

Caught wanking in the library

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I get messy in the library

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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

“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.