

Secret Sex in the Stacks

By Mistress_of_words

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Confident, impulsive Reese sets his sights on shy, librarian's assistant Cerys.

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One look at the library floor plan by the door told Reese it would take a while to find what he was looking for. He didn't have much patience with the Dewey decimal system. By the nearest stack, a young woman in a long skirt and a tight t-shirt stood next to a cart of books. She pushed a volume into its appropriate spot and then selected another from the cart, pushing up her glasses and tucking her hair behind her ear at the same time. Reese smiled to himself and started towards her. "Hey miss?" She fumbled the book and he quickly crouched in front of her to pick it up. She gave him a timid smile as she took it. "Thank you" "Would you be able help me..." He checked her name badge. "Cerys?" "Oh, um, of course." Her cheeks flushed and she crouched to shelve the book in her hand before asking him how she could help. Libraries were not his usual haunt; he was a plasterer by trade and while he read magazines and the odd novel, he rarely had the need to borrow books. Today though, he needed some DIY manuals on plumbing and wiring. Property development seemed to be a good direction to take his career now he was in his late thirties. He'd picked up a three bedroom detached house, in the suburbs of Cardiff, at an auction, and he was going to fix it up himself. Cerys led him through the stacks and up a level. "Do you know the title of the book you're looking for?" Reese watched the way her skirt swished around her legs as her hips swayed. "Nope, just want to check out what's available." "Okay, umm, have you had a look on the computer catalogue?" "Nope, I'd much rather get help from a pretty woman than a computer any day." She glanced over her shoulder and he raised an eyebrow at her. She turned away and tucked her hair back again. Something about that gesture fired up some primal urge in him to turn her to his will; break down her shy, prim exterior and find a sexual creature beneath. "Well, I'll show you the section, but you really should use the catalogue. We don't have enough staff to help every visitor." "Humour me, I'm new in town." She paused by the end of a stack. "Home repair and DIY are on the right, at the end." She turned to walk away and he caught her arm by the elbow. "Can you show me? I can't work out all these numbers and shit." She pursed her lips and felt a sudden urge to kiss her and force those lips to yield and mould against his. "You don't need to understand the numbers," she said. "The books are

right there on the right.” He looked her straight in the eye. “Show me where.” Her eyes widened and her cheeks flushed pink. She turned away and swept her hair back with one shaky hand but it fell forwards again. “I really don’t think you need—” Reese reached out and tucked her hair back for her. “Humour me?” She stood paralysed for a moment then huffed at him and pushed past into the dim space between the two rows of bookcases. Reese cast a quick look round the library floor. A couple of people sat at tables at the far end of the long room, but there was no one close. The narrow passage between the two book cases ended in a wall. He followed her in, blocking her route out. She stood in front of him, running the fingers of one hand along the shelf as she scanned the titles. “What sort of thing are you looking for?” His eyes strayed down her body. “Hmm, you know, great ass, curvy hips, gorgeous, green eyes.” She turned and backed up against the wall at the end with a little bump. “Excuse me?” “You heard me.” He took a small step towards her, letting his eyes linger on the little hard points of her nipples, visible through the tight fabric of her t-shirt. “I... er...” He watched her carefully; he’d pushed her about as far as he could without actually scaring her. “I’m sorry,” he said, turning to the books. “Something about you brings out my bad side.” “Oh, umm, that’s okay.” He crouched and looked through the books on the bottom shelf. Cerys crouched next to him. “Umm, what did you mean, something about me?” Reese grinned to himself; hook, line, sinker. He turned to face her and gave her chin a quick pinch. Her lip trembled and her cheeks radiated heat. “That sway in your hips, the shine in your eyes, not to mention...” He let the back of his fingers brush against the hard bud of her nipple and she gasped. “You make me think very filthy thoughts.” She huffed and stood up. “You don’t believe me?” She pursed her lips and smoothed her skirt. “Please stop making fun of me. Now if there’s nothing else you need, I have work to do.” He put his arm out to bar her way. “Wait, I wasn’t making fun of you.” He stepped forward and she backed up until her back pressed against the wall once more. “And there’s a lot more I need from you,” he whispered by her ear. “Like what?” she gasped. He could hear the arousal in her voice now. “Like your hot wet pussy round my cock.” “What?” “Cerys, I want to fuck you right here, desperately.” She drew in a shaky breath. “Are you saying you’re going to force me?” He smiled and gently pulled her hair back from her neck. Her breasts brushed his chest each time she took a deep, trembling breath. “Of course not, but I haven’t heard a no yet.” “Well, I—” He kissed her neck, teasing her soft sensitive skin with his tongue. “I think you want it too. I think you want me. Tell me the thought of taking my cock right here doesn’t get you wet?” “I could get fired.” He pulled back and looked into her eyes. “Well then, you’ll have to be very quiet.” She bit her lip and he smoothed his hand down her side to her hip then started to hitch her skirt up an inch at a time. “What’s your name?” “Reese. I want you so much, Cerys.” “Please, I don’t think we should—” “Should? Forget about should. What about want, desire, need.” She gasped as he gently bit her neck. “But, I don’t even know you.” “Do you need to?” His fingers, bunching up the fabric of her skirt by her hip, reached the lower hem and he slipped his hand under to stroke her thigh. “I’m not really that kind of girl.” “I know, but don’t you wish you could be, sometimes?” “Sometimes.” “Well then.” He teased his finger along the edge of her pants. “Oh God, I can’t,” she moaned. She gripped his hips with both hands. “Don’t make me.” Reese hooked his fingers into her pants and drew them slowly down to her thighs. “I’m not making you do anything.” He moved his

hand between her legs and brushed his fingers over the soft hair on her mound. "When was the last time you had sex?" he whispered. "Too long." He delved deeper, parting her moist lips and sliding his finger through her wet heat. "N... Reese, n... oh fuck it." He moved his fingers to the swelling button of her clit and rubbed her softly. She closed her eyes and her lips parted around a soft gasp. He kissed her fiercely and she moved her hands up to his shoulders. The sound of her shallow, gasping breaths against his lips, between each fiery kiss, drove him wild. He was sure the sound was carrying beyond the secret space between the stacks. From the moment he'd first seen her, he'd felt a tingle of arousal and now, with two fingers sliding slowly into her body, he was hard and ready. He unbuttoned his jeans with his left hand and tugged his cock free of his boxers. Then he took Cerys' hand from his shoulder, guided it down and wrapped her fingers round his rigid shaft. "See what you do to me?" he whispered against her lips. "We're gonna get caught, Reese, please." "No we won't. And, isn't the risk exciting you?" She nodded and gave him a gentle stroke with her palm, squeezing gently. He stifled a groan, pulled his fingers from inside her and rubbed her slick juices over her clit. "Can you cum quietly, Cerys?" He pinned one of her hands to the wall above her head and kissed her. Then he slid his cock along her hot, moist slit. She let out a small cry and he sealed his lips against hers to keep her quiet. She lifted one leg up to his hip and he hooked his arm under her knee and slowly eased himself into her depths. She turned her head away, breaking the kiss. "Oh God, I can't, I can't." He released her hand from above her head and gripped her hip as he thrust deep into her. She felt so tight and the thrill of getting away with doing this here was driving him insane. After only a few thrusts he was already having to hold himself back. He slipped his hand between them. As his fingertips brushed her clit she clenched around him. "Cerys you drive me wild," he whispered against her lips. He couldn't last much longer and he rubbed her faster, driving himself in deep, over and over. She tightened up more and he knew she was close. He kissed her deeply, gagging her with his tongue so she couldn't cry out. Her whole body tensed. She dug her fingers into his shoulders, kissing him desperately and clamped down around him so tight he thought she was trying to suck the cum from him. He felt her spasms of climax around him, gave a last few hard thrusts, and held himself deep inside her as he peaked. She broke the kiss, gasping for air and he brought his fingers, wet with her juices, to her lips. She licked them off, staring into his eyes, her pupils wide, dilated. Suddenly her gaze strayed to a point behind him. He turned to look over his shoulder and found an elderly man stood watching them. "Enjoying the show?" The old man chuckled and walked away. Reese laughed and turned to Cerys. But, she wasn't smiling. Her face had drained of colour and she wouldn't look at him. "Cerys?" "I shouldn't have done that," she said, pushing him back and stooping to collect her pants from round her ankles. "Hey, hey, don't say that. You enjoyed it, didn't you?" He tucked himself in and buttoned up. She nodded and brushed her hair back. "Look, I don't do things like this, but you obviously get off on using women to get your kicks. So, please just let me go so I can get on with my day." She pushed past him towards the entrance to the stack. "Have dinner with me," he said. She stopped and slowly turned to face him. "Stop messing with me." He covered the distance to her in two long strides and pulled her into his arms. "No messing, just dinner. I'm not a jerk, I just like adventure, you know?" He brushed his thumb over her lips and she smiled. "I get off at

seven," she said. "Don't forget your books."