



**LIBRARIANS
DON'T GET
MARRIED**

**BY
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Chapter I

They used to say that Librarians never marry. Librarian used to be a job solely for women who could never or would never attract a man. The Plain Jane's, the frumpy girls who mature into nasty old shrews, because the boys accept as truth the axiom that big tits and a pretty face are the hallmarks of a woman who will be a slut in bed and a demure and chaste woman of virtue everywhere else.

Axioms can be so stupid.

Miss Weiss had barely any curves to her at all. She didn't even bother with a bra, she would never have to worry about sagging breasts. Her hair was mousy brown, and kept in a tight bun, a braid or similar professional style devoid of standard allure. Her face was always free of makeup and her complexion was clean from regular applications of soapy water and nothing else, while her lips had a natural pink color kept smooth by the occasional lip balm. Over this, reading glasses with a chain, provided ornamentation of a sort. Her outfits were always conservative. Blouses buttoned up to the throat, skirts never above the knee, no jewelry visible to a casual onlooker. Not much to look at, right?

Appearances can be deceiving.

Those blouses were silk and satin over a bare chest, the nipples in a permanent state of erection from the friction with the delicious material sliding against her flesh. The skirts hugged a tight little ass that positively begged to be roughly groped. At the ankle, where no one bothered to look, she wore an ankle bracelet, screaming her status to those who understood its significance.

Miss Weiss was a study in morality to the little town where she worked, quiet, polite, sensible. The church matrons considered Heidi one of their own, telling her all the sinful and nasty gossip of the day as she made clucking noises at the appropriate times. School children knew her as the nice librarian lady who always helped them find the really good books to read. As they matured, she became the friendly older person to whom they could come to with their problems. The sweet old maid who kept fresh

baked cookies on her desk while she helped them with the problems that teenagers find so traumatic. Once they grew up, some of them saw a different side to her.

Miss Weiss was in the middle of another gossip session with Miss Grundy, the worst of the church matrons. Grundy's hair was beginning to gray, her entire body a studied contrast to Miss Weiss. While Heidi's body seemed so... relaxed, so at ease and comfortable. Miss Grundy seemed to be tense even when lying in bed. Her mouth was constantly frowning, her face beginning to show the wrinkles formed by a lifetime of bad character, of a life spent dwelling on unhappiness and mean spiritedness.

"And then he just RIPPED the cup off that suit of hers!" Miss Grundy muttered. "Everyone could see her nipple! Children were watching!"

"Tsk," Miss Weiss clucked, while wondering what sort of parent would have failed to change the channel when Ms. Jackson first came on stage in a BDSM outfit and started dancing erotically.

"We NEED to do something!" Miss Grundy snorted. "They should pass a law!"

"Mmmmm," Miss Weiss hummed encouragingly. Miss Grundy continued to rant about the sinfulness of popular culture, while Heidi continued to file away the books in her cart. Then she noticed someone coming out of the corner of her eye. "Oh look, Miss Grundy, it's Jason Johnson." Miss Grundy noticed the handsome youth approaching, and sniffed, "If you'll excuse me, dear."

"Of course, Heidi," Miss Grundy nodded. "I have things to do myself." So she moved off in search of something to condemn.

Heidi smiled at Jason as he approached, "Hello, Jason, how does it feel to be 18?"

Jason grinned and blushed. "Fine, Miss Weiss. Um... can I talk to you in private?"

Miss Weiss nodded while she took his hand. "Of course you can, Jason. You know that." She led him to her private office, where the plate of fresh cookies lay on her desk, next to neat stacks of new books yet to be entered into the records before being stacked on the shelves. "Would you like a cookie, Jason?"

Jason laughed softly and shook his head. "No thanks, Miss Weiss. I'm getting too old for cookies."

Miss Weiss cocked a grin of her own. "In that case, Jason, you're too old to be calling me Miss Weiss. I'm Heidi, now." She picked up a cookie, then took a bite.

"You're never too old for something sweet, Jason." She held it up to his mouth. "Say ah."

"Miss Weiss..."

"Heidi."

"M-Heidi... I..." Heidi popped the cookie into his mouth as he instinctively bit down to take a bite.

Heidi smiled and popped the rest into her mouth, chewing contentedly.

"See? You'll never be too old for my cookies, Jason." Heidi kissed him lightly on the lips, making him rear back in surprise. "Now, then," Heidi continued to keep her hands on his shoulders, "tell me what's wrong?"

Jason blushed furiously. "It's... it's about Anne Marie."

Heidi stroked his cheek as she waited expectantly.

"We... we had a date last night... and..."

"It's ok, Jason, you can tell me." She smiled reassuringly. Jason grinned in turn, knowing he could always trust Heidi, no matter what the problem was.

"Well... we had... sex."

"Oh?" Heidi cupped both his cheeks in her hands, and made him look into her eyes.

"I guess I kind of expected her to be... I mean I thought we'd get married... we'd wait until then." Heidi's smile became amused. "She wasn't even a virgin... and the way she..."

"There's nothing to be upset about, Jason," she brought his face to hers, and kissed him slowly. "You see... Anne Marie slept with you... because I told her to."

"Wha...what?" Jason started to recoil, but Heidi held him there, immobilized by her gentle touch and the loving look in her eyes. "Why... I... I don't understand..."

"Anne Marie belongs to a very special club, Jason," Heidi explained, as she continued to gaze upon him with her caring expression. "We've decided to invite you to join. Anne Marie was just following instructions, giving you a first lesson in how to make love properly."

"But..." Jason's innocent young face twisted with confusion. "I thought... isn't chastity..."

"Jason." Heidi silenced him with his own name. "Chastity is an unrealistic expectation. Most of those young adults who take those pledges to remain chaste break them. And they become even MORE likely to get an infection, because their education was so pathetic." She paused to kiss him once more. Now, this time, he responded just a little.

"But we were told about the risks..." he started to object. Heidi kissed him again to shut him up.

"Don't interrupt, Jason. Just being alive is risky, you know." Without him realizing it, his hands had found their way to Heidi's back. "We can't live forever just by avoiding risk. But we CAN take steps to moderate our risk, and still enjoy ourselves. You can join our club, and make love to many beautiful women, as long as you follow the rules."

"What are the rules?" Jason asked, his face beginning to assume an almost worshipful expression.

"First, and foremost, there will be no sex with anyone, outside the club. This is non-negotiable. If you want to invite someone to join, we'll decide whether to approve the invitation or not. But you may not have sex with anyone who is not a member."

"But... I wanted to... to get married..."

"And you WILL." Heidi kissed him more deeply, when she parted, his strong arms were holding her close. "Anne Marie wants to marry you, too. You can marry her and live a long and happy life with her. You can make sure that you are the only one to father her children, if you want. The others will respect that. But there's no reason you can't share each other with the rest of us." She bent her head to nuzzle his throat.

"How... how can I be sure I'm the father?"

"Silly." Heidi sucked the skin of his neck, gently. "When you two decide to have kids, you'll be the only one to have her. And we'll take steps to make sure she conceives also." She gently nibbled on his ear then whispered, "Doc Brown is also a member."

"...Okay." Jason twisted his head to kiss her again, then paused. "How will I know who is a member?"

"All the women in our club will have an ankle bracelet, with our insignia." She gently pulled away, and as Jason gaped in astonishment, she lifted her leg up and placed her foot on his chest, balancing easily on her other foot. "See the little smiley face?"

Jason could not help himself, he giggled. It looked so silly...

"See? There are lots of sluts out there who wear ankle bracelets. But only a girl with the intelligence and humor to match her lust could wear something like this. You won't be asked to lay so much as a finger on anyone you don't already like, as a person."

"What about the men?"

"They'll be wearing these." As her leg continued to rest on his chest, she picked up a wrist bracelet from the desk. As she snapped it in place, he saw the matching smiley face. "Anyone you see wearing one of these is one of us. You can trust them with anything... which leads us to the other rule."

"What's that?" Jason held her hands with his own, not wanting her to remove them. She looked so... amazing, with her leg on his chest, and her hands on his, yet with her face completely calm and serene.

"You must never reveal our secret to an outsider. You know why." Jason nodded. Miss Grundy and her ilk. "Any man you meet wearing one of these will trust you with his reputation and honor. Don't abuse that."

Jason responded by kissing her ankle, just beneath the bracelet.

"Such a good boy," Heidi smiled. "You always were a good boy, Jason. And you're going to make a wonderful husband for Anne Marie." She sighed contentedly. "Now lay me down on the floor, dear."

Jason gently lowered her to the floor, before releasing her hands to hold her face. She smiled the instant before he kissed her, and their tongues began to play with each other. Heidi moaned contentedly, as Jason demonstrated the skills that Anne Marie had forced him to practice, through long hours of making out in the movie theater. When they parted, Heidi sighed, "Whew! Anne Marie was a VERY good teacher."

"Let me show you what else she taught me," Jason grinned. Heidi giggled softly, arching her back in invitation.

Jason began to softly unbutton her silk blouse, continuing to kiss her, his forcefulness gradually increased with each kiss. When her flat chest was bare, he smiled down at the sight as a less mature man might smile upon a set of implants. Heidi held the back of his head as he began to suckle on her nipples, his tongue circling the

sensitive aureole. "Oh, Jason..." Heidi moaned softly, lovingly. Jason hummed in contentment at the endearment.

His hands continued to remove her blouse and jacket until the silky smooth skin of her upper body was completely exposed. Heidi began to tug at his T-shirt, gradually raising it up until he was forced to halt his ministrations while she pulled it off his head and arms. "Mmmmm..." Heidi smiled at the sight of his muscular body. Jason promptly returned to his adoration of her soft and fragrantly scented skin. "Ummm..." Heidi moaned, running her hands along his strong back tenderly.

Down Jason's mouth moved, softly kissing her, inch by inch, moaning his pleasure at the privilege of being permitted to savor the taste of her skin, the oils and sweat exuding thereof. Heidi moaned in response as her hands traced patterns along his back and shoulders. "You're such a good boy, Jason," she sighed. "Such a good boy." Jason finally made his way to her little belly button and began to suck on that, his tongue dipping in to touch the sensitive insides. "Uh!" Heidi grunted.

Now Jason began to divest Heidi of her skirt, finding her both shaved and panty free. Heidi grinned at his expression, then gaped with pleasure as Jason began to minister to her now sopping wet cunt. "Jason!" she cried, "Oh, Jason!"

Jason simply smiled and continued to devour her delicious pussy. Heidi's soft moans increased in intensity, if not in volume, until she began to shudder and quake with orgasm. Her motions, her facial expression, and her sheer lustful joy had changed her appearance. Any man looking upon her now would consider her truly beautiful as she shuddered with ecstasy. The sheer pleasure continued on, as her orgasm continued under Jason's eager tongue.

At last, she collapsed, her face relaxed into a silly grin. "Jason..." she cooed, pulling on his head, lifting him up for a kiss. He pushed his tongue into her mouth, allowing her to savor the taste of herself. "Take off your pants, Jason," she instructed, when their lips parted. "It's time to fuck." Jason grinned at her naughty words, and she giggled and grinned in turn.

Jason raised himself to his knees. He began to fumble with the belt and zipper. As he reached for his underwear, a sudden apprehension came over him. When his pants were off, she beheld his throbbing erection. "Mmmmm..." Heidi moaned at the sight.

"It's not..."

"Not what?" Heidi asked. "Not a foot long? Not as big around as my wrist? Don't buy that nonsense, Jason. It's how hard your cock is, and how much pleasure you can give me that matters. Now, show me how well you can use it." She lifted her legs until her feet were near her ears. "Come on, Jason. Don't you see how much I want you?"

"Yes." Jason grinned. He placed his throbbing head at her hot pussy, then pushed his way in.

"Oh, yes... like that... do it like that... oh... Anne Marie was SUCH a good teacher..." Heidi moaned, locking her ankles around Jason's neck. "Like that. Um, yes. Feed me that cock. Oh..." Jason began to pump slowly, yet forcefully. "Yes..."

"I think I love you, Heidi," Jason burst out, as he began to speed up.

"Of course you do," Heidi moaned. "You've loved me all along, and now you're just loving me differently.

I love you too, Jason... Oh!" Heidi clutched the floor desperately. "It's happening again..." She came once more, in that quiet, yet intense manner that seemed more passionate than any porn stars false screams. "Aaaaaahhh..." she squealed quietly, milking his cock with her internal muscles.

"You're so tight..." Jason whispered.

"Oh?" Heidi grinned suddenly, a wicked expression. Then her pussy suddenly fell apart.

Jason blinked. There was no other way to describe it. Her tight pussy suddenly became loose and sloppy. He could barely feel her. "What...?"

"See? Big cocks are no more important than virginal pussies, Jason. It's how you use them. My pussy has had all sizes of cocks, and some of them really have been a foot long and thick as my wrist. But just as you wonderful men learn how to pleasure me with your sweet cocks..." Her pussy suddenly squeezed around him like a vice, drawing a strangled gasp of surprise and pain. "I've trained my pussy to handle any size cock, and give it as much pleasure as possible." Her pussy loosened its grip, and then began to milk him, as though her internal muscles were a hand jerking him off. "Do you like it?"

"Oh, yes!" Jason grinned with sheer pleasure.

"Anne Marie will learn how to do this too, someday. And you're going to learn how to do some tricks of your own. Isn't that right?"

"Yes ma'am," Jason smiled.

"Don't call me ma'am, you're fucking my cunt." Heidi pouted, then gasped as Jason began to slam it in hard.

"That's right," Jason retorted. "I'm fucking Miss Weiss the librarian in her slutty little pussy." He sighed, "Sweet, old, Miss Weiss, who was always so nice to me when I was a kid. Now, I'm fucking her in her hot cunt. When Mother warned me about the raven-haired temptresses, I never thought she was talking about YOU."

"Oh, yes... Jason..." Heidi moaned and reveled in this young stud's mastery of her body.

Jason began to give it to her as hard as possible, drawing back to his full length before slamming it home, using his hands to pull her roughly on and off of his cock. "You're such a slut, Miss Weiss. Such a naugh-ty-lib-rar-i-an." Each syllable was accompanied by a hard thrust.

"Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh-uh..." Heidi grunted in time to each thrust. "Call... me... Heidi..."

"Miss-Weiss-Miss-Weiss-Miss-Weiss..." Jason chanted, staring deep into her eyes.

"Oh...my... Gawd..." Heidi came once more, submitting totally to his loving abuse.

"Miss... WEISS!" Jason groaned as he shoved his cock into her all the way and held it there, his seed shooting into her. Heidi moaned as she milked his cock with her muscles, desperate to extract every last drop. "Oh, Miss Weiss..." Jason moaned, as he let his deflating cock slip from her skilled pussy. Her legs unfolded and fell to the floor. Jason gently rested his weight on top of her, smiling down into her eyes.

"You darling boy." Heidi took his face in her hands and began pelting his face with sloppy kisses. "You learn so quickly. But why did you have to call me that? I don't want to be reminded of how old I am."

"I do." Jason grinned. "It's such a turn on to be fucking someone who's been like an auntie to me. Especially the way you kissed me just now. Auntie Jane used to kiss me like that when I was little. I like it when you do it now, a whole lot more."

"Oh, really?" Heidi began to rain kisses all over his face. "Does my little Jason like it when Miss Weiss is naughty for him?" She kissed him some more. "Do you like fucking

the sweet old librarian who was so nice to you when you were little, in her poor little pussy?"

"Yes." Jason grinned. "Keep talking. Miss Weiss."

"Oh, you bad boy!" Heidi giggled before assuming a mock expression of deep hurt. "You're such a bad boy, doing this to a sweet old lady like me. I always thought you'd be helping old ladies cross the street, and here you are fucking them and making them come all over your hard cock." She began to cover his face with kisses again. Jason reveled in it, before she finally kissed him full on the mouth, then gave him a kiss that was decidedly NOT what an aunt would give him.

"I love you, Miss Weiss." Jason sighed. "Heidi. You're the most wonderful woman in the world."

"What about Anne Marie?" Heidi asked, growing serious.

"She's a close second. And I really am going to propose to her, next I see her. And I'm going to practice with her so I can fuck you even better next time."

"Good boy..." Heidi smiled, "she'll enjoy that." She laid her head back onto the floor. "I love you too, Jason." They lay there together a while longer, before she asked. "May I be a bridesmaid? They always end up getting fucked, one way or another..."

Miss Grundy sniffed at the book in her hands, her face twisted in revulsion over its naughty contents. A book on yoga... with all kinds of pictures of scantily clad women in it! She snorted with disgust as she looked upon each page in turn. She condemned the girl in each picture, as she contorted her lithe body into the Asana described on the page. Then she heard a door open, and glanced up.

Jason was leaving Miss Weiss' office after almost an hour spent talking with her. She followed closely behind him, and tenderly pulled on his ear to kiss him on the cheek, before shooing him along. She smiled in that sweet manner of hers, looking kindly upon that boy, before she turned and re-entered her office.

Miss Grundy's eyes narrowed. She noticed the smile on Jason's face, the look he gave her as he walked off. That boy was trouble! She knew all about these young men, always LUSTING after every woman in sight. She could not allow poor Miss Weiss to be corrupted by that little punk! Miss Grundy resolved to herself, keeping a close eye on

her dear friend Miss Weiss, lest she become yet another victim to the lust of a young devil...

Chapter II

The next day, Miss Weiss was hard at work at her desk, entering new book titles into the computer. As she typed away, occasionally pushing her glasses back up her nose with one delicate finger, while her ears savored the delicate strains of Mozart's Requiem. Then, her ears registered a distinctly less harmonious sound just outside the corridor. Footsteps. Miss Grundy...

She entered the door without knocking, as per her usual custom. She stepped up to Miss Weiss' desk, then glared down at the books on her desk. "I thought so..." she hissed. "I'd heard that they were sending..." she picked up a novel, looked down at the bare-chested man on the cover with disdain, "unchristian books, how horrible." Miss Weiss smiled in seeming agreement. "You can't let these books go on the shelves, Miss Weiss!" Miss Grundy appealed to her.

Miss Weiss touched Miss Grundy's hand reassuringly. "No one can check out a book without my knowing, Miss Grundy. There's no chance that a minor will be corrupted by them."

Miss Grundy sighed. "Yes, well... you'll be certain to tell me if anyone does check them out..." Miss Grundy assumed a pious look. "I will personally pray with them, until they repent of their wickedness." She made an irritating noise.

"I assure you, Miss Grundy," Miss Weiss nodded, "I will make a personal note of anyone who checks out a dangerous book."

"Well... very well. But they still shouldn't be on the shelves. Such books have no place in a G-d fearing community."

Miss Weiss shrugged helplessly. "I have no choice. I HAVE to allow the books on the shelves, if they come." She looked past Miss Grundy, her smile shifted from apologetic to one of delight. "Doctor McBride! What a pleasant surprise."

Dr. Connor McBride stepped in the door, touching the brim of his hat respectfully to the two ladies before him. "Good morning to you both, Miss Weiss, Miss Grundy," he said in his deep voice. Miss Grundy openly simpered before the gentleman, cutting a dashing figure in a comfortable suit and jacket, speckled with dust from making his

rounds on foot. His silver bearded face grinned jauntily at her. "Good morning to you, Miss Grundy. I trust I will be seeing you on Thursday for our scheduled appointment?"

She giggled like a schoolgirl, the mannerisms horrifyingly incongruous on her face and form. "Of course, Doctor."

"Wonderful to hear, lass," He gently drew an arm around her in a fatherly manner, guiding her out the door. "Remember, Miss Grundy, no sweets or potatoes with your meals. They, ah... have an adverse reaction to your medication."

"Of course, Doctor." Miss Grundy moved along, making her way out of the library. Dr. McBride waited until she made her way out the front door before both closing, and locking the door to Miss Weiss' office.

Then he swept Heidi up for a passionate kiss.

When they parted for air, he caressed her cheek tenderly, his bracelet glinting in the light. "Nerves are a hard condition to treat," he grinned wryly.

"Nerves?"

"Miss Grundy requires me to treat her nerves, which means, that she eats too much, and doesn't exercise enough. Further elaborations would violate doctor-patient confidentiality. But to speak of more pleasant topics..." he kissed her again. "I gave Anne Marie a full checkup while you were entertaining young Jason." He grinned. "It's a good thing that Anne Marie took those contraceptives beforehand. She's as ready to be bred as any mare ever was." His weathered and work roughened hands groped Heidi passionately. "I recommend an immediate marriage. Then I'll make sure that Jason is the father of his own children."

"You're a good man, Connor McBride." Heidi kissed him again, tickling herself with his whiskers. "Did the new supply shipment come in from the pharmaceutical companies?" He nodded. "How much Viagra did they send?"

He kissed her again, before replying, "Not enough."

She smiled. "I'll just have to make do." She looked at him expectantly. "Did you take a pill yet?" Then she looked down, admiring the enormous bulge, before grabbing it to give it a fond squeeze. She unzipped his fly, then pulled out the tremendous shaft and dropped to her knees, slaverling it with her tongue. Connor leaned back against the door

for support, as his knees began to buckle from the incredible sensations, as she licked him like a lollipop. Heidi kissed it, but refrained from actually taking him in her mouth...

Connor stroked her hair lovingly. "What a wonderful slut you are, my dear Heidi. What a wee bonny lass." She smiled as she continued to apply licks and kisses, until he could bear no more. "Please, Heidi... please suck me!"

Heidi looked up into his eyes. "And why should I?"

Connor trembled. "Because you're a dear, wonderful saint of a girl, who'd never leave a gentleman in such a state."

She smiled... And sucked him in as she began to deep throat him despite his length. She started to stroke his scrotum before gently massaging the balls, adding an element of a little pain and much pleasure. Despite the difficulty of attaining ejaculation with a Viagra induced erection, he was still almost there in a surprisingly short time. She sensed his impending climax, and stopped.

She looked up at him, smiled again, and leaned back, offering herself to him. He began to remove her sweater, exposing her willowy torso to his lusting gaze. He caressed her delicious flesh, then moved in to kiss her neck and throat as his hands reached to unfasten her skirt. Now he had her naked. He trailed a line of kisses down to her sopping wet pussy. He nuzzled her cunt, licking at her delicious fluids...and she giggled at the stimulation afforded by his beard.

She cooed at the feeling of his beard, and then gasped as Connor showed a few tricks that he'd learned to do with his silver beard. He placed his chin onto her cunt proper, and began working his jaw muscles around, letting the beard move across her clit and lips, like painting with a brush. She stroked his head lovingly. "My furry sex toy..." she moaned, swallowing thickly. Words were difficult at this point. He grinned briefly before continuing.

His fingers began to probe her, moving past his beard, finding their way into her gushing pussy. His fingers stroked the g-spot while the other hand gripped the clit, pinching it softly. Heidi climaxed, screaming... but softly, a barely audible keen, but all the more intense for having escaped the self-control of the quiet librarian. She raised her hips into him, and he moved his face down to drink her juices. He was so devoted to drinking every last drop that he stimulated her straight into another orgasm before she

put her hand on his forehead, pushing him away. "No... more..." Heidi moaned weakly, but then slowly recovered. "I need a COCK inside of me!"

Connor grinned as he began to strip. The clothes peeled away to reveal a very muscular body, showing him as one of the healthiest men in the town. A role model for a healthy lifestyle, even at his seven decades of life. He mounted her without further ado. She wrapped her legs around his waist as he began to push his way in. Just to be a tease; she squeezed her cunt as tightly as possible, until it was like entering a virgin.

"So that's the way you want it, eh?" So his enormous cock pushed its way in as he rested his entire weight on the massive phallus. She groaned with effort, using the awesome power of her vaginal muscles to hold him at bay for as long as possible... but then she started to tire. He slid in. She moaned deeply at the incredible feeling. As he pulled out, she tightened again. He began to fuck her as hard as she had made it so obviously clear that she wanted. She fucked as best she could... but he fucked her hard, for long minutes, until her pussy began to tire... she started to whimper as her cunt loosened. She groaned with despair, now beaten, in this amorous duel.

He lifted her ass up, putting her legs on his shoulders. He began to lubricate her tight asshole. She gasped with delight, accepting his fingers as he prepared her as best he could. Heidi cooed and sighed in relief, thankful that she could still fuck him despite her exhausted pussy. He slammed in with slow, hard thrusts... but now he was starting to tire himself, despite his excellent condition. He reached for her clit and g-spot, demanding and receiving yet another orgasm. He grinned down at her. "I remember when you were a young girl, and I would give you a lollipop for being a good patient."

"Am I being... a good patient?" she gasped.

"I'm sure I can find something to give you..."

She grinned. "I know what I want!" She began to work her hips more enthusiastically once again. "I want it in my ass!" she moaned. "Come in my ass..."

He redoubled his efforts. She climaxed around his cock, squeezing him deliciously... he felt himself reaching the precipice... "I'm close," he groaned.

"Yes... come inside me..." Heidi groaned, caught up in the exquisite sensations. "Come inside your good little patient!" She stared into the eyes of the doctor who had known her all her life. "Oh... I'm such a nasty slut, Dr. McBride! I need your injection to

cure me!” She continued to coax his ejaculation from him with sexy, dirty words. “Fuck me, doctor... fuck me hard... cum in my ass... oh... it’s so good... I’m a good girl... I want my lolly... give me my lolly... please, doctor... please... I deserve your cum... I was good for you...” Her voice sounded adorably pouty and whiny, like a spoiled brat pleading for her favorite thing. A sweet little girl he could not resist...

His climax was debilitating... everything came out of his cock... every last bit of semen in him. Heidi squealed with delight, relishing the feeling of his cum enema, before he slumped over her with a groan of finality. She stroked him fondly with one hand, while her other hand automatically reached for his neck, checking for his pulse. She smiled in relief to find it steady and strong, kissed his juice-coated beard. She laid her head back and rested there, with her doctor lover.

Chapter III

Heidi hummed as usual while placing the returned books back onto the shelves in the stacks. Her attitude was tranquil. Completely unmarred by Miss Grundy's earlier remarks.

She smiled; remembering the remarks, knowing her attitude would change. Yes, Heidi would remain the dutiful little innocent Librarian and play the game for as long as she could.

She wiped her hands on her skirt as she began to walk down the steps and back to her office but was paused in the process by an out of breath Jason, who had apparently jogged to see her. Sweat was trickling on his brow. She frowned as she cleared it with the pad of her thumb.

"Heidi! I need to talk to you. It's about the club." She noticed his face was bronzed by wind and sun, and his lips parted in a dazzling display of straight white teeth.

"Oh? And what is it, Jason? Tell me inside my office, come. I was just about to go in there."

Anne Marie entered the library doors and spied Jason. "There you are. I thought I might find you here. Mmm," she crooned as she wrapped her arms around him from behind Heidi, smiling. "I've missed you," she whined.

"I wasn't gone all that long, sweetheart. And I did need to come here to talk to Heidi about the club."

Jason pulled Anne Marie in front of him possessively and snuggled against her neck. He trailed his hand down to her ass for a squeeze. She pushed his hands away as she eagerly glanced around the library, making sure no one was watching her.

Jason grinned as he allowed her space between them. "Heidi, I need to ask you," she spoke in a low tone. Heidi smiled as Anne Marie continued. "Um, it's about... well... getting pregnant," she said as she covered the side of her mouth.

"Ah," Heidi replied still smiling.

Anne Marie's eyebrows drew together in an agonized expression, wondering why Heidi was not taking her so seriously. "What would you like to know?" Heidi grabbed Anne Marie's hands in hers as she spoke in a gentle tone.

Jason propped his booted feet on top of Heidi's desk, crossing one over the other while lapsing in the chair comfortably. But his expression was that of complete concern. Heidi sat in her chair and offered the one in the front of her desk to Anne Marie.

"I want to know how I can make sure this baby will be Jason's, and how I can make sure that I can get pregnant." She sat in the chair, her thin fingers tensed in her lap. Heidi folded her hands in front of her and inhaled a deep breath before she spoke.

"Well, the first thing you will need to do is take your temperature...."

"Why?" Anne Marie queried.

Heidi glanced at her again. "Just listen, dear. Now, you must know when you are ovulating. Your temperature will be higher than normal, almost like having a fever. During that time, you can only have sex with Jason. I have also heard an old wives tale that if you bend your knees his sperm will remain in your body, making sure you do conceive."

Anne Marie looked quizzically at her.

"I know it sounds silly," Heidi continued, "But just try that and wait. You may ovulate for a few days, just make sure that during that time you have sex often."

That aroused Jason's attention. He seemed to be peering at Anne Marie intently. She noticed when she turned to ask him a question. The tell tale signs showed in his crimson colored skin.

She turned her attention back to Heidi.

"Is there a method to increase likelihood of becoming pregnant quicker?"

Heidi tapped her fingers on the desk. She suddenly had thought. She knew of several books on the shelves that would help. Heidi left and came back a few moments later with three books on fertility and pregnancy.

"I want you to read these. There are methods. You can take fertility drugs, but you would need to speak to Doc Brown about that possibility." She patted Anne Marie on her shoulder as a mother would.

"Now off with the both of you. Come back and see me after hours, all right?"

Jason folded Anne Marie's hand in his, and winked at Heidi knowingly.

"Where are you going?" Heidi queried.

"I think I will take him to a scary movie. I know of a good Vampire flick." Anne Marie replied

Jason and Anne Marie had balcony seats far enough away from everyone in the corner so they could cuddle. She tried not to cry out too loud, while Jason pushed up her skirt, then slipped his fingers into her pussy. She was ready for him. He wanted to fuck her right there, but thought it better to torture her and make her beg for it. He knew what was in store for her. He was filled with the anticipation of it as his cock swelled against the zipper of his jeans.

Anne Marie opened his zipper and set him free. He reached around the back of her, to continue playing, while she settled against him. Anne Marie took him fully into her mouth. Jason stopped her just before he was ready to cum. He wanted to save it for her pussy when they met back at Heidi's office.

While Jason was laboring to pleasure his beloved without spending himself too soon, Heidi worked her way through the stacks filing away the rest of the tomes. Miss Grundy turned the corner while Heidi was stretching over her head on the ladder.

Chapter IV

Heidi began cleaning up her office before the closing of the day. Jason and Anne Marie would be coming back within the hour. She heard the opening of the Library door. Who would be here this late? She thought. But then again, she already knew.

Miss Grundy entered Heidi's office and sniffed in a huff. Heidi met her agitated gaze and smiled in her usual friendly way.

"Hello, Miss Grundy. What can I do for you?"

"I want to speak to you about Jason. He seems to be acting suspicious lately. His eyes are roving these days at our Anne Marie. He should be in college learning, not strutting around like a rooster!"

Heidi smiled her serene smile. "You have it all wrong. Jason is a fine young man."

Miss Grundy huffed again. "Well, I constantly see him hanging around that poor Anne Marie girl."

Heidi faced her. "Of course they are spending time together, they are engaged," she replied simply.

Miss Grundy slapped her hand over her beating heart and her mouth was agape.

"Why wasn't I informed?"

Heidi shrugged. "I only found out about it a few days ago."

Miss Grundy could only nod. Heidi did not mention that Jason just proposed a few days ago. Miss Grundy was speaking under her breath then drifted off as she was contemplating a reason to stay and gossip.

"Do you have all of those nasty books?" She finally managed to ask.

"Yes I do. I can assure you that they are quite safe. I have been keeping a close eye on them and no one will be able to check them out without me knowing."

Heidi walked into the stacks and came back with a book on gardening. "Here, you've never checked this one out, dear. Why don't you take it home and thumb through it? I am sure you will find it very helpful, as there are a few chapters on herbs."

Miss Grundy thanked her with a nod, then tucked the book up under her arm as she turned away. She made one final sweep of the library with her eyes. When she was

satisfied, she departed. Heidi smiled as she waved her off. As Miss Grundy receded from sight and relative position, Heidi called for the janitor.

"Maximus, would you mind fetching me the soft rope? You know which one I am talking about?"

He grinned. As he walked off Heidi noticed the glint in his own bracelet and had a thought of her own. That evening Maximus locked the doors and left for home, leaving Heidi alone in the library. At the door, he met a young couple, somewhat non-plussed at the sight of him still on the library grounds. Maximus grinned to put them at ease.

"Well hello there." Maximus nodded at Jason, then extended his hand. Jason noticed the bracelet and his eyes widened. "Now you know," Maximus laughed. He winked at Anne Marie then informed her that Heidi was expecting them in her office, and then he headed for home.

Miss Weiss was clad in the same business outfit as before. A skirt at a decent length, matching jacket, only with some modifications. At some point her blouse had disappeared, likewise any hint of undergarments, while her skirt was pulled up higher on her lithe body. It added the effect of a shortened the hem. The effect was positively pornographic, Jason told her so emphatically, without words.

"Mmm," she moaned into his kiss. Gently, she released him to receive a hug from Anne Marie. "Wow," Jason said quietly, as he beheld the delightful sight of his fiancé and his mentor in a deeply arousing lesbian kiss. When the two pairs of soft feminine lips parted at last, all three were ready for action.

As Heidi helped Anne Marie onto the table, Jason began to strip the young girl of her shirt, then skirt and underwear. Heidi continued to kiss the girl during this task, deep, loving kisses that left no doubt about her love for her. For them both, rather, as she came around to Jason, smiling with wicked intent. Coming behind him, she began to strip Jason of his own clothing, kissing and nibbling his neck and ear. Then she took a firm hold of his throbbing cock and positioned it at the launch pad.

"Are you ready for this, Annie?" she asked. Anne Marie nodded, eyes wide with desperate need.

"Yes!" she gasped, bucking her hips, trying to force the bulbous head inside of her. Heidi smiled.

"Tell Jason if you are, not me." Anne Marie groaned at the tease, but complied nevertheless.

"I want it, Jason! Give me your baby!" Jason began to comply with his beloved's demands, but Heidi stopped him fast. Her eyes caught the poor girl's with a look of wicked intent.

"Beg," she said simply.

Anne Marie went wild at the very notion, begging shamelessly, "Please fuck me, Jason! I want your babies!" She whimpered with her need. "I want to be your wife... be barefoot and pregnant in your kitchen!"

Heidi looked thoughtful, turning to Jason with a contemplative pout. "Please, Jason!" Anne Marie screamed. "I'll be a sitcom wife, G-d dammit! Just do it!"

Heidi burst into giggles at the statement, and both her lovers followed suit. Then Jason pushed in, overpowering whatever feeble resistance Miss Weiss might have still put up to restrain him, and Anne Marie moaned with joy. "I'm gonna be June fucking Cleaver," she sighed. Jason grinned at the running joke and began to pump. Anne Marie began to groan with joy.

Heidi stepped away from the couple, judiciously considering that the pair should be alone for this time. This was the conception of their first child. As she watched the love struck pair join together in mind, body, and hearts, her hands began to roam her own body. Soft skinned hands caressed sensitive skin, and lips parted with pleasure.

"Are you sure you want this?" Jason asked Anne Marie one last time, partly teasing, partly out of genuine concern for her feelings about this life altering choice.

"Yes!" Anne Marie screamed, desperate to be bred by the man she loved so dearly. "Do it!"

Heidi chuckled at the desperate tone of her voice. "Better ask for some concessions, Jason," she teased, "while she's in a mood to negotiate."

Jason continued pumping away, never slacking for a moment, while he grunted out a quizzical, "Like what?"

"Well..." Heidi pursed her lips thoughtfully. "Oral sex every night?"

"YES!" Anne Marie screamed, finding the notion to be even more of a thrill.

"Or a home cooked dinner every night?"

"Yes!" Anne Marie sobbed, seeing herself in the role. "Yes..."

Jason grinned, getting the idea. "Fuck me whenever I want it?" he challenged the writhing girl beneath him.

"Yes! Oh, G-d, yes..."

"Not spend too much time on the phone?"

"Uh huh..." she moaned.

"Let me pick the movies we watch?"

"Jason..."

"Yes, darling?"

"Lorena Bobbit."

Jason nodded. Putting his tongue to better use, he began to kiss Anne Marie lovingly. She began to despair, feeling herself on the brink of a tremendous climax, yet not wanting to cum without him. She worked him as best she could, though her tight pussy was nowhere near as skillful as Miss Weiss' talented hole. Fortunately for her, Jason was near the edge as well. He began to groan...

"Cum with me, Jason..." Anne Marie moaned. "Cum inside of meeeeeee..."

"I love you Anne Marie!" Jason cried out, and his whole body began to tremble.

"I love YOU, Jason!" she screamed in response.

"Cum, Jason..." Heidi whispered, her hands roaming her body, her eyes fixed upon the sight.

Anne Marie felt it beginning. Unable to hold back, she began to jabber hysterically. "Jason I can't hold out! Jason, please cum!"

Jason came.

Anne Marie felt the jet pulsing inside of her, and her own nether regions exploded with unbearable joy. She screamed as loudly as she could at that moment - which, because her throat muscles were constricting from the ecstasy induced seizure, was rather quiet. The thin wail pierced their ears, describing her pleasure with unbelievable eloquence. Jason's eyes rolled back in his skull as he moaned mindlessly, his own orgasm draining his very life essence into his beloved fiancé.

When it finished, he would have collapsed had Heidi not grabbed him and held him up with surprising strength. She hugged him and kissed his cheek in congratulations.

Anne Marie quaked beneath them both, crying tears of joy. "Oh Jason..." she moaned, her eyes squeezed shut.

"I'm going to have lots of fun with you tonight," Heidi whispered into Jason's ear with wicked intent. "Lots of cumshots... but they all have to go into Anne Marie, understand?"

Jason nodded in wholehearted agreement, then turned and grabbed Heidi, pushing her onto the desk next to Anne Marie. Heidi squealed with startled pleasure as he lifted her legs over his shoulders, then bent down to suck her dripping pussy. She cooed delightedly, stroking his head lovingly as he ate her with a desperate need to please. She rose swiftly to her own orgasm, already close from watching and touching... but then Jason had an idea. A wicked idea.

Moving over to her throbbing clit, he began to suck it hard, like sucking a milkshake through a straw. He pulled the little nub straight from its protective hood, and Heidi screamed in sudden... sensation was the only word for this mixture of unbridled agony and ecstasy, as she exploded in a climax all the more intense for being so suddenly thrust upon her. Her body went rigid, her face contorting with an expression of shock and terror and wonder, while her hands pulled Jason more tightly onto her. When her orgasm released her, she fell back, her eyes glazed, her entire body trembling from the experience.

Jason was hard again from the respite and experience, and flipped her over to her stomach. "Yes!" Heidi moaned, "like that!" And as he pushed into her from behind, she moaned like a cow being serviced by a bull. "Oh, how could you not have fallen for this boy, Anne?" She asked, looking down at the resting girl tenderly. "He's irresistible." Anne Marie smiled in agreement, and sighed in contentment. Then he grunted explosively as he pulled out of Heidi and shifted to her own reddened slit.

"Yes, Jason," she chanted in time to his thrusts, "yes, Jason, yes, Jason, yes, Jason..." He began to fuck her faster. "Yes Jason yes Jason yesJasonyesJasonyesJasonyeeeeeeeeeesssssss!" And again she came, though he did not, having ejaculated once already. Heidi moved into position behind him and shoved her finger into his asshole, and he yelped, pumping into Anne Marie even harder in reflexive response. Heidi continued to stimulate his prostate into another explosion.

"Woe is me..." Anne Marie whined, her lips curving in a mock pout. "I'm a ruined woman." She sighed theatrically. "My opportunities to succeed in my professional career cut short by impregnation by an evil male." She barely maintained a poker face. "Somebody call the National Organization for Women."

Heidi and Jason both chuckled. "The Nags are too busy scalping the president," Heidi grinned. "No one's going to save you now."

Anne Marie moaned and writhed, trying to look despairing and only succeeding in looking sexy. "Oh, have mercy! Mercy for a sweet innocent Christian girl..."

Jason grinned, getting into the act. "Sorry," he whispered, "but no mercy here." His hand snaked out and gently grabbed Heidi's head. "As long as I'm oppressing the women of the world..." Heidi cooed and knelt down to clean off his cock, licking Anne Marie's juices off of him. Slow loving licks, savoring the taste of their mingled fluids. Then she sucked his balls into her mouth, one by one, than pulled away, before moving on to lick at the perineum, that sensitive area between the scrotum and anus. Jason gasped with the exquisite pleasure.

"Are you going to rape this poor innocent female again, oh male oppressor?" Heidi joked, eyeing his hardening shaft. Heidi grinned.

"It's not rape if she's consenting."

"If we're keeping with the feminist line," Heidi countered, "all heterosexual sex is rape, even in marriage." She licked her lips. "Now rape her good... then rape me again." Jason chuckled, feeling very pleased with himself as he pushed into Anne Marie once more.

"Oh, yes," the girl sighed. "Rape me again..."

"Put you in your place..." Jason groaned, before losing interest in the running joke. "Oh, Anne, I love you so much," he said instead, his affection shining in his eyes. "I'm gonna fuck you like this every day..."

Anne Marie sighed happily. "Even when I get big and round?" she asked.

"Oh, yes..." he groaned.

"What about the third trimester?" she moaned, reaching up with both hands to clutch at him.

"He can fuck you in the ass," Heidi assured you.

"Oh!" Heidi squealed at the thought. "Yes! Yes..." she chanted, urging him on as he pumped. "How non-PC is that... it's coming again!"

"Cum for me," Jason implored her. "Cum for your husband..." As he continued to pound away at her, Heidi moved up behind him once more. Wrapping her arms around his strongly muscled torso, she began to move her hips in sync with his own, adding her own strength to his in the cause of penetrating Anne Marie's tight vagina. In a sense, Jason had now become a giant strap on, used by Heidi to hammer at Anne Marie with previously unknown intensity. Anne Marie came again for her two lovers, groaning with discomfort as her insides began to feel sore from the repeated abuse...

Jason was tiring as well. "Help me finish, Miss Weiss," he pleaded quietly. After a moment, he felt something probing at his rectum, something far larger than her finger. "What...?"

"Just relax," Heidi whispered into his ear. "It's lubed, dear. Don't worry." She kissed his ear and whispered soothing noises into it, as she began to push her strap-on into him.

Jason's eyes widened and he screamed with pleasure and outrage, only to find himself quite literally trapped by the combination of Heidi's dildo inside his asshole and his cock inside Anne Marie's vagina. His bucking motions only increased the pleasure of all concerned, and he came harder than he ever had in his young life. Heidi came with him, and in her own spasms they pushed poor Anne Marie over the edge into one final climax of her own. They both slumped over her, Jason crying softly, Heidi murmuring loving noises to quell him.

Heidi pulled out of Jason, and he grunted with the sensation. She unfastened it and held it up with a critical eye, before taking it to the bathroom for a long soak in the sink. Returning to the office, she gazed upon the young couple. Jason was looking down into Anne Marie's eyes with newfound love and adoration, a look returned in kind by the girl. Both of them held each other, comforting each other in their soreness and sensory overload. Heidi smiled lovingly, pleased to see them both so happy together. Turning around, she returned to the bathroom to clean herself up.

Chapter V

Miss Grundy was in her garden, not far from the library, when they arrived. They did not arrive at her home, even though she knew to the instant their time of arrival. Nor was she interrupted in after dark ministrations to her rosebushes, tomatoes, sweet smelling citrus trees and rows of homegrown lettuce and other greeneries, beautiful though they were.

Miss Grundy had always lavished upon her plants the love and affection that she denied her fellow human beings, seeking an outlet for the need to love and be loved that had been imprisoned by her fanatical beliefs and contradictory moral code that could never seem to decide whether to love or hate, twisting her in its frustration. Tonight, however, her attention was focused through her binoculars, upon the library in which her good friend Miss Weiss had yet to depart. She worked so many late nights

Doctor McBride arrived first. A late visit? Miss Grundy pondered the implications. That vile black janitor met him at the door, and they walked in together. Miss Grundy's heart began to pound. Certainly not Dr. McBride? The two of them and poor Miss Weiss?

Miss Grundy began to entertain lurid fantasies, things that she would condemn others for even admitting to thinking about, but that she herself secretly, in a place so deep within her that she refused to even acknowledge its existence, longed to experience. Poor, innocent Miss Weiss held down as that evil ebony weapon impaled her, defiling her with powerful intromissions. She was no doubt a virgin, Miss Weiss - surely she would never have given of herself outside the bonds of sanctified matrimony?

Another car pulled up. Miss Grundy recognized the vehicle. It belonged to Robert Smith, the town's car dealership owner. Mostly selling used cars, given the relatively poor economy of the small town, most people could not afford new vehicles. But he, nevertheless, always kept a few new or almost new high-end vehicles on the lot, and used them as his own personal fleet. Eventually their value dropped until a local could afford to buy the now used car. He stepped out. Plump, prosperous, with a cheerful and

somewhat mischievous grin on his face. Rather like a spoiled cat that thinks himself lord of all he surveys.

He came around the vehicle to open the door for his wife, Anja, who rose gracefully; slim, pretty, and modest in appearance, with her long black hair and glasses. He held his arm out, and she slipped a hand through, letting him lead her to the door and in. The janitor let them in as well, and Miss Grundy began to think thoughts about her dear friend Miss Weiss. Maybe she might not be so innocent, after all. Even as she longed to join in, to touch and be touched

Had she but known. Miss Weiss awaited them all in the conference room, a soft carpet and comfortable chairs providing the essential props for the meeting. Several large trays of her home baked cookies were arranged within arm reach of any single chair, and pitchers of coffee and milk had been prepared. Robert made a beeline for the trays at the sight of them. Connor looked askance. "Sugar free, Miss Weiss?" he asked. Miss Weiss nodded. "Of course, Doctor," she nodded seriously. "I care as much about Robert's health as you do."

Robert smiled around a mouthful of cookie before swallowing. "It's good to be loved," he said, licking his teeth with his tongue, before making a humming, almost purring sound. He poured a cup of coffee for Anja, preparing it as she liked, then served himself some milk. She settled in the chair and took a bite of a single cookie. Robert plopped into the chair next to her, finishing the cookie before reaching for another. "Yes, I've been lifting, Doc," he answered the unspoken question. Connor looked at his waistline, the almost imperceptible increase in the circumference of his upper arms, and nodded in approval. Anja smiled, touching her husband's relatively puny arm fondly, seeing the man inside. He smiled back, seeing the woman he fought his cravings and dragged himself to the irons for.

After the good doctor and the freshly scrubbed janitor had taken their own seats, Heidi nodded to Connor, who began his report. "The lovebirds are doing quite well on their honeymoon," he stated, sipping his black coffee. "Anne Marie has occasionally phoned my office when Jason left her for the necessities of work."

He glanced at Robert, who smiled unashamedly and nodded, conveying both his refusal to feel guilty about requiring Jason to show up for work and his approval of

Jason as an employee and a person at the same time. "In another few weeks, we can confirm the pregnancy and hold a party to celebrate." There were nods all around, and speculations about the gang-bang of the currently monogamous (by necessity) Anne Marie echoing through the minds of the men. And the women, for that matter.

"If it's a boy, Jason is going to name him Bob," Robert said, grinning as though a canary's feathered corpse was currently dissolving within his bowels. "Bobbi if it's a girl". He giggled. Finishing off another cookie, he smiled in appreciation of Jason's virtues. "He's a good worker, that kid - and a fast learner. I hand him a manual on a car we just towed in, and by the end of the week he knows it from the inside out and has it purring like a kitten."

They raised their glasses in toast to the absent, but not abandoned Jason. Anja looked upon her husband, proud of his magnanimity. "Damned decent of you to give him a job like that," Maximus said, chomping on a cookie.

"Anything for Heidi," Robert shrugged. "Besides, he really IS a good worker. I'd have probably hired him even if he hadn't joined the club." He glanced at the cookie tray, then at Anja. One hunger fought with another, and he restrained his hands from reaching for another cookie. Anja glanced back at him, smiling gently.

"Now that business has been attended to," Heidi said as she stood, presenting the zipper of her dress to the instantly upright Connor.

He unzipped it with skilled and certain hands, and the sound of the dress dropping to the floor signaled the start of the orgy. He pulled her back into his lap as he sat down, fondling her, hands roaming her body. She cooed and sighed, his goal seeming to be less about bringing her to climax than to simply prolong the experience, to make her feel loved and desired. Anja stared at the sight, her expression suddenly shy. She seemed to shrink back into the chair, as if looking for escape and not finding any.

She looked at her husband as if hoping for rescue, then turned back to see Maximus towering before her, his throbbing black cock already whipped out. Her eyes widened and she parted her lips reflexively, just as a strong black hand grabbed her hair and pulled her onto him, the swollen head pushing its way into her mouth. She gagged and whimpered, working to take more of him. Robert gazed upon the sight of another

man plunging into his wife's mouth, his own large, hard shaft jutting proudly from his stroking hand as he watched.

"That's it, Slut," Maximus whispered. "Take it. You love this, don't you?" He teased her as she began to deep throat him, her eyes wide with effort, blank as a feeding shark. Then Maximus gave a slight gasp as Anja gently bit down, using her teeth to caress the proud shaft, reaffirming her own power to pleasure, and his own vulnerability.

Heidi moaned, fishing out Connor's thick cock as they both gazed upon the display. He kissed her neck, whispered in her ear. "Take it easy," he reminded her, "or I'll never last the evening." She nodded, gently caressing it, giving pleasure but not release, just as he did for her and Robert performed for himself, saving their ejaculations for where they could be used to greatest effect. For their parts, Anja and Maximus played their roles to perfection, putting on a show with no fakery involved.

When Maximus finally pulled her away from his cock, desperate to avoid premature release, she actually whimpered with frustrated hunger. And found herself flipped onto her back, her clothes removed as quickly as the man could manage, and she contorted herself to aid the stripping, eager for penetration of one sort or another. Her eyes were squeezed tightly shut as she lay before him, naked for all to survey. Maximus positioned himself at her entrance, and after waiting a moment to let her savor the imminent penetration, pushed himself in.

Her eyes flew wide and she squealed, pushing feebly at his well-muscled chest. When he finally sank inside her to the hilt, she shut her eyes again, as if shutting the world out. Maximus put a stop to that by withdrawing his cock, until only the head remained, and she moved her hips, straining to keep him inside, whimpering once more in her desperate need. Then he pushed back inside and she gave a soft cry, wrapping her arms around his neck.

The next thrust was hard and fast, and she abandoned any modicum of reluctance she might still have possessed, kissing him on his thick lips, tongue thrusting within his mouth. Her legs wrapped around him to keep him where he belonged, where she needed him. Each powerful thrust elicited a tiny scream from the beautiful woman, as she savored the feel of the domination she so desperately needed.

Heidi's eyes fairly glowed at the sight, as Robert stilled his stroking to prevent premature release and Connor slipped a finger inside Heidi's puffy nether lips. Anja began to encourage Maximus vocally, feeling her incipient climax,

"All of it, now, harder, harder, yes, please, please, yes, yes..." she trailed off as her throat began to constrict, and she stared up into his dark face with an almost frightened expression, her body going rigid with the intensity of her climax. Maximus pushed himself as deeply within her as possible, his own release flooding her insides. He kissed her as they both slumped down to the floor.

When Anja regained her senses, slowly, she sighed dreamily, her hips occasionally twitching with aftershocks, her thighs splayed open to show the extent of the damage. Connor rose to his feet as Maximus dismounted, rising up to a victorious pose, looking down upon his well fucked lover with a half contemptuous, half affectionate look, a cross between Mohammed Ali's expression after knocking out Sonny Liston, and the gaze that Robert himself gave his wife at every opportunity.

"Time for the good doctor to tend to the poor woman," Doctor McBride commented, bending over the (partially) sated Mrs. Smith. Running a hand over her sopping pussy, he pushed a finger inside. "Goodness," he murmured, "I think anesthesia is called for." Anja nodded, whimpering. "Then I will inject the salve into the injured location," he punned, flipping her over to her hands and knees, and slamming his own cock into her burning pussy.

Anja pushed herself back and forth, meeting his thrusts as she once again threw herself headlong into the role of both sexual predator and prey. Maximus grinned at the sight, his cock recoiling to its previous state of rigidity. Then he turned to see Robert on his knees. His eyes rolled back in his head as Robert took him into his mouth, paying homage to the cock that had brought so much pleasure to his beloved wife. Feeling the insistent touching at his calves, Maximus spread his legs, allowing Heidi to slide between his legs and demonstrate her own oral skills upon the fat cat before her. Robert hummed at the incredible sensation, and Maximus gasped at the feeling of Robert's lips vibrating around him.

Anja stared at the sight of her husband performing fellatio even as he received it, her eyes wide and vulnerable. Connor glanced up, then looked back down, returning his

undivided attention to where it was needed, giving the beloved Mrs. Smith as many orgasms as possible before the injection of her so called "anesthetic salve." Robert looked up at Maximus and Maximus looked down at Robert and Heidi, while Heidi kept her eyes closed, a blissful expression plastered to her beautiful face. The five lovers performed as a well-trained improvisational team, coming together in a joyous performance of love and pleasure.

Across the street, Miss Grundy watered her plants and seethed.

Chapter VI

Safe and sound within the confines of their new home, Anne Marie settled herself on the tub's edge and began to turn the knobs. She reached up on the shelf as she hummed aloud and removed a bottle of foaming aromatic bath oil and poured it into the water.

She had made a nice home for the two of them. They had a fairly cozy lifestyle as she tended to the housework and prepared his favorite meals. And she had taken the time out of her busy day to study online classes offered by a nearby university.

Jason enjoyed working for Robert at the dealership. Anne Marie was pregnant, but not yet showing. She wouldn't know for certain until Doctor Mc Bride verified it at her visit at the end of the month. She felt different, her body was beginning to change and she noticed some breast tenderness. Lately she was becoming nauseated during the morning hours and losing her appetite.

She turned off the bath water and heard her husband entering the house. She smiled tenderly at the thought of having him all to herself for the rest of the evening.

"Anne Marie?" he called out from downstairs.

"I'm up here, honey. Come and join me."

She heard his heavy footfalls on the steps, one by one. She could tell he was exhausted. He opened the door to the bathroom and smiled at her.

"Mmm, see you have been busy."

"I've been waiting all day for you to come home. Now take off your clothes and get in."

Anne Marie stood up and assisted him, slowly removing one item at a time. He grunted when she removed his pants, for he had been on his feet all day and his legs were

feeling sore.

"Shh, let me do this. You relax now," she crooned.

Jason stepped into the soothing water and sank down. His eyes glazed while he watched his wife strip. She slid down in front of him with her back against his chest, and he took advantage and began to fondle her breasts.

She rested her head back onto his shoulder and massaged his legs. Her breasts were tender, but she didn't want him to know so she tried to remain calm. His cock hardened against her back and he lifted her up and gently moved her away.

"Mmmm. Feels so good," she moaned.

She turned around and faced him. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing, I'm fine. Just a bit tired."

"I can take care of that. Lie back and close your eyes and I will take care of the rest." She finalized her words with a kiss on his forehead, then she reached for the soft washcloth and filled it with the lavender liquid soap.

Anne Marie began to wash the dirt from Jason's face, kissing each cheek after it was cleansed. She moved seductively over each part of his body, paying special homage to the erection between his thighs, but not allowing him release.

When she finished, she stood up and wrapped herself in a towel and gazed at his half sleeping figure.

"You sleep for a while. I need to go check on dinner."

But before her departure she filled the tub with enough hot water so he could remain in there for at least an hour without getting a chill.

Downstairs, Anne Marie prepared dinner. Southern cooking her mother taught her that consisted of fried chicken, baked beans, potato salad, macaroni salad and coleslaw. She placed the food on individual covered plates and carried them upstairs on a serving tray.

Jason lay still in the water until she entered with the food. His stomach began to growl and Anne Marie removed the covers from the food and placed them on a small table near the tub. She removed her towel and stepped back into the water, then began to hand feed her husband; first the chicken, then spoon-fed him the salads.

He returned the favor, and when he finished he grabbed her and slid her down onto his throbbing cock and rode him to completion. They allowed the water to drain all the way, washing down the crumbs from dinner, and then turned on the shower.

Jason dried off his wife and tossed her over his shoulder, carrying her into the bedroom where he unceremoniously plopped her onto the mattress and quickly turned her onto her belly. There was no getting away this time.

"Get on your knees now, slut," he commanded.

"Make me," she giggled.

"I'm going to spank you just for that," he replied, and gave her one hard slap on her ass.

Anne Marie tried to squirm from him, but he grabbed one of her ankles and secured it to the edge of the bed with a silk scarf. Then she made an attempt to playfully untie it so he grabbed both her wrists and tied them together. When she could only move one free leg he pulled her up onto her knees as she squealed and tied her ankle to the other side.

"Now, just try to get away, you little witch," he growled, and shoved two fingers inside her. Spread helpless before him, Anne Marie fell to her belly as his experienced fingers moved in and out of her. He lifted her back onto her knees with his free hand and grabbed the pillows from the headboard and shoved them beneath her belly. She moaned with pleasure as he shoved another finger into her. With the insertion of all four fingers, he paused, and then rotated his hand, scraping knuckles across sensitive locations. Anne Marie spilled her fluid all over his hand a moment later and lay there like a satiated kitten.

Jason wanted to make sure she couldn't go anywhere, and so he used the rest of the silk scarf to secure her hands to the headboard. He knelt between her thighs again, knowing how sensitive she was feeling and spread her lips open with the pads of his thumbs. Puckering his lips, he blew air lightly across her heated flesh. Anne Marie cried out the minute his tongue met with her heated flesh.

"Jason!"

He paused for the moment. "Yes?"

"Please..." she breathed

"Oh? Please what, slut?"

He began to lick, long and slow, from her ass to the tip of her clit, and all she could do was buck and grind into him. He wrapped his strong arms around her thighs to hold her still as her cries encouraged him.

Anne Marie felt dizzy as she spasmed and rocked against him. He licked harder and faster, up and down her inner thighs and back to her lips, suckling, teasing her hard little clit until finally she exploded. Her back arched and she screamed. Jason wasted no time cleaning her up, and soon she shook the bed again as she squirted all over his mouth once more.

On bended knees he could no longer contain himself than a moth could resist a flame. Anne Marie felt his cock pushing against her opening. He lifted her higher and pulled her to him, impaling her deeper. Her entire body had beads of sweat dripping down as he began to pound away.

She pushed against him and his thrusts were almost animalistic as she drew him in further. Jason began a steady rhythm. As Anne Marie rocked with him he slowly slid his finger into her ass and she wailed.

"Shh, it's ok baby. Let me pleasure you this way."

He wrapped his other hand around her and began to play with her clit at the same time, and she quieted down and gave herself to him. Slowly he thrust his finger, allowing his wife to get used to this new intrusion. She whimpered a bit but her traitorous body wouldn't allow him to stop.

He stopped fondling her pussy and concentrated on her ass. Anne Marie began to push against his hand. He could feel her insides clenching his cock and knew she was ready for release. He slid his pinky finger out and replaced it with his lubricated middle finger, and shoved deeper.

Anne Marie's release was hard and she screamed, clutching the bed as her entire body stiffened for a few moments then collapsed. Jason stayed inside her. His breath was heavy against her moist back where he rested his head. Her hair was dripping wet and he moved the tendrils away from her face. Her eyes were closed, her breathing raspy and deep, and he mused at how much she looked like a beautiful, helpless angel.... his angel.

He hadn't cum yet. He wanted to hold back. This time he wanted to build his seed up, make sure that he impregnated his wife. He untied her and rolled her onto her back. She opened her eyes and gazed into his. At this point she could no longer stop him. Enough was never enough to slake his fever. Jason took her legs one at a time and rested her ankles on his shoulders. He took care in massaging the tensed muscles of her calves and then up to her thighs where he planted feather kisses.

When he felt her relax again he nuzzled between her thighs. Anne Marie protested with a moan, but Jason ignored her. He knew she wanted him, he could feel it. He licked at her again to awaken her senses.

"Anne Marie..." he breathed before he began to devour her again, only this time leaving her close to release as he penetrated her once more. He made sure to hold her legs high so his seed would remain deep within her. But what Jason didn't know was that his wife was already pregnant. Jason pushed down on her thighs as he spilled himself, and lay there just holding her down.

Anne Marie had the strength only to wrap her arms around his neck. He kissed her lips.

"I love you, Anne Marie," he said as he rubbed his nose against hers.

"I love you, too," she breathed, and fell asleep in his embrace.

Chapter VII

In addition to his earnings as a country doctor (far less than that of a city doctor, yet nonetheless respectable), Dr. Connor McBride also had the advantage of being the heir to a family estate including a large mansion filled with beautiful and ornate furnishings, some of them older than he was. The walls were adorned with paintings from famous European artists who had died in poverty, their genius realized only posthumously. "My grandparents bought their paintings when the artists were still alive," Connor would explain his possession of such treasures if pressed.

The men seated themselves variously. Maximus and Robert both sat close to each other on a cozy loveseat from the days when the Middle East meant the Ottoman Empire. Seated on such a cushion, Maximus seemed less an American black man, more an African king associating with his peers. Dr. McBride sat in his own favorite recliner, a padded rocker that avoided the patches of most "comfy" chairs because he had spared no expense when reupholstering it as needed. The material was rich velvet, the padding thick and conditioned to envelop his buttocks by repeated applications.

Another couch of fine Victorian make seated two more male members of the club. Steve, the accountant, served as contrast to Jim, the fire chief; Steve's thin frame paired with Jim's beefy body. Despite Jim's enormous musculature, several inches of height, and flaming red hair and mustache, Steve seemed not at all intimidated by the big man, his face quiet and serene.

The guest of honor sat in the largest and most opulent chair in the entire mansion. Jason's butt rested in a cushioned seat so thick that it was almost like a bed, while armrests the size of office chairs and a back that attempted to brush the ceiling seemed to trap him in a position of utter comfort. Assorted female members completed his prison of sybaritic bliss, alas that the only one he had met previously was Rebecca, Robert's secretary. Her black lips pouted within her pale face as she assisted the lithe Anja and Dr. McBride's nurse, Lisa, in holding Jason in place with gentle caresses.

Heidi and Rachael, Maximus' incredibly voluptuous wife, brought in the foodstuffs for the evening. Tiny finger sandwiches battled for space on burgeoning platters, along

with bowls of sliced fruit. Bottles of various alcoholic beverages completed the repast, and after setting the food down near Jason, both women joined their fellows in caressing the man of honor.

Connor raised his glass of scotch and soda in toast. "Come in, my dear - it's time for us to begin," he commanded. Anne Marie obeyed, providing everyone with a wondrous vision of her clad in the uniform of a private schoolgirl. Quite the wonder indeed, given the lack of any such private school in the town. "The lady of honor," Connor enthused. "The test results are in, my friends. Anne Marie is indeed pregnant!"

The men cheered this piece of good news, raising glasses in toast. The foam of Jim's beer tankard fizzed in accompaniment to the bubbles of Steve's champagne glass, while Robert and Maximus clinked beer mugs. The chime of glass ringing brought a soft blush to Anne Marie's smiling face. She curtsied slightly, looking every inch the demure girl.

"And the routine genetic verification has established that Jason has indeed fathered his own child. It's still too soon to be sure of his child's sex, though," Connor added, winking slyly. The men turned to toast Jason, smiling and offering teasing compliments about his sexual prowess. He blushed crimson under such attention, then blushed deeper as the wives and partners of the men before became even more intent on their caresses. While his brain reeled under the embarrassment, his body relaxed further and further under the massaging feminine fingers.

"And now that Anne Marie is safely impregnated, both young lovers are once again free to enjoy," Connor concluded. Jason blinked in surprise, even as the men stood up and advanced upon a wickedly grinning Anne Marie. His young wife shed all pretence as they pushed her onto a lush bearskin rug, cooing delightedly. Jason opened his mouth to protest, only to have Anja kiss him lovingly. Blue eyes looked up at this through long black lashes, as the gothic Rebecca assisted Lisa in stripping Jason of his pants.

Anne Marie's white cotton panties came off quickly, though her other attire remained. The soon to be "gangbanged" schoolgirl spread her dripping thighs widely, eager for her first penetration. As host of the party, Connor McBride was first. His Viagra-swollen shaft plunged in deeply, and he fucked her hard and fast. As Jason saw

this, he felt the first twinges of jealousy... and twinges in his nether regions. Rebecca had now succeeding in parting him from his pants, and she was gripping his thick cock while pouting lustfully at it.

Anne Marie moaned softly and submitted to Connor's deep thrusts, her body pliant beneath his. Knowing the marathon had only just begun, she paced herself, allowing him to do most of the work. As Jason watched, entranced by the sight, Rebecca kissed the tip of his cock, then wrapped her black painted lips around him. He groaned softly in response as she suckled him with obvious pleasure. As Rebecca pleased him physically, Connor ejaculated into Anne Marie, then rolled off to make room for Jim.

As Jim slammed into Anne Marie with far greater force than her previous lover, taking full advantage of youth and build, Connor sat back in his favorite chair, reaching for a sandwich and his scotch and soda. He reclined with quiet dignity, observing the festivities before him while taking small bites of the edible in his hand. The actions seemed quite incongruous with the dripping shaft hanging out limply before him; the perfect gentleman with his fly open.

Rebecca now pulled away from Jason's throbbing cock, allowing Lisa to share in licking at it. The Goth chick looked up at Jason's face. "I've been looking forward to you being able to fuck," she told him in that no-nonsense tone of hers. Jason merely grunted slightly, his brain in overload. The fire chief came inside of his wife and pulled out, leaving her moaning softly, head shaking from side to side as her thighs quivered. Robert climbed aboard and pushed in with gusto.

Despite himself, Jason could not help but notice Robert's talents. While lacking the raw power of Jim, he more than made up for it with artistry. A slight shifting of his hips targeted Anne Marie's g-spot, sending her screaming into a particularly powerful climax. Jason blinked, trying to come to terms with all of this... his boss fucking his wife in front of his eyes... beautiful women restraining him with silken caresses, while two of them lavished his cock with affection as if tongue kissing each other with him just happening to be in the way.

As Anne Marie spiraled into unexplored levels of ecstasy, Jason realized that Robert's own wife was now between his thighs, applying a soft wet tongue to scrotal sack, peritoneum, and even his asshole. As she plunged the tip of her tongue inside of

a hole he had never imagined being penetrated by a tongue, he proceeded to visualize a computer screen within his mind. Clicking on the file marked "Jealousy.exe," he dragged it over to the recycle bin and dumped it in.

Now it was Maximus' turn, Robert having joined Jim for food in the wake of his own sexual satiation. He plunged in with surprisingly little resistance, given his girth. Anne Marie's normally tight pussy had grown loose with her fatigue, her eyes glassy and dazed. Maximus fucked her hard and fast, and Jason watched with a considerably more positive mind set, as three women pleased him in turn, two more hand fed and continued to massage him. When Maximus finally came inside of a truly ravished Anne Marie, Robert came with him, his seed spraying over the appreciative faces of Rebecca and Lisa.

Both Jason and Anne Marie were the picture of sexual exhaustion now. Anne Marie seemed the very image of a gang-raped schoolgirl. Her uniform still covered her sweaty body, though badly mussed, while her face bore an expression of bliss and fatigue. As her legs shook from the barrage of orgasms, Steve moved in to take his turn. His own shaft elicited a slight flicker of her eyelids, as he presented himself for inspection before penetration. The pale white shaft was even longer than Maximus', promising to touch parts of her never before reached by a human penis. Anne Marie groaned piteously as he violated her slowly, pushing it in past what little resistance still remained in her exhausted vaginal muscles.

Her eyes looked over Steve's shoulder, and met Jason's heavy lidded gaze. The young couple gazed deeply into each other's eyes from their respective locations; he on the chair, she on the rug. Seeing the love in her eyes, as universal as it was unrestrained, Jason felt a sense of acceptance coming over him. A sense of this all feeling so very right. Of the both of them feeling so very loved. Loved by handsome gentlemen with hard cocks, and loved by beautiful women with soft hands and inviting orifices.

His eyes closed all the way.

Chapter VIII

The lift hummed with hydraulic power as it gradually rose up, the sedan resting atop it lifting with the manner customarily reserved for vehicles in comic books lifted by hypertrophied meta-humans. The lift stopped at slightly under seven feet high - just high enough for the young man to walk underneath without stooping and reach the undercarriage of the vehicle. He did so, his gloved hands reaching for a large catch basin. After positioning the basin underneath the drain plug, he then fetched a large wrench from the workbench.

Gripping the tool firmly, he seized hold of the drain plug and removed it with ease. The black filthy fluids gushed from the vehicle, while he searched for the oil filter. After finding it, he quickly popped it loose, then exchanged the wrench for a more specialized oil filter wrench. Scraping off the little rubber gasket from the engine, he tossed both discards into the refuse bin.

Now he started with putting things back together. Lubing up the new oil filter, he slipped it back into place, then added the drain plug to the list of things reattached. The catch basin was moved out of the way, and he moved over to the controls for the hydraulic lift. The lift lowered with little more speed than it had when rising, gracefully returning the sedan to the ground.

Popping the hood a second time, he tossed a funnel into the oil filler tank and began emptying cans of oil in, one at a time. When several empty bottles had been tossed into the trash bin with the dirty oil filter and gasket, the oil reading reached the upper line of the dipstick. The oil filler cap was reclaimed from its resting place on the workbench and screwed back into place, and the hood was lowered.

Climbing into the car, Jason started the vehicle up. The sedan's engine purred with audible testimony to the improved performance of a well-maintained vehicle. He drove the vehicle out to the lot, and parked it. "Jason," Robert called to him from the entrance to the office, waving, "I need to talk to you."

Jason nodded. "I'll be there as soon as I finish moving the cars," he called back. Robert nodded and retreated back into his office as Jason continued his work. Each car

in turn had a key from the large set on the strap dangling from his neck inserted into the ignition, starting with the large white SUV next to the sedan. Pulling out, he made a quick lap around the block, then parked it in its original spot. Then he moved onto the late model coupe, followed by the somewhat scratched up blue pickup. The sports car revved excitingly for him as he drove at somewhat higher speed than the local authorities would have preferred.

When the last car, a recent addition of a pickup truck older than its driver, and whose low power attested to the need for new spark plugs, had finally been parked, Jason made his way into the office. Rebecca was still sitting at the front desk, her standard expression of bored fatalism plastered across her gothic painted face. She pouted at him with lips of an exceedingly dark purple; Jason couldn't help but be aroused at the mental association with the black lipstick that had rubbed against him so deliciously during the prior weekend.

Jason had found Rebecca to be rather admirable in her independent streak. Of all the members, only she chose to directly provoke the tongue-waggers by dressing openly in "unladylike" raiments. She wore Goth and punk clothing and makeup, and sported a few piercings, yet chose to do so from personal preference, rather than choosing to be "nonconformist" in a cookie cutter way. "Hi, Rebecca..." he greeted her shyly, happy as always to see her, yet somewhat discomfited by their first conversation since the party.

"How's the cock?" Rebecca asked, one dark brow arching pointedly. Jason blushed beet red at her question, stammering incoherently at the exceedingly personal and direct comment. "He interested in getting off after we both get off?" she continued, her eyes smoldering with lustful intent.

Jason answered her conversationally, with all the command of the English language still at his disposal. "Um... um... I..."

Rebecca smiled wickedly. "You always this witty, or is it just me?"

Despite his confusion, Jason managed to come up with a suitable retort. "Yeah..." he breathed, still blushing furiously, "it's you..."

The Goth chick grinned triumphantly. "I know," she purred. "What are you doing after Bobby Bear finishes with you?"

Jason smiled bashfully in turn, his smile encouraging her own. "I think... I'm taking you home with me?" Rebecca nodded, her face a mask of conquering joy. She squirmed slightly in her chair, visibly aroused from the short exchange of flirtation.

"Good answer," she purred. "Now go talk to the plus toy, before he goes all grizzly on us." She settled back in her chair, thighs rubbing against each other as she tried to return her attention to the computer monitor at her desk, and the last of the day's work. Feeling reassured by evidence of his own attractiveness, he moved on to meet with his employer.

Robert proved Rebecca's ursine comments and pet names to be quite apt from the moment Jason closed the door behind him. After a moment of hesitation, Jason returned the large bear hug from his employer. "I've got a big job for you," Robert told him excitedly. "Sit down with me, and we'll talk about it." Jason was herded over to a soft loveseat big enough for the two of them, though it proved a fairly tight fit.

"I got word of a big police auction out west, in the big city," Robert enthused, his face alight with possibilities. "I want you to go out there and bid on some cars for us."

Jason blinked. "Me?" he asked in utter astonishment. Robert nodded, his head bobbing back and forth energetically.

"You got it," he confirmed. "You and Rebecca - she'll be keeping you company." Robert winked, and Jason blushed. "You'll each be driving one of the SUVs. Hire some of the folks around town to come along for the ride. Then they can drive the cars back for us. Maybe they'll want to buy a few of 'em too," he added, grinning.

Jason nodded, then paused for a moment of consideration. "What about Anne Marie?" he blurted out. In his mind, the computer screen popped in. The recycle bin was opened, and the cursor clicked on the file marked "Jealousy.exe."

Robert put a hand on his knee reassuringly. "She'll be fine," he soothed. "For now, have fun with Rebecca. Now that you've gotten your own little "project" started," Robert giggled at the double entendre, "you can finally start getting to know your fellow members of the club." He tapped the bracelet on his wrist meaningfully. It made the dull sound that fingertips on metal makes, yet both men heard the soft tap and were stirred by pleasant thoughts.

Jason nodded... and then the computer screen in his mind made a beeping error noise. A window popped up, reading "Important info processed. Need more input? Y/N/R/A/F." He looked down at Robert's hand on his knee. "Um..." he stammered, realizing the implications. He started to look up at Robert's face... then hurriedly back down, afraid of what he might see in those eyes.

"What's wrong, Jason?" Robert asked gently, his hand moving a little higher up. It felt not unlike when Anja or Heidi touched him there. No, it felt a LOT like it, especially given the soft smooth texture of Robert's hands, as supple as that of the women he had known, not callused as his own were by manual labor. Robert's hands were warmer, though, or they felt like it. The heat almost burned into Jason's flesh through the material of his jeans.

Jason gulped. "Robert... um..." He took a deep breath to steady himself. "What are you doing?" he asked, still not looking at Robert's face. He felt confused. Terribly confused.

Robert's hand kept moving up. Now it was touching parts of Jason's anatomy that no male hand other than his own or Dr. McBride had ever touched. When he answered the young man, Robert's voice was quiet, yet the intensity of his words resonated with deep feeling. "Proving I love more than just Anne Marie," he half-whispered.

Jason began to tremble violently. Despite his athletic and obviously male appearance, his body language was reminiscent of a young girl being seduced for the first time. He was afraid to move, his mind was racing with a running monologue. "This guy is my boss... he could fire me in a heartbeat... he's been really nice to me... he FUCKED Anne Marie while I watched... HE WANTS TO FUCK ME... Heidi said I don't have to fuck guys if I don't want to... I DON'T WANT TO... do I?"

Robert cupped his chin with two hands, raising the handsome face up. Now Jason caught a glimpse of Robert's eyes, and was struck by them, unable to look away. An epiphany seized him with a sense of wonder and terror, as he realized that Robert's eyes had the same expression that Anne Marie's had when she looked at him. Or Heidi's, he added. He suddenly wondered if his eyes bore the same expressiveness when he looked at them. Could they tell how much he loved them just by the look in his eyes?

It was then that Robert kissed him softly and gently, but definitely not the "kiss between friends" of a European gesture. It was a sexual kiss, and Jason recognized it instantly. Heidi had kissed him the same way, when she kissed him for the first time. He continued to tremble, unable to move, to flee, or to push his seducer away...

When Robert pulled away, Jason was still looking at him, a stunned expression on his face. Robert continued to look deeply into his eyes, as if seeing the fear and uncertainty writ there, along with the tentative curiosity. His own expression seemed both predatory, yet loving. Like a cat about to pounce upon his human servant... and then snuggle them lovingly. Jason almost whimpered, so lost in the jumble of his thoughts. Robert simply slid off the couch, dropping to his knees before him. Jason felt skilled hands unzipping his fly, fishing out a still flaccid shaft. It wasn't going to work, he realized. He wasn't erect... he would not become erect for a man, no matter whom that man might be...

But then Robert began to caress him, and Jason closed his eyes with a soft gasp. No longer seeing the overweight man before him, he lost himself in a touch more pleasurable than that of any woman he had yet known. He kept his eyes closed as his penis swiftly stiffened into a rigidity that throbbed painfully, so iron hard had he grown in response. He felt lips sliding over him... and then felt the head of his shaft pushing against the back of a throat.

Not even Heidi had ever deep throated him, he realized numbly, unbelieving of the pleasure. Nor did Robert appear to even have a gag reflex, seeming completely comfortable with Jason's shaft in his mouth. Of course, that shaft was nowhere near as large as that of Steve, or even Maximus. Instead, his throat made swallowing motions, gripping the second half of his cock rhythmically, milking it with his throat muscles.

Jason realized that his hands had now begun gripping Robert's head gently. He did NOT want this to stop. It felt incredible, better than he could have imagined, had he ever dared to fantasize about other men. Now Robert had both hands gripping Jason's thighs for support, focused completely on Jason's pleasure. Jason felt somehow quite powerful, with his very own employer, the man who paid his wages, kneeling before him and sucking his cock. Truly empowering... yet at the same time, it felt like a very tender

moment. Despite the fact of his being fellated by another male, he felt neither feminized nor sissified by permitting this act of oral adoration.

Jason felt his climax building as his hands began to stroke Robert's hair with soft caresses. Robert felt it as well, feeling the tension that indicated an imminent explosion, and sucked even harder in response. His throat swallowed hard, providing sensations beyond that of any orifice Jason had ever encountered before. His seed exploded from him, the pleasure beyond his mortal capacity to withstand. Robert swallowed every last drop, the seed sliding down his esophagus with ease.

When Robert pulled back, licking his lips despite himself, he looked up. He gazed deeply into Jason's eyes, his eyes shimmering with his feelings. "I love you," he said quietly.

Jason stiffened a moment, contemplating his response. Then the computer screen in his mind right-clicked on the recycle bin, selecting "empty recycle bin." "Jealousy.exe" was flushed away, banished forever more. A second right clicking was followed by the selection of "create new file." Finally, the cursor dragged "Love for Robert.exe" to the appropriate folder, saving it as a permanent part of his software. And with that done, he leaned in, kissing Robert with lips that were hesitant, yet willing.

When their lips finally parted, Jason sighed, wondering what would happen next. "What do you want to do?" he asked in a tentative voice.

"Well..." Robert smiled wickedly. "What I want you to do is go home and get ready for the big trip." His smile softened. "I know you're still nervous. We'll take it nice and slow..." He kissed Jason one more time, then stood up. Jason rose to his own feet and hugged him before they left.

Robert paused by Rebecca's desk on his way out. "Good night, Rebecca," he told her with genuine affection in his voice. "I'll be stopping by the accountant if there's an emergency, all right?" He waved as he headed off for a business meeting with the slender, yet well endowed Steve.

Jason came up to Rebecca's desk next. She glanced at him, then smirked. "There's a sight I've missed today," she snickered, pointing. Looking down, Jason blushed and zipped up his fly, tucking his well-sucked cock out of sight.

"May I use the phone, Rebecca?" he asked in his courteous speech that was standard for his; the words of a sweet young gentleman making Rebecca drip. She smiled, feeling very predatory.

"It's going to cost you," she teased him. "You gonna pay to use my phone?"

Jason barely blinked. "That depends. How much?" The Goth girl leaned forward, her eyes showing much the same expression as Robert's had a moment prior.

"You have to kiss me," she said simply, and then said nothing, moaning into Jason's mouth as he relished the kissing of those devilishly seductive purple painted lips. When he released her, she found herself at a loss for witty comebacks. A rare occurrence. "Here's the phone..." she managed, handing it to him with a dazed expression.

Unsurprisingly, Jason's home was on speed dial. He pushed the button and waited for Anne Marie to pick up. "Hello?" her sweet voice answered.

"Hi, sweetie," Jason said. Rebecca twitched at the incredibly clichéd pet name. "I'm coming home now. Is it okay if I bring Rebecca with me?"

A soft squeal of delight answered him. "Of course it is, Jason! I haven't seen anyone else since we got married... I miss them..." her voice lowered to a soft whine. Jason smiled lovingly.

"It's all right, sweetie," he soothed her. "You don't need to deprive yourself anymore." Another squeal of unalloyed delight answered this assurance. "I'll see you in a bit, Annie." He sighed happily as he hung up, only to be accosted by a seemingly berserk Rebecca.

"Sweetie?" she almost growled. "Holy fuck, can you two be any more white bread than you already are?" She kissed him lustfully. "Oh, Jesus fucking Christ," she groaned into his mouth, "I wanna fuck you so bad..."

Jason grabbed her and kissed her back. "Even if we're so very white bread?" he asked with a soft smile. She moaned in response.

"Oh fuck yea. Oh, fuck yea I do. It's... it's so REAL..." she hugged him tightly. "It's the whole 1950s sitcom shit, just like everyone else in this piece of shit small town. But... but with you guys, it's not shit, is it?" She wondered at the concept. "You really are... you really are real. I feel like I'm hugging a fucking unicorn, you know what I mean?"

Jason didn't understand her reasoning, but he understood the magnitude of the compliment. "Anne Marie's making hamburgers," he told her. "And iced tea to drink," he added, observing the effect of continuing to confront her with their traditional American values.

That night Rebecca wore a leash and called them "Mommy" and "Daddy."

INTERLUDE: ANJA

She never saw him coming.

As she opened the door to her home, she felt the two dark hands wrapping around her from behind. A moment of panic stilled as she saw the glint of metal, and she settled for hanging there limply, unresisting. "Good little Slut," the voice growled in her ear, and she began to cry softly.

Pushing his way into her house, he pushed the door closed behind him with his foot. "To the bedroom, bitch," the menacing voice snarled. "Move it!" She whimpered as she ran before him, tears running down her face, unhampered by the makeup she never wore, leaving no mascara lines. When she made it to the bed, she stood there silently, afraid to make any movements. He came behind her again, and she trembled violently, too terrified to even look in his direction.

"Strip." The one word carried with it an unending array of possibilities. Anja obeyed, the clothes of a schoolteacher carelessly tossed aside. When she stood before him, naked as a jaybird, he chuckled softly. "On your knees, Slut." She obeyed wordlessly, still not looking at him. When the enormous black cock pushed at her lips, she opened her mouth to take him in, not resisting in the slightest. Not even when she felt herself gagging as he forcefully fucked her face did she make a move to resist. Nor when he pulled out, grabbing himself and pumping away manfully. When his cum splattered over her face and glasses, she made no protest.

"How do you feel, you little Slut?" the black man growled at her. Anja took a deep breath, before responding.

"You scared the bejesus out of me, Maximus," she told him, and now she did dare to look up at him. Her eyes gleamed with emotions far more aggressive than the feigned fear of her body language. Maximus merely grinned.

"You liked it though, didn't you?"

Anja smiled sweetly in response, and then jumped up, shoving him backwards onto the bed. He fell back without protest, looking up at the slim white woman before him, her posture that of a diminutive dominatrix. He chuckled. "I'm about to be paid back, aren't I?" he asked in a knowing tone of voice.

Anja did not reply verbally, merely turning to her nightstand. Lifting the strap on harness from its place of honor, she strapped it into place with a look of grim resolve that sent trepidation rippling down Maximus' spine. "I'll be nice," she reluctantly decided, slathering a measure of lubricant onto her dildo from a tube kept next to the harness. As she moved into position, Maximus docilely raised his legs, exposing his tight little asshole for her enjoyment.

"Ahhh..." Maximus half groaned, half screamed, as she thrust inside him with no more gentleness than he had provided her when face fucking her. She merely laughed wickedly, her face shining with evil intent. "Anja... oh lord, oh sweet Jesus... PLEASE, Anja..." he begged, then screamed louder as she began fucking him harder yet.

"Who's my daddy?" she taunted him. "Who's my black daddy?" Her hips pistoned back and forth.

"I am..." Maximus moaned. "I'm your daddy... you're daddy's little girl..."

"Don't you forget it," she snarled, and as he exploded for a second time, the sweet slime landing on his chest and belly, she came with him. Her body rocked with a sensation of dominating ecstasy. When she finished, she did not remove the shaft, instead laying down on his slick torso and cuddling him. "Mmmm... Hello, kitty," she purred, smiling at her chubby husband as he beamed down upon them.

"Hi, Maximus," Robert grinned. "Joining us for dinner?"

Maximus moaned softly. "I brought pizza... it's in the car... I'll go... go get it..."

"Nah," Robert giggled. "I'll bring the food. I don't think Anja's finished with you just yet..."

INTERLUDE: Connor and Anne Marie

It was a dark and stormy night. Perfect for snuggling before a warm fire. And indeed, they did, two feminine bodies wrapped around each other lovingly. The young girl hugged the redheaded beauty tightly. "Oh, Lisa..." she murmured, basking in the

feeling of warm flesh touching her and hot flames not far away. Lisa returned the sentiment with a kiss, and the girl cooed delightedly.

Lisa looked up at the gentleman sitting in his favorite chair, a glass of brandy in his hand. "Are you sure you won't join us, Doctor?" she asked, even as Anne Marie's soft lips found a nipple and began to suck.

"Thank you, my dear, but no," Connor demurred. "I'm feeling my years tonight, and this chair is just too comfortable to move." His eyes glinted as he added, "Tonight I think I shall play the voyeur. Lord knows it's better than anything I might see on the telly."

Lisa grinned, then gasped as Anne Marie managed a particularly pleasurable caress of tongue on aureole. Hands held the girl there like a feeding child, and her eyes closed slowly. "That's it," Connor whispered, half to himself, "Love her. Love each other..." Lisa twisted in her lover's grasp so that she could kiss and explore Anne Marie's body in turn. Two pairs of lips suckled on breasts, then bellies... and then deeper yet. Connor sighed wistfully at the sight of the pair engaged in a sixty-nine position, then sipped his brandy; his eyes alight.

Their skin illuminated against the sharp lightning that lit the room. Two bodies entwined, kissing, holding, loving. Dr. McBride watched, his cock hard and straining against his slacks. He rubbed the fabric that covered it and had the urge to open his zipper. Lisa saw it first and moved on her hands and knees toward him like a small kitten. She licked her lips as she slowly unzipped him and his erection sprang.

Anne Marie smiled and joined Lisa on his opposite side. He put the glass he was holding down on the table and the women began to lick the length of him. His hands instinctively reached for their hair. He watched two tongues and then two mouths as they took turns sucking him.

Dr. McBride stopped short of ejaculation, pulling them to the side so that he could remove his pants and shirt. He instructed the two to lie down on the floor. He took Lisa and opened her legs from behind as she was on her knees, then shoved. Anne Marie had the pleasure of feeling his fingers probe her while she was up on her hands and knees.

Lisa was surprised the doctor had such stamina for his age, but then again, he had two young women at his disposal. Anne Marie cooed and moaned, pushing back into

his hand. Lisa could barely stay up at his continuous assault. But what they didn't know was that Dr. McBride was taking Viagra...

Lisa squealed, feeling his size filling her deeply, his testicles whacking her ass. She was very near climax as Anne Marie, and just as Lisa orgasmed and finished, Dr. McBride pulled his fingers out of Anne Marie and shoved his throbbing cock inside her. She rocked back on him as she too orgasmed.

Librarians Don't Get Married AP Miller Both women collapsed, laying on the floor, Doc in between them. They turned and snuggled with him as the lightning flashed in the late night sky.

Chapter IX

Miss Grundy quietly sat in the confines of her living room, shielded only by a soft light bulb. In her hand she flipped through the pages of the gardening book she had borrowed from the Library. Next to her on the lamp table was a steaming cup of tea, which she lifted to her mouth from time to time.

Heidi savored the feel of the silk lace curtain as it flowed through her hands and shielded the bay window in her own living room. She shook her head, then took a sip from the glass in her hand, wondering how this busybody could be so clueless as to what was going on within this tightly fit, close community.

Maximus would arrive shortly and she had to get ready. She went into the kitchen and opened the refrigerator and removed the strawberries in the glass bowl. The chocolate was already melting on the stove, filling the room with its delicious fragrance.

Heidi felt warmth and a tingle between her thighs. She felt sexy in her leather mini dress, fishnet stockings and her favorite pair of red stiletto heels. Something she could never wear in the Library. She enjoyed dressing in sexy clothing...

She heard the door open in the kitchen, close and the latch locked. Smiling, she walked towards the room. Maximus was placing two glasses on the counter and opened up the wine he bought with him. Heidi walked up behind him and wrapped her arms around him.

"Feels good." he said, turning in her embrace with the glasses in his hand. "Drink this down, baby."

Heidi took her glass and sipped. "Mmm... California Merlot, one of my favorites."

"Yes. I have a nice bottle of it for us to finish. I think it's going to be a long night by the looks of you. "

She smiled seductively and turned away towards the living room. Maximus followed her, admiring the light sway to her hips and the way the dress clung on her like a second skin. The fishnet stockings were held up by the garters that showed below the short hem, and all he wanted to do was roll them down slowly, kissing every inch of her flesh.

Her hair was worn down, not in her usual severe bun. Her hair met at her shoulders, straight and silky. He reached out and ran his hand through it as she turned to face him. He looked down and saw the strawberries smothered in chocolate and the syrup bottle next to it and made a cheeky grin.

Heidi's eyes became saucers as she read his thoughts. Maximus did not hesitate and grabbed the bottle. Slowly he drizzled the liquid on her toes, and licked.

"Mmm. Do I taste that good?" Heidi crooned.

"Better than good. I'm going to enjoy making cocoa cream out of you."

Maximus picked a plump strawberry from the bowl and smothered it in the chocolate. He raised it to Heidi's lips and she bit down, the brown liquid covering the red of her lipstick. Her tongue darted out to savor the taste as Max drizzled more onto her inner thighs.

"I have waited for you all day," she moaned quietly.

Maximus pulled her forward and pulled off her dress. Then he turned her around and bent her over the coffee table, playfully slapped her ass and watched her squirm. He knelt behind her and rubbed her wet cunt with his hands and slid two fingers inside.

"Yeah baby, you know you want my big cock inside you, don't you? Tell Maximus how bad you want it, and maybe I will give it to you."

He shoved hard with his fingers and she squealed with delight. He removed them and licked them clean. Maximus opened her thighs wide with his knees and shoved his massive phallus as far into her as he possibly could. He held it for a few minutes waiting for Heidi to slow her breath. He was twice her size and she was tight as hell, squeezing around him like a vise. He didn't want to spill his seed, and he felt he was close.

Maximus inhaled a deep breath, closed his eyes and began to thrust, slow...agonizing...deep penetration. He hadn't had Heidi in a while and had craved her for days. Her petite body was different from that of his wife with her delicate curves and breasts that would fit so well in the palm of his hands. He loved her ass, so soft and perfectly round. She was such a dutiful little submissive with him, and it turned him on more than any woman knew how.

He loved the power over her, and loved how her body molded so well with his. Her vanilla against his dark chocolate was a real turn on. He held her small hips and pulled

her to him with each violent thrust. Sweat dripped down his face and his heavily muscled body. He opened her thighs as wide as she was capable of and she cried out. He thrust in that moment and she moaned.

Heidi tightened around him and he laid down on her, pushing her against the cold wood. Maximus held her arms down and pushed into her, her cries begging him for more.

"I'm not finished with you by no means. I am going to bury my face between your legs when I am done and eat until my heart's content."

The huskiness and commanding tone in Maximus' voice was enough to send volts of electricity running through her veins at the thought of his sandpapered tongue licking away at her delicate flesh. Heidi screamed and orgasmed. He pulled out slowly, allowing her the full effect, and saw the white foam all over his cock. With a few deep thrusts he grunted and spilled his release.

Heidi wiggled against him and cooed. "Don't stop now," she whined.

"I need to...I want to nestle between your creamy thighs, but first we go to the bedroom."

Maximus pulled out of her then, picked her up and swung her over his shoulder. She giggled as he carried her up the flight of stairs and down the long hallway to her Victorian decorated room. The queen sized canopy bed was planted in the center of room. It was dressed in heavy damask drapery in hues of pink and burgundy. On the floor was a heavy plush carpet in a mahogany color. Maximus had never seen her bedroom and was taken back by the mood of it. He plopped her down on the thick pink comforter and shoved some of the pillows on the floor, making room.

Like a panther stalking his prey, Max slithered over the bed and snuggled between Heidi's silky legs. He pulled her tight, wrapping his strong muscled arms around her thighs and pulled her apart. Heidi strained against his strength, feeling the urge to pull away. She moaned the moment she felt Maximus' tongue licking her inner thigh.

Heidi lay back submissively, like a fawn against the leopard. Her head began to spin at the loss of air going into her lungs as she gasped. Maximus was very experienced in lovemaking, and he had been with Heidi enough to know what she wanted. This night he would stay. There would be no sleep.

INTERLUDE: Rachael

She writhed on the bed, luxuriating in the feeling of soft satin against her ebony skin. Her lush curves glistened with a light sheen of lotion, rubbed into her skin. She was voluptuous, exotic, and beautiful, and she knew it. And she was most definitely not alone in appreciation of that fact. She smiled smugly as the strong, white skinned hands continued to rub the lotion into her skin. "Brown sugar..." a husky male voice groaned.

Her laugh was rich with the knowledge of her desirability. "How come I taste so good?" she teased him, finishing the quote. A soft moan responded, and she sighed happily, arching her body into the caresses of her lovers. "That's right..." she whispered, "Worship me... show me how much you love me..."

They labored overtime to show her. Hands and lips and tongues caressed every inch of her, until she felt herself losing control. "Taste me," she moaned, and one of the men happily complied. She spread her thighs invitingly, then groaned as he buried his face within her. "Oh, yes... oh, yes..." she moaned. The other man used his own mouth on her lips, kissing her lovingly. She squirmed in their grasp, savoring the feeling of double penetration by two talented tongues.

When she had cum, moaning into a strong man's mouth, the other man slid up her lush body. She didn't even skip a beat as she shifted from kissing the one lover to kissing the other. When his shaft pushed into her creamy pussy, she accepted it as only natural, moaning softly. The thick cock plumed in and out of her, and her senses reeled.

Her other lover reached underneath his partner's body, cupping one enormous breast. The feeling of a tongue lashing at her nipple sent her over the edge into another screaming climax. The man inside of her released as well, sending pulsing jets of cum into her pussy. When he pulled out, she remained spread-eagle, feeling gloriously and deliciously fucked.

But her second lover had other plans. Grabbing her roughly, he flipped her onto hands and knees. A sudden slap of a strong, heavy hand to each plump butt cheek left her squealing and compliant. When he shoved his cock inside of her cunt, the gesture was greatly appreciated. "Oooo... Daddy..." she groaned, using the name guaranteed to

send him into a frenzy. The she squealed mindlessly, unable to do aught but react as he began pounding at her from behind with tremendous force. A firm, hard belly slapped against her ass repeatedly, and when the hand grabbed her long curly hair and yanked backwards, she screamed in complete submission.

By the time the second cock exploded within her, she felt like a wet dishrag, exhausted by the ordeal. But there was no respite as the first man slid underneath her, slipping his own enormous phallus inside of her. "Ah..." she whimpered, but sank down on top of him, impaling herself. The hands gripped her thighs and forced her to begin riding, and she whimpered.

Then she screamed as she felt the slick head of her second lover pushing against her asshole. "No... not there..." she groaned, only to be rewarded with a violent thrust. She screamed again, leaning forward from the force of his impalement. "Omigod," she whimpered, trapped by two thick, hard weapons penetrating both holes, violating her... "Oh shit... oh fuck..." she mumbled.

Now both men began to fuck her in tandem. She squealed again, feeling a final climax building. "Oh... oh, I love this..." she moaned, her experienced asshole squeezing along with her cunt. "Please fuck me... oh... gonna cum," she warned them, only to be violated faster and harder yet. "Ahhhh!" she shrieked, her climax exploding over her. But both hard white shafts continued to fuck her, and strong hands held her lush black body in place, forcing her to experience more fucking... and even more.

When the men had finally released themselves inside of her, a semi-conscious black woman collapsed onto the bed. As she whimpered and gasped for breath, the strong white hands began to caress her again, pale skinned bodies sandwiching her dark flesh between them. As Rachael felt herself slipping into unconsciousness, she wrapped herself in the love emanating from both men, the bracelets on their wrists glinting in accompaniment to the one on her ankle...

Chapter X

Maximus positioned Heidi in the middle of the bed. He took two pillows and slid them beneath her. Heidi complied and allowed Maximus to do as he pleased. She was in no shape to deny his lust, nor did she wish to.

He wrapped his arms under her and lifted. "Mm, you have such a pretty little pussy. Looks like a butterfly."

He raced his tongue over it in one swipe and she raised her hips and groaned. At that moment he slid two of his long fingers inside her and probed for her G-spot. He finally found it and rubbed. Heidi's hips shot up and she screamed.

"Ah, I have found it." he growled.

He fucked Heidi with his fingers until she could barely stand it. She gyrated around his fingers and finally came. Exactly what he wanted. Heidi fell back, labored breathing, and rolled over like a sated kitten. But Max was not done and he grinned. He would give her a moment to rest before he devoured her again.

He left the room and went downstairs to the kitchen where he collected a number of healthy finger foods and the wine.

When he walked back into the bedroom, his face softened. Heidi was lying there under the sheets, naked. Candles lit in different scents and her lithe figure resembled that of an Egyptian princess. Maximus placed the tray of food on the bed and joined her.

"You are so incredible," she said wiping the sweat from his face with a tissue before planting a kiss on his full lips. "Rachael is such a lucky woman to have you... and I am more lucky to have her blessing with you."

"She is that and more. That's why I married her." He smiled and fed Heidi a finger sandwich. "You must be very hungry after that, no?" he asked.

"Yes, I am famished!"

Heidi grabbed another sandwich and shoved it down, following it with the wine. Maximus couldn't help but laugh.

"You'd better eat up as much as you can. You have a long night ahead of you, my sexy little wench."

"Oh?" Heidi fed Maximus and watched his full lips while he ate.

"You will feel these lips on your little cunt in a minute." His grin was wide and mischievous.

Heidi opened for him before he settled himself. His 6' 3 inch frame covered her petite one. She wanted his dominance.... he wanted her to submit. He finished his food and slipped in between her thighs. She wiggled as he blew on her lips. Slowly he kissed her inner thighs, allowing her lust to build again. He wanted her begging. Max slid his long finger inside her and Heidi arched her back.

"Mmaximuss...." she moaned.

He slid another and began probing for the rough patch inside her cervix. He knew he found it when she screamed and widened her thighs a bit more. He took his time, for he was not selfish. He adored Heidi and wanted nothing more than to pleasure her. He rolled her over onto to her belly and continued to finger fuck her, adding another long finger.

Heidi's nails dug into the fabric. Maximus was holding her with one strong arm wrapped around her waist...he liked to watch what he was doing.

Men are so visual.

His mind wandered with her. She was so sexy and sensual in the bedroom one would never know that she was a Librarian....

Tonight she would become his slave and his submissive against his sinew muscles. He held her tight and did not let her go until he made her cum, which was right about now.

She grabbed the sheets and tried to pull away, but Maximus would never stop. Not tonight. He quickly pulled out his fingers and shoved his cock deep within her and stilled himself. He was near to climax himself; such was Heidi's effect on him.

She bucked back on him and he playfully spanked her. "Be still, slut."

Sweat dripped down his face, neck and chest and then onto her perfect ass. Maximus finally trusted himself enough to pull out slowly and watched her tight pussy stretch to accommodate his large size. Heidi was breathing hard and crying with pleasure. He shoved hard this time, reaching her cervix. She was soaked and he was sliding in and out of her easily. He thrust fast and watched her ass shake as he held her

hips steady. He closed his eyes and willed himself to last. He could go like this for an hour if he wanted to.

He raised her up higher and pulled her legs around his waist. He carried her to the back of the high sofa and bent her over it. Her feet didn't touch the floor and he had more leverage with her. He ripped her thighs apart and slid a finger into her ass, his free hand found her breasts and squeezed.

"Maxxxxxxxxxx!"

His cock moved in and out of her like a freight train. Finally he could stand no more.

He growled loud and shot into her, pushing as far as he could. He rested and rubbed her ass and thighs, allowing her to catch her breath.

When Heidi slowed, he gently lifted her and carried her to the bed. He lay next to her, taking each sore limb and carefully rubbed them until Heidi fell asleep.

INTERLUDE: REBECCA

"Down on all fours, doggie," Rebecca ordered. Steve did as she said, nary a word of protest escaping. As befitted a well trained dog. "Time to put your leash on," she told him, and clicked the lead to his collar. He shivered slightly, the movement obvious on his thin, naked body. "Come on, time to go walkies, doggie," Rebecca ordered. He crawled next to her, his movements skilled from practice.

"Good boy," Rebecca murmured, sitting down on his bed. He looked up at her, worshipfully admiring her legs encased in fishnet stockings. Her waist was encased in a black leather vest, her face an array of purple lipstick, paper white face and long black hair. She spread her thighs for him, exposing her dripping snatch, the stockings cut away around her crotch to provide access. "Lick me, doggie," she ordered, and he immediately began to feed.

Diving into her cunt without hesitation, he began to lick her as roughly and enthusiastically as a dog might. "Oooo..." she cooed, petting him on the head. "Such a good little doggie. I love my little doggie... does doggie love his Mistress?"

"Woof!" Steve managed to tell her through his lapping. She continued to stroke his hair, feeling him jangle the rings in her vaginal lips and through the clitoral hood.

"So good..." she whispered. "So good... gonna cum... gonna... gonna cummmmm!" She spasmed delightedly, her well placed piercings and his skilled tongue combining to send her into a screaming climax. When she finally pushed him away, he panted with a satisfied expression, tongue hanging out.

"Good doggie..." Rebecca breathed, then rolled over onto hands and knees. "Time for doggie to get his reward," she told him. His ears pricked up. "Mount up!" she commanded, and he jumped on her back happily. She felt his bulbous head pushing at her opening. "So big..." she whispered, fearful despite previous reception of his enormous cock. "Fuck me, doggie. Fuck your Mistress..." He pushed in, slowly, and she groaned as she felt her insides reshaping for his passage.

"Oh, doggie! Oh... oh, doggie!" she cried. "Doggie please... please..." By the time he managed to sink himself inside of her fully, she no longer seemed to be in charge. "Oh, doggie... good doggie..." she managed, finding it difficult to speak. He began pumping inside of her, short, fast motions like a dog would use. "Oh. Oh. OH. OH!" She groaned in response to each thrust. "Cum. Cum. CUM. CUM. ING!" she jabbered, failing to scream only from lack of breath.

Now he pulled out of her, and flipped her onto her back. "Oh, doggie... Steve..." Rebecca murmured dreamily as he reentered her. This time he fucked her with long, slow motions, letting her feel every inch of him as he withdrew to the tip, then pushed it back in. "Oh... Steve... I love you..." Rebecca whined. "No more doggie. Just tell me you love me..."

"I do love you, Rebecca," Steve whispered quietly, continuing his slow, deep fucking. He bent down, kissing her lips, painted to look as sweet and inviting as a ripe plum. She kissed him back, unable to get enough of him. "I love you so much," he added unnecessarily. When he came inside of her, she groaned in her own climax.

"So good... so good..." she whispered afterwards, clinging to him. "Why is it always the quiet ones? The nice ones?" she wondered.

"Hmm?" Steve mumbled, half asleep already.

"You nice boys. You always make me feel so submissive." She sighed contentedly. "Bad boys just bring out the bitch in me. You make me want to curl up and purr."

"You're doing that right now," Steve noted idly. She merely hummed agreement, then laid her head down on his chest, purring softly as she fell asleep in his arms.

Interlude: Anne Marie and Maximus

A thick, heavy arm wrapped around her neck. A large gloved hand covered her eyes. Anne Marie's flesh felt as if it were on fire. Standing there clad only in a towel, she was ordered to strip.

The towel fell to the floor in a small heap. Maximus led her to the bedroom and lowered her onto the floor. She lay face down in anticipation.

"Don't move," he growled.

Maximus stood and removed his clothes. He bent down behind her and lifted her to her knees. Anne Marie wiggled against him and he playfully slapped her tight little bottom. He ran his hand over her flesh. She was ready. He positioned his cock at her opening and rubbed it back and forth in a teasing motion.

"You want old Maximus, don't you baby? Tell me how much and I will please."

"I want you, Max...please..."

He paused a moment before he allowed the head to slip inside. Anne Marie pushed back against him, which allowed him deeper penetration. She moaned and cooed, encouraging him. He closed his eyes tight, groaned and gave one shove. He didn't move. He wanted to savor the feel of her tight little place.

Maximus began to move in rhythm; slow...Anne Marie arched her back and threw her head back. He grabbed her hips and began a steady thrust. He playfully slapped her bottom as she ground herself against him, matching his movements.

Her skin was so creamy and soft, he thought to himself with each thrust. Soon she would be showing, her belly full with baby. Maximus shared in her and Jason's joy, as they all did within the group. He knew this would be the last time before she delivered the baby that he would have, and he wanted to make this a memorable one for her.

He drew her near to climax, slow, sensual. Not as rough as she would have liked him to be. This time he wanted to be gentle, loving. She moaned with each pump, feeling his length inside of her. Her hips twisted in a circular motion and the droplets of moisture began to trickle on Maximus' forehead. He was holding back his own release to give Anne Marie the pleasure she so very much wanted from him.

Her body stiffened and shuddered as she cried out her climax. Maximus felt her juices flowing onto him and held her hips firmly, then began to thrust wildly. He was like a savage bear in his own release as his fingers dug into her delicate skin.

She collapsed beneath him and he followed alongside her. Steadying his breath, he reached for her and cradled her in his arms and they fell asleep under the stars in the night air.

Chapter XI

Anne Marie looked like an Angel as she slept on the bed she shared with her husband. Jason was tired from working and smelled like the automobile fluids he used during the course of the day. All he wanted was a warm bath and a meal, and when he didn't find his wife or a meal on the stove as usual he began to worry.

Relief filled his gut when he saw her curled up cradling her belly. She was getting rounder and her skin was becoming softer with a glow. He went to the bed and lay down next to her, feeling her warm breath against his. Her nose twitched when he planted a light kiss upon it and she changed position rolling onto her back.

Her nipples were erect beneath her almost transparent summer pajama top. Her breasts were round now and more plump. Jason wanted to fight the urge to fondle them since he knew she needed rest, but his passion for her had taken the better of his self-control.

He pushed up her top and tweaked the nipple in his finger and thumb, then gently squeezed her breast. She stirred a bit, but still remained asleep. He balanced himself on one elbow and bent his head, taking the nipple in his mouth. He groaned, and she woke.

"Mmm....Jason...I..."

"Shh," he managed, pausing for a moment to gaze at her.

Her eyes were glazed and her hair a muss...what a beautiful sight she made. Jason grew hard and wanted her more than he ever wanted her in the past.

She was full of voluptuous curves and swells now, and she was more tantalizing and womanly.

Slowly Jason removed her pajama shorts. She was naked and delicious. She reached up and began squeezing her breasts then ran her hands down her body. Jason stripped and came back to her.

He ran feather kisses down the length of her body and followed each one with a lick, purposely avoiding her breasts and cunt. He nestled between her inner thighs and began to caress the skin with his mouth. Suckling her sensitive flesh while holding her

apart for his own pleasure, he blew on her nether region just long enough to stimulate her and make her writhe beneath him. She was wet and ready, but this time he would take it slow and make her beg.

She grabbed at his hair in an attempt to pull him close. He knew what she wanted, but he wasn't going to give it to her just yet. He secured her legs with rope to the headboard, as Jason wanted her as wide as possible so she could not escape.

He secured her hands above her head tightly so she couldn't get loose as she often did. This time he had a surprise for her. He'd stopped at the adult store on the way home and picked up a dildo, some massage oil, and a flavored lotion in chocolate that he generously wanted to rub between her thighs and lick off.

Anne Marie's eyes widened as she watched her husband remove the items from the black bag. First he removed the lotion, opened it up and sniffed it.

"Mmm, this will taste so good on you."

He poured a generous amount and began rubbing her body with it, from her neck, over her breasts, her belly, her thighs, down to her feet and toes, and then when he finished with that, he allowed it to drizzle on her pussy.

When he was finished, he went to the drawer in his dresser and removed a blindfold. Smiling devilishly at his wife, he covered her eyes and followed that with a ball gag he did not allow her to see lest she protest.

There she was, vulnerable, and there was no way she would get away from him this time. There was no way that she would close her thighs like a vise on his head when she climaxed, and there was no way she would prevent him from fucking her until she was sore.

"Anne Marie," he lazily sang, hovering above her. He shoved his fingers in her cunt and fucked her with them. Her legs locked, but she couldn't move. Her belly was small as she was only beginning to show. He bent down and took her nipples, moving from one to the other, sucking, gently biting and pulling on them.

She cried out through the gag, and it made his blood boil even more. He would be rough this time. There was no going back. His lust would be slaked and there would be no sleep tonight. Jason had had thoughts about taking his wife like this for a long time. He liked the power he had over her now. It made his cock swell to an uncomfortable

point and he wanted to explode. But he wouldn't. He continued until her nipples turned to the color of strawberries and remained peaked. He made her climax with his fingers, then licked them clean.

Jason made his way with his tongue down her body in wavy sensations. She moaned through the gag and made attempts at squealing and squirming, but the ropes held her, leaving little room for movement. He cleaned the chocolate from her body, taking great satisfaction in the control he now held over her. Jason nestled himself between her thighs, all the while telling her what a nasty little girl she was and how he would spank her lovely little rounded bottom when he was done.

"Aaaaah!"

Just the reaction he wanted from her when his mouth connected with her clit. It made her toes curl and her legs stiffen. He licked slow...then fast and watched her strain against her restraints. Anne Marie was moaning and shaking. Her breathing became labored and Jason slid in two fingers; she tightened and screamed into the gag. He slid in a third and began probing for her G-spot, and instead found the upper most part of her cervix and she exploded.

Jason did not quit, and this time she could not make him. He lapped at her, tasting her from her ass to her clit and back down again. Anne Marie did not stop squealing. He made her do exactly what he wanted her to. This was for his pleasure...he wanted her, body and soul.

Thinking about her getting fucked by other men purely aroused him to the point where he would be her greatest lover, and when the baby was born and she recuperated, he would make sure he would invite the men for a surprise gang bang again. He loved the thought of watching his wife being taken by several men. That night she was drained and sore, but sated. He wanted to see that again. Anne Marie was perfection to his eyes, and being in this club made them closer still.

He thought about the baby now growing inside of her...his baby. Maybe it was the thought of her becoming a woman...flowering out of her younger body and maturing...his thoughts brought him back to her body.

She was nearing a second time. This time he inserted the vibrating dildo he bought, then turned it on. That brought Anne Marie to the brink of ecstasy she had never

experienced before. Jason could hold back no longer his own need. He positioned himself and pushed. "I love you Annie!" he ground out through clenched teeth, then spilled his seed deep within her womb.

Unable to hold himself up, he steadied himself and untied his wife and laid her next to him. He rubbed her wrists and shoulders, then her legs and ankles. She collapsed into his arms, where they remained until the morning.

Chapter XII

Dr. McBride lived in a fashionable neighborhood of the small town, surrounded by plush green lawns strewn with expensive shrubs and flowers. His home was a modest one yet comfortable, and people always felt at home.

It was 7:00 pm and the guests began to arrive, parking their vehicles in the long paved driveway that led up to the colorful Victorian. Dr. McBride was standing on the balcony that overhung the front entrance. Adorned in his King Lear costume, he grinned and greeted his guests. Since they had been told to disguise themselves completely, he had no idea who they were.

There were Knights, Queens, a Jester, Zorro, a Mime, and Victorian ladies with the huge coifs, feather boas and more. In total there were 100 guests, all displaying their bracelets for the butler to see.

As the guests followed one another in, a quartet was playing Mozart. Everyone disguised their voices and switched partners on the dance floor. Women were swung around by the men. Some were chatting by the buffet table where Doc spared no expense. He had a bountiful display of turkey, roast beef, ham, stuffed mushrooms, deviled eggs, several healthy salads, sushi, fruit and a veggie plate. Wine and champagne were served, and for the non-alcoholic guests there was punch. The main room of the house was large enough to accommodate the guests comfortably.

Heidi came dressed as Little Red Riding Hood, and there was the Big Bad Wolf running around after her.

Earlier that week, Heidi noticed that Miss Grundy had done a bit more snooping than usual and was beginning to get close to the group. The day Maximus left she thought she saw Miss Grundy looking out her window, then close the drape quickly. And just prior to that, she caught her snooping in her office at the Library. She was showing an interest in what was going on, and Heidi heard that she had been speaking to some of the townsfolk, so she held a meeting. They all agreed to invite her to the party in accordance with Heidi's aikido approach to solving problems.

Meanwhile, not too far away...

She stood before the mirror glancing at the strange, overweight image in the witch costume. She had decided to go to the costume store at the last moment because she made the decision not to attend three times. The man at the store was extremely apologetic at the offer, but she had that and Big Bird, so she opted for the witch.

She bought a full-face mask so that she wouldn't have to adorn the heavy caked make-up. The invitation said to cover your face fully and the masks would be removed at midnight.

She made one final sweep in the mirror with a dissatisfied frown. The dress clung to her, which she feared showing off her larger than normal waist and hips. The stockings didn't fit quite right and began to slide down her thighs, even though they were being held up with a garter. Another hindrance she disliked. She tugged at the dress, hoping it would stretch...too bad...spandex... damn spandex!

The hat's point didn't want to stay up even though she stuffed it with tissues, and the only shoes she had were these strappy open toe shoes she borrowed from her sister only because she said they would match the outfit. Miss Grundy was used to wearing brown penny loafers. That wouldn't do, even though they would have been more comfortable. She couldn't even walk in these, and she tipped to one side and the shoe folded over her.

She began to cry. "This will never do." And she plopped right back down on the bed and looked at the very first social invitation she had ever received in her dreadful little solitary, lonely life.

It read:

Dear Miss Grundy,

You are cordially invited to attend a Masquerade Ball held at the home of Dr. McBride on October 31st 2005 at 7:30pm.

Come in costume and make sure your face is fully covered. There will be door prizes and food served. A quartet will provide entertainment. At midnight we will all be revealed.

Please come join us.

She sat there and sighed. How would she look if she didn't show up? She would remain the same old prude she had always been, and here she finally had friends.

She began to feel guilty because of the way she had acted, but it was her way and her upbringing. Anything beyond the good book and Sunday school was a sin, and here, now, she was committing sin dressed in Satan's garb. She would be punished. But she shook her head, casting aside the negative thoughts. Here she had a grand opportunity to fly high with all the people who disliked her, or so she thought.

At least Miss Weiss liked her. She was the only one who ever really showed her any respect and kindness. Well, then there was Dr. McBride of course, but being the town physician he had to be nice. There was the butcher, although his wife didn't care too much for her.

All in all it was her own fault, and no one was to blame. She had treated people like pawns her entire life. Prancing in the schools and making sure that they followed the guidelines for the proper reading material, and that sex education was not promoted even in the home, or even that religion's authority extended far beyond the boundaries of the church.

She realized why people didn't like her. It was because she didn't like herself. It was the old cliché, misery loves company, and she proved it to herself all those years. She sat thinking about how she could have had so many friendships if she wasn't such a prude.

But it couldn't be helped. Children live what they learn, and her upbringing consisted of a very devout religion. That was also the cause of her loneliness. Years spent without a mate, and no man took notice. Of course, who would take notice of a woman who wore clothing that covered her completely as compared to the girls who in her mother's words..."committed sin."

Miss Grundy wiped the tears from her face with the back of her hand and sniffed.

She would try this night, just for once, to become one of the crowd, and if she didn't fit in, then she would simply go home and become a hermit for the rest of her life.

Chapter XIII

At the party, the guests showed up one by one or in pairs... or in small groups, depending on prior circumstances. When Doc McBride gave a party, no one wanted to miss it. The music was lively as the couples waltzed. Partners were swapped, and everyone played along with the game. They danced in a courtly manner, seemingly prim and proper.

Miss Grundy pulled up in front of the house, her stomach forming a pit. She felt dread as she closed the door behind her and slowly walked up to the front door. She still held the invitation in her hand as if it was the last thing she had to her lonely existence.

She took one step at a time until she reached the wrap around porch. She had never been to Dr. McBride's home, yet was not at all surprised that it was so refined. Inside, the noise drifted through her ears and she began to smile. She was invited. She raised her hand and knocked. She was surprised that no one came to let her in, so she turned the brass knob and pushed open the door.

The smells of food wafted through her nostrils and her stomach growled with hunger pangs. It would have to wait until her stomach settled from the earlier pit. She gazed at the crystal chandelier overhead in the main entry hall as she made her way inside. Guests were wandering about and stopped to greet her. She positioned her mask a bit so that she could see more clearly and entered the party.

Miss Grundy found herself swaying to the waltz without even thinking. Her sight caught Heidi and she lifted her mask a little so she would notice it was her. Heidi smiled and walked toward her.

"Hello Miss Grundy," she spoke softly so no one could hear. "Glad to see that you made it."

"Well, I almost didn't. At one point I almost gave up, but now that I am here..."

"It is almost midnight...shall we go inside?"

Miss Grundy shook her head yes. Dr. McBride turned as Heidi walked in with her companion. He sat them both down like a courteous host, then offered them their choice

of drinks. A large glass of something potent was pressed into her pudgy hands. One long sip left her head swimming, and she felt herself growing helpless, confused and unable to move. The dancers...

There... two dancers, vaguely recognizable despite their costumes. They danced relatively properly, yet their hands were most certainly not in the proper positions, his hand cupping one ass cheek, her hands touching his... she gasped softly. A gentle nudge of Heidi's finger at the stem of her glass induced her to take another drink, almost unconsciously. The couple danced away, but the image seared into Miss Grundy's mind.

There... another couple. But they weren't dancing anymore, just holding each other tightly in the middle of the dance floor. A black woman, not so many of them in the town that she couldn't narrow it down ordinarily, but a white man. He kissed her softly, and the answering groan issued from not one, but two feminine throats. Another swallow and the glass was refilled.

Another couple... two women. Beautiful... soft and seductive. They touched each other in a bedroom manner, doing things that Miss Grundy had never... had never before contemplated. Not before such sights presented themselves to her. She drank more deeply of her glass, her eyes wide and staring. She wanted that...

Who was that pair, dancing off into the corner? And now, with him pressing her against the wall, and now her holding his head as he kissed exposed flesh so lovingly. And why did she feel so wet, as if she'd peed on herself? Her thighs rubbed against each other; why did she want to spread them and receive...

She recognized the man approaching them even through his costume. Maximus stood before them in the raiment of a Zulu warrior, his muscular dark body glistening beneath little besides a loincloth and headdress. The loincloth bulged, the swelling growing even as she watched. And as her lips parted as if of their own accord, her body preparing to do that which her mind had not consented to, she heard the sweet voice of Miss Weiss in her ear... and what she heard made everything better...

Epilogue

Miss Weiss was filing away the last of the returns for the afternoon when she arrived. This time her approach was far less aggressive, deprived of the fear and insecurities that motivated such. This time her clothing was somewhat softer, as was her posture. Every inch of her seemed more relaxed, accepting of what was before her. "Hello... Heidi," she said, her voice halting over the still novel usage of her dearest friend's first name.

Heidi turned to face her friend, walking towards her with her loving smile shining at her. Slender arms gently enfolded her in a warm embrace. Soft lips kissed her own.

"Hello, Gracelynnne," Heidi said. And then Gracelynnne kissed her back, giving Heidi some of the love that had been contained within her for so long. The love that had finally found an outlet, by the grace of G-d and her beloved Heidi Weiss.