Love in the Library

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A young woman looking for fantasy fiction finds reality better

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"Good morning, Miss. I've got your usual station reserved for you, if you would just like to follow me." Damn, it's the school ma'am; Tuesday is usually The Angel at this time. Oh well she might be in later I suppose.

I don't wait for the librarian and head off on my own, I've been coming here at least three times a week for the last 5 years and can find my own way to the warm oak desk that has almost become my own. She tags along just to be sure, I suppose it's part of the job, but I'm too tired to join in the whispered small talk. I place my hand on the back of the leather upholstered chair, my index finger resting in the place where the missing metal stud should be and I feel at home.

With a curt, unfelt 'Thank you, ' I dismiss the school ma'am and move to the rack of books behind my desk and find the tome I was reading the last time and heave the heavy, leather bound book back to my desk and settle down to read.

"Don't stare." I hear a voice whisper to my left and a young child's voice answer "But mummy, that lady is following the words with her finger and her lips are moving, you said only little girls do that when they read."

I ignore the brat as it is dragged away, hopefully to be chided for its grossly uncivilised behaviour. Self consciously I try to stop myself mouthing the words as I read, but the flow dries up and I make a conscious decision not to let the miserable kid ruin my pleasure, but the spell is broken and I stop to take a drink from the bottle of water in my bag.

Sitting back I let my mind wander as I take the roll call of my fellow bibliophiles. To my left and 3 stations behind is Bruno, his tweed jacket smelling of damp from the rain this morning, mixed with the heavy pipe tobacco that gave me his name.

To my right is Florence, named for the way she speaks with a slight Italian accent and her apparent insatiable love of tomato sandwiches.

I wasn't surprised that Miss Marple was missing, she was an infrequent visitor on Tuesdays, presumably having to make time to go to the post office to collect her pension, and anyway this morning's rain would have set off her cough so I am not disappointed she has gone awol.

Until Bruno pushed back his chair and snapped his book closed, and from the sound I knew he had finished his novel, I wasn't aware of time passing, the words flying off the page to create a world in my mind. He shuffles to the desk and speaks sotto voce to the librarian, although with this old buildings

acoustics he may as well have been shouting, and in some ways it would have been easier to ignore if he had, there was something about a whisper that just cried out to be listened to.
I check my watch, the hands making the perfect vertical line of six o'clock and I decide to stay a bit longer and return to my fantasy world in the pages of my book.
I roll my head and feel a crick in my neck, but I'm not ready yet to go home, especially as I hear the sound of metal tipped heels on the tiled floor, The Angel has arrived. I continue to try to ease the stiffness in my neck as her voice floats across the room, like water rushing breathlessly over submerged rocks as she apologises to the school ma'am for being late.
In comparison to The Angel's voice, the other woman's is harsh as she berates her colleague for being so inconsiderate and proceeds to put things in her hand bag in a way that just screams her bad temper before stomping out.
Although I've never actually heard her, I'm sure in her mind The Angel hums to herself as she click clacks round the shelves replacing books in their proper place, and I'm sure the school ma'am disapproves of it, in fact she probably disapproves of The Angel per se. But I don't; I love to hear her heels making a staccato statement that she is a woman as well as a librarian, her long cotton dress swishing against nylon clad legs pronouncing her femininity.
"Well zat is enough for tonight." Florence say's, stifling a yawn; and her chair scrapes backwards and her soft leather boots muffle her steps as she leaves, the wind whistling for a moment as she opens the door to the outside world I came here to escape.
I try to return to my book, but my mind is elsewhere, following the sound of The Angel as she moves between the stacks, then I realise I haven't heard her for a couple of minutes, she was in the travel section and now there is just silence, the sort of silence that is impossible to ignore.
In an instant I'm back in my parents garden, the scent of roses my mother held for me to sniff, their soft, velvety petals brushing my nose and cheek transporting me there in a flash; and I know she is behind me, her perfume so sweet and heady it almost masks her natural musky odour, almost but not quite, the two combining in a wonderful way that robs me of my ability to concentrate.
I read and re-read the same line over and over but the words don't form a coherent whole in my mind, each one an island, isolated from its neighbour and the scent grows stronger and I can hear her soft breathing as she moves ever closer on her silent stocking covered feet.
I wait for her to speak but the deafening silence remains and I flinch involuntarily as I feel her hands rest gently on my shoulders, her thumbs pressing lightly just below the nape of my neck finding the knots that have settled there as I read. The thumbs press a little harder and I feel the long nails of her fingers against the top of my collar bone.
The thumbs move as mirror images up beneath my bob cut, her palms sliding forwards until her little fingers are just beneath the open neck of my silk blouse. I let my head loll to one side, my cheek caressing the smooth skin on the back of her hand and her perfume becomes stronger and for the merest instant I feel her hair brush my other cheek.
I want to speak, but her silence makes me mute and I just fall back against the chair, my shoulders cushioned against her cotton covered stomach.

She's bolder now, her little fingers following my bra straps downwards towards my already aching breasts and any tension I had felt was dissolved beneath her expertly gentle touch.
Her hands come together, her index fingers touching as they move down between my swelling breasts, the other fingers flowing over the lacy material of my bra, before her nails scrape back, having not quite reached my nipples as I so long for them to do, and heaven, they move back and I feel her hair again, prefacing the warm lips that are now kissing the side of my neck and I moan, softly, but it echoes around the high room as her teeth close lightly on the lobe of my ear.
I press her hands against my breasts with my mine, only the gossamer thin material of my blouse separating them as her warm wet tongue slips inside my ear and I am unable to suppress a shudder and I'm scared she will think I don't want her to continue, but she doesn't stop, her lips now landing velvety kisses on my cheek before vanishing only to resume on my other side, repeating each practiced, enchanting touch and I squeeze my thighs together, trying to magnify the delicate tingles that are tickling my dampening pussy and I know my aroma is mingling with hers just as I want our bodies to mingle.
I whimper as her hands withdraw, leaving mine to fondle my breasts through my blouse. I feel her take hold of my glasses and remove them and I'm afraid, vulnerable without them and I start to protest but her hand holds my chin, her index finger lying horizontally across my lips, forbidding me to speak, and I taste her, my lips parting and my tongue exploring the length of her finger. She tastes clean, a mixture of soap and moisturiser and the hint of varnish on her nails and I want to bite her digit but it is removed, leaving her taste in my mouth and the forbidding in place.
Soft silk covers my eyes and it smells of The Angel, as if the scarf had been around her neck and I let her tie it behind my head. I am hers now, I know whatever she wants The Angel can have and I shiver to think that what she wants is me.
I ache for her touch, but the hands have gone, only her fragrance remains, filling my mind like a fog and I hear the unmistakable sound of silk swishing against nylon and I know she is taking off her panties and my heart races as I feel them caressing my cheek, the silk warm and soft against my skin.
They smell of her, her musk infusing the material and I taste her as she presses them against my lips. I open my mouth to let my tongue feast on her and her fingers push them between my lips and I want her so badly. Wait it's too much, she's filling my mouth with them, pushing my tongue down and back, my mouth full of her scent and taste, too late my cries are muffled by the silky panties.
Her hands are caressing my shoulders as I try in vain to push her knickers out of my mouth, but they fill my void and I can't as she gently guides me to my feet and I hear the chair being moved away.
I lift my hands to my face to try and remove the gag, but she takes my wrists, not harshly, holding them only by her fingertips as if taking my pulse, but I stop moving and let her move my arms to my sides. Powerless to resist her, I leave them there even after she releases me.
I feel her cotton covered breasts against my back and her soft clean hair once more against my cheek and I am no longer concerned about the gag, I'm content to feel her close, and to have my mouth full of her taste.

Her arms encircle me and I hear her nails click against the pearl buttons of my blouse as she unfastens them, exposing my body to the warm air and I think I am going to melt, to puddle at her feet into a quivering pool of desire.
My blouse slips down my arms to lie discarded at my feet and now her hands are on my hips and the zip of my skirt sings as it is slowly, oh so very slowly drawn down, held now only by the button at the waist that she is already twisting through the buttonhole and my skirt joins my blouse around my booted feet.
With an obviously practised skill, her fingers unfastened my bra and my nipples cry out their pleasure at being released from the confining cups, before I'm ignited as her nails scrape against the sensitive nubs, electrifying me with lust for her.
Her hands leave my breasts and slide over my firm stomach, moving outwards until they once more hold my wrists and I offer no resistance as she pulls them behind me leaving the wrists crossed, the backs resting against my silky French knickers
I know what she is going to do, and yes the satin feels warm against my wrists as she binds them in place. I whimper softly against her panties that have soaked up my saliva, and my mind is as full of her as my mouth is.
I'm turned, once, twice, three times, the heels of my boots tangling with my discarded clothes, and still I'm spun. I only stop when her hands leave me and I am a little afraid, totally disorientated, I don't know whether I am facing her or not and she is as silent as a ghost and the taste of her in my mouth masks the source of her scent.
I've lost track of time, have I been stood here seconds or minutes? My heart is pounding so fast I can hardly breathe and I flinch as the back of a nail traces across my ribs, vanishing just as quickly as it appeared.
Now I feel her warm breath blowing against the nape of my neck and then into my ear, a finger tip slides up the outside of my thigh as she teases me, knowing I daren't move from where she has placed me for fear of falling.
She's lifting me; her hands either side of my waist and I'm sitting on my desk, my panties sliding across the wood that has been rubbed to a shine by years of use. I splay the fingers of my bound hands and steady myself even as I feel her pull my legs open and stand between them, her cotton dress against my skin as she leans towards me, her pussy pressing lightly against mine and I want to cry out as her warm moist mouth finds my breast; but her panties still fill my mouth and I just whimper softly as her tongue dances across my acing tit, spiralling around my hard nipple.
Her fingers squeeze my other nipple as she plaits her other hand in the back of my hair, pulling my head back and now she is covering my mouth with hers and I long to push my tongue inside her but I can't.
My hips grind in counterpoint to hers, her cotton dress swishing against my silky knickers and I think I'm about to explode and I hear her ripping open her dress, the buttons down the from popping slightly as they escape their holes and she is naked save for her stockings and I feel her flesh against mine as she returns to teasing my breasts and my head buzzes with desire for my Angel.

Both her hands are now kneading my soft mounds, nailed fingertips squeezing my nipples as she kisses her way down my stomach, her tongue exploring my navel before travelling further downwards, her mouth now over my dripping pussy, her saliva soaking into the silk covering panties, the material slicking to my skin, dampness added from outside and in.
I need to scream my passion for my Angel.
Long nails scrape my hips as she starts to pull down my knickers, I sense her eagerness and try to help, to lift my arse, but my legs are dangling, my hands bound and in any case The angel is managing quite well on her own. I sag back, but only for a moment until she has thrown away my panties and I feel her warm breath on my pussy, her lips hovering just above and I try to push myself into her, but she maintains the separation.
My minds screams silently as her tongue touches me, flicking like a butterfly drinking nectar at a flower and I squirm uncontrollably as her teeth hold my clit before her lips surround it, sucking it into her warm orifice and I cum, I cum, I cum.
My body is on fire, and she is feeding the flames and I no longer care where I am or even who I am, my Angel wants me to cum and I do so for her, again and again until I no longer remember anything other than cumming. I am an orgasm, it is what I am here for, to cum and cum again as The Angel wills it.
When did it stop? She is still kissing me, her warm tongue lapping my juices and my body aches, my bound hands pressing into the small of my back where I have collapsed unnoticed on to them.
She must know I have returned for her tongue stops and her hands are on my shoulders lifting me, she wants me to stand, but my legs are shaking and I gladly let her lower me to my knees.
I hear the scrape of the chair's legs and then fingers pushing past my dry lips, the panties being pulled free from my desert dry mouth and I want, no I need a drink, and my Angel knows it, for her hands cover my ears, her fingers knotting into my hair and she forces my head towards the sweetest source of moisture I could ever imagine.
I coat my tongue and lips with her, smear her juice around my mouth and I want more, and she has more than enough as she bucks her hips, pressing herself against me, and each time my tongue dips into her the liquid sweetness is renewed and the whole building reverberates to the sound of The Angel's pleasure.
She's kneeling now and our mouths are locked, each tasting ourselves in the others mouth and the world is a wonderful place to be as our breasts press against the others, damp pussies conjoined as they quiver.
We part, both gasping air and I hate myself for it but I have to ask. 'Why did you blindfold me, Angel?'
"Because." She says and my heart leaps at the sound of her voice. "I blindfold all my lovers the first time, so why should I treat you any differently?"
Even had we not just made heavenly love, I would have adored her for all eternity for those words.
"Would you like to see me now?" She asks and I nod, a poor representation of the desire I feel.
Once more our breasts meet as she reaches behind me, delicate fingers slipping the knot and the silk scarf falls to the floor and I see her; my fingers that can read small raised dots on paper trace over

her baby soft skin, rising over high cheek bones and being tickled as her long lashes flutter. Her mouth is warm with full lips lifting into an easy smile. "You are beautiful." I gasp and I know I have pleased her with my homage for the smile broadens and we kiss again, slower now, more lovingly and I am the happiest woman alive, for in a place a blind woman had gone to find escape from a cruel world, I had found my hearts desire.