

## The Librarian

I watched him come in. Hair a little disheveled, upper body clad in a sensible cable knit sweater for the unseasonably cold September weather we'd been having. He just about fell through the double doors, a laptop and several books jammed precariously under one arm, large rucksack on his back preventing him from slipping through the too narrow gap he'd created as he attempted to slink in.

He righted himself and glanced guiltily at the front desk. I saw him visibly relax when he saw that my chair was empty, Martha typing away at the second desk with her one-fingered peck. He thought I wasn't here. After the ignominy of his entrance had passed, however, he looked crest-fallen. He hadn't come to study, he could do that perfectly well in his university dorm room.

He'd come for something else altogether.

I could have moved from my hiding place behind the magazine racks. Even a simple step to the side and he would have noticed me. I stayed where I was. Let him be disappointed, let him relax, thinking the nerve-shredding pleasure that had him coming back to me time after time was off for today.

It would make it all the sweeter when I revealed myself to him.

I waited until he'd settled himself at a small table by the large wall of windows, then signaled to Martha that I was leaving the library floor. She gave a brief nod in return, she was an unflappable woman in her late fifties who could handle it if a bomb went off in the Special Collection stacks.

I went through to the Staff Only area, and into the bathroom. It only took a few moments to divest myself of my bra and underwear. My bra I slipped into my handbag, hanging on my peg over my cardigan. It was damned cold in the library early doors. It wasn't much better now, the heating unable to cope with the high ceilings in the main room of the library, and my nipples peaked through my thin white blouse as I moved back out amongst the books, my panties scrunched up in my hand. I hitched my pencil skirt up just a little higher as I walked over to the windows so the slit ran to my upper thigh, almost revealed my nakedness underneath. I wore high-heeled buckled pumps. Understated and professional, but elevated enough to accentuate the line of my calves. My long hair was tucked away in a tortoiseshell comb. I had the librarian look down pat – I was a librarian, after all – but only a special few got to see the minx underneath.

I stalked past the desks of lowered heads, students feverishly studying for finals that were a couple of weeks away, and paused right beside his. He didn't register me at first, his gaze on his laptop screen

where he'd pulled up an article. I glanced at the title, something about physics. Well, it could wait. I reached out my arm and dropped my panties, right onto his keyboard. His reaction was comical. He stared down at them for a long moment, as if they'd miraculously appeared out of nowhere, before common sense kicked in and told him to look up. Our eyes locked and I watched the color drain out of his cheeks – then flood back in.

“Come with me,” I said.

I didn't wait to see if he was going to obey, I turned on my heel and started walking away, a deliberate sashay to my hips. As I moved across the open area containing the work desks and headed to the back stacks, where visitors were less frequent and privacy more likely, I undid the top three buttons of my blouse. Not enough to reveal anything, just allowing the tops of my unfettered breasts to show. I was excited, my clit pulsing and my core hot and swollen, but I kept that scrupulously off my face, nose in the air, bitch face etched on my features and warning everyone in my path not to try and stop me.

I took him all the way to back corner, unclipping a chain that hung across the stack entry and prevented students from putting their grubby fingers all over the delicate papers of historical PhD theses. I stood aside to let him pass, making sure the angle was tight, so he'd have to all but brush against me. He kept his gaze on the floor, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down as he swallowed nervously.

“All the way to the end,” I instructed.

He obeyed wordlessly, and I paused only long enough to replace the chain across the stack entrance. Privacy, but not much. Anyone in the next row down would be able to catch glimpses of us between the shelves, and anyone in the row beyond that, just slithers. Chances were we would be seen by someone.

I liked that.

I approached him slowly, enjoying the way he was squirming, fidgeting and looking anywhere but at me. He looked uncomfortable, like he'd rather be anywhere but here. He also had an enormous erection tenting the front of his trousers.

“Do you like my outfit?” I asked him, pausing a foot away and stretching one leg out slightly to press against the slit of my skirt, putting a hand on my hip and pushing my shoulders back to emphasise my ample and unbound breasts. He had to look at me then. He hauled in a shaky breath and raked his eyes over my figure, gaze flicking to my face for only the shortest of moments before fixing on my tits. I could work with that.

“Undo my blouse,” I told him.

“I... what?”

I raised an eyebrow, unimpressed he’d make me repeat myself.

“Undo. My. Blouse.”

“Yes. I... sorry.” He reached for me with shaking hands, his fingers clumsy as they worked at the simple snaps. I kept my gaze on his face, piling on the pressure, forcing myself not to twitch when the backs of his hands brushed against my nipples. It took him a while, but he got all the way to the bottom, the hem tucked into my skirt preventing the whole garment from swinging loose. It framed my breasts beautifully, though, putting the inner curves on display but keeping the rest a secret between him and me. He knew what they looked like, totally exposed, and I could see him remembering. I glanced down and smirked: his hands were folded into tight fists at his side as he fought to control himself.

“You can play with them,” I told him.

He managed to meet my gaze for a heartbeat, both apprehensive and excited, then his look turned reverent as he focused on my breasts, both hands coming up to cup them gently. I closed my eyes and relaxed as he explored, lifting and squeezing, thumbs rubbing over my nipples then working with his forefingers to squeeze them. I gave a little moan, fluttering my eyes open to watch him work, and that gave him the courage to do it a little harder.

I turned to my left, looked down the rows and rows of books. Two young men were lingering, several stacks down. I could see them whispering excitedly, peering through the shelves towards us. I bit my bottom lip and tilted my head back, playing it up for them, then I ducked down enough so that we could lock eyes. Their expressions dropped in shock, and when I waved at them in a shooing motion, adding in my stern librarian look, they scarpered.

Perhaps they’d be back. Perhaps they’d bring a friend. My excitement flared.

“On your knees,” I told him.

His hands froze on my breasts then slowly, reluctantly, he peeled away from my flesh and dropped down before me. His hesitant manhandling had pulled my blouse wider, one breast entirely visible. The one, as it happened, that would be visible to anyone trying to peek at us from the Religious Studies stacks. I didn’t fix it.

I looked down at him. He was tall, his head about level with my middle. Far too high.

“Lower,” I ordered.

He hesitated for longer this time, then excruciatingly slowly he shifted down and down until his face was pressed to the carpet in front of me. Perfect. I put one foot forward, until his hair brushed the toe of my high heeled shoe.

“Show me how you worship me,” I said, my voice low.

He lifted his head up far enough to see my foot, right in front of him. It took him a moment, but he slid his hands across the carpet until they cradled my shoe, one thumb pressing lightly against my ankle, and dropped a gentle kiss on the rounded toe of my shoe.

“You can do better than that,” I told him when he looked up at me.

He gulped, glancing behind him to see if anyone was watching us from behind the fragile barrier of the chain at the end of the stack, but it was empty. It was just the two of us.

“Impress me,” I murmured.

He went back to his task with more enthusiasm, pressing another kiss to the tip of my shoe and then dragging his tongue along the inner curve. He lifted slightly to tease his tongue along the sharp line where leather met my skin before kissing up the top of my foot.

“Higher,” I said.

He adjusted his position, lifting up a little and firming his grip on my ankle before gracing it with licks and kisses. I let him play, knowing he was waiting for the next instruction, purposefully drawing it out.

Finally, my own throbbing clit made me give in.

“Higher,” I said.

He pushed his luck, skimming over my calf so that he could concentrate on my inner knee. He remembered that from last time, knew how hot it got me. I thought about stopping him, making him start all over again, but Martha could only hold the fort for so long, and I'd never been good at denying myself pleasure. I closed my eyes, enjoying the feel of his mouth against the crease of my knee, his fingers delicately pressing into my inner thigh. Every huff of warm breath sent tingles up to my core.

“Stop,” I told him, my voice sharp.

He looked up at me, pulling away slightly in surprise, and I stared back down at him.

“Eyes front.”

He adjusted his gaze, so he was looking right at my crotch. Smiling, now that he couldn't see my expression, I reached down and grasped the hem of my skirt. Skimmed it up my thighs until my cunt came into view, glistening slightly in anticipation. It was a tight fit, but I pulled at the fabric until it was held tight around my hips, out of the way. Then I waited, watched him stare at me, entire body tense, waiting for the command to pleasure me.

I moved my foot back, widening my stance far enough that my clit was just visible from his crouched position.

“You know what to do.”

He scooted forward, no hesitation this time, and I felt fingers slide around to my ass and squeeze while his mouth delved into my pussy.

He thrust with his tongue, pushing between my labia, licking up my wetness then finding my clit. My knees threatened to buckle when he pressed his tongue firmly against it and rubbed. I let out a little moan and widened my stance further, as far as the skirt would allow, giving him as much access as I could. He brought me towards the edge quickly, then pulled back slightly, circling my clit with the tip of his tongue while his fingers on my ass crept closer to my crease, one slipping in enough to press at my asshole.

Well now, someone got confident all of a sudden.

Close as I was to orgasm, I reached down and tunneled my fingers into his hair. Grabbing a handful, I yanked his head away. He looked up at me, gaze unfocused, lips smeared with my wetness. Keeping my hold in his hair, I leaned down and licked all the way round his mouth.

“Make me cum,” I murmured against his lips. Then I stood tall and dragged him back into place.

He got straight to work, licking along my slit then returning to my clit and fixing his lips around it and sucking hard. My eyes rolled back in my head and I used my free hand to grab onto the shelves for support. I pulled in three short gasps then orgasmed hard when he started fluttering the tip of his tongue against my clit. I held him there, face pressed tight against my cunt, while I rode it out, my inner muscles twitching and spasming.

When I eventually let him go, he fell back onto his backside and stayed sprawled there panting while I pulled my skirt down into position and rebuttoned my shirt. I even reached up to fix my hair, tucking imaginary strands back into position, before I dropped my gaze to his crotch, where his rock hard cock was visibly pushing against the fabric.

“On your feet,” I told him, “and unzip.”

He jumped up like an eager puppy, tearing at his trousers as he hurried to free himself for me.

“Hands behind your back,” I said, “and keep them there.”

He did as he was told, and I reached into his trousers to take him in my hand. He wasn't tall, standing barely an inch or two above me in my heels, but he was well-endowed, his cock long and fairly thick in my hand. There was no teasing from me. No delicate touches or toying with him. I took a firm grip and barked out, “Look at me!”

His gaze, which had been stoically fixed on the wall behind me, snapped down to meet mine. Knowing he'd find it excruciating to hold eye contact, I stared right at him as I started to pump, slowly at first but quickly building to a fast rhythm. It didn't take long. Within moments he was panting, shifting slightly as he sought to pull away and push closer to me. His eyes were wide, cheeks flushed with the strain of meeting my gaze.

“Are you going to cum for me?” I asked.

Incapable of speech, he jerked his head in a little nod. I smirked at him and reached down with my other hand, cupping the head of his cock.

“Do it.”

Three more tugs and I felt him swell slightly in my hand, then jets of cum were pulsing into my waiting palm. I kept stroking, slowing my pace but keeping my hold tight, feeling the slight tremors that were wracking his frame. When he was finished, I let go, leaving him hanging limply through the fly of his trousers. Making sure he was still looking at me, I lifted my cum-smear hand and licked all the way from my palm to my fingertips, swallowing him down.

Then I turned my back on him.

By the time I'd made it to the chain and unhitched it, he'd gotten himself back into his trousers and was hurrying after me. I let him pass by, then closed off the stack again. He hovered awkwardly before

tripping after me when I started heading back towards the main library floor. He almost fell over his own feet when he heard the giggles of the two boys who'd returned to the stacks somewhere between my orgasm and his and who had, as predicted, brought a friend. I paused only long enough to shoot them a quick wink, a small smile on my face, before I headed to my desk.

"Everything all right?" I asked Martha, who was still in position, still hacking away at the keyboard with her two index fingers.

"Oh yes," she said. "Nothing out of the ordinary."

"Excellent." I turned my attention to a young woman who was hovering by the desk, a large book clutched in her hands. "How can I help you?" I asked.

When I finally looked to the table he'd chosen to work at, he was gone. He'd taken his books and papers and laptop with him. And my panties.

There would be a punishment for that one. I couldn't wait.