lace  
  
Retreating into the unlit room, Desiree made her way back to the end of the center table, then shed her windbreaker to reveal a tight, short-sleeved silk blouse. The long skirt came off next, uncovering a filmy rayon miniskirt that ended halfway down her thighs. She adjusted the blouse and skirt carefully, delighting in the feel of the smooth, cool fabrics as she tugged everything into place.  
  
As she raised her head she caught her ghostly reflection in the window: a beautiful, sexy young woman, two proud bulges swelling her taut blouse, her miniskirt swirling around her flaring hips and sleek thighs as she turned about and swept a hand down over the high, firm curve of her behind. She blushed as she thought of some of the things she had overheard men say about her "attributes."   
  
Desiree climbed up onto the heavy table and stood facing the windows, wobbling unsteadily in the darkness on the three-inch heels of her cork sandals. With her heart pounding furiously, she forced herself to walk forward, head up, shoulders back, breaking into a strut as she found her balance.  
  
As she drew near the window she could see the crowd for the pep rally milling about, now completely covering the plaza. Oh my God! she thought. All those people! She knew that no one should be able to see her standing there in the darkness, but still ... The thought of hundreds of her fellow students gazing up at her sent a tingle racing along her spine. She shuddered and took a deep breath as a liquid heat began to spread through her breasts and loins.  
  
Suddenly the rousing strains of "Rock and Roll Part 2" came blaring through the open window. This was it! Desiree broke into a sexy little dance, swinging her hips to the beat of the music and running her hands up and down her body.  
  
Spinning around, she strode back to the center of the table, rolling her hips sensuously, then turned and winked to her imaginary audience as she now all but pranced back to the window, one hand on her hip and the other in her hair. When she reached the end of the table she spun around and bent over, peering coyly over her shoulder, her pert bottom almost touching the window as she wiggled it at the unsuspecting crowd below.   
  
Desiree could hear and feel the excitement growing in the plaza and it sent a sudden wave of pleasure crashing through her body. Turning to face the window again, she thrust out her chest, sighing heavily as she ran her hands over the two soft bulges. Then she began to take off her blouse.  
  
She stood there at the end of the table, swaying sensuously while her trembling fingers worked their way down, releasing one button after another. With her blouse completely undone, she lifted both hands to her head, running her fingers through her hair as she twisted from side to side. She pulled her blouse wide open, leaning forward to plant a kiss on the glass as she gave her shoulders a shake, then spun around and let her blouse slither down her arms as she walked away. Another sudden spin sent her blouse flying as she strode back to the window with her hands behind her, her chest thrust forward. Glancing down, she shuddered at the sight of her bulging demi-bra, the low, lacy cups barely covering her tightening nipples.   
  
Desiree gazed out into the night, conjuring up an audience aroused and expectant, their cheers laced with more than a few lewd suggestions. Smiling to her make-believe audience, she bent over and shook her shoulders, inducing an enticing jiggle. "Like what you see?" she asked coyly. "I bet you do!"   
  
Her smile turned abruptly into an expression of shock. "What?" she asked breathlessly. "You want me to take off my skirt, too?" She reached down and flipped up the hem of her miniskirt, dancing and twisting as she flashed her long, sleek legs. "Really?" she giggled. "My skirt too?"   
  
With the song coming to an end, Desiree turned around and reached back to unzip her skirt, easing the zipper down while she swung her hips from side to side. As the band blasted out the final notes, she wriggled out of her skirt and kicked it aside, turning back to face the window just as the crowd in the plaza exploded into applause.  
  
The half-naked coed stood there for several seconds, trembling from head to toe, breathless with exhilaration. Finally she retreated into the darkness, her backside tingling as she felt the cool night air kissing what her skimpy thong panties did so little to hide.  
  
Oh my God! she thought, as she collapsed into an overstuffed chair. Oh my God, that was GREAT! She gazed wide-eyed at her breasts heaving against the straining cups of her demi-bra.

Act Three -- Lying Between the Reads  
  
Did anyone see me? Desiree wondered. What if someone did? Suddenly she had a chilling thought. What if they're already in the library, coming up here right now?  
  
She tiptoed to the window and peeked out, half expecting to see the whole crowd running toward her, but no-one was even looking her way. A big guy in a school sweater was at the microphone, talking about the football game, and all over the plaza students were waving pennants and homemade signs, but there was nothing to suggest that her naughty little dance had been noticed.  
  
Through the open window she heard the music again, as the rally band started another song. Did she dare risk it again?  
  
Desiree climbed back up on the table and danced awkwardly toward the window, at a loss at how to start, now that her first dance had released her pent-up excitement. She found herself slipping mechanically into one of the cheerleading routines she had done in high school: step, push, turn, push, hip, step, hip, step... She blushed at the thought of how those movements must look with her doing them half-naked, and a shudder of excitement raced along her spine. Feeling deliciously reckless again, she stepped to the very end of the table and danced there while she slowly ran her hands over her chest, caressing her lace-veiled charms.  
  
"What?" she gasped, through a throat almost painfully dry. "You want to see more?"  
  
"Like this?" she asked, pulling down one thin bra strap and wiggling her bare shoulder for the crowd.   
  
"More?" Biting her lip, she pulled down the other strap as well.   
  
"MORE?" She stepped back from the window, clutching herself shyly. "But I'll catch a cold!" she protested, even as she reached back and fumbled with the clasp.   
  
Desiree smiled over her shoulder and imagined everyone in the plaza turning to look at her, seeing her standing at the window. As the back of her bra popped open she gave her shoulders a sexy shake. Then she flung her bra away and turned around, her arms crossed over her heaving chest.   
  
She slowly drew her right arm aside, slipping her hand behind her neck to play with her hair while she danced with just her left arm covering her breasts. She glanced down at her cleavage just as a burst of cheers came through the window, and she shuddered, biting her lip. Then she let her arm fall away.   
  
Desiree's hands shook as she raised them to her hair and struck a pose in the window, her bare breasts on display, the soft, pale globes gleaming in the moonlight. She let out a low moan, losing herself in the thrill of dancing topless, of having stripped to her panties right there in the library. "Here they are!" she whispered hoarsely, thinking of the desire in the eyes of every guy she had ever caught staring at her chest. "Do you like my..." She faltered, as suddenly there was no synonym for "breasts" that she could think of that did not seem horribly embarrassing. She closed her eyes and traced circles around the light-brown, half-dollar-sized areola crowning her breasts, shuddering as her fingertips spiraled in to brush against the throbbing, engorged peaks. She moaned as a warm dampness began to spread between her legs.  
  
The second song was ending now: just a few more bars to go. In a daze, Desiree slipped off her panties and kicked them aside as the plaza once again rocked with cheers. But the band didn't stop--they went immediately into another song, and Desiree found herself moving to the beat, completely caught up in the excitement and danger of being totally naked and exposed. She pranced up and down the table, twisting and shaking with abandon, until the music stopped and she collapsed on her back, shuddering again and again as the cool night air wafted over her nakedness.  
  
When she finally stopped shaking, she glanced around, suddenly mortified, but there was nothing but the three tables, her scattered clothes, and the bookcases lining the walls of the rooms. "Thank God books can't talk!" she giggled.  
  
  
Act Four -- Stacked in the Stacks  
  
She might have been seen, but she hadn't--as far as she knew. And as she lay there on the table, collecting herself, it was almost disappointing.  
  
"I'll go out into the stacks!" she thought, brightening. "In fact -- I'll go all the way around the floor!" The idea gave her a delicious shiver, even though there was only a slight possibility of being seen, with the library so nearly deserted. She slipped off her sandals in order to be able to move as quietly as possible. Now she really was completely naked!  
  
She took a breath, and opened the door just enough to peer into the corridor. It was empty. She slipped out, pulling the door closed behind her -- then suddenly dove back into the room. The lock! Setting it out of force of habit, she had nearly succeeded in locking herself out!  
  
It took Desiree a full two minutes to settle her nerves. When she looked again the corridor was still silent and empty, so she slipped out of the room and scampered the thirty feet to the nearest row of bookshelves and hurried down to the far end of the aisle. She paused for just a second, then moved to the next aisle, and the next, and ten more in succession, working her way around the perimeter of the floor.  
  
"I am SO naked!" she whispered to herself, as she crouched behind the metal shelves. She giggled and murmured to herself, "Desiree Turner, honors graduate of Colby High, Dean's List student at State University, was found roaming the library bareassed naked today--" She stopped to listen, heard nothing, then stood up and cupped her breasts lightly. Her nipples ached, and she couldn't resist giving them a brush with her thumbs. "SO naked..." she moaned.  
  
As she slipped around the next row of bookshelves she saw a study area up ahead, a clearing with a half-dozen tables littered with books. Sitting at one table was a student with his back to her, typing on a laptop. He was not more than forty feet away.  
  
Desiree stifled a giggle as she imagined herself calling out the guy, and striding toward him, one hand on her hip, the other in her hair. The smile lingered on her lips. Well, he WAS facing the other way!  
  
The very pretty and very naked coed slipped out into the corridor with one arm over her breasts and the other between her legs. "Hey, big boy!" she whispered--rather louder than she had intended. She froze, but apparently he hadn't heard her. Slowly she shifted her arms, letting them hang loosely at her sides, and began tiptoeing toward the unsuspecting student, stealing to within thirty feet of him, then twenty feet: close enough that she could see his reflection on the screen of his computer. Then she froze again..  
  
If SHE could see HIM ....  
  
Desiree flew back to the nearest row of bookshelves and down to the far end, then up another three rows of bookshelves before stopping to crouch down behind a loaded book cart to see if she was being chased. She cringed, her heart thundering in her chest, knowing that if anyone approached she'd be unable to move a muscle. She'd be caught, naked, and if she was very, very lucky she would die of shame.   
  
The blood pounded in her ears, but nothing happened. The pounding slowed and faded. Still nothing.  
  
Desiree Turner, Dean's List student, waited for the room to stop spinning, then stole her way back to room C-14 just as fast as she dared. Once inside, she nearly made the mistake of turning on the lights, before catching herself. It took forever, crawling around in the darkness, for her to gather up her clothes.   
  
Desperate to get away before her luck ran out, she just stuffed her bra and panties into her rucksack. Then she groaned, remembering that at the front desk the rucksack would be inspected for books not properly checked out, so she took the time to slip her underthings back on before adding the blouse and miniskirt, and then the long outer skirt and the windbreaker. Safely restored to shapelessness, she took a last look around the room to be sure she wasn't leaving anything behind -- and stifled a last giggle as she wondered how often they cleaned the tables. With a sigh of relief she opened the door and stepped into the corridor, nearly knocking over the old night watchman.  
  
"Whoa!" he said, his hand flying to his nightstick. Then the sight of the pretty coed registered on his brain and he smiled. "Library's closed, Miss. You need to be leaving."  
  
"Oh, uh...yes of course," Desiree stammered. "I...I fell asleep...studying."  
  
"Well...you shouldn't work so hard," said the guard. "A pretty girl like you should take some time to have some fun."  
  
"Oh ... thanks," said Desiree. "I'll keep that in mind." She hesitated. "Well, good night!" she said, "And thanks again!" She hurried off, aghast at her babbling.   
  
"Good night," the guard called after her, not sure what he was being thanked for. He shrugged. Nice, polite young lady, he thought to himself. Wonder what her tits are like....