# Novel Idea

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*Penelope meets an enchanting stranger who has the ability to read her desires like an open book.*

http://www.lushstories.com/stories/straight-sex/novel-idea-1.aspx

*My name is Penelope. Some say I have that sexy girl-next-door thing going for me, though I don't really see it. I guess you can be the judge of that. My auburn hair falls a few inches below my lightly-tanned shoulders. My eyes are a dark chocolate color with hazel flecked within each iris. There are a handful of freckles tossed lightly around my nose and cheekbones. My height is average, as is my weight. My breasts are nothing special; they fill the smaller side of a C-cup. As you can tell, my self-esteem is pretty mediocre. Nothing in my life has ever really proven me wrong.*

*I'm that girl who is always holed up inside of her dorm room on the weekends. I'm that girl you see through the faintly tinted window of the local coffee shop, with her nose deep inside a thick novel. Even though I don't go out very much, love has always seemed to find me some way or another. Yet, the love was never real. I am no longer a virgin, though most people tend to believe the opposite. My sex life is placid, but I wish it was a little more interesting. I have never found someone who truly understands what makes me tick; someone who is ready to love all of my weird perks; someone who will take me to the places I am ready to go.*

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Penelope's hair brushed lightly against her shoulders as the soft wind caressed her body. She was on her way to her favorite bookstore in the whole city (Ojai, California, that is). She had convinced herself that she needed a new book, just because. One reason may have been that this past week her entire life had been dedicated to preparing for her midterms. Even though she was sure she had bombed her Political Science test, Penelope thought to reward herself for working so hard.

Whether she wanted to or not, she had to get out of her dorm. Just this morning, Penelope's roommate Claire and her boyfriend, Jack, had stumbled through the room's door, clawing at each other's clothes like wild animals in heat. Penelope had just gotten out of the shower when she saw them. She had whimpered in fright.

Her noise had triggered a fierce glare from Claire, coupled with a yell, "God dammit, Penny! Get out!"

Penelope had rushed to grab her few garments and purse, high-tailing it out of the room as fast as she could. Though, not fast enough before she heard Jack plead, “Aw, why couldn’t she have stayed?” She then made her way down the hall of the dormitory to finish her morning routine in the community bathroom. While her feet grazed the mildewed floor of the restroom, she began to feel a little green monster creep up onto her back. *Why does Claire seem to have all the fun? I wish my love life was that, well, tantalizing.*

Penelope’s daydream dissolved once she grew closer to the bookstore. The wooden frame of Novel Idea’s entrance soon greeted her tattered penny-loafers. Her hand grasped around the worn brass handle protruding from the double-doors. She swung the door open and stepped in just as a little bell tingled above her head, alerting the staff of her entrance. Her senses immediately heightened by the smells of new text and glue, the cool breeze of the air-conditioning, and the polite smile from the lady at the help desk. Penelope smiled back, so excited to finally be back in her second home.

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After reading the synopsis of every intriguing book her eyes fell upon, Penelope had accumulated a hearty pile of books. Her arms were stinging from the pile’s weight, but that was about to change. As she rounded the corner to the adjoining aisle, the pile of books came crashing to the floor, though not before she could catch a good look at the reason . . .

A man was a bit further down the length of the aisle. His biceps flexed as he leafed through a thick novel. Wisps of soft brown hair fell in front of his eyes as he angled his head downward to read the text. Penelope’s heart skipped a beat. Her body became weak, thus causing her hands to let the titles slip to the floor. This awoke the man from his concentration, offering Penelope a look at his smoldering eyes. They were an incredibly dark green and inside each iris there were little flecks of gold. *Just like the flecks in my eyes,* Penelope thought.

“Oh, hey, let me help you with those.” He drew closer to her, bending down in front of her feet to collect the fallen literature.

“Oh, uh, sorry, I’m a clumsy one!” Penelope pinched herself for sounding so lame.

“Ha ha, don’t worry. I’ve run into a few doors myself.” He spoke smoothly with a slight Southern drawl. “My name is Henry, by the way.” As he stood back up, Henry shifted the weight of the books into his left arm. He then reached out his right hand, extending it to meet Penelope’s.

Penelope reached out her hand, “My name is Penelope. Some friends call me Penny. Whichever you

prefer is fine.” Her hand gripped his and she swore she felt a slight tingle of electricity.

“I like ‘Penelope’.” He replied with a huge grin. *God, he has an amazing smile.* “Are all of these books for you?”

“Oh, yes. Sorry, I’m a bit of an avid reader. My life is pretty boring, filled with school and my part-time job. So, books help to fill in the gaps. And I like the fact that when you read, you are able to escape from reality, delving into a different world completely—” Penelope stopped herself before continuing. *What the hell am I doing? Why am I telling this stranger about how boring my life is?*

“You don’t have to apologize, Penelope. I think that is fantastic. The part about the books, I mean.” He could read the look on her face, “No, I don’t think it’s weird at all.” He then gave Penelope a soft, comforting smile.

Penelope graciously returned the smile, hoping she had finally met someone who understood her. Their eyes met and that familiar shot of electricity made its course throughout her body, giving her skin an all-over tingling sensation.

“I know a room where we can keep these books safe while you look for new additions. And, maybe once we’re inside we can get to know a little more about each other.” He gave her a quick wink. *Did he just wink at me? And what’s this ‘room’ he’s talking about?*

As Henry walked past Penelope, directing her to follow him, his arm gently brushed across hers. The soft hairs on his bicep sent shivers throughout her body. *Did he mean to do that?* Penelope pondered this as she followed the mystery man to his secret room.

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It turns out that the room was distinctly hidden in the back of the store, practically squeezed caddy-corner to the ‘Employees Only’ exit. *Huh, I must have disregarded the second door, thinking it, too, was designated for employees only.* Just as Henry swung the door to the room open, Penelope’s breath was instantly taken away.

The room looked nothing like the store in which it sat. Wood-paneling reached from the floor all the way up to the ceiling. Built within the room were bookshelves, towering all the way to the height of this hidden room. The shelves weren’t filled with the latest *New York Time*s bestsellers, or the hundreds of teen vampire novels. These books were classics, Penelope could just tell; each one was beautifully worn and bound with tired-looking materials. The room had a historic look to it, which coupled with its musty smell. Penelope’s lips parted into an unmistakable smile.

Henry had been watching her reaction the entire time. As he had hoped, Penelope absolutely adored this room. “I’m glad you like it.” He couldn’t help but to mirror her grin. “My brother-in-law used to work here and he showed me this room once. He had always complained that the up-keep was too much for his minute paycheck.” Henry paused, unsure of whether Penelope was listening to him.

“I think it’s just magnificent!” Penelope said with giddy. Her smile was so big; Henry couldn’t help but to think about kissing it.

Henry allowed himself to softly chuckle. “There is a hidden lounge area that I like to sneak off to. We can set the books down over there, if you’d like.” He waited a few seconds to see what she said.

“That sounds great.” Penelope said softly, while turning back to face Henry. Their eyes met and Henry could not stand how beautiful she was. He grinned so wide that he was sure he looked obnoxious. *There’s his sexy smile again,* Penelope thought to herself. *Maybe I should try that.* Her lips parted smoothly, revealing her pearly whites. She hoped her smile was soft and sultry, though she was pretty sure it looked like that of a creepy clown.

Again, Henry brushed his arm against Penelope’s as he walked past her, leading her to his special spot. On the way there, Penelope tried to soak in every aspect of the glorious room. She read every bind of every book her eyes would let her catch. *Pride and Prejudice, Gone with the Wind, Romeo and Juliet* . . . all of her favorite classics were here! She managed to snag a few, aware that they weren’t for sale, but she was just dying to explore them; run her eyes over the yellowed pages and graze her fingertips against their soft binding.

Penelope smiled to herself. She looked up and was surprised to see a handful of other people in the surrounding aisles. Most of them were older folks and the few that were left were prospective graduate students, like Penelope. They all seemed to respect the dignity of such a room; no one was talking, minus a few whispers here and there. They were all nose-deep in the thick texts, breathing in what they had to offer.

Penelope directed her focus back to where she had been absent-mindedly following Henry. They had now reached a small area with a round mahogany table accompanied by two comfy-looking leather chairs. Henry bent down to place Penelope’s books on the table, and as he did so, Penelope couldn’t help but stare. She watched as his toned arms flexed with every move of his wrist. She watched how careful he was with each book, setting each title down separately. She watched as the dark denim around his ass tightened, just as his body bent ever so slightly. Her cheeks immediately flushed. *Thank goodness his back is turned*, Penelope thought, just as she nibbled her lower lip.

“Well, now that those are taken care of, let’s—” Henry turned around to face Penelope again, only to lose his train of thought at the sight of her. Her auburn hair had a soft shine to it from the dim lighting in the room. She was clutching a few classics to her modest chest while nibbling on her pink lips. *God, this woman is incredible!* Henry couldn’t help but smile. “You managed to snag a few additions already, huh?”

Penelope tripped over her words, not sure what to make of his wide grin combined with his question. “Oh, yeah, I just couldn’t resist.” She said, managing a weak smile.

Henry released a breath, “Wow, you are just . . . incredible, Penelope. I’ve never met anyone like you.” His green eyes bore into Penelope’s, sending ways of reassurance throughout her body.

“Do you really mean that?” Penelope questioned. Never breaking their gaze, Henry stepped closer to her, so close that she could smell his sweet musk. His breath was light in the air between them, mixing with his smell of lemons and rosemary.

“Of course I do.” Henry was now only a few inches from her. He reached his arms up to hers, gently running his hands up the sides of her arms. He then laced his fingers delicately around the stack of books against her breast, picking them up and setting them alongside the others. Penelope took this chance to check out his backside once more. She bit her lip.

Returning to meet her gaze, Henry now stepped closer to Penelope than he was before. The rough skin of his hands met the silky smoothness of her golden flesh. He traced a pathway onto her skin, from the lacey shoulder of her blouse, to the curve of her neck, up to the round of her cheek. Penelope’s eyelashes fluttered as her eyes closed in response to Henry’s soft touch. She opened them slightly, just enough to watch Henry’s deep pink lips draw themselves closer and closer to her glossy pale ones. Penelope felt his slightly chapped smile curve against her sweet pout, causing her eyes to flutter closed once more. His lips felt amazing against hers. At this moment, she didn’t think about anything but Henry. She didn’t care if the others in the room saw them kissing. She only wanted to perpetuate these euphoric feelings. Penelope wanted to kiss Henry, kiss him until her lips went numb.

*I want him to fuck me*, Penelope thought to herself.

*Whoa, where the hell did that come from?!* Penelope’s mind had wandered off, running wild with the image of Henry undressing the both of them and then making love to her right there in the room. She had only ever ventured to do missionary with her past boyfriends, but right now, Penelope was willing to let Henry do anything to her.

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Henry had always dreamed of taking a girl back to his secret hide-out, only to fuck her senseless. But with Penelope, it seemed different. She was this amazing, incredibly sexy girl that knew what she wanted, not only in life, but in everything. He didn't want to just fuck her; he wanted to make her feel loved by catering to her every need. He was determined to pleasure every bit of this woman, right here in this public space. He knew she had never done anything this wild; she just wasn't that kind of girl. And he loved that about her. Henry could sense that Penelope had been wanting something more, well, tantalizing from her sex life. He was sure of it.

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As their kiss deepened, Penelope began to feel an unmistakable wetness between her thighs. She began to feel self-conscious, *Am I doing all of this right?* Again, as if he could feel the nerves tingling through her lips, Henry broke the kiss and gave her a reassuring smile.

"Relax, Penelope." He began to nibble Penelope's lower lip. He continued, whispering softly into her ear, "Penelope, do you want me to make love to you, right here, right now?"

Penelope couldn't help but to push her teeth back into her plush lip. She spoke softly, "Yes, Henry." She met his gaze, a little wary of what she wanted to say next. "Fuck me in one of these loveseats. Let everyone hear us, I don't care." She paused then whispered, "Make me yours, Henry."

Penelope's mind began to spin, who was this girl? She had never said the F-word, well, aloud at least. She was a good girl, an innocent girl. *What is he doing to me?* Though right now, she didn't seem to care; once she looked into Henry's majestic eyes, her worries had vanished. Henry flashed Penelope his sexy grin, excited by the words that had just come out of her mouth.

Their lips met once more as their tongues dove into each other's throats, desperate to feed off of each other's lust. Henry placed his hands around Penelope's neck, lightly rubbing and clawing. His tongue danced with hers, faster and then slower, creating a fluid rhythm. His lips were pushing against hers ferociously, so much so that Penelope had to continually step back as to balance their momentum. Her leg soon brushed up against the mouth of one of the leather chairs, causing her to stumble forward into Henry. He smiled at her, pushing her body slowly towards the chair, ensuring that she was seated comfortably. He stood there, with his arms situated on each armrest, and his face not an inch from hers. He looked into her eyes so passionately that Penelope thought she may orgasm from just this one look.

Henry filled the gap between them with his lips, which held a slight shine from their previous lip-

locking. His lips tickled Penelope's. His tongue released itself, swiping the line between her upper and lower lip. As if on cue, her lips slightly parted themselves, allowing Henry's tongue to dive in. With this kiss, Penelope tilted her head back into the worn fabric of the chair, releasing a soft moan into Henry's open mouth. He took this opportunity to sweep his kisses all around her jawline, slowly inching downward. His lips fluttered against her neck, her shoulder, her collarbone. They tiptoed around the opening of her blouse, making her nails claw into the worn upholstery. Penelope's torso lifted towards Henry's mouth, pleading him to further his kisses. And so he did, soon pulling the delicate fabric of her blouse down with his teeth, just enough to bare her sweet cleavage. Henry's tongue released itself once more, trailing its wetness around Penelope's collarbone. It followed the seam of her bra now, delicately savoring every inch of her plunging neckline. Henry's lips met the soft curve where Penelope's perky C-cups met. He lightly kissed the sides of each breast, and then nibbled along the cleavage line.

Penelope was in utter heaven. No man had ever taken the time to explore her body with just his tongue, allowing her to feel waves of pleasure with its every swirl. She reached her hands around Henry's neck, pulling at his brown locks in time with each pulse of his tongue. Just as Penelope was sure she would scream from pleasurable frustration, Henry began to draw his fingers around her chest. He reached his hands to the bottom of her blouse and pulled upward. The delicate lace slid across Penelope's body; up over her little stomach, her tender breasts, her head, and graciously around her fingers. Henry flung the shirt behind him, ready to move his hands to Penelope's sweet tits. His hands grazed her chest, sweeping behind her to unclasp her bra. The light blue laced-structure lowered itself around her breasts, giving Henry a full view. He hungrily pulled the bra off of Penelope's arms, so thankful to finally have his chance at her lovely tits.

Penelope's nipples were soft and colored a shade almost identical to that of her lips. Henry was stunned by the beauty of her precious face coupled with the beauty of her wonderful breasts. He delicately placed each of his thumbs on each of her nipples, tracing their outline with smooth circles. Her nipples blossomed into hard buds just as she let out a soft moan. Penelope's eyes shot open. *Was that loud? What if someone heard me?!* She locked her nervous eyes with Henry's calm ones and the familiar wave of reassurance washed over her. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to slip back into the moment.

Henry began to slowly suck and nibble each of Penelope's sweet nubs. He could feel his crotch growing thicker against the denim of his jeans. He twirled his tongue around each of Penelope's lovely nipples, slowly, with little bites here and there. His tongue began to increase its speed, swiping her nipples so intensely that her moans began to rise in volume. Henry plunged his teeth into Penelope's savory niblets just as she uttered a soft scream.

"Oh, Henry!" Penelope's eyes shut closed as Henry continued to devour her breasts. He began to

squeeze each one sporadically, pulling and tugging to heighten her pleasure. With his fingers secure around Penelope's sweet set, Henry reached his lips up to meet hers, dying to taste her once more.

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While Henry and Penelope deepened their kiss, a blonde woman named Jennifer—who was about the same age as Penelope—couldn't help but wander over to their passionate scene. The woman had been in the aisle closest to the hide-out when she had heard a soft, feminine scream. She had then pulled a stack of old research journals from off of the shelf in front of her to get a closer look at the kissing couple. Jennifer's panties had immediately softened with her juices once she had realized that the scream came from a topless woman not twenty feet away from where she was standing. There was also a man with this woman. He was nibbling on her light pink nipples ever so softly, almost as if he was ensuring that this woman got the most out of every flick of his tongue.

Jennifer tiptoed around the aisle of books, hoping to get a closer look at the couple without greatly disturbing them. She positioned her jogging suit-clad body against the bookshelf, allowing her to have full access to the scene unfolding before her eyes. Her back leaned against the bookshelf as she began to slowly spread her legs, getting ready to reach for her desperate pussy. She then ran her small hands from around her neck down to her chest, her torso, and along the waistband of her seamless track pants. She teased herself by running her cold fingers inside her pants, just deep enough as to rub her mound through the thin fabric of her thong. She glanced at the couple; they were still unaware of Jennifer's presence. The man was beginning to squeeze and pinch the woman's nice tits, making her moans increase in volume. *Am I really the only one that hears this?* Jennifer could not believe her luck. She finally allowed herself to plunge her fingers into her panties, allowing them to explore what lay beneath the thin fabric.

Reaching her wet pussy lips, Jennifer began creating circles with her fingers. She rubbed ferociously, trying to pleasure every bit of her sopping sex. Once her fingers found her pulsing bud, she slowed her rhythm, ensuring she got the most pleasure from the scene that lay before her. Jennifer bit her lip, begging herself not to moan. Or worse, scream.

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Henry had now ceased his feast on Penelope's sweet nubs. His tongue continued its journey down her golden torso, sliding its wetness all over her little tummy. Henry's tongue danced around the seam of Penelope's tight jeans, reaching beneath the fabric to briefly touch her delicate panty-line. A muffled moan released from Penelope's lips. Henry looked up to see that she was biting her lip while her moans were releasing, thus muffling their sounds slightly. Her fingernails were clawing into the taut leather of the couch and her body was arching to greet Henry's mouth. Penelope knew what was

coming next, and she was desperate for it.

After smiling at Penelope's reactions, Henry began to trace his fingers along the path his tongue had previously created; he left invisible fingerprints all over her naked chest. Finally, he began to delicately release the button of Penelope's jeans from its tight little holding. He then grasped the zipper and pulled down, slowly, as to tease the both of them. Penelope's body lifted, allowing Henry to pull the tight fabric around her smooth legs. After the first inch or so, Henry was given a peek of her panties. They were the same light blue lace as her bra. *I think light blue is my new favorite color*, Henry thought to himself while smiling.

Once the tight jeans were wrapped around Penelope's ankles, Henry ripped them off, flinging them to the side. He placed his rough palms onto the delicate skin of Penelope's inner thighs, pushing her legs as far apart as the arms of the chair would allow. Her eyes caught his and she released her teeth from her lip, giving Henry a soft sexy smile. Henry returned her smile with a sultry twinkle in his eyes. He then dove in, hitting the fabric around Penelope's moist crotch with his stabbing tongue. Penelope uttered a loud, muffled moan once her teeth had secured themselves back into her lower lip. *Her lips are going to be so swollen when I'm done with her*, Henry smiled, *pun intended.*

Henry's tongue slithered itself along the moist lace of Penelope's blue panties. His tongue found the space where each of her pussy lips met, soft and plump around her tight hole. He pushed his tongue hard against this area, desperately trying to plunge it into her hole through the annoying fabric. He decided to move on, rolling his tongue upwards until he felt a little nub protruding from her delicate flower. Henry tapped his wet tongue against Penelope's clit, increasing his speed after each of her moans. And soon, her moans were rising in volume, just as they had before.

Penelope's moans were beginning to change; they were becoming squeals, each one sounding like a desperate cry for help. Her body was rising and falling wildly, straining to increase the pleasure. She felt Henry pull the thin fabric of her panties roughly away from her hungry pussy. With the removal of the tight fabric, her juices were free, dripping from her moist lips and onto the leather chair. A glistening puddle began to form. Henry noticed, as Penelope felt his fingers scoop it up from the chair and onto her screaming sex. His fingers rubbed every inch of her sweet pussy now, running themselves up and down each lip, around her hole, and onto her swollen bud.

With his fingers now dripping in her pussy juice, Henry gently prodded his way into her tight pussy hole. He started slow, with just one finger. He dipped it into her as far as it would go, loving the way her breaths quickened with this action. Henry added another finger and now began to feel the strain of her little hole as it widened to accept his thick fingers. He began pulsing them slowly, curving them against her hidden bud. He was grinning widely, enjoying the way Penelope's body would jump each time he re-entered her. His fingers increased their speed, making her moans escalate even higher.

Henry gently pulled his fingers out, ensuring that Penelope was on the very edge of her orgasm.

With his fingers fully out of her quivering sex, Henry now began trailing them towards her ass. With his forefinger fully lubricated with pussy juice, Henry gently pushed it against Penelope's other tight hole. He managed to slip the length of his fingernail into her little ass hole. With this Penelope moaned excitedly, causing her little star to spasm against Henry's intruding digit. He slowly pushed further into her, getting up to his second knuckle.

With his finger still deep inside of her, Henry placed his lips delicately onto Penelope's throbbing pussy. He kissed and nibbled every inch of her tender sex. His lips, now dripping with Penelope's juices, traveled up and down the length of her sweet-smelling flower. His tongue released itself onto her white bud, pulsing quickly against it. Just as Penelope was ready to scream, Henry stopped the pulses of his tongue. Penelope released an aggravated moan just as he dove back in, spreading her moist petals with his sopping tongue. Penelope released a loud moan, bucking her hips wildly against Henry's mouth. His tongue finally reached her bud once more, increasing its speed greatly. After this, Henry managed to push his finger deeper inside of her ass. Penelope brought her body closer towards him, allowing his finger to travel deeper.

*I'm going to make her cum*, Henry thought, grinning into Penelope's wet lips. His smile caused his teeth to graze against Penelope's clit, making her scream softly.

"Oh, Henry! Make me cum, please!" Penelope's hands were now clawing into Henry's scalp, releasing soft moans from his lips. Just as Penelope was sure her orgasm was about to wash over her body, Henry pulled his mouth away from her glistening lips. He slowly popped his finger out of her ass as well; causing a moan to escape from Penelope's parted lips. Her eyes shot open, an annoyed look flashing towards him. He smiled and got up, walking towards the table that had the pile of Penelope's books on it. He grabbed one of the older classics, *Romeo and Juliet*, Penelope noticed. Henry then bent back down in front of Penelope's spread legs. He opened the book wide and said, "Penelope, I want you to squirt onto this book, alright?"

"Okay, Henry." Penelope chewed her bottom lip, nervous at the thought of her juices being squirted all over the worn pages of one of Shakespeare's most famous plays.

Henry laid the open book atop of one of his bent knees, ready to grab it when Penelope began to cum. His hands begun to run themselves along her soft inner thighs, making her release a ready moan. Henry's tongue stabbed Penelope's clit roughly, making her body shake against his open mouth. Penelope's fingers laced themselves back onto Henry's dark brown locks.

"Henry! Oh—fuuuck!" Penelope's hips buckled against the mouth of the leather loveseat just as Henry

pulled away and readied the open literature in front of her pussy. A thin stream of whitish liquid shot out of her swollen sex, landing onto the yellowed pages of the classic; her juice splattered against them, leaving dark spots around the text.

Henry smiled, *Wow!*

Penelope's torso lifted and another stream of her juice shot onto the open literature. Henry's dick was throbbing against his tight jeans, right and ready to fuck this precious woman. He stood up and laid the book back onto the table, with its pages still wide open. The sweet smell of Penelope's juices was in the air all around them. Henry walked back to Penelope's trembling body and he placed his lips softly against her flushed cheek.

"Wow, Henry. I have never squirted before. That was . . . amazing!" Penelope was breathing hard, but her smile was wide and her eyes burned with excitement. Henry couldn't resist but to run his hands against Penelope's sweet face. He bent towards her and planted the softest of kisses against her sweet pout.

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Jennifer's teeth were biting into her lower lip, so hard that she was sure that she would draw blood. She had been rubbing her fingers all over her wet pussy, imagining that they were the man's tongue. Jennifer had an orgasm at the same time as the brunette woman, which was lucky because she had accidentally released a mild moan.

She had almost screamed with excitement as she saw the man open a book in front of the woman's pussy, allowing her juices to squirt right onto the tattered pages. Jennifer planned on reading the title of that book before the couple left; she was definitely going to rent it sometime soon, only to take it back to her apartment and fuck herself. And maybe she'd even rub her own juices onto the text.

Jennifer pulled her fingers away from her pulsing sex. She glanced at the clock on the wall to the right the lounge area where the couple was making love. It was almost noon. *Shit!* If she didn't leave the store right now, she was going to be late for her blind date. She tiptoed near the couple, taking a peek at the open book, its pages soaked with the woman's juices. She glanced at the top of one of the pages and her eyes caught the title, *Romeo and Juliet*. She smiled softly.

Jennifer walked out of the hidden room, shutting the door behind her gently. Her back leaned against the doorframe as she breathed a soft sigh. *Maybe I could tell my date about what I witnessed today. I wonder what he'd think of it.* She smiled to herself.

Jennifer walked—more like skipped— out of the store as a pleasant gust of wind ran itself through her long blonde hair. She closed her eyes, enjoying the sweet sensation. As she walked to the café where her date would be, the scene she had just witnessed kept replaying itself inside of her head. She was growing horny, imaging the look on her date's face once she told him of her unexpected encounter. *I hope it makes him horny, too.*

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Henry looked into Penelope's eyes, desire coursing through his bloodstream. He grabbed her hand softly, pulling it towards his growing crotch. She understood and scooted closer onto the edge of the chair. She softly rubbed the jean fabric around Henry's swollen member. He closed his eyes, lacing his right hand through Penelope's auburn hair. He felt her finger reach the zipper and pull down, unbuttoning his jeans soon after. She pulled down his jeans, letting them fall around his ankles. His dark blue briefs were tight against his large package. Penelope smiled softly then bit her lip as she began to pull the seam of his briefs downward. As she pulled the fabric down, Henry's cock flung itself out, hard and stiff with excitement.

Penelope didn't have the patience to continue pulling his underwear down. She quickly grabbed a hold of Henry's thick 8-inch cock and stuck its head between her moist pink lips. She ran her tongue around the swollen head, slurping up Henry's pre-cum hungrily. She began to suck the head, creating a muffled slurping sound. His fingers gripped tighter onto her scalp as he released a loud moan, as if they were the only ones in the room. Penelope allowed herself to push his cock deeper into her mouth, continuing to suck the shaft. She wasn't sure if she'd be able to take in his entire length but, hell, she was going to try.

She took in more of his cock, almost gagging as the head tickled the back of her throat. Her mouth began to pulse onto Henry's throbbing dick, taking as much as she could at once, and then releasing it from between her stretched mouth. She sped up now, covering almost his entire length with her saliva. She could feel his member getting slippery from all of her warm spit. Penelope rammed her little mouth onto Henry's cock, taking advantage of its wetness to jam it all the way into her throat. She coughed and pulled his swollen cock out from between her lips. She met Henry's eyes, apology written all over them. He reassured her with a smile.

Penelope popped the head of Henry's cock back in between her wet lips, sucking gently around its circumference. She let his cock fall from between her lips only to grab a hold of it once more. She tilted the underside of it up with her soft hand, allowing her to plant sweet kisses over every inch of it. Henry's moans increased as she began to do this; his moans had begun to sound like hungry roars, as he was desperate for a release.

Penelope ran her hands along his length, spreading her saliva all over every inch of his thick cock. She reached her hands below, softly tugging on his balls. She used her left hand to pinch his balls, leaving her right hand to pump his pulsing member. With the intense pleasure, Henry's hips began to shake slightly. Penelope could tell that he was ready to explode any second. She abruptly stopped what she was doing to his sex and whispered, "Henry?"

Henry's eyes shot open, a twinkle of annoyance in his green irises. They met Penelope's soft brown eyes and the annoyed feeling disappeared. "Yes, Penelope?"

"Go fetch *Romeo and Juliet* from the table. You are going to cum on it, too." Penelope was excited by the words that had come flowing from her mouth. She had never talked like this before. She could feel her pussy growing wetter each second. She watched Henry with a smile, as he hobbled towards the table, his jeans still wrapped around his ankles. He soon ripped them off, pulling down his briefs as well. Now the bare back of his body faced Penelope, causing her to blush at the sight of his naked ass.

Henry bent down slightly to retrieve the classic text, its pages now wrinkled from Penelope's dried juices. With his back turned to her, Henry was able to steal a quick sniff of the discolored pages. His heart raced with excitement; even just the smell of her sex made him crazy for her. He turned around, keeping the book open; ready to hand it to Penelope.

Penelope gazed at his dick as it jumped slightly with each of his steps. *God, I can't wait for him to fuck me with that monster.* She had no idea where these thoughts kept coming from, but she didn't care. Henry made her feel excited and passionate. She never wanted these feelings to stop. Penelope tore her gaze away from his bouncing cock, meeting his eyes with hers. She then retrieved the book from his open palms, already excited to see him cum onto the same pages she had just squirted onto.

Henry watched as Penelope delicately placed the cracked spine of the Shakespeare play against the arm of the deep brown chair. He stepped closer towards her, bringing his hard cock right up to her pale lips. He watched as her sexy pout spread into a wide grin. Henry couldn't help but to mirror her excitement.

Penelope softly kissed the still-swollen head of Henry's thick member. She nibbled the tip softly, hoping to gradually intensify his orgasm. She let her saliva drip onto his cock. Penelope could tell Henry enjoyed the sensation, as he began to moan just as loud as before.

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A 40-something man with copper hair and freckles was paging through a tattered copy of *Ogre Ogre*. As he was flipping through the pages of his favorite book, this man—who went by the name of Ryan— heard a loud moan from around the corner from where he stood. The moans were growing louder as he walked toward the end of the aisle. He turned right and was astounded to see a naked couple situated in a lounge area, distinctly tucked into a tiny corner. There was a beautiful woman with sultry brown eyes giving head to a naked man that was currently faced away from him. Ryan's dick immediately hardened with the idea of the gorgeous brunette sucking his own, pulsing member. The copy of *Ogre Ogre* fell from his grasp as he tried to quickly undo the fly of his khaki pants. He succeeded, graciously pulling the waistband of the pants down, along with his pale green boxers. His cock flung itself out, excited to be played with. Ryan could care less if someone saw him right now. All he wanted to do was fuck himself right here, in front of the unaware couple.

Ryan closed his eyes, running his own hands softly around his throbbing sex. He spread his pre-cum around the head of his cock, imagining that it was the sexy brunette dragging her little tongue over it. With the fantasy playing in his head, Ryan began to moan softly as he let this sexy woman suck him dry. He was on the edge, but he suddenly stopped his play. He then leaned against the nearest bookshelf, beginning to imagine that the woman was teasing him by not continuing to blow his solid cock. He grabbed a hold of his swollen shaft roughly, again picturing that it was the woman who was doing this to him.

Not caring to muffle his moans, Ryan continued to pump his cock, faster and faster. He was sure someone could hear him, maybe even the couple. But he didn't care. All he wanted was to finish his fantasy with a hard orgasm, spewing his milk onto the dirtied carpet that lay beneath his feet.

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Penelope and Henry were completely unaware of the moans of the older stranger. Henry was too busy releasing his own string of sounds to even hear him. While Penelope was too busy enjoying her feast on Henry's cock to even notice that there was a man not twenty feet from them.

Penelope had never felt this way when giving head. It had always felt more like a chore; her past boyfriends always expected it before—and sometimes after—sex. But with Henry, it was different. Stroking his cock with her tongue made her excited. She loved the pleasure she was causing him; the way his hips bucked against her face and the way his moans kept rising in volume made Penelope feel an intense tingle of arousal.

Feeling Henry's cock tighten between her lips, Penelope knew he was ready to cum. She pulled her wet lips away and grabbed the open book beside her, steadying it in front of his swollen cock head. She used her other hand to pulse Henry's cock ferociously. She tugged hard and fast, ready for his

cum to splatter onto her dried juices. She felt his cock quiver and she gave it one last tug. Henry released a loud moan as a thick stream of his milk shot out from his dick. Penelope continued to pulse his shaft gently, ensuring that every last drop of his cum was squeezed out of him.

Henry’s orgasm left thick globs of cum on the text. His milk dripped down to the edge of the pages and as it did so, it mixed itself with Penelope’s dried juices. He couldn’t believe the pleasure Penelope had given him; he was ready to collapse with exhaustion from his intense orgasm. They hadn’t even made love yet and Henry was already feeling tired. But he sure as hell was not going to stop. He was going to push his still-hard dick right into Penelope’s tight little hole. He was going to take her like nobody had before.

Penelope uttered a mild moan with the image of Henry’s warm milk dripping off the aged text right before her eyes. She bit her lip and looked excitedly at Henry. He smiled as his eyes shone with passion. Penelope bit her lip just as Henry began to bend down towards her, directing his thin lips onto her supple pout. Their kiss had the capability of writing literature more enchanting than all of the books in that room combined. Henry’s tongue dove into Penelope’s mouth hungrily, feeding off of her never-ending arousal. Penelope craned his neck downward with the aid of her hand, allowing their kiss to deepen.

As they kissed for what seemed like an eternity, Henry placed his palms softly onto Penelope’s inner thighs, readying them for his intrusion. She released a soft sigh into his mouth, alerting him of her undying hunger. He ran a few of his fingers along her pussy, making sure that it was wet enough for his large member. With his lips still locked onto hers, Henry smiled, delighted by the fact that her pussy lips were soaked once more. He pushed his fore finger inside of her and his dick immediately hardened—much more than before— as he felt how tight she still was.

Penelope couldn’t help but to break their romantic kiss as Henry pierced her hole with his thick finger. Her head bent back with the sound of her soft moan. She spread her legs farther than Henry had opened them, preparing to take in his entire length.

Henry interpreted Penelope’s little moan as though it was a simple plead. He replied with the movement of his hips, bringing his cock closer to her awaiting pussy. With his cock head not an inch from her sweet flower, Henry slowly pushed himself onto her. He rested his hands back onto the arms of the chairs and latched his teeth gently onto the soft skin of Penelope’s neck. The head was now applying a subtle amount of pressure to her tight hole. Henry pushed.

Penelope moaned, loudly. Henry’s cock head was fully enveloped inside her moist pussy lips. Her hands raced to claw around his neck, his hair, anything she could find. When he began nibbling on Penelope’s neck, Henry was gentle, but as he pushed himself further inside of her he began to bite a

little harder. As Henry thrust and bit, Penelope's torso lifted, hoping to strengthen the pleasure of his thick cock inside of her pussy.

Henry's dick was pulsing inside of Penelope's sopping hole. He slowly pushed his entire shaft inside of her, feeling her tight pussy struggle to accept his filling. He felt the head of his cock tap Penelope's womb gently. Henry released his teeth from her neck and turned his eyes to look at hers. As he expected, they were closed, no doubt from the intense pleasure he was giving her. Hoping to awaken her, Henrys brushed his lips softly against her cheek. Knowingly, Penelope opened her eyes, gazing directly into Henry's awaiting green ones. Henry felt a shock of electricity course throughout his body upon the meeting of their eyes. The gold flecks in Penelope's eyes were as bright as Venus in the night sky; their light never flickering.

Penelope was amazed by Henry's beautiful, tender eyes. The shiny flecks within each iris were bright with passion. She couldn't help but to push her lips onto his, loving the way their lips danced together. Just as she felt Henry's tongue stab into her mouth, Penelope felt his cock pull out of her tight pussy. Her passion released itself onto his tongue, gently planting her teeth into it. Henry whimpered.

He had never had his tongue bitten before. The pain was immensely pleasurable. The feeling triggered something inside of him, something he had never felt with any other woman before. It caused him to ram his entire length into Penelope's wide lips, making her scream. Her fingernails pinched into his skin, leaving tiny crescent-shaped marks. Henry quickened his speed, pulling out entirely, only to fill her up just as quickly.

Their lips were torn from each other after Penelope's previous scream. Henry stumbled forward, struggling to force his lips back onto hers. With each pulse of his shaft, Henry heard her release a loud moan. Each time he secured his lips onto hers, she'd break them again with the opening of her lips to release a heavy cry.

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Henry was fucking her, but it wasn't just a fuck; it was something like a passionate tangle of pain and pleasure, of hunger and desire, of excitement and revival. Their passion was obvious, not from the intensity of their coupled moans, but from the way their bodies flowed together. Each one felt the other's heart beat within their sex. Their eyes bore an impeccable resemblance; the golden flecks within their eyes were shining brighter than the moon on a clear night's sky. Even an on-looker could tell that this couple was truly meant to be together.

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Just as Henry and Penelope reached the height of their love session, Ryan reached the height of his self-love session. He released a thunderous roar and his warm cum shot from the head of his thick cock. His hands fell against the cold hardwood behind him, allowing him to pause and catch his breath. Ryan managed to open his eyes, directing them towards the passionate couple. He was excited by the fact that they were still tangled around each other's body as the man continued to pound the flawless woman's dripping pussy.

After his heart beat slowed to a normal pace, Ryan pulled his shorts back up around his thighs, buttoning them somewhat lazily. He was still in a daze from the orgasm he had just had. Confused, he looked downwards, only to grin at the site of his milk seeping into the carpet in front of him. He slowly bent down to retrieve his book that had previously fallen, feeling soreness in his thighs as he did. With the book in his grasp, Ryan made his way to the exit. In doing so, he caught one last glance of the stunning couple. As he rounded the corner of the aisle where he had hidden, Ryan was shocked to see that the other people in the room were oblivious to the scene which had just unfolded. He was almost positive that his final roar could have shaken the entire store. He smirked, *Whatever, their loss.*

Ryan made his way towards the front of the store, glancing at his watch as he did so. *Shit!* It was already a quarter past noon, and he was late for his date! He had agreed to go on a blind date with his boss' niece, who was apparently a "very attractive runner." His boss also happened to be a huge pain-in-the-ass. Ryan was hoping to gain a few bonus points by agreeing to this set-up.

With the copy of *Ogre Ogre* now tucked into a plastic bag around his wrist, Ryan made his way out of the store, quickening his pace. He directed himself down the street, hoping to catch his date at their designated meeting place. *I wonder how she'd react if I told her about what I witnessed today. . .* As Ryan pondered this, his cock began to grow hard against the tight zipper of his pants.

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Penelope's lips were parted wide, both sets. Her moans were increasing in frequency as her pussy was being loosened by the ramming of Henry's massive cock. A growing tightness was forming inside of her swollen sex. She could feel his cock tighten, just as it had before he had spewed his milk onto *Romeo and Juliet*. Penelope started pushing herself onto him, intensifying her pleasure incredibly.

"Oh, oh . . . Henry! Henry, I'm going to cum!" Penelope moaned into his ear.

"Oh, yes. Penelope, cum with me." Henry breathed into her open mouth.

Penelope clawed into Henry's neck just as she felt an orgasm rip through her weak body. She shook

against Henry's cock roughly, soon feeling him tighten inside her. He moaned ferociously, signaling the release of his cum. Penelope felt his warm milk fill her insides; everywhere that his cock didn't reach was now encased by his warm juice. His body shook slightly, soon collapsing into Penelope's still-trembling breast.

Henry's lips were warm against her neck. His breathing slowed with the beat of her heart as he heard it pound against his eardrum. He felt her breaths slow, now in time with his.

He heard her speak softly, "Henry, that was so . . . so, wonderful."

He smiled into her flushed skin, "You were what made it wonderful, Penelope."

Henry managed to lift himself in front of her, slowly pulling his cock out of her dripping pussy. He watched as she bit her lip with the exit of his sex from hers. He kissed her softly, writing love all over her lips. They stayed like this for just a moment, dazed, until they awoke to reality.

Penelope realized as they lay there, that they weren't alone. The passion had overtaken all of her inhibitions. She had just been fucked in a public place! She smiled at the thought. This is exactly what she wanted. *Hell, yes!*

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Henry and Penelope walked out of Novel Idea, hand in hand. In each of their empty hands, they held bags of books— all of the books Penelope had acquired, save one. They left *Romeo and Juliet* safe inside of the hidden room, exactly where Penelope had originally found it. Each of them had had the same idea: to come back to the store together, rent the classic, and then take it back to Henry's apartment. They'd make love to one another, imagining that they were entangled inside the mouth of the leather loveseat once again.