Ashley's Becoming of Age

by Ashley42Â©

Hi, just a little of my thoughts before you start reading my biography. This

story is true, and I am writing it in hopes of gaining some insight into the

path my life has taken. I hope my story is not to wordy but, I originally had no

plans on sharing this story. Know that I have spend the time writing it, I want

to share it. I hope you enjoy my story. I invite your advice and comments.

CHAPTER 1

My name is Ashley and I have always been a big female. I do not mean heavy, I

have just always been very tall. I was 6 feet by the time I entered the 10th

grade and weighted a measly 120lbs.

By my senior year, I had grown to 6' 2" and still weighed only 125lbs. I was

nothing but skin and bones. Simple put, physically I was not very attractive to

boys in my class. I turned 18 in December of my senior year and at that time was

still not developed as much as most 8th graders. My breast were extremely small

and only slightly round, my nibbles were large, light brown and sensitive to

touch. My nibbles seemed to often embarrass me as I had no control over them. As

I walk my bra would often rubbed against my nibbles, they became hard and

visible through my blouse. I was gangly and taller then nearly all the boys in

my school. Needless to say I was often teased and was never asked out on dates.

Even though I did not date in high school, I had a surprisingly active libido. I

seemed to be horney a lot. I was easily aroused and sex was often on my mind. I

often found myself masturbating before the mirrors in my room.

Over time being skinny had destroyed my confidents and I developed a complex

about my physical appearance. My mother always tried to build my confidents by

telling me how beautiful my face was and that with time I would fill out my tall

frame. My mothers' efforts were for not, my esteem remained low.

The one thing I had going for myself, I was a excellent student. Straight A's

and all my classes were in the advanced level in school. I spend a lot of time

on my computer. In fact I was the leading computer geek in my class. Computer

science was my choice for a major in college. I had already received a

scholarship and early admittance into the leading computer science college.

Enough of that stuff, I think you get the picture of who I was at 18.

The few girls friends I had, dated boys and lost their virginity, I did neither.

I thought about sex and masturbated a lot but until January of my senior year I

had no other sexual experience other than masturbation. This is really where

this story begins.

It was just a month after my 18th birthday. It was a Friday and after school, I

went to the public library. I needed to complete research for my senior paper. I

researched the card catalog for related articles and books. I decided to check

out two books, the books were located on the upper level of the library.

As I walked down the main isle to retrieve the books, I heard noises coming from

the back isle. The noises were unusual for a library and were sounds of moans

and heavy breathing.

I continued to walked in the direction of the noises and the closer I got the

more distinctive the noises became. I begin to walked more quietly and sneaked

into next to last isle. From there I was able to look through the book shelves

to see what was happening.

All I could see was the face of one of the boys who had graduated from my school

last year. He was leaning against the back wall. His eyes closed and he was

moaning in pleasure. I thought he was masturbating so I knelt down so I could

watch him and what I saw shocked me.

One of the librarians was kneeing in front him. His pants were unzipped. She had

his love tool out and buried in her mouth. I was a mere 3 feet from the two of

them. I tried to get up and leave, as I found the action in front of me

offensive. But I was paralyzed, I could not make my legs move or lift myself up.

I was mesmerized by what I saw. I just knelt there and watched the lewd activity

taking place in front of me.

The librarian who was around 35 pressed her mouth forward and took the full

length of his cock deep into her mouth. She would then draw all the air out of

her mouth as she pulled her head back. His cock slipped from her mouth except

for the very tip. Her tongue then flicked across and around the head of the

cock. She repeated that action. Time and time again she sucked the cock deep

into her mouth.

Unconsciously my hand had pressed my fingers between my legs. My fingers felt

the warm wetness that had already coated my panties. I begin drawing small

circle around my clit. I had masturbated at home in my room many times but never

had I been so wet or excited. I was fixated on the librarian and boy in front of

me. Her head moving to pump his cock in and out of her tightly press lips.

The force of my fingers pressed my panties up between my swollen sex lips. I had

never masturbated with my panties on and the added roughness of my wet panties

rubbing against my clit increased the tingling and warm sensation throughout my

body. I bit my lips closed so no audible sounds could escape.

My attention return to the librarian and she increased the pace of her sucking

motion. The sounds of wet smacks was auditable each time her mouth took the cock deep into throat. I was fascinated by how her mouth and tongue worked its way around the his cock. The fingers of her free hand was lightly massaging his

testicles. Her action seemed to give him much pleasure. His moans where filled

with passion and only increased the desire building within me.

The boy's hands dropped down and his fingers became entangled in her hair. He

used her hair to hold her head still and he begin to trust his hips back and

forth. He was in control of the rhythm, the pace and the depth he drove his

blood filled love tool into her ravenous and wanting mouth. Each forward thrust

of his hips drove the cock deeper into her slurping mouth. Every time his cock

disappeared into her mouth a soft moan of pleasure escaped her throat. She was

enjoying having her mouth fucked.

A loud moan escaped the boys lips and he whispered I going to cum. The

librarians mouth wrapped itself tighter around the shaft of his pulsating cock.

She cupped her hands around the boys ass and held his cock deep in her mouth.

His fucking motion stop and his hips begin to jerk around wildly. "I'm Cumming,

I'm Cumming," is all he said. As he begin to shoot his load into her mouth. I

could see her swallowing and she took all his cum. I only saw a few drops leak

out the corner of her lips and down the side of her chin.

I knew I had to move or I would be caught. I got up, walked quickly to the main

isle and left the library. The only thing that kept me from being discovered was

the noise of their loud breathing.

I was aroused and excited by what I had just seen. I thought it was disgusting

but it had awaken a sexual passion within me. It seemed degrading for the

librarian to have a cock shoved into her mouth and more so, to let the boy shot

his sticky cum into her mouth. I knew she had swallowed it, and appeared to like

the taste. I wondered if I would like the taste. I headed home in a high state

of sexual arousal. I was still excited as I walked up the drive to my front door

and still felt the wetness of my panties against my crotch. I was glad to be

home and I knew exactly what I was going to do. My patients were at work and the

house was all mine. I was turned on by what I had seen in the library and I

needed relief.

I went straight up to my room and closed the door behind me. One of the walls in

my bedroom has floor to ceiling length mirrors. Even though I was skinny and

underdeveloped I had an active libido and I found it a turn-on to make love to

myself with my fingers while watching the action in the mirror. I had an arm

chair set in one corner of the room. I placed the chair in front of the mirror

so I would be able to clearly see what I was going to be doing.

I sat in the chair and lifted my legs up over the arms. This position exposed my

spread legs and my private parts to my own visual view . I was dressed in a

loose fitting wrap around skirt that tied in the front and a white blouse. In my

excitement I fumbled around with the buttons on my blouse. I removed it and my

bra. I let them fall to the floor. My fingers immediately begin to caress my

small breast and my already sensitive nibbles.

A shuddered of blissful pleasure flowed through my body. My nibbles were already

hard with excitement. My fingers cuddled and massaged my nibbles between them.

My pussy muscles tremble in anticipation of what was to come. I place my thumb

and forefinger on my nibbles and begin to squeeze and pinch them harder. My love

muscles begin to contract uncontrollably and it surprised me how hard my nibbles

had become.

My love canal was begging for attention and instinctively one of my hands

drifted slowly down my torso only stopping when it reached my soaking wet

underwear. The palm of my hand pressed down hard as it crossed over my swollen

pussy lips. The palm of my hand slide back and forth across my enlarged pussy

lips. Warm slippery slick fluid's had soaked my panties. I felt a desire to feel

more of myself and without forethought one my hand slipped under the elastic

band of my panties. My fingers spread my swollen pussy lips apart. I was

surprised by how warm and oily the juices were that were seeping from my cunt.

My finger crossed over my protruding clit, only increasing my need for release.

As I looked at myself in the mirror, I was not surprised by the feeling of

embarrassment that over came me. I always reacted this way. I felt as thou I was

watching another women. I was two people, one sexually pleasing herself and the

other fulfilling her voyeur fetish by watching.

One hand was working my harden nibbles and the other was caressing the dampness between my tights. I was boiling over with desire and I know it would not be long before my orgasm released and fulfilled my desires.

I wanted better access to my pussy so I untied and let my skirt fall open. One

hand continued to massage my nibbles while the other one worked its way for the

second time down my torso and back under the band of my panties. My fingers now

on autopilot slowly circle around the hood of my love bud. I looked at myself in

the mirror. My eyes met my own eyes and I smiled. My face had a wicked immoral

look that I had never seen on it before. I was driven by a intense lewd desire

that was new to me. My eyes dropped back down to my panties and I could see the

outline of my hand doing its job.

I let my shoes fall to the floor and felt my orgasm pushing it way out of my

body. I quickly removed my panties. My fingers penetrated my pussy lips and I

watched has they disappeared into my cunt. Pumping my finger ferociously in and

out of my pussy, My hips trusted up to meet the probing finger.

I could feel my orgasm was not far away so I tried to slowed the pace of my

hand. I wanted to keep myself from reaching that boiling point but I lacked the

necessary self control.

My hand went back to driving my finger in an out of pussy canal. My pussy was

overly sensitive now and whenever I hit a responsive spot my upper thigh muscle

rippled with pleasure. My cunt was now dripping wet and totally exposed to my

view. My eyes consumed all that was taking place before them.

I hit that point of no return. I knew I was going to get off. I didn't want to

but it was something I could no longer control. Every muscle inside my pussy was

convulsing. A tingling sensation exploded through my whole body. My mind went

numb, I no longer controlled the rhythm of my hand or the depth it drove my

finger into my pussy. My movements and the noises coming from my sopping wet

pussy told the whole story. I blurted out a groan, and with that I exploded into

my solo orgasm.

As my groans subsided I just laid there my legs spread wide, juices visibly

dripping from my pussy down my finger.

Wow! that was a miraculous orgasm and I wondered to myself, would it be better

if I had been with that boy? I did not know the answer.

I had never had such a strong orgasm before and the smell of my own sex filled

the room, it was overpowering.. I laid there resting in my chair and, like I

always did, I felt guilty and sluttish. Ugly, gangly me, no boy friend to help

fill my desires. I always had to do it myself.