

EXOTIKA

ELLORA'S CAVE

Lyla Sinclair

Checking
Out *Audrey*

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Checking Out Audrey

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Chapter One

I heard a groan as I neared the reference section, my favorite area of the Edward J. Kumm University Library. Quieting my steps, I listened for more of the familiar sounds. I'd seen the looks the two had given each other earlier when I was working the front desk. They'd been downstairs, studying at different tables, pretending to be strangers, but I suspected that they were just playing the game—the game I'd witnessed numerous times yet my elderly coworkers seemed completely oblivious to.

Another groan. I was almost there, so I went around the back of the second-to-last shelf then sidled up the final row, my hands caressing the decrepit spines as I passed. If my boss Mrs. Cravitz knew why quiet little Audrey Simms was really so eager to “re-shelve” the giant tomes that no other librarian wanted any part of...

A moan...and a grunt. I hoped I wasn't too late.

Silently, I slid a copy of the *Farmer's Almanac*—I never understood why we needed it at an arts and communications college—out of its rightful place on the shelf and peeked through, knowing this was the best and safest vantage point.

As suspected, there was the blondie-blonde from downstairs, her spaghetti straps pulled halfway down her arms, her large breasts exposed. Although I was a blue-eyed strawberry blonde myself, nothing about me had *that* kind of appeal. She was one of those girls who oozed sexuality and invitation from every pore of her body.

My nipples tingled and I wondered if that made me a lesbian.

I suppose I should have been jealous of her since she was the one participating and all I could ever do was watch, but I couldn't help appreciating her boldness in being able to bare all in a public place. Besides, there was no point in feeling envious of something you could never be in a million years.

I'd recognized the guy from the moment he'd walked into the library. His chiseled jaw, tousled sandy brown hair and broad shoulders appeared in every issue of the college newspaper. It was no surprise Kurt Anderson—star running-back of the football team—could get any woman he wanted to the third floor with him. In fact, I was surprised I hadn't seen him up there before.

His big hand—perfect for catching footballs—squeezed one of the blonde's breasts as he sucked hungrily on the other. I was mesmerized by his full lips and long, thick fingers. I wondered what they'd feel like on my body.

On *my* breasts.

I glanced around, unnecessary as it was. With Google and Wikipedia, no one used this section for legitimate purposes anymore. The only books I had to re-shelve were the ones I removed for a better view.

Sliding my hand under my shirt, I caressed my breasts through the bra. They were probably as big as hers, maybe bigger, but I always covered them in giant woolen sweaters or corduroy jackets, since my shyness with the world was all-encompassing, mind and body.

Kurt pushed the blonde back onto the study table and stepped in closer so her legs were splayed open, straddling him.

"Yeah, you want it, baby," he rasped. "You want me to take you right here, where anybody could see."

She raked her long manicured fingernails down the back of his shirt. He growled and covered her pouty-lipped mouth with his. As he grasped her hair in a tight grip at her scalp, he slid the other hand down until it found the end of her short skirt. I watched his thick fingers disappear underneath. She moaned and pushed her hips forward. My own hips thrust forward of their own accord. He stopped suddenly and looked into her eyes.

"Why, Goldilocks, you're not wearing any panties on your pussy," he said.

A naughty grin spread across her face. She raised a perfectly arched brow. “The better to fuck you with, my dear,” she replied.

For a split second I felt it was my duty as a librarian to point out that they’d mixed up the two fairy tales and the second quote was actually a paraphrase from Little Red Riding Hood. But the urge passed quickly when I saw her hand move down to his pants and I heard the unmistakable sound of his zipper.

I held my breath and couldn’t allow myself to blink until I saw what was in there. She whipped it out with a flourish—obviously a professional cock slinger. He groaned. My pussy groaned along with him and I was pretty sure then that I wasn’t a lesbian. It wasn’t the biggest penis I’d seen in my “studies” on the third floor of the library but it was respectably long and very thick. I imagined how it would feel pushed inside me, my pussy stretching around it...

She pushed his jeans down a bit, exposing his ass to me. A fabulous ass. One of those squatting, bench-pressing kind of asses. I felt a sound in my throat and wondered if it had been audible. They certainly didn’t seem to notice.

She pumped her hand up and down on his hard purple flesh exactly five times—I always counted for some odd reason.

“Fuck me,” she whispered. “Now.”

“Oh, I’ll *fuck* you,” he said. He pulled her off the table and flung her around so her face was squeezed against the ancient *Britannicas*. Pushing her skirt up to her waist, he kneaded her ass with his huge hands. My mouth went dry as I watched him place his cock just outside the entrance to her pussy. He slid in, so slowly it was almost painful to watch...to wait for.

“Please fuck my pussy,” she whimpered. I watched with longing as his wet cock slid out of her and back inside again. My eyes fell closed. Leaning forward, I pushed my green-corduroy-skirt-covered crotch up against a volume of *Standard and Poor’s* that was protruding from a lower shelf, and enjoyed the slight bit of friction between my thighs.

Any port in a storm, I guess.

He thrust into her, and I thrust along with him, desperately trying to have some semblance of sex for myself. I could feel my panties dampening under my long skirt.

“You’re such a hot little slut!” he gritted out. I imagined it was me he’d said that to, and my thrusts became more frantic.

Her sounds went higher in pitch until they became a staccato “Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh,” followed by a lot of writhing and shuddering. This was it. He’d come any second and I wanted to come with him. I pinched my nipples and ground my pussy against him—I mean, the book. He pounded her like a jackhammer then grunted loudly and collapsed with her against the encyclopedias.

As usual, I wasn’t as lucky. I was *so* close *so* many times before, but it never happened for me. At least not with anyone else around. I took these stolen interludes home with me and used them to get off at night, but I was always alone.

Alone in my apartment. Alone in bed.

As much as I hated to admit it, my “duties” on the third floor of the library were a part of why I hadn’t sought a job in my chosen field after graduating with a communications degree a couple of years before. Instead, I’d taken the full-time job the library offered, turning what was supposed to be a part-time college gig into a career, of sorts.

Not that I’d have done much better if I could have torn myself away from my lurid little hobby. As a senior who’d gone through high school virtually unnoticed, I’d decided the change of scenery at a university would “fix” me, and my extreme shyness would magically evaporate. I chose the communications major, with the totally unrealistic expectations of becoming a news writer or reporter...or even an anchorwoman.

If anything, my college experience had made my problem worse. When I started my freshman year, the university was out of dorm space, so I took an apartment alone—the same apartment I lived in four years later when I officially became a librarian. The same one I lived in now, as a matter of fact.

I still couldn't look people in the eye for more than a split second. I still couldn't hold the simplest of conversations, especially with a guy, without going completely blank. Just the thought of job interviews—eye contact, putting your best foot forward, thinking clearly while someone questioned and judged you—was unfathomable to me.

* * * * *

Those same thoughts were going round and round in my head the next day as I scanned bar codes for students who were checking out books.

Without looking up, I took the next book handed to me.

"Your hair looks nice like that."

I glanced up into brown eyes with flecks of gold that I could swear were sparkling flirtatiously at me. Perfect white teeth, which stood out brilliantly against his olive complexion, smiled down at me. He was a bronzed god. Tall, dark, handsome...and he was looking at me as if he knew me. Or wanted to know me.

My eyes lowered immediately but I'd suddenly forgotten which button to push before I scanned.

"You usually wear it pulled back, don't you?"

I could swear my heart stopped dead in my chest. I considered asking for CPR but was completely tongue-tied. Had he really been noticing how I wore my hair?

"Like in a bun or something?" he tried again.

That morning I'd been in a hurry and rushed out of my apartment without anything to make a ponytail or bun with. But how did he know? I didn't recognize him. But I guess when you go through life with your head down, there are a lot of things you miss.

"Mm-hm," I replied, trying to seem busy and efficient instead of painfully shy. I stared down at his library card.

Maximiliano Fernandez.

"I know it looks like a mouthful, but everybody just calls me Max," he said. I looked up at him again. He had a sheepish grin on his face, but *I* knew that *he* knew it was totally charming and nearly irresistible. I felt my face turning pink, so I lowered my head and began scanning his books. "My parents just got a little carried away...with the name I mean..."

"All done," I said, and glanced toward the next person in line so Max would take the hint.

"Since you know my name, it'd be only fair if I knew yours...don't you think?" he asked.

"Audrey Simms," I murmured without looking up. I grabbed the next library card that was being held out toward me and continued working.

As I felt him move away, I wished with all my heart I could respond in kind to his interest in me. But then I reminded myself that a person had to walk before they could run and my two—mostly clothed and fumbling—sexual experiences in the backseat of cars in high school barely counted as crawling. I certainly didn't qualify for this guy. First, he was Latin for God's sake, and they're famous the world over as lovers. Okay, that might be a stereotype, but what if it was one with a basis in fact? I couldn't take that chance.

And second, his name was Maximiliano, which I was pretty sure was from the Latin "maximus" meaning "the greatest". I've always held a strong belief that people tend to live up to their names—self-fulfilling prophecies and all that. I could only imagine the wild, passionate abandon this guy would expect in bed.

I decided that even if my life changed drastically that very day, it would take me years—maybe decades—before I'd qualify for a Maximiliano Fernandez.

How tempting he was, though, with the twinkling eyes and the smooth voice, and did I see dimples?

Maybe if I start with Cheech Marin and work my way up...

But my life didn't change drastically that day. It was the same lonely day, followed by the same depressing night that I'd experienced hundreds of times over the past six years.

A week later, though, I was confronted with something so shocking, so unthinkable, so lurid...well, let's just say things changed all right. Boy, did they change.

Chapter Two

On average, my coworkers at the library had been at the university thirty-five years—*each*, not combined. Needless to say, their bedtimes were earlier than mine, so I generally volunteered to do the final walk-through and lock up.

This was the case on Friday night, a week after the “Running-back and Blondie” show—I tended to keep time by my favorite “shows” of the week back then, and my favorites were usually the ones where the couple showed little care for being seen or caught in the act. Unrestrained people who allowed me to imagine what it would be like to be free of my social dysfunction were always alluring to me.

Anyway, it was about 9:00, and I’d already walked through each floor to make sure everyone was gone. It wasn’t difficult to get rid of them on Friday nights since normal people usually had something fun to do. As I put the key in the door to lock up, I was contemplating renting a movie on the way home and ordering a pizza.

“Um...hi.”

I swung around, startled, and found Blondie just inches away with an odd look on her face. “Did you forget something?” I asked, assuming she’d left part of her wardrobe inside since she was certainly dressed too scantily for the weather we were having.

“No. I have a proposition for you...er...an...invitation.”

I looked at her blankly.

“I saw you the other day...*watching* us.”

My heart beat like a rabbit’s and my stomach flipped over. Someone knew! *Shit! Fight or flight? Fight or flight?* I think I made a strangled sound in my throat.

“Oh, it’s okay,” she said quickly. “It was kind of a turn-on.”

I didn’t know what to say to that. I’d always just thought it was perverted.

"Anyway," she continued, "I was hoping you'd come over to my apartment tonight to watch again."

"*What?*" My mind was boggled at the thought. Yet I felt a rush of liquid and a twinge between my thighs.

"It's a real turn-on for me and you obviously like it, so..."

"No!" I'd started thinking of the gossip that could come out of this. I'd be known as the weird peeping-Tom librarian all over the college. I couldn't find the words to explain to her how horrified I was at the thought of the notoriety this could bring.

She looked hurt. Her face turned to a pout. "But why not? You could hide in the closet. It would be fun..."

"No! Just *no!*" I said. But I remembered his hungry lips on her breasts and his thick cock pummeling her until she came. If I were in a closet, I could not only see the action but feel more free to touch myself and maybe I could come with him this time. I shook the crazy thoughts out of my head. "No," I repeated firmly.

Her expression immediately turned into a scowl and her eyes narrowed. "Okay, here's the bottom line," she said. "If you go with me tonight, I'll keep your little 'hobby'," she punctuated the last word with air quotes, "to myself. If not, everyone will know tomorrow. I'll even send an anonymous email to your boss."

Okay, I wasn't prepared for that. I also wasn't prepared to lose my job suddenly, especially with my tendency to forget words when they counted the most—like in an interview, for instance. And the truth was, my whole body was screaming to go along with her. It would be the most intimate sexual setting I'd experienced in years. It would be almost like doing it myself.

"Do you swear this will not get out?" I asked.

She crossed her heart and made a Boy Scout sign, and I hoped that counted for something.

As I followed her to her apartment, I kept asking myself what the hell I thought I was doing, going to a live sex show. This was madness. But I kept thinking of the sight of Kurt grabbing wildly at her breasts and her hand pumping away at his engorged organ.

Once we got there, she walked me quickly through her bright pink bedroom and positioned me in her closet. The French doors had convenient slats on them that I could watch through.

She started to shut me in there, but I got cold feet. "Will he know I'm here?" I asked.

"No, just you and I will know," she said firmly. "I'm an exhibitionist, you're a voyeur. It's perfect. No reason for him to know."

I only felt a little relieved. My heart beat wildly and I considered running out, but there was my job...and his big hands on her breasts...and his hard cock—her cell phone rang.

"He's on his way up!" she said excitedly as she shut the door. I watched her rush to the mirror on the adjoining wall, run the brush through her hair then "fluff" her breasts by placing a hand inside each bra cup and pulling upward and inward. She tugged her low-cut t-shirt down a bit to show off the extra cleavage she'd created. The doorbell rang.

I could hear her as she ran into the living room and threw open the door. "Hey, Kurtsy! Happy Birthday!"

I nearly snickered at the nickname. Then I wondered why, if it was *his* birthday, she'd gone out of her way to get her own fetish fulfilled.

Within seconds they were in the bedroom, making out, hot and heavy. He grabbed her ass through her tight denim mini and she ground into him and pressed her hands to his chest, running them all the way up and over his shoulders. My palms itched to feel pecs like those, even though I was never especially attracted to the football-player build. I noticed a dampness *down there* and realized I was already aroused and nothing had really happened yet. Maybe this time I could actually come.

Kurt pulled Blondie's shirt over her head—I preferred not to know her name, so I hadn't asked—and exposed what I then realized was not a bra, but a lovely red bustier.

"Hot!" Kurt said. "Did you buy this special for my birthday?"

"I know how you like red," she replied. I noticed the bustier ended at the top of her hips and there was an enticing bit of skin between it and the red thong below.

Kurt noticed too. He traced the exposed area with a finger, running it from one hip to the other.

Oh to be touched, to be touched, to be touched! If a genie offered me three wishes at that moment, that's what they'd have been. All I wanted in the world was a little human contact.

On its way back across her skin, Kurt's finger dipped for a split second into the front of her thong and she gasped. I gasped with her then reminded myself I'd better be quiet as a mouse. I couldn't imagine what Kurt would think if he found me here. And surely the football team would know the next day.

Blondie unbuttoned his shirt as she looked up at him from under her eyelashes. She certainly had the expressions down. Kurt seemed ready to eat her alive. When she finished with the buttons, she grabbed one side of his shirt in each hand and pulled it violently off his shoulders. He made a growling noise as she placed her mouth on his abs.

I realized I hadn't seen his chest before. It was a little over-developed for my taste, yet I yearned to press my palms against his pecs or maybe even nibble a nipple. His shoulders were so powerful-looking it was a bit scary to see up close. Part of me was glad I wouldn't be bearing the brunt of his brute force tonight, but another part wished I could experience a man-animal like that just once, or a real man of any sort, actually.

After his shirt was on the floor, Kurt pushed Blondie backward onto the bed. He reached down and grabbed her thong in each hand, ripping it to shreds rather than pulling it off.

God, what a turn-on! I couldn't help myself. I had to pull my below-the-knee brown corduroy skirt up as far as possible so I could reach my pussy. I began caressing it through my panties.

My finger raked over my clit just as Kurt put his lips on Blondie's inner thigh and began sucking at the tender skin there. I moaned. Kurt's head lifted instantly and he looked around.

"What was that?" he asked.

I froze. I didn't dare remove my hand from my crotch. I didn't dare adjust my skirt. I didn't dare breath. I waited for her to explain away the noise and distract him, but I didn't hear anything. I tried to see her face, but his big body was blocking it.

The next thing I knew, Kurt jumped off the bed, turned toward the closet and threw the door open.

I'd heard the term "deer in the headlights" before, but unless one has experienced a college running back catching one in a closet with one's hand up her skirt while surreptitiously watching him have sex...one can't imagine what the poor deer feels.

I was like a statue. I hadn't breathed since he'd heard me moan and hoped I would black out at any moment so I wouldn't have to deal with the humiliation of this most horrific moment in time.

"Holy shit, Ashley!" he yelled. "You got me my birthday wish!"

At this, my body involuntarily sucked in a breath. *Damn. No blackout.* And what was he talking about?

"A good-girl birthday fuck! You are the most awesome girlfriend ever!"

I looked at Ashley, expecting her to explain that I wasn't there for him, but she just smiled as though she'd planned it all like this.

Wait...had she?

Kurt reached down and pulled me up. "Awesome!" he said as he looked me over like I was an all-you-can-eat buffet and he was trying to decide where to start.

"I...um..." I stuttered.

"Wait, Kurt," Ashley finally spoke up. "There's a rule. If you see her anywhere else, you can't ever mention this. No pointing her out to the guys on the team or anything. You can't know her name." Ashley looked at me hopefully.

"Deal!" Kurt said.

Wait? What? What are we agreeing to here?

"Cool," Ashley said.

"Wow, thanks!" he said to Ashley then he turned to me. "Thanks!"

His boyish enthusiasm about me was incredibly disarming, and I didn't know what to say. To think someone like him was actually excited about someone like me was unimaginable but exciting.

He grabbed the bottom of my voluminous wool sweater and pulled it over my head. He smiled at my button-down shirt that had been hiding underneath. "Wow, she's got some tits, if I can ever get to them under all these clothes. Fuck, she's hot!"

While it was a bit disturbing to be talked about as if I weren't there and treated like a sex object, it was also shockingly gratifying. I wanted to be Kurt's sex toy for the night. But more than anything else, I wanted to be touched. If I could just get over the butterflies...

He looked into my face for a moment. "You've got beautiful red lips. I'm gonna call you 'Cherry'." My lips did tend to be naturally redder than most, but the nickname was almost dead-on, considering my minimal sexual encounters.

I got more anxious about the idea of being naked in front of Kurt. I was never naked in front of anyone, at least not as long as I could remember. But my skin ached to be touched and my pussy ached to be—well, absolutely any attention would do there.

Ashley reached up and pulled the band out of my hair. She ran her fingers through it and let it fall onto my shoulders. I was so deprived of human interaction, even that made me breathe harder. Kurt began unbuttoning my shirt, one button at a time. As he

did, I felt sorry that I was only wearing a plain white bra and panties. It seemed so dull next to Ashley's sexy red get-up.

"Any other rules, babe?" Kurt asked.

"None. It's your birthday," Ashley replied. As his face moved toward mine, I panicked a little, thinking I should come up with some sort of rules myself, but I was unable to imagine what they would be.

He placed his lips next to my ear. As he pulled my shirt off my shoulders, he whispered, "Why do you hide this body under all these clothes, Little Cherry? You have big, beautiful tits." I felt my bra release. As it hung loosely on my breasts, Kurt traced the line of the white bra where it met my skin. The tickling sensation was heavenly.

"I'll just be in the closet," Ashley said.

I was torn between a fear of being left alone to fend for myself with Kurt Anderson and the satisfaction that Kurt didn't even look up as Ashley stepped away.

He reached up and took the straps of my bra in his hands and moved them slowly off my shoulders. I shuddered at the deliciousness of his light touch. Next, he unfastened my skirt and let its weight pull it to the ground. "Mmm...Cherry..." he growled as he ran his hands over my stomach and hips. "Too good to keep under wraps."

Kurt pushed me backward onto the bed. As he moved to straddle me, I watched those bench-pressing thighs take their places on either side of my legs. I sucked in a shaky breath, wondering if I should be doing something. Kurt lowered his head until his mouth made gentle contact with one of my nipples. I moaned loudly—and unexpectedly.

"God, you're sensitive there," Kurt said. I decided I'd rather have him think I was supersensitive than to know I'd never been touched there, at least not bare-breasted.

He sucked harder and my crotch began to pulse. I opened my eyes slightly to watch his tongue trace its way over to my other breast. It danced and swirled, taunting my

needy nipple until I thought I'd go mad. I wanted to reach down to pleasure myself but he was blocking the way. I closed my eyes and grimaced with need. When I finally felt his lips close over my nipple, every thigh and vaginal muscle contracted. Suddenly, I was thrown into all-out orgasm, thrusting my hips and arching my back in unmitigated pleasure. I felt him move away and, on reflex, my hand went to my pussy so I could enjoy the pressure of fingertips to clit on the last spasms. When I finally stopped shuddering, I opened my eyes and realized Ashley had come out. She and Kurt were staring at me dumbstruck.

After several uncomfortable moments, Kurt finally spoke. "Holy shit! I've never seen anybody come like that. I wasn't even touching her pussy or anything."

"Do you always come that easily?" Ashley asked.

What was this? The Kinsey Report? And how could I explain myself to someone like her? If I told her how little skin-to-skin contact I'd had in the past few years – no, in my whole life – she would think I was a complete freak. Women like her got touched all the time. Luckily, Kurt's enthusiasm saved me from answering.

"I want to see how many times I can make her come tonight," he said.

The last orgasm had been so overpowering, I couldn't imagine living through several of those in one night.

"Everything's a competition with you," Ashley said with an eye roll.

But Kurt was standing over me now, looking like a man on a mission. Ashley disappeared back into the closet. I wondered if she would be pleasuring herself the way I had been when I was watching her and Kurt.

Kurt lowered his face toward mine until our lips were almost touching. I yearned for them to make contact with mine. *A real kiss*. What I suddenly needed more than anything else in the world.

As he moved in closer, I could see his arms in my peripheral vision, muscles flexing in his biceps, yet he never looked like he was exerting himself. His lips touched mine softly. I nearly melted into the bed. I opened my mouth, greedily wanting more,

desperate for anything he could give me. He suddenly plunged his tongue full force into me, pushing and swirling and pushing again. As the pressure increased on my lips, the twinges in my pussy started all over again.

When his tongue began to recede, I was afraid he was leaving me. My hungry mouth hadn't had nearly enough attention, so I flung my arms around him and held him, keeping his lips tightly pressed on mine. I thrust my tongue violently into his mouth. When he battled it back with his, I sucked until his tongue was nearly down my throat.

When I finally released him, Kurt kissed his way down my chest, until he was nibbling the side of my stomach. Tingles spread from my nipples to my clit. I groaned like a dying woman as his teeth raked across my skin. Nibbling here. Biting there. I'd been physically alone for so long, I hadn't even realized the full extent of my need, but this was heaven.

Kurt sucked a spot just below my bellybutton and my back arched a couple of feet off the bed. My body released more liquid, confirming that I was ready for him. The thought passed through my mind that this was only for one night and the sensations were so incredible that now I would miss them more than ever.

But I did have tonight. And an added pleasure in knowing that, for once, *I* was the one feeling it. *I* had a man's undivided attention, his lips, his hands, not to mention...

I looked down at the bulge in his boxer briefs with satisfaction. Tonight I wasn't the sensation-deprived, touch-deprived, sex-deprived woman I'd resigned myself to being long ago. And blondie-blondie, sex-oozing Ashley had to watch from the shadows.

Kurt's lips closed over my panty-covered clit without warning and I arched even higher, unable to keep the gut-wrenching "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh!" from coming out.

There was a flash of light and I opened my eyes to see Ashley peeking out of the closet, holding an iPhone. "No pictures!" I yelled.

Who would have thought there'd be paparazzi for this? I tried to jump off the bed, but Kurt's torso was holding the lower half of my body hostage.

"No biggie," Ashley said. "These are just for us to look at afterward. We'll erase them all before you leave if you want, but I think you're going to like the low-light ones I took. Really artsy."

I was too turned-on to belabor the point and made a mental note to erase everything before I left.

But I didn't have much time to dwell on Ashley's shutterbugging because Kurt's lips had gone right back to sucking on my silk-covered clit. His tongue began doing figure eights, increasing in pressure until I screamed and went into uncontrollable spasms. He kept sucking until my shuddering subsided then lifted his head and smiled at me triumphantly.

My hips bucked upward in an involuntary signal to him. He understood what I needed and placed a hand on each of my thighs, pushing them farther apart ever so slowly until I was as wide open as I could be for him.

Except I realized my bikinis were still on. I should have thought to remove them before I got in this position. I didn't want anything separating me from any part of his body now. I watched as he put a finger in one side of my panties at my crotch and pulled them aside, baring the most private place on my previously private body.

He was staring straight into my pussy. I felt nervous and aroused at the same time. With one finger he caressed the little hairs that outlined my pussy, causing an irresistible tickling sensation. My clit tightened and relax several times. I knew my touch-crazed body could come again at the slightest provocation.

"Do you like that, Cherry?" Kurt asked.

I nodded.

"Do you want me to play with your pussy?" he asked.

I nodded again, too shy to answer out loud.

"If you want me to play with your pussy, you have to tell me, Cherry,"

"I..." but I didn't know how to make the right words come out of my mouth.

Kurt began to release my panties as though he were going to let them fall back into place, covering my pussy, ending his contact with it.

But now that I'd had a taste of skin-to-skin contact, there was no going back. "Please?" I whimpered.

And that's when Kurt Anderson, star running back at Edward J. Kumm University, grasped my panties in his huge hands and tore them away like they were made of paper. I nearly came again at the sight of it.

Then he reached down with his thumb and forefinger and spread my pussy lips open wide. Ever so slowly, he lowered his head toward me. I tried to be still and wait patiently, but I couldn't do it.

When his tongue came within an inch or so of my clit, I lifted my hips until we made contact and I experienced the most fabulous sensation I've ever felt in my life. I expected it to be wet. That was logical. But I had no idea how much better it would be compared to the dry fingers I was used to — my own, of course.

It was ecstasy. It was mind-boggling. It was too...much...

After only two suckles and one wondrous swirl, I burst into orgasm again, grinding my hips like a crazed whore, no longer caring what anyone thought, or that Ashley was nearby, or that it was Kurt Anderson who had his face in my crotch. All I cared about were the incredible electrical sensations coursing through my body, shooting from my pussy, causing every muscle in my body to flex, relax and flex again. I thought I would die of pleasure.

"Shit! You came again already," Kurt said, obviously impressed. He put his finger inside me and I clamped on to it, not wanting to let it go. "Damn, you're such a hot little bitch."

I tried to formulate some equally dirty talk. My mind was blank as usual, but at least this time I was relaxed. Jelly from head to toe. And yet my pussy still throbbed, waiting for the final act.

Sure, Kurt Anderson wasn't my type physically—a bit too much brawn—and he certainly wasn't my type mentally—a bit too few brains—but he was there. And he was a man. And he was treating me as if I were the hottest woman in the world instead of the quiet little church mouse I knew I was. I was center stage, feeling everything for real and Ashley was in the closet. I think a grin actually spread over my face at the thought.

"I wanna fuck you, Cherry," Kurt said. "I wanna fuck you like I've never wanted to fuck anyone. I'm gonna fuck you 'til you scream."

Yes, I want to scream.

Kurt's mouth closed over mine and before I could cooperate, he forced his tongue into me and pummeled my tongue with it like a jackhammer. The shaft of his hard cock was squeezed against my pelvic bone. I began wiggling, trying to adjust so his cock would slip inside me. I was desperate for it. At that moment I would have done anything to feel a man inside me.

Without breaking off the kiss, Kurt moved his hips until I could feel the tip of his cock at the entrance to my pussy. "Spread your legs for me, Cherry. Wrap your legs around— Ouch! What the fuck?"

I opened my eyes and realized that Ashley was standing over us. There'd been a slapping sound. By the area Kurt was rubbing, I figured she'd smacked him on the ass—hard.

"I wanna fuck you like I've never wanted to fuck anyone'?" Ashley said in a mimicky voice. "What the fuck was that? And you never talk to me when we fuck!"

"I talk to you all the time," Kurt said as he got up off me. He was right. I remembered him talking when they were in the library.

"Not like that. You're way too excited over her."

"But it's my birthday...this was my good-girl fantasy fuck...it was your idea!" Kurt whined like a small boy. He stepped toward Ashley as they continued fighting. I realized I didn't belong there. Jealous Ashley, who'd probably had a thousand men, had

managed to horn in on my *one* night of pleasure and stop us just when I was finally going to get the complete package. All my sexual needs met for once.

Bitch.

To make matters worse, her control over my sex life was completely humiliating. I grabbed my big sweater and threw it over my head then pulled on my corduroy skirt as quickly as I could. I looked around for my bra and button-down shirt, planning to stuff them into my bag.

Then, I saw the iPhone sitting on the dresser. I glanced over to make sure the *happy* couple was still distracted and ducked into the bathroom, phone in hand. Luckily, I had the same model, so I immediately found the pictures. I was about to start deleting, but one of the photos caught my eye. Was that how I really looked in the throes of passion? I'd never imagined —

Ashley's voice got louder in the other room. I decided I'd better make my exit ASAP. I went to hit the delete button, again. But something compelled me to email the pictures to myself first. Then I erased all traces of myself from Ashley's photo section and slinked out of the bathroom.

Somehow the screaming had turned into passion. Ashley was perched on a dresser, Kurt's hands squeezing her ass as he thrust his cock into her, murmuring, "You're the only cunt for me, baby."

I had become a moot point. The story of my life.

Chapter Three

For the next two weeks a depression fell over me, different than any passing mood I'd experienced before. I couldn't stop thinking of how Ashley had made me some insignificant little pawn in her game, to be used and discarded on a whim.

But the saddest part was that I had allowed it. I'd been so desperate for human contact that I'd let her and Kurt do anything they wanted to me, just so I could enjoy the slightest touch. And I was willing to be the sex toy of a man who wasn't even my choice, my date, my lover, my type...

My state of physical need had intersected with my inability to form normal relationships and this had been the result. It wasn't Ashley's fault at all, really. It was all me.

Max came by the library several times during my depression. When I checked out his books, I kept my head down and pretended not to notice him. I thought if I looked up at him, he might see what a pathetic excuse for a human being I was and I couldn't stand the idea of that. He was silent these times. I figured he'd given up, which was for the best. I was a loser.

Since I hadn't wanted to be reminded of that certain night—as though I could forget—it took until Saturday, two weeks and a day after my ill-fated sexual adventure, before I got up the nerve to open the email with my pictures in it. But the one positive emotion I'd taken away from that night was that feeling I got when I saw the pictures—the shock and awe about my own body and the way it might look to other people.

The first one popped up on my computer screen. Kurt's tongue was on my nipple and, although it gave me a little twinge in my crotch, I didn't want to dwell on Kurt or Ashley. I glanced through them until I found the one I was looking for. My eyes were

closed, my back arched high, my fingers dug into the sheets. I could see just the top of Kurt's head between my thighs.

The picture seemed to have been taken at the moment his mouth had made contact with my clit and I looked beautiful. Not "okay", not "passable", and certainly not shy or mousy. I couldn't believe it was me.

I was overcome by a sense of pride in how I looked and even in how I'd acted in those moments of extreme sensation. For a short time in my life I had lost my inhibitions. Maybe there was hope for me. Maybe someday the right circumstances would present themselves and I could do it again. Hopefully with a man I actually liked who didn't have a girlfriend lurking nearby.

Just maybe.

As it so happened, the very next day Max appeared in the library. I saw him before he saw me because I was working the reference desk and he was looking at the spot where I usually stood checking out books. I let myself stare openly, taking in his warm brown hair and his warm brown skin. Seeing him filled me with the sensation of taking the first exquisite sip of hot chocolate on a cold winter's day then wrapping up in my favorite blanket and watching a movie.

He stared at the main desk for a few seconds. I saw a look of disappointment come over his features. Could it be because I wasn't there? I wished I could bring myself to wave him over and say something flirty like...?

He turned and saw me and my eyes immediately dropped to the winter break reading list Professor Jerome had just dropped off, as he did every year, despite the fact that it was barely October and none of his English majors ever asked for it anyway.

Okay, I needed to force my eyes up and look over at him invitingly—Max, not Professor Jerome. After immense effort on my part, I was able to move my eyes up several inches so that I was staring at the autobiography section a few yards

away...until a pair of Levi's blocked the way. I knew that crotch. I'd seen it enough times in my peripheral vision as Max stood in line to check out books.

I realized staring at his crotch was sort of creepy since we didn't know each other that well. I looked back down at the list.

"Audrey?"

My eyes shot up to his. "Yes?"

He didn't say anything, just stared at me, his brown eyes warming everything from my cheeks down.

"Um...may I help you?" I asked. I was happy my voice didn't squeak.

"Oh, sorry for staring," he said. "I was just noticing how pretty your eyes are...really blue, but clear, like a crystal ball or something."

I felt my face turning pink. If he hadn't had that slight Spanish rhythm to his words, it would have seemed like a completely cheesy line, but coming from him it came across as sincere...and incredibly flattering.

My eyes darted away then back to his face then down to his shirt. He was going to think I had some sort of tic-inducing medical condition. "I...uh...thanks," I replied with my usual eloquence.

He kept staring. My heart was beating a hole in my chest. I started breathing harder. I never knew staring was an aerobic activity, but apparently it was. With him, anyway.

"Oh," he said. "I need your help. I have Jerome for a literature class." He made a face and tipped his head toward the professor, who'd stopped near the door to talk to Professor Kendall. "I like to read, but I'm not an English major or anything. Anyway, I have to pick a 'classic' to do a paper on and I'm wondering if you can find me one that's not totally boring." He handed me a two-page list of titles.

Although I had the feeling he really didn't need my help on this, I was determined, for once, not to let the opportunity pass me by. But I needed a confidence builder. "I'll

be glad to help you," I said. "But I have to run to the back for just a second. I'll meet you in the fiction section in a couple of minutes."

He smiled widely and I nearly passed out. He apparently got more gorgeous the more teeth he showed. "Okay, I'll be waiting..." he seemed to be trying to coax something out of me through my eyes, "impatiently", he finished. As he strolled off toward the stairs, I grabbed my bag and headed for the bathroom.

When I got there, I quickly locked myself in one of the stalls and fumbled in my backpack for my iPhone. There was one picture stored on it. I touched the screen until I appeared there, nearly naked. A wanton beautiful whore. The picture proved it. I could be wild and unrestrained. If I could do that, certainly I could hold a conversation with Max.

I rushed upstairs to the fiction section before I lost my newfound courage and found Max browsing the *A-Br* section. "Thanks for coming," he said as he gazed into my eyes once again. He was mesmerizing.

"It's my job," I said. His eyes lost a bit of their sparkle and I realized I'd answered badly. "I'm glad to do it," I added.

He handed me the list again. "I don't know why the classics have to be so boring," he said.

"Me either," I agreed, scanning down the list. *House of the Seven Gables*. *Ick*. Couldn't do that to him.

"Really? I thought you'd be into all those books, being a librarian and all."

Geez, that's what I was to the world—a librarian and nothing else. How did this happen? "No, if I were making a list of classics, it would be completely different," I replied. "Or at least mostly different." I was finding it a little easier to converse with him. Maybe this could work out for me, after all.

"So, what is the lesser of the evils?"

"Well, speaking of evil, I liked *Dracula* by Bram Stoker," I said. "Although, you may not find it exciting if you're a fan of all those vampire movies. It's told in a more low-key way through most of the book. Not nearly as dramatic and sexual as the movies."

"Yeah, I've never been sure about the vampire-sex connection anyway. Is it sexy because of the biting?" Max paused and caught my eye. "Or the *sucking*?"

I was going aerobic again and I felt a major twinge in my clit at the word "sucking".

"I don't know..." *Change the subject.* "You have a good vampire name though—Maximiliano." He chuckled as he followed me to the *Ro-Sw* section. I noticed I'd left my stepladder there earlier when I was re-shelving, but that probably wasn't going to cut it. Our shelves went all the way up to the ceiling.

"Stoker's kind of high. I need to go get the big ladder and slide it over," I said.

"No, I think I can reach it with this one." Max got up on the stepladder and scanned the spines. "So what else do you think I'd like from the list?"

"Well, if you're into animal books, *The Call of the Wild* is good." I was feeling the call of the wild myself as his tight butt flexed in front of me. I moved around so I wasn't staring at his ass. "Or maybe *Moby...*" But there was his crotch, right in my face now, and I thought I could see the outline of his...

"*Dick,*" I finally finished.

He came down off the ladder and we found ourselves surprisingly close to each other. A familiar scent wafted past and I experienced a newfound appreciation for Irish Spring.

"This one's fine," he said. He stood there for a moment, looking as though he wanted to say more. "Audrey?" The tone of his voice had become more personal.

"Yeah?" My stomach squeezed.

"Are you busy tonight?"

"Well, I have to close up." Damn, would he think I was blowing him off? "But I'm usually out of here just after nine." I hoped that fixed it.

His smile could have lit up Times Square. I couldn't help but smile back. "I'll be here at nine," he said. "We can go get something to eat." I noticed he didn't phrase it as a question, which gave me no chance to wimp out. I was really starting to like this guy.

* * * * *

But that night at 10:30, as he walked me back to the library to get my bag, I was as miserable as a human can be. I'd totally screwed up the date. Everything he'd asked me, I didn't want to answer because it would sound too pathetic so I said very little.

At first he'd tried to fill the void, talking about how he'd been living in Brazil because that's where most of his dad's business interests were, although his dad was Columbian by birth. He'd even made a joke about how I shouldn't be worried that he was after me for a green card because his mom was American and he was born in the States. I didn't laugh because I was thinking of how badly I'd already come across. There was also something about him becoming a grad student next semester and hoping to be in management at a Latin American TV network someday. But he could only hold up both ends of the conversation for so long until my end of it collapsed completely.

The worst part of the night had been when he'd asked me about my family—which I never talked about—followed by what I did when I wasn't working. I couldn't bring myself to say, "I read alone in my bed at night. I watch movies alone on my couch. I eat frozen dinners unless I'm feeling really wild, in which case I order a pizza." Who would want to be with a person like that?

The funny thing was that having read an average of three books per week for as long as I could remember, I'd stored up all kinds of information on a multitude of non-fiction topics and could discuss hundreds of novels. But he hadn't asked me about those. He'd asked me about myself, and I couldn't seem to get past the feelings his questions had invoked.

We walked from Italiano's in silence. I couldn't think of even one sentence with which to start a conversation. He'd obviously given up on me and I was heartbroken.

When we reached the library, I put the key in the lock and pulled. He held the heavy door for me. I turned inside the doorway to say goodbye to him, to my dreams, to the little shreds of confidence I thought I'd found in myself.

I stared up into his face for a moment, willing him to understand. To my surprise, he reached up, his finger tracing a strand of my hair, brushing my cheek as it passed.

"Audrey, I know dinner didn't go very well and I don't know if you..." his voice trailed off. "Look, Audrey..."

I heard the slightest Spanish accent on his double "O"s and the slightest trill on the "r" in my name and realized that every word, every mannerism from him just made me want him that much more. Why couldn't I open my mouth and say something? Do something? Any moment he was going to give up if I didn't sa—

"Is there any place we can go where you'd feel comfortable enough to really talk to me...or let me touch you? Anything I can do to..." He was at a loss for words, but I could feel the passion in what he'd left unsaid. And he hadn't given up.

I decided right then that for better or worse, I wanted him to know me. I wanted to open myself up to him in any and every way and let the chips fall where they may.

"Meet me on the third floor in the reference section," I blurted out suddenly.

He looked puzzled. "The reference section?" he repeated.

"I have something to show you."

Without another word, he headed for the stairs. I raced to the bathroom where I took the band out of my ponytail and shook out my hair. I flipped my head down and up again, trying to achieve the same bedroom look it had in the picture Ashley had taken. Luckily, the unseasonably spring-like weather had allowed me to wear a thin cotton skirt and sandals—no corduroy or clogs tonight. I remembered I had on a

spaghetti-strap top under my thin sweater. I pulled the sweater off and checked myself out in the mirror.

Normally, I wouldn't allow my bulging breasts this kind of free rein outside of the apartment, but guys seemed to go crazy for globs of fat, as long as they were in the right places. I took in a deep breath for confidence, but that wasn't quite enough so I looked at the girl on my iPhone one more time and reminded myself she was really me. I made for the third floor before I lost my nerve.

Out of habit, I took my normal, stealthy route, rounding the back of the second-to-last shelf and peeking through the last row of books into the reference section. Max sat on the edge of the study table, facing the books on the back wall as if he were reading the titles, but his hands were rubbing his thighs nervously.

So, Maximiliano was nervous too. Maybe not as nervous as I was, but it was strangely comforting to know I wasn't alone in my emotion.

When I came up behind him, he turned toward me. "Wow! Audrey!" He stood and looked me up and down. "Wow." Then he looked around at the shelves of books and the study table. "Do you have a roommate or something? I'm just wondering why we're here. I have an apartme —"

"No," I said with uncharacteristic force. "I live alone. But you asked if there was somewhere...and this is where I thought of. I need to tell you things."

"Okay..." He seemed a little afraid of what he might hear. I hoped this wasn't too much information at one time, but I didn't know how else to do it.

"I'm...well...shy."

"No kidding?" he said jokingly.

"No, I mean, I'm *really* shy, since I was a kid. In a way that's *really* abnormal. I can't talk to people. I can't look at people. I'm not even supposed to be a librarian. This was my college job. I was too shy to interview when I graduated."

He frowned and looked concerned. "The shy thing doesn't bother me if that's what you're worrie —"

"No," I said firmly again. "I don't think you understand. The answer to your question tonight is that when I'm not working, I'm alone reading or watching videos...*alone*. I have no roommate, I have no boyfriend, I have no friends...and I'm allergic to cats."

"Well, I don't have a cat and —"

"That's not the bad part. The truth is that since I can't even start a relationship with anyone, I...well...*watch* other people's." I couldn't believe I was telling him.

He thought about this for a moment. "How do you watch a relationship?" he asked. He didn't get it. He obviously didn't know about the reputation of this part of the library or he'd have put two and two together.

"No one uses this reference section anymore...you know, the internet..."

"No?"

"They don't use it for *reference*, I mean. They come up here and do other things."

"Hm? *Ooooh!*" He seemed surprised and interested. He was getting it. Now came the hard part.

"And I come — well, *sneak* — up here and watch from behind there." I pointed to the nearest shelf. "Then I use the experiences in my fantasies and..."

Okay, we were definitely getting into too much information. I did feel like a weight was lifted off me though. But would Max be disgusted by my creepy hobby?

Who wouldn't?

"Is that it?" he asked.

"Pretty much, yeah," I replied. "I can't believe I told you all that."

He reached out and took my hand and my breath caught at the warmth of his touch. He pulled me toward him. "But there's a reason for everything, don't you think?" His eyes mesmerized me as his finger traced a path from my temple to my chin.

"I don't know," I said breathlessly. His body was now pressing against mine. I noticed his accent had gotten a bit thicker on his last sentence. He might have been doing it on purpose or maybe it was naturally enhanced in these situations. Either way, it was hot.

His lips were only a whisper away from mine. "Did you ever wish it was you who was doing all these things?"

"Yes," I whispered excitedly, completely forgetting that I wasn't qualified for a man like him.

"When you saw me downstairs, did you ever wish I would bring you up here and do them to you?"

"Desperately," I replied. *Please don't let him be teasing me.*

Suddenly, his full lips engulfed mine. I opened to him as he ran his tongue over my upper lip then the bottom then he went in for the kill, buckling my knees with his hot, wet Zorro-flavored tongue-sword. He released my mouth, but held on to my waist so I didn't fall. I could have died a happy woman right then.

"And what do they do when you're watching them, Audrey? What do you remember when you go home at night?"

I sucked in a shuddery breath. "Sometimes he pulls her shirt down her shoulders so her breasts..." That was all I could say, but he seemed to get the idea.

He looked down at my chest then back up at my face with heavy-lidded bedroom eyes. A sly smile spread across his face.

He began to drag the spaghetti straps slowly across my shoulders. As they moved down my arms, my eyes fell closed at the heavenly sensations of Max's fingertips on my skin. *Maximiliano*. A man I chose to go out with. A man who was my type. A man without another woman lurking nearby to take him away from me.

At the shock of cold air on my breasts, I opened my eyes again, and was treated to the sight of his full, brown lips closing over my pink nipple. I felt a vibration on my clit,

even though he wasn't touching me there. His tongue made little circles around my areola then tangoed lightly across my skin to the other nipple, which was already puckered from yearning for him. He sucked and nibbled until I moaned. Then he bent lower, pulling my top down to my waist, kissing each of my ribs as I gasped and giggled at the unprecedented pleasure. God, I'd needed this forever. Someone close enough to touch. Someone comfortable enough to laugh with.

He straightened and looked into my eyes again. "What else do they do, Audrey? What do you see when you watch them?"

I suddenly had a desire to bring him pleasure. I wanted him to know I was his in every way, even if it was only for tonight.

"Sometimes, she gets on her knees and..."

His eyebrows went up. His expression was a bit surprised but definitely pleased.

"Ah, she does, does she? I can see how this would be good for him, but does she enjoy it?"

"I don't know. I want to find out."

He watched my face for a moment—just long enough for it to begin turning pink from embarrassment.

Then he sat down on the edge of the study table and placed me directly in front of him. I hoped I knew how to do this. I was overcome by performance anxiety.

When I did nothing but stand there stiffly, he put his hands on my upper arms and pulled slightly, giving me the downward momentum I needed. I knelt on the floor, directly in front of his crotch, his thighs straddling my face. I expected him to unfasten his jeans for me, but instead he watched me expectantly.

"Be my little whore tonight, Audrey," he whispered. "I think she's been waiting to come out for a long time."

He was right. She—I mean "I"—had been. I nervously unbuttoned and unzipped his jeans, fumbling only a bit. I'd been worried about having the nerve to reach in and

pull out his cock, but when I got the jeans open, it popped out on its own, already at attention.

I used what I'd learned in all my peeping sessions, taking it by the base in one hand, enveloping the head with my lips. Maybe there *was* a reason for everything.

He groaned so loudly I was glad the library was closed. "Oh God, Audrey! I need to be inside your beautiful soft mouth. Take me inside you."

I was pleasing him!

I took more of him in until I thought I had all that would fit. I swirled my tongue on his hard—yet silky—member until he began thrusting his hips rhythmically. I took the hint and slid my mouth up and down on him, slowly then more quickly, wanting so badly to live up to any fantasies he may have had about our night.

Suddenly, I felt a pressure on the outside of my pussy lips and an accompanying electrical shock on my clit. I realized he had maneuvered his shoe under my skirt, between my thighs, and was massaging the area around my pussy with the toe. For a moment I worried about my wetness and how his leather shoes had seemed brand new, but the next twinge of pleasure brushed any concerns away.

He pushed down slightly on my head as he continued the foot play and his cock slipped farther into my mouth until it was contacting the back of my throat each time I bobbed forward. The idea of Max's cock in my throat combined with the rubbing on my crotch was too much for me. One of the clit twinges was so powerful it threw me into all-out orgasm. As I shuddered, my cock sucking became more frantic and wild.

Without warning, Max pulled my head away from him. My shuddering came to an end and I stared at him, wondering if I'd done something wrong.

"You're too good at that. I didn't want to come yet. I think we have unfinished business."

I stared at his cock, shiny from my saliva. It looked hard as granite. I was proud of myself.

He pulled me to my feet. "What else do they do when you watch them?" he asked huskily. His casual demeanor had given way to heavy breathing and sexual tension made obvious by the way he was grasping my shoulders.

I stood up on shaking legs. "They...um...do it," I said.

"It?" He was teasing me.

"They...*fuck*." Wow, I'd said it.

"How do they fuck, Audrey?"

"Well, sometimes against the shelves. Sometimes she bends over with her hands on the table and he takes her from behind..."

He pulled me close, my breasts pressed against his t-shirt, caressing me with his golden-brown gaze. "And what do you want?"

What a decision to make! Both seemed fantastic, but either would be wrong because I wouldn't get to do the other. "I don't know...I want it all...with *you*."

The look that crossed his features at that moment was so heartfelt, I nearly cried. "My Audrey," he said. Then he was suddenly all over me and next thing I knew I was against the back wall shelf. His mouth pleased and suffocated mine simultaneously. I wanted to die just this way, with Maximiliano stealing all my oxygen.

He pushed my skirt up above my waist and yanked at my panties desperately. One side tore away and they slithered down my other leg to my ankle. Max's mouth plundered my neck as he whispered, "Audrey, my Audrey," over and over again. He traced my ear with his tongue then bit my earlobe as his hands roamed over my breasts then moved up my thighs, under my skirt. His fingers pressed into my bottom, supporting my weight.

I felt him squat down a bit and come up. His cock plunged into me all at once, causing a chain reaction of sensation through my chest and into my throat, which tightened with some strange emotion his invasion evoked.

"So tight...oh...so tight," he groaned.

My hands flailed around, grasping at books for stability, then I realized I had a real live man with plenty to grab.

I yanked his jeans farther down until I could squeeze his ass, feeling it flex with each pelvic thrust. He squatted and pounded into me again and again. He tried to kiss me but I had to break away to allow my moans a place to escape.

So many sensations. So much contact. So much passion. I began to experience sensory overload. It was completely wonderful and too overwhelming at the same time. I was sure my body was catching fire from the inside out. When he groaned my name into my ear, his fingers tightened in my hair and I actually experienced a moment of fear. "Max, this is too much," I panted. "So hot. Too much."

He pulled his head back and looked into my eyes. "No," he said. "It's not enough."

Much to my disappointment, his body left mine. Had I upset him? Surely he wasn't quitting?

But he grabbed my hand and pulled me over to the table. "Bend over. I want you to have the whole fantasy."

I did as he said. His jeans had worked their way down to his thighs but he didn't seem to notice. As soon as I arranged myself across the table, he pulled my skirt back up to expose my bottom. He ran his fingers lightly over my skin.

"Soft," he said. "And perfectly round...Audrey?"

"Hmm?"

"Has your pussy ever been pounded from behind?"

"Not in real life," I answered honestly.

He chuckled. "Well, I'm going to pound you in real life now." His cock touched the entrance to my pussy. All my muscles in the surrounding area flexed.

"Tell me, Audrey. I want to know that you want me. Tell me what to do."

"Oh, just fuck me!" I said impatiently.

He laughed. Then he plunged in, his laugh morphing into a groan.

The sensation from this direction was completely different. Every time he thrust inside, I got massive shockwaves as though he were hitting a main nerve line. I cried out each time, but after only a few thrusts, I went into spasms and lost control of myself completely.

Max yelled “Ahhhhh!” and pounded me frantically, shuddering until he collapsed on top of me.

Once I’d recovered my senses, which took a few minutes, I wasn’t sure what to do. It seemed that awkwardness was inevitable since we barely knew each other—except sexually of course and in that way he knew me a little too well.

Max realized all his weight was on me and pulled himself up. “I’m sorry if that was too much,” he said. “It was just really…” He left it hanging there like that, leaving me to wonder.

That’s when the full force of what I’d done hit me. I’d just confessed my lurid hobby to Maximiliano then I’d told him what to do to me, right there in the library, where I worked—a place that was sacred to my boss Mrs. Cravitz—and we’d actually *done it* there.

Not to mention the ridiculous episode with Kurt and Ashley. What reason did I have to think any of these people would keep my secret? It was just too great a story. Mousy librarian-slash-voyeur, hiding behind the shelves and “watching”. Lonely librarian presenting herself as a gift to Kurt Anderson for his birthday—oh shit! What if Max knew about that and that’s why he’d made his move?

“Audrey?”

I was still facedown on the table and knew I was probably beet red. The idea of getting up and facing Max after all he knew and all he might know…

I covered my eyes with my hands and stayed that way.

The lower part of my body felt like lead. I squeezed my eyes together and wished with my entire being Max would just go away and never come back again. I felt my skirt being pulled down gently over my naked bottom.

Seconds later, I heard my name again, murmured in a gentle tone directly in front of me. I lifted my face and looked at him over my hands. He was sitting on the floor, eye to eye with me.

"Did I hurt you?" he asked. "I guess the tables are pretty hard. I should have been more gentle."

He sounded so sweet, my throat closed up and I couldn't get any words to come out. I wasn't sure how to feel anymore.

When I didn't respond, he kept talking. "Is it your ribs? Sometimes when I'm playing football, I fall on—"

My voice suddenly returned. "You play football? Oh my God!" He had known about me and Kurt. That's why he'd been so persistent this time. "How many people know?"

"Know? Well, everyone on the team and—"

I groaned.

"And anyone who's into football—I mean soccer, not American football. I still make that mistake sometimes because most of the guys on the team are from South America and we call it '*futbol*' there."

"Wait." I sat up and pulled my straps up to cover my breasts. "What are we talking about here?"

"You asked how many people knew I was on the team."

I breathed out a massive sigh of relief. "No that wasn't what I was asking."

He raised his eyebrows, waiting for more. His genuinely concerned expression spurred me on.

"Max...I've done some crazy things lately. Desperate things. I think I need professional help."

"Maybe you need something a lot simpler."

"Like what?"

"Do you believe in love at first sight?"

"No."

"Well, all my life my father would tell the story of how he first saw my mother and he knew right then he was in love with her. And my mom would laugh like that was the craziest thing in the world, and I'd laugh with her..." He took my hand and caressed it lightly with his thumb. "But I saw you in here three months ago and haven't been able to think of anything else since."

Three months? Had I been so locked inside myself that I hadn't noticed a man trying to get my attention for three months?

"If you check my library account, I think you'll notice an absurd amount of books checked out and some really bizarre titles. When you wouldn't look at me or acknowledge me, I started thinking that if I handed you something strange enough, you wouldn't be able to resist 'checking out' the guy who would check out *Sumo Wrestling for Idiots* and *Karma Sutra Unplugged*."

"I'm sorry," I said. "I—"

"Audrey, it doesn't matter now. We're together. You're looking into my eyes. We're talking. And I have a plan."

"A plan?"

"Yeah. We go to my place and I make love to you on a nice soft bed. I'm going to touch every inch of your body with my hands..."

I imagined his warm hands roaming over my cool, needy skin.

"My lips..."

I could almost feel his lips on the nape of my neck. Probably the most sensory deprived place on my body.

"And then...my tongue."

I sucked in a shaky breath as images of Max's tongue all over me overloaded my circuits.

"Then when we wake up in the morning, we'll go by your apartment so you can change and I'm taking you out in the world for the day. You've stayed in long enough. Nobody puts Audrey in a corner."

I laughed and he put his arms around me and held me tight. "I thought *Dirty Dancing* was a chick movie," I said.

"Yes. My sister's favorite, and I always complained really loudly about it, but I'm a closet romantic."

The mention of closets cast a shadow over me. "Max? There are more things I need to tell you before you hear them...elsewhere. I've really lost my mind lately—"

He placed a finger on my lips. "After I make love to you and make you come a few more times, you'll be completely relaxed, and you can tell me anything you want. Regardless, it was in the past. Let's go."

But as he tugged lightly on my arm, he seemed to notice something at my feet. I followed his gaze and saw my panties still looped around one ankle.

"I'm sorry about the underwear," he said. "I got a little overexcited. I hope they weren't your lucky ones."

Ironically, they hadn't been before they were shredded but they were now.

* * * * *

I awoke drowsy the next morning, wondering what the odd sensation was on the inside of my thigh. As my mind cleared, I also wondered why I wasn't more concerned that there was a hot, wet tongue making its way upward toward my privates. Oh yes. Because it was Max's tongue and I already knew I liked it on my privates.

I sighed and his brown head popped up from under the covers. "Oh good, you're awake. Could you spread your thighs open a bit more for me, *querida*?"

"Mmm...of course."

It all came rushing back in a memory so potent I could feel it through my entire being. The night with Max. The most beautiful night of my life.

Realizing how much my body still needed the attention, he'd lived up to his word. He'd started with a kiss to the top of my head and left no place on my body neglected. His hands, lips and-or tongue had attended to every square inch of my skin down to my toes. Further actually, since at one point he'd even pressed a kiss on the instep of each foot. I'd felt absolutely worshipped.

When he'd entered me this time, he'd done so gently, his eyes shining into mine, and when I felt him fill me, tears emerged from somewhere inside me and streamed down my temples. He'd kissed them away and made love to me in a way I thought only happened in those movies I rented on Friday nights.

And what a way to wake up in the morning! He nibbled the place where my thigh connected to the rest of me and I jumped involuntarily.

He chuckled as I felt his thumb and finger spread my lips apart, exposing my clit to the cool air. "Oh, you must be sore from last night," he said to my again-needy nub. "Maybe just a soothing, gentle kiss..." He lowered his lips and touched it lightly.

I raised my hips and a little whine escaped me.

"What is it, *querida*? Did I hurt you?" he teased.

"Hurt me more," I demanded.

He lowered his mouth again and ran his tongue around my clit. My bottom pressed down into the bed then jerked up again. His warm hand rested on one of my thighs, squeezing in rhythm with his tongue.

"Oh Max," I whispered.

No matter what part of me Max was making love to, he did it with such care, such passion, such lo—

No, I didn't dare go there. This was just his way. His style. Just because it was different than Kurt's didn't mean it was more than a weekend fling.

He began sucking, at first so gently it was like a tease.

"More, Max. Suck me harder!" I couldn't believe the words that had come out of my mouth since last night. I'd even told him about the Kurt incident—and he'd made me feel better!

He unleashed the full force of his lips on me now and my back and hips were taking turns arching into the air. His hands moved to my bottom so he didn't lose contact through all my wild bucking.

"Holy mother of...Ohhhhhhhhh!" I screamed as I came so hard I nearly passed out.

How many times had I come in the past twelve hours? I'd lost count. And the orgasms hadn't diminished one bit from the first. I guess I was making up for an awful lot of lost time.

When I finally finished convulsing, he moved up and smiled his million-dollar smile at me, his lips still wet from his previous activities. And I found it adorable.

"You like?" he asked mischievously as he wiped his lips with the back of his hand.

My laughter came out as a snort. "You know I did. You just want the validation." Sometime during the night, I'd lost my shyness with Max.

"Well, when a man puts that much effort in..."

"Okay, you are amazing...incredible...the eighth wonder of the world...they should carve your picture on Mount Rushmore."

"That's more like it," Max said as he kissed my nose.

The most extreme emotion welled up inside me. "I love yo—" I caught myself just in time. "Your hair," I finished lamely.

Max's eyes sparkled at me as a sly grin appeared on his face. He was onto me. "I love your...*hair*...too," he said. "And your eyes, and your little button nose, and your red lips and your huge breasts..." He ran his thumbs over my nipples.

"All right, that's enough," I said, starting to turn pink. "I've never really been comfortable with the 'breast' thing."

"Why not?"

"I developed early and I was shy. Junior high boys..."

"Oh, I see."

"Max?"

"Yes?"

"Will you...? Can you...?" Damn it was happening again.

"Audrey, I don't want you to be shy with me anymore. It makes me feel like we're strangers again, like when I had to jump through hoops to get you to talk to me... I don't want to be strangers."

I melted into his passionate gaze. "Will you make love to me?" I asked bravely.

He looked at his watch.

What?

"Yes, but it will have to be a quickie."

Did he have an appointment? I thought we were supposed to spend the day together. But once I felt his cock between my thighs, nothing mattered but our moans and sighs mingled together and the feel of his warmth all over me, inside and out.

Chapter Four

As it turned out, Max had made some sort of lunch reservations for us, so after he gave me what I asked for—in spades—he drove me to my apartment to shower and change and hustled me into the car. Since he'd changed into slacks and a nice shirt before we'd left his place, I put on a dress I'd bought months ago but had never had any reason to wear. It was blue and fit my chest in a way that didn't over- or under-emphasize it. Max said he liked it because it brought out the blue in my eyes.

As we walked into the restaurant, his hand held the small of my back as though that had been its resting spot forever. I leaned my cheek against his upper arm and shut my eyes, reveling in the warmth of his touch.

When I opened them, I noticed a middle-aged couple waving in our direction. I turned and looked behind us to see who they were waving at just as Max took my hand. He led me over to their table. The couple stood, a Latin-looking man with mischievous gold-brown eyes and a blonde woman with the most fabulous smile, second only to...her son's?

"Audrey, these are my parents. Mom, Dad, this is the woman I'm going to marry."

As I turned to look at him, I lost control of my lower jaw.

"Why do I get the feeling you haven't told her yet?" his mother asked. She stood and took both my hands in hers and smiled kindly. "It's wonderful to meet you," she said.

Before I could formulate a response, her husband came around the table and enveloped me in a bear hug. I was reminded how long it had been since I'd had parents, and had to blink back a tear. "That's just a minor detail," he said in a gorgeous Spanish accent. "My son would never let such a beautiful girl escape once he found her. He's a *ship* off the old block. I had to go to his mother's house every day for a month before she

would even speak to me, but in the end, I won my prize.” He sat down next to his wife, placed his hand over hers then brought it to his lips. As he kissed it, he gazed at her with such intimacy I felt I should look away.

I turned and faced Max who was wearing that knowing smile I’d already become familiar with. He was well aware that he’d inherited his father’s masculine charms and that I found him as irresistible as his mother did his father. I looked back at her and noticed her breathing had quickened. She pried her eyes away from her husband’s, straightened, and reclaimed her hand.

As we took our seats, Max murmured into my ear. “Sorry about the surprise, but they’re only here for a one-day layover, on their way back to Brazil. I really wanted you to meet them.”

I didn’t know what to say. Logic said that we barely knew each other, but after all that had gone on last night, Max was more acquainted with me than anyone else in the world. I felt as if I’d known him for years—something that had never happened to me with another person—ever.

“So, tell us something about yourself, Audrey,” his father said, his voice oozing warmth.

Damn, there was that question again. I was absolutely heartbroken that I had nothing to say to sell myself to Maximiliano Fernandez’s parents. Nothing that could make me worthy to be his girlfriend, much less anything else in the future. Nothing that qualified me to be in this obviously beautiful, warm, successful family.

My eyes drifted down to my napkin and I wondered if I should put it in my lap or just run away now.

“Audrey is a book lover,” Max said. “She’s read practically every book in the library.”

“Well, not that many—” I began.

“Just let it go,” his mother said. “The two of them are prone to exaggeration, like father, like son.”

"A book lover?" His father looked delighted. "What are your favorites?"

I proceeded to have an effortless, two-hour conversation with Max and his parents about books, movies, American and Latin culture—and his parents' occasional humorous culture clashes...

And for the first time since my parents' funeral, I talked about how they died in a car crash when I was eleven and I'd been more or less on my own since then, living like a roommate with my dad's barely adult sister until I went off to college.

When I excused myself to go to the bathroom, Max's mom went with me. Before we left, she placed her hand on my arm. "Audrey, do you mind a little motherly advice?"

"No...not at all," I replied honestly. I'd needed some of that for a long time.

"Don't let my Maximiliano steamroll you with his charm. It's never good to let a handsome man think he can have everything his way. Give him a hard time."

I laughed, thinking that was funny advice coming from his mom. "But, Audrey, if things work out, I'd love to have you in my family some day."

Much to my surprise, I threw my arms around her, trying to hold back the tears that were fighting to be released from my eyes. I managed it, mostly, until she left me alone in the bathroom and then I had to let a few escape down my cheeks before I burst. It felt as if my life had done a one-eighty from that pseudo-life I was living before.

Was it possible I owed all this to Ashley in some weird way? After all, it was the picture she took that gave me the confidence to think there might be a chance with Max.

Everything happens for a reason.

Hmm...maybe it did.

When we got back in the car, Max turned and kissed me on the nose. "My parents loved you," he said. I think he sensed that I was getting teary-eyed again from the experience that had turned much more emotional than either of us expected. He changed the subject. "I've been wanting to see that new sci-fi movie that came out yesterday. Want to go?"

"No," I said, remembering his mother's advice. "I'm not in the mood for a movie right now. And Max? We need to talk."

His hands tightened on the steering wheel and his shoulders tensed as if he was bracing himself for the worst.

Maybe that was a poor choice of words.

"Yes?" he said.

"In the future, you need to warn me before you spring friends or relatives on me like that."

"Okay..." His shoulders relaxed a bit.

"And I'm not at all sure you're the man I want to spend my life with, but in one night you got to know me better than anyone else, so I think we're off to a good start."

We pulled up to a stoplight. His body relaxed and he turned toward me and smiled. "Okay, but I'd like to at least spend the rest of the weekend with you. What do you want to do?" The light turned green.

"I want to touch you more," I said with surprising passion. "And I want *you* to touch me."

Okay, maybe that wasn't what his mom meant by "giving him a hard time", but I had a lot of lonely weekends to make up for.

Luckily the street was empty because the car suddenly screeched to a halt and Max made an illegal U-turn back toward University Village. "My place, your place...or the reference section?" he asked. He stopped at the red light again and reached for my hand, bringing it to his lips for a sultry kiss, his warm gaze causing my heart to skip beats. Yes, he was a *ship* off the old block, all right.

I laid my head on his shoulder and squeezed his hand as he hit the accelerator. "I can do it anywhere you can," I said with confidence.

And really meant it.

About the Author

Most days Lyla Sinclair can be found lying on a beach surrounded by nubile young bodies, all of whom are at her beck and call. Eyes closed, sun warming her scantily clad body, she dictates her most lurid fantasies to one of her young sex-slaves as she's massaged, manicured and lulled to sleep by a nude Spanish guitarist. These catnaps are important, since her nights are spent gorging herself on young men and chocolate (though she never, ever gains weight).

The author welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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