

## Study Sessions

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# Study Sessions

by [SophnLiv](#)

## Summary

Klaus and Caroline have a history exam to study for tomorrow but their sexual chemistry gets in the way.

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

“We’ve got to stop this,” Caroline murmured into Klaus’s ear as he kissed his way up her neck to her mouth.

“You say that every time,” he whispered against her lips.

“Well, maybe I mean it this time.”

They both chuckled at her joke, but Caroline’s cut off quickly when Klaus lifted the hem of her dress in search of her clit. When his fingers rubbed against her slick folds she nearly collapsed from the desire. If she wasn’t leaning so heavily against the wall for support, she really might have.

“Do you hear how wet you are for me?” He rubbed his fingers up and down her folds and they both listened to the wet noise, alone in the quiet room.

They were in their university library in one of the study rooms, and while there was originally some studying for a history exam they both had soon, it quickly dissolved from studying into something much different. Touching led to kissing, kissing led to well, this. The lights were off so nobody passing by could see them through the window in the door. They even wedged a chair under the doorknob to buy them time if someone tried to come in. A trick that’s been working well, for now.

Caroline dropped her head back against the wall, “God, can you hurry up? Enough with the foreplay.”

She heard his dark chuckle but chose to ignore it.

“Oh, Caroline. You know how I like to do things my way.”

His way was usually long and drawn out, and while most times Caroline enjoyed the anticipation today was not one of those times.

“Oh, come on,” she tugged at his hair a little harder than usual, “It’s been so long.” She would not beg.

Okay, well maybe her voice did have a tiny whine to it.

“I gave you an orgasm yesterday,” he pointed out, pulling back from her neck to try and look her in the eyes.

While that quick but satisfying orgasm in the bathroom after class was pretty fucking spectacular, that wasn’t what she was referring to. She’d meant that it had been so long since she had sex, which was true. They hadn’t slept together for a couple of weeks as their schedules didn’t leave much time to meet. They weren’t in the same major and gen ed classes just didn’t hold that much importance.

She wet her lips, “yes, and it was wonderful,” he was rubbing her clit slowly and she clenched around nothing, “But I would really like you to fill me with something other than your fingers.” She tried to close her eyes to dodge the eye contact he so clearly wanted to make, but he didn’t let her.

Klaus pinched her clit.

“Ow!” she cried out in a whisper, her eyes flashing open. “What was that for!”

“Are you saying you haven’t had sex since we last slept together?”

Caroline squirmed from the directness of the question when normally she squirmed away from too much pleasure he gave her when it was almost painful. How the tables have turned.

They weren’t what you called “serious”. What began as heated glares during class after a most explosive debate turned into fierce make-out sessions in the hollow under the staircase, their faces indistinguishable in the dark to those passing by. That turned into angrily getting each other off which then turned into the passionate fucking which they were so fond of now.

But they hadn’t labeled anything. Why would they? They hated each other.

Right?

Whatever this was; a casual fuck, the best sex of her life... Caroline wasn’t going to be the one to crack first, and the best defense was a good offense.

Scoffing, she reaches for the button on his jeans, but he slaps her hand away.

“You’ll not distract me, sweetheart.”

He reaches with the hand not currently rubbing her clit and presses it to the sides of her throat, cutting off the blood flow but not choking away her breath. Caroline only had a matter of moments before both sensations tipped her over the edge. She wasn’t sure why he thought this was a good tactic, she was perfectly happy to keep her mouth shut if it meant an orgasm. Normally she’d hate yielding to him, but for that sweet, sweet, oblivion he was known to give her she’d make an exception.

But just when the bubble of pleasure started to inch towards a peak, he broke all contact with her.

“No!” this time she was whining.

Klaus brings his soaked fingers up to his lips and sucks them clean. He sucks each one individually, the wet fleshy pop of his fingers and mouth the only sound in the small room.

“I can do this all night.” He places his hands back in position, ready to work her up again just to deny her what she so craves.

When he ruins her second orgasm in a row, she caves.

“Fine!” she huffs out, “I haven’t slept with anyone else but you, happy?”

The devilish smile that spreads across his face is all the confirmation she needs.

Klaus cups the back of her head and brings her lips a breath away from his own, “ecstatic.”

She doesn’t want to think about what his answer means or how her heart is doing Olympic-level acrobatics in her chest. She just wants to focus on the now, and the now is getting him to fuck her as soon as possible.

“Hurry, hurry,” she pants, her voice one long whiney breath. She can’t stand another minute of this torture of him being so close and not inside her.

He hoists her into position, pressing her hard against the wall. She instantly wraps her legs around his middle and slowly rubs herself against the bulge in jeans. The rough fabric creates a torturously delicious friction that has Caroline’s oversensitive clit already halfway to orgasm.

Klaus unzips himself, “I know, love.” His eyes are no longer full of the playful mirth as before but have a focused determination instead. Lining himself up, he thrusts into her in one go.

“Yes!” her cry is a high-pitched shout of delight.

Klaus pushes his lips into hers, quickly muffling her. “Quiet, or someone might hear us.” He pretends not to notice the little shiver of excitement his words give her and focuses on giving her what they both are desperate for. His arms support her underneath her thighs, linking together behind her back. His thrusts push her higher and higher up the wall, so much so that he then has to yank her back down to fully seat her on his cock. Her arms grip his shoulders like they are a life ring and she’s lost out at sea.

When he pulls her down rough and deep once again, Klaus can’t help but curse under his breath. How is this girl so utterly perfect? She fights with him and challenges him at every turn, but crumbles in his arms where they both seek the best pleasure of their lives.

She squeezes herself around his cock, trying to pull him in deeper. “That’s it, love,” he whispers in her ear, biting at her neck affectionately. “You take me so good.” Then he pulls her slightly away from the wall, placing her at an angle so when he thrusts back in, he reaches that soft spot that drives her crazy.

Just when they both feel that familiar burn in the pits of their stomach do they hear the doorknob jiggle.

“Huh, I didn’t even know the study room’s lock,” a voice says from outside the door.

Caroline clings to Klaus with him still buried inside her. They’re up against the wall the door

is on so the other student can't see them, but that doesn't mean they aren't strong enough to push open the door no matter the makeshift lock they made. She almost makes a small shrieking noise when the door shakes, but Klaus puts a hand over her mouth to stifle the sound. Caroline squeezes him with her inner walls in panic and he choaks back a grunt before giving her an exasperated look.

"The door must be stuck," another voice says, "let's just find another one."

They wait until they hear the sounds of the footsteps fade away before they let out laughing breaths. There is something so thrilling about almost getting caught, isn't there? It's why they've chosen the study rooms time and time again. Before long the laughs shake their bodies and Caroline rocks on his cock a little causing both of them to moan.

"Fuck, that was close," he mutters against her mouth.

"No, I was close," Caroline growls.

Klaus raises his eyebrows at the impatient girl, bringing his fingers to his lips to wet them again. Pressing his wet digits to her hard nub at an agonizingly slow pace, he growls in her ear. "I told you I could do this all night, love."

She bats his hand away. "If you don't shut up and fuck me right now then I'll finish myself off and you can just watch." Before Klaus can open his mouth about how that's not actually a bad idea by any means, Caroline continues, "And no blowjob for you afterward!"

Klaus's arrogant smile falls from his face.

He then grips her thigh tighter, his dull nails biting into her flesh. In a flurry of frustration, he lifts her from the wall and sits them on one of the extremely uncomfortable library chairs, and bounces her on his cock, slamming her down hard.

Caroline moans at the change in angle, his cock reaching deeper than before in this new position. She twines her finger into his hair, pulling at the ends in pure ecstasy. She tries to speak but her voice cuts off just coming out in a high-pitched squeak.

"That's right, princess, I'm the one fucking you," he growls into her throat, slamming her down even harder. "And I'm gonna fuck you so," slam, "fucking," slam, "hard!" slam. "And then I'm gonna come in that tight little cunt of yours until you're full of me."

Her walls quiver from his words, ready to break apart from that alone. But he doesn't stop there, he tilts her hips back so he's hitting that perfect spot inside her again and she's adrift in pleasure. She can feel her wetness drip from her onto their thighs and she bites down on her bottom lip to keep from crying out.

"I'm gonna make you come so hard you squirt all over my lap and then I'm gonna take you back to my place and make you do it over, and over, and over, again until you can't sit down tomorrow." He reaches down and presses her clit the way he knows she likes, and she makes a strangled whimpering sound in response just like he knew she would. "And tomorrow when

you sit for that stupid history test, I want to think of me every time you squirm in your seat because your cunt aches from my cock because you're mine." He picks up his already relentless pace, refusing to let her do any of the work. "Do you hear me?"

Her eyes are squeezed shut tight; her lip nearly bloody from the pressure of it between her teeth. She's on the brink and he knows it, but he won't let her off that easy. "I said did you hear me, Caroline?"

"Yes!" she shouts at full volume, and only then does he let her come.

It rolls through her like a tidal wave, hitting her again and again and again. One melts into two and then into three and then she feels his orgasm filling her.

Klaus bites down on the flesh of her shoulder to keep his shout from booming through the entire library, she did that enough on her own.

"Did you mean it?" she asks him, panting, when they both come down after that Earth-shattering orgasm. "When you said I was yours, did you mean it?"

He tucks her hair behind her ears, "I meant it all, Caroline."

The relief he sees in her eyes has him pulling her to his lips, reassuring her in one of the only ways he knows how.

"Now let's get out of here before we get kicked out."

On the walk back to his flat, they hold hands for the very first time, and Klaus keeps good on all his promises.

## End Notes

I had a lot of fun writing this and participating in this swap and I really hope you like it!

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