

New Memories

People barely use public libraries anymore. Ever since access to the internet became as free as the air, local memberships plummeted. Of course there are those without a means and those who refuse to drink from the new source of knowledge, instead preferring the physical touch and musty smell of books.

You haven't been to the local library in years, you think to yourself as you walk past the old building. Fond memories of your childhood inside the basement library surface, and on a whim you decide to go inside looking for that sweet sense of nostalgia.

Opening the door you hear the soft jingle of a bell overhead, signaling your presence. Taking a few steps further down into the sunken repository your eyes quickly adjust to the relatively dimmer space. The old metal shelves lined with books remain unchanged from decades ago, except maybe having yellowed a bit, and the unmistakably dry smell of old stationary greets you like an old friend.

No one was at the front desk, where books were piled to be sorted and returned to the shelves. Walking a few steps deeper into the library, you notice a faint musty smell intermingling with the usual. The *musk* was a little sour, like a sweet hint of lemon that puckers you up. An odd, intermittent pounding emanating from the back of the library draws your curiosity, and you quietly make your way to the study area.

Thump... .. Thump

The smell gets heavier, more pungent, slowly overtaking the smell of books. Making it to the last book shelf before the study area in the back, you peer hidden through the gaps. A soft warm glow illuminates a pretty young woman, about 22 years of age. Most of her thick reddish-blond hair is tied back into a ponytail while the rest runs wild. An open green button-up blouse drapes over her shoulders but barely attempts to cover the sides of her stupendously generous bosom, which stretches against a thin white tube top shirt. Her breasts take up most of the table space in front of her, leaving just enough room for a laptop to which her striking blue eyes are glued to. The faint and familiar noise of pornography can be heard from the machine.

Thump...

The sudden movement of a fleshy log banging against the underside of the table causes you to go wide-eyed. You visually trace the length and estimate the penis to be around 1.5 meters. It's so long the cockhead reaches far past the table itself, and as it flexes upwards again the shaft strikes the table's edge.

... .. Thump

Precum drools from her urethra, and you swear you can see the musk emanating from this girl in heat. She's getting really into the video, evidenced by how she cutely bites the index finger of one hand while the other grips the edge of the table. Just as the video sounds like it's getting to the good part you walk out from behind the bookshelf into view.

Ahem You clear your throat to greet the girl.

The girl reflexively lunges forward, covering the screen with her breasts, and turns to you wide eyed.

"Excuse me," You start. "I couldn't help but notice you were watching porn and-"

"What?" She cuts you off. Her voice is a little hoarse (you imagine it's from screaming her lungs out in orgasmic bliss), but the raspiness gave it a warm undertone that only made you like her more. "No! I'm not watching- HNNN"

The sudden motion and shock of the situation sends her over the line. She groans as her hips buck involuntarily. A thick rope of semen smoothly jettisons from her hard cock, splattering against the concrete wall and floor.

"You think I'm watching porn in... HNNGGG!" Her denial is interrupted again by her own pleasure. Another stream of thick musky semen doubles the already copious volume of sludge in front of her.

"... public?" She finishes her sentence, staring into your eyes with a mix of annoyance, pleasure, and humiliation. "W-well, I'm not." Weakly she finishes her lie as she shoots another rope of cum into the air.

"I was actually wondering if we could watch together."

The girl's face flushes red as she looks you up and down completely caught off guard by the offer. As the smell of cum and musk envelopes the both of you in a humid fog, she finally relaxes and nods her head. Taking your hand she pulls you in for a sloppy kiss.

It was time to make new memories to be fond of.



WHAT? NO!
I'M NOT
WATCHING-hnnn
splort

YOU THINK
I'M WATCHING
PORN IN--hnnnggg
PUBLIC?

squirt
W-WELL,
I'M NOT
grhh!

Pink SPANSA 2011