In the Stacks

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He took me by surprise, fucking me in public and I still wanted more.

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The morning at work after my initiation into the Society of the Black Swan, I pushed a large cart of books to be re-racked through the third floor of the library. Everyone was on Spring Break, so it was quiet and I had time to think. Last night could not have possibly happened, I allowed myself to be humiliated and fucked in my pussy, my ass, my mouth—by strangers. Over the past few months, I had felt myself become more and more interested in sex. I had even entertained fantasies of getting it on with two men, or a woman even. Those fantasies seemed so risqué, and now I had gone far beyond what I imagined I might ever do.

But that's the thing. If the Society hadn't blindfolded me, and tied me, and forced me into so much pleasure, I would never have allowed myself to feel it. Now, an hour before lunch I began to ache throughout my body. Would I ever feel so much ecstasy again? Did the Society do this to women? Show them that there is a world of forbidden pleasure, and then make them just keep wanting? Now I did want. I knew what I wanted. I wanted to fuck. Instead, there I was pushing the restock cart, adjusting my wrap dress so my tits wouldn't spill out when I leaned over to pick up a book that had fallen. As I picked up the book, I knelt and adjusted my pump. Crouched on the floor for a moment, I just allowed myself to feel the cool air of the library, surrounding my bald pussy. I wanted to free it from the bikini underwear I forced myself to wear this morning, my underwear that had gotten damp from just thinking about my own hairless, thick pussy lips. I knew I was in trouble. When would I see another Swan?

After lunch, I nearly cried when I was told that I would have to do another cart of restocks. I have a degree in the library sciences, and I'm forced to do this menial work? Frustrated from my waves of horniness and resentful at the student librarians on break, I took the cart by elevator to the fifth floor. I put my ear pieces in from my Ipod, and listened to Nina Simone crone and wail while I traveled from shelf to shelf in a cloud of languid wanting.

Clumsily, I dropped another book and with no one around, I bent from the waist to pick it up. The stretch in my hamstrings felt so good, and I just didn't care that my heavy tits fell out of the blue wrap

dress. Just then, I thought I was going to die from being startled.
“Don’t move,” said a man with an almost Italian accent. I looked between my legs to see who was behind me, and before I could see anything, he was pressing his pelvis against my ass holding my hips. I felt scared because although I was as lustful as I had ever felt, I didn’t want to be raped or killed by a stranger. “Look, bitch.” The man shoved his fore arm in front of my face. There tattooed was a black swan. “Do you see it you slut?” I nodded and knew I could stop this at any time. He was a Black Swan, one of the men from the Society I had joined. In the back of my mind I knew that I could say the word, that one terrible word, and this would stop. Within the society, they gave me that secret word that would make any sexual encounter with another Swan stop instantly. But I didn’t want it to stop, but I also didn’t want to fully consent. I wanted to be forced into pleasure.
The man, who felt very tall, strong but slim pulled my arms behind my back and asked me, “Do you know what I’m going to do to you?” I couldn’t say a word as he took both of my wrists in one hand, began to fondle my breasts with the other. He bit at my neck and squeezed my nipples, pulling them, and then slapping them. As he took two long, muscular fingers and circled my mouth, then inserting them past the full lips of my mouth to prepare me to be fucked there he said, “I’m going to fuck you until you can’t walk, you fucking whore.” With that he kicked my legs apart and commanded me to grab the handle of the cart.
It occurred to me as I touched the steel of the book cart that this indeed was not the society headquarters, but a public place—the library where I worked, where I knew people. My big breasts hang down from where my wrap dress had opened. He pulled up the skirt to expose my behind, now only covered by the thin layer of lace of my panties. Almost sweetly, he caressed my bottom, hips and inner thighs. It felt so good that I made myself stifle a little moan. I could feel my bald pussy getting very wet, and then he could too. He slipped his fingers under my panties, over the hairless mound, and put his finger inside me. “That’s a good girl,” he said as I arched with pleasure as he stroked my g-spot with a come hither motion of his finger. I bit my lip. I breathed deeply. I didn’t want to come yet but I was about to succumb to the rhythm of his finger stroking me inside. In an agony of pleasure, I let out a deep moan. But then what happened next made me gasp shortly.
There was a second finger, then a third, then a fourth. Then, oh my-fucking god, he was stretching my pussy with his whole hand. Well, almost his whole hand. My juices dripped all over his palm. His fingers were long and thick. He moved them in a circle to stretch my hole, and I found myself thrusting my hips back onto his hands. “You like that, my little slut? You like to feel your smooth pussy nice and full?” he said as he reached forward with his other hand and started to diddle my clit. His strange hands inside me, caressing my cunt was almost more than I could take. I was on the verge of coming, but I kept looking through the stacks, worried that someone would come and find me being forced to fuck, and loving it.
As he had me stand, he kept playing with my clit as he unzipped his trousers with the other hand. In one motion I felt his enormous cock against my ass cheek as he started work the pre cum into the head. It must have been at least 2 and a half inches in diameter, and something like 9 inches long. I started to genuinely feel frightened. Was his cock going to break me in two? Rip my pussy? He was

rock hard and biting the back of my neck. I started to try and wiggle away. Maybe he would just let me suck him off. I started to move more forcefully and managed to get out of his embrace. I stepped forward and said, “No, please. Please don’t fuck me with your cock it’s going to break me.” The wetness from my cunt felt like an ocean between my legs.

“Don’t you dare turn around, you cunt.” Energized, he lunged toward me, grabbing my upper body with his arms as he pulled my feet from under me, resting me on my knees on the floor. “You’re going to take this cock, and you’re going to love it. I know what a slut you are and I’m going to fuck you so hard that you will remember me the rest of the month.”

Again, I begged him (but didn’t stop him with that secret word) saying, “No, please. I’ll be a good girl. I’ll do anything else. Please.” My pleas were useless he had me on my knees with my legs spread wide. He pulled my soaked undies to the side and inserted the thick head into my steaming slippery cunt. I couldn’t believe it even went in. His fisting had prepared me for the head, but as he slid his huge member into me deeper, I cried out a little. He pulled me to my knees and put his left hand into my mouth while his right hand abused my nipples. As he was also on his knees, he bore up on me and soon, I had taken his entire cock into my pussy. He thrust me and I felt his balls hit my ass. This man was endowed like an animal, and that’s just how he fucked me. With his grip on my fat tits and inside my mouth, he pulled me up and down on his pole effortlessly. I had opened completely to receive him and what I found to be almost painful when we started was now incredibly hot and sensual. I banged against him and overcome with lust went to kiss his mouth.

“Don’t look at me you bitch. You’re a filthy slut,” he groaned and with that he pushed me on my knees. I winced as his cock went so deep inside me, I thought that I would be seriously hurt. But in my lust sickness, the deep deep penetration felt better than good. I felt full as he said, “You’re getting what you deserve, fucking you hard. You still like that, bitch?” I groaned in approval, and so he grabbed my hips and pulled me harder on him. I realized he was trying to fuck me too hard. He wanted to test my pleasure/ pain threshold. When that occurred to me, I felt challenged.

“Is that all you’ve got, motherfucker?” I said, surprising myself. Forgetting his own rules of engagement, he picked up my right thigh and turned me on my back so I was facing him. His Mediterranean features were refined and his eyes were dark and intelligent. I couldn’t believe someone like him was fucking me so carnally. He hoisted my legs in the air, over his shoulders and now my high heels were in the air above his head. Holding on to my tits as a brace he thrust me harder and deeper. “Yes, give it to me like that. I fucking like it like that,” I said. He brought his hands to my hips and jammed his cock into my cunt with long, even, strong strokes.

“Play with your tits, bitch.”

Instinctively, I pushed them together and pulled the nipples. I heaved the left one from underneath, and brought my neck down to suck my own nipple. When the left nipple was hard, I did the same to the right. I looked him in the eye as I sucked my own tits and I knew that I had him transfixed. He eased off from the intensity of his strokes, and brought his right thumb to my clitoris. I kept pushing my big breasts together, licking the nipples, getting them wet and then rubbing the wetness into the large round flesh to make my tits shine. Without meaning to, my back began to buck as my sopping

wet pussy tightened. I cried out as I came, shaking from the core of my body, allowing my heavy shining jugs to shake along with me. Within a split second, he pulled his cock from my cunt and pumped his cum onto my tits, covering them in delicious milk that I rubbed into my skin and tasted from my fingers. His essence was sweet and almost had a hint of apple to it. I decided right then that sooner or later, I would suck him off properly and swallow him whole.

Completely spent, the man had sweat dripping down from his dark brow. Breathing heavily, he looked at me with a gentleness that I hadn't imagined possible while he rammed me. He simply said, "Welcome." Then, in a near blink of an eye, he stood did his fly, and walked away down the aisle. I wanted to call after him, with my drenched pussy stretched apart as I was lying on my back on the library floor, my breasts soaking with cum. I knew that I had changed. Something inside me that was dark, and maybe dangerous had taken hold. I wanted him, or someone to fuck me more. Was this what it meant to me a nymphomaniac? What was this? I considered this for a moment, and then I grabbed my pussy and brought myself to climax again. What a dirty slut I had become.

I managed to get to my flat that night after a very long and sticky afternoon. My legs wobbled from having been thrust so hard, and without that cock inside me, I felt empty and off center. I had trouble walking in a straight line. I had gone into the fifth floor restroom and washed up as best I could, but I smelled like fucking. I didn't let any of my fellow librarians get close to me at all. Arriving home, as I pulled off my shoes and put my bag on the table, I noticed Nan was sitting on the rose love-seat in the living room. "You had a busy day!" she laughed, her almost Asian features crinkling her eyes into a wide and ancient smile.

"How did you get in? I mean, I'm glad, but….do you want some tea?" I asked. Nan had been so loving and wonderful to me before and after the initiation, cleansing me, and explaining the society to me. She was a spa attendant, den mother, and wise sexually empowered woman all in one.

"I'm fine, thank you though. Your 'suitor' today wanted me to bring you that," as she gestured to a small package on the table. "As is standard protocol in the Society, I came to check in on you, and make sure that you are pleased with your training."

I walked to the package and admired the lace pattern on the paper. "I am surely pleased, but still horny! What's wrong with me, Nan?"

"Your inner whore is awakening, darling. As all women have within them an inner mother, child, virgin, queen, you also have an inner whore. That's all!" and she laughed with delight.

"But I have to ask you Nan. Why is there so much—well, force in all of these," I stumbled for the word, "encounters?"

Wise Nan looked at me with approval and amusement, "Unleashing the whore within you is not something that you would do on your own and it surely will not be unleashed without force. This Western Culture tells you that you must be a good and proper lady. You must not enjoy sex, or any bodily experience too much. The domination and force allows you to be free to have lust. For if you are 'made' to fuck, then you have no choice, you must enjoy it. Once you are at one with your own lust and your own empowered enjoyment, the scenarios may change. But for now, you might expect the unexpected."

“Will they hurt me?”

“You always have a word to get out,” Nan replied.

“What’s in this box?” I asked.

She told me to open it and see. I unwrapped the lacey paper and found a small white box. I opened the box, and found a small yellow crystal bird nestled in the white padding. My ‘suitor’ had sent me a gift, a bird. He had fucked me mercilessly in the Ornithology section of the fifth floor.