



Library Lust

(MF, unsafe-sex)

by Anonymous

Today it was so hot in my apartment that I went to study at the library. Down in the stacks, it was cooler and very private. But after a while I noticed this guy looking at me.

I admit I was showing a lot of skin but it was a scorcher and I had dressed accordingly. Tube-top and a thin silky shorts to stay cool. And I guess it was true that while I was reading, I was rocking my thighs apart.

It was entirely possible that he got a peek up my shorts. Next thing I knew he walked up to me and sat down in the seat across from me.

He had those knowing eyes -- the kind that make me feel slutty and cheap! Daringly, I let my legs fall open even more while I basked in the sensual intensity of his stare. He

asked me some questions about the book I was reading but when I felt him brush his naked foot against my knee, I forgot all about the book. Apparently, he had slipped off his sandals. The subtle skin on skin contact aroused deliciously. But I just waited curious to see just what he would do next.

He seemed to like my game of silence because he got bolder. He started to stroke higher and higher up my inner thigh with his foot. I started to get really wet thinking about what it would feel like if he pushed into my pussy with one of his toes! I guess he could feel how wet I was, because the next thing I knew he was underneath the table! I looked around and was very glad I had chosen such a secluded area of the library.

Meanwhile I felt him slide his fingers between my slick pussy lips. All I could do was scoot my ass closer to the edge of the chair to allow him better access. Then I felt his mouth on my pussy. He probed deep into my cunt, and then fluttered the flat of his tongue on my clit. I moved my hands down under the table to press his face deeper between my legs. Helplessly, I rocked my hips against his mouth. I didn't care how I looked, it felt so good.

He started fingering my pussy, but I was ready to fuck by then! I asked him if there was enough room under there for us both! And of course he said yes!



Then I was under the table with him, my legs wrapped around his hips and his fat cock working its way into my pussy. I was hungry for it and I bucked my hips against his thrusts. It was delicious. The rocking, grinding, fucking of his cock in and out of me.

I bit my lips to keep from screaming out, digging my nails into his back. He was fucking me deep and fast now. I was taking his jackhammer thrusts and loving it! We were in a frenzy, the table rattling around us, panting and moaning. We gave up on being quiet and concentrated on getting this fucking done right.

He was hitting my spot, one more deep thrust and I was cumming like crazy. He pulled out at the last minute and shot his cum across my thighs and pussy. I was aware then of what I must looked like lying half-dressed on the cool, tile floor of the library, my shorts at my side on the floor and gobs of cum on my body. Mmmm. I felt incredibly slutty and capable of anything. When he wiped me off with his hand, I licked the cum off his fingers.

I felt like lying there half-dressed on the floor forever, feeling the cool air on my well-fucked pussy, but we heard voices and got up and got ourselves together. A quick look around proved that we were successful at getting away with our impromptu

fuck!

He and I exchanged phone numbers and a promise to get together again. Social studies may not be my field but I sure could teach a thing or two about social response to a little flash of gash!

END



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