

Caught wanking in the library

By DanielleX

Published on Lush Stories on 18 Apr 2012

Copyright © 2011-2017 Danielle Marsh. All Rights Reserved. This story may not be copied or reproduced, without the express written permission of the author.

I get messy in the library

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/masturbation/caught-wanking-in-the-library.aspx>

Even after a few weeks at college I was still finding my feet. I had made some new friends, but the place itself - it was so big! I wanted to knuckle down and, being a bit of a nerd, decided to get some books on English grammar. I had only been to the library once and then it had been locked. One girl told me that it was a good place to study because so few people went in. Mobiles and iPods were strictly prohibited. I opened the heavy glass-panelled door and walked in. It had a slightly musty smell, the sort you only get from books. It was a huge place with row upon row of shelves and a bank of computers down one side. I walked over to one of the consoles and ran my fingers along the keyboards. The monitor sprang into life and I was treated to a beautiful image of David Beckham and his trademark stubble "Hmmm yum!" I said out loud. I looked round but the library was empty. I tried to use the PC, to see if I could find something on my subject, but it was password protected. "Stupid computer!" I said, and continued on my mosey round. I went to the reception desk, but no one was home. I decided to wander around the volumes myself, hoping to work out where the English language section was. As I went between the aisles of books I was faintly aware of an odd noise. It was a sort of stifled, breathless grunt. As I passed geology and made my way towards chemistry the sound grew louder and louder. I turned a corner and there, sitting with his back to me, was a guy blatantly pulling his wanger. He was leant over a magazine and I could see his elbow going up and down frantically. He was clearly enjoying whatever was the subject of his fantasy. I hid at the end of the row, peeping from behind the wooden book case. He was murmuring something, but it was inaudible, presumably some sexy thoughts that were fuelling his sneaky wank. As I leaned on a sturdy encyclopaedia, my hand slipped, sending the tome crashing to the floor! The guy looked round and there was a look of shock and surprise in his face. "Ooops!" I said. "How long have you been there?" He asked. He was clutching his cock and doing his best to hide the fact that he was knocking one out. "Long enough!" I said. I smiled and walked towards him. My pussy was moist. There is something very erotic about watching a guy jerking off. "Don't mind me," I said, trying to see what was in his magazine. "I...I'm sorry. I'm blue-balled from last night. I'm so sorry!" "Don't worry, it's OK," I

said. The guy was quite handsome. I didn't think he was one of the tutors. I thought he must have worked in the library itself. "Will you carry on?" I said. "What?" "Carry on... stroking yourself. It turns me on." "I can't do that!" He said. "Course you can!" "I can't!" I was wearing a short lemon dress, and I think my bra was just visible through the thin fabric because I noticed his eyes kept going towards my boobs. I pulled up a chair and sat opposite him. "What's your name?" I asked. "Phil... it's Phil." "Well Phil, you know what would really turn me on?" "No?" "If you sit there and continue with your wank, while I finger myself." "Really?!" "Yes. I would love that!" "OK...ummm what's your name?" He asked. "Danielle. Come on before someone comes!" He was slow to respond, so I pulled my dress up to my waist and opened my legs. Phil immediately looked down at my pussy, which was barely hidden by my panties. I looked down and could see my own swollen pussy lips eating the cotton of my knickers. I put one hand inside and slipped my longest finger into my vagina. My pussy was wet to the point of being gooey. I allowed myself a gentle sigh as my finger rolled up and rubbed against my clitoris coating it in my girly juice. For a few moments Phil just watched me, ravishing me with his eyes. I lifted my hand out and moved the gusset of my panties to one side, giving him a free view of my slippery pink cunt. He reached for his hardening cock and began to rub the foreskin as I slipped two fingers into my pussy. I moaned from my self pleasure, which was increased by my witnessing Phil's masturbation. His eyes were beautiful as he gazed into mine, wanking himself mechanically. I was equally pleasuring myself dreamily as if we were somewhere else, unconcerned by our location. All I could think of was the wonderful 'moreish' sensations that were welling up inside. The warm, tickly spasms, which were coming from my fingers, as they played with my clit. Phil's cock was fully hard now. His foreskin was gliding up and down, intermittently uncovering the rich, pink swollen head. It had a moist appearance, as if lubricated by a little precum. That made me so horny. I wanted to taste him, to feel that warm, salty fluid slip down my throat. I was so turned on! I worked two, then three fingers into my now sopping wet cunt, until my knuckles were swallowed by my lips. I was moaning deeply; Phil was groaning feverishly, his eyes focused on my pussy. We looked into each other's eyes. Our mutual pleasure shared. The insanely risky thing we were doing only made me more aroused. It was so hot, so amazing. My fingers gradually returned to my swollen clitty and rotated around her. I flicked the little pink button a few times, making my belly tremble. Phil was tugging himself faster and faster, the intense look of pleasure marked in his manly features. He wasn't some young jock from college but a grown man, masturbating with me - for me. I moaned uncontrollably as I found the perfect rhythm with my fingers. I was building up to a fantastic orgasm. I held onto the chair with one hand, as if to prevent myself from taking off. I was whimpering helplessly as the beginnings of my climax were washing over me. Phil was holding his legs out in front of him stiffly, stroking himself and groaning deeply. I was reaching that point when a girl just can't hold back. "Oh yes! Oh yes! I'm...I'm going to cum Phil!" Oh Danielle! Yes cum! Please...Oh fuck! Hnnnngh!" "Aahhhhh....aaaaaaahhhhhh....oooooh....shit!!!" "Aaah Danielle! I'm...so close!" "Aaaaaahhhh....aaaaaaahhhhhhhhhhh...hmmmmmm... ooh!" "Danielle...I'm going to cum...oh fuck!" I was still on a high from my orgasm and was still as horny and as hot as fuck. I wanted to do something I had only ever dreamed about. "Cum on me Phil!" "Hnnnngh...what?" "Just do it!"

“Oh...I..oh hhhhhnghhh!” Phil staggered to his feet as I sat upright, holding my head back as he tugged his foreskin back and forth. Oooooo Sheeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeshz....I’m going.... to CUM!!!!!!!!!!!!!!” I looked up at him, mesmerised by his hand, which was now a mere blur and then I felt it. It was so hot...but it was so good. The another one and another. I could feel it begin to roll down my nose and over my lips as he came again and again. He was so noisy with it. His cries were filled with an immense relief...a release of a full day of wanting to unload his sweet juice from those lovely balls. It was so obvious when he came on my face, that I wasn’t aware at first that so much has spattered over my dress too. He leant on the bookshelf behind me and wasn’t shy about finishing the job, shaking the last few drops onto my bare legs. I looked up at him and smiled broadly. “I’m glad I caught you wanking in the library. Maybe we can do this again!” I said, with a wink. “Hmmm..maybe,” he said breathlessly, still a little stunned. “OK, well I better go and sort myself out,” I said. I walked out of the library, with my head held high, the cum still streaked down the front of my dress. I never did find that book on grammar.