

# The Quiet Section of the Library

By : Shy Girl

Isabelle is a shy, modest librarian at the public library. When a new customer walks in, he helps her find her inner vixen...



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The public library had seen many people pass through its glorious marbled halls throughout the years. The people came and went. They were of all shapes, sizes, colors, and ages. Some were dreading their time among the rows and rows of books, and others stayed for hours, relaxing in the peace and quiet of the adult section on the second floor.

Isabelle worked as a full-time librarian. The monotony of stacking books and selling those that were too worn to be borrowed again never discontented her. She was the typical shy woman you expected to see behind the infinite shelves in the library day in and day out. She wore her silky golden blonde hair in a bun at the nape of her neck, and had rectangular blue-rimmed glasses. Her attire was equally drab- a knee-length gray tweed skirt and a black blouse. The only color on her at all was a hunter green cardigan she refused to take off in fear that she might show too much shoulder to be modest.

It was Monday and business was terribly slow- as most Mondays are. Isabelle sat in the back room by herself reading a book about dragons and elves when her boss, Tanya, walked in.

"Isabelle, there's a man needing help looking for a book at the desk. I'm leaving for the night. You have your key, so you lock up when he leaves." Tanya said with a high level of nonchalance.

"Yes, ma'am. I'll be there." Isabelle replied as she placed her bookmark in between the pages of her novel.

The room in which she had been was only a few steps away from the front desk, and as Isabelle exited through the only door, she noticed the strangely gorgeous man standing at the counter.

"No one this beautiful can have a real interest in reading." She thought to herself.

"How may I help you?" Isabelle asked the stunning creature while straightening her skirt.

"Oh, I'm looking for a good book to read -one that has battle scenes, adventure, and perhaps tragedy. Fantasy suits me best." The man uttered with a musical voice.

"You can look upstairs in adult fiction. All the books are labeled with their genre on the spine. It'll be quite easy to find something you'd enjoy." She fidgeted as she gazed on the magnificent body he had.

"I think I need some one-on-one help. I haven't been here since I was a kid and so much has changed. I'm not sure exactly what I'm looking for. I'd appreciate your input." He smiled.

"Alright. Let me just put this away." She said, placing her book under the desk.

Isabelle was fascinated. This man was actually flirting with her. She, the lowly librarian might actually have an admirer. It was too good to be true. Isabelle had nearly zero experience with men, having only been kissed once. She was beautiful- there was absolutely no doubting that. Her gently curved waist and well-shaped breasts made for a dream girl all on their own, but her crystalline blue eyes and sunny blonde locks would make her a knockout if she didn't hide herself so much behind a bun and glasses.

Up the stairs they went. She led the way with her heels clicking to an even beat. He followed closely behind, sometimes slowing just to take in the image of her round ass a little better from the distance. When they reached the top of the stairs, they entered the adult section of the library. Magazines loaded the wall to the

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right and rows and rows of books took up the left side of the large room.

"Now, I think what you're looking for will be over here." She said as she pointed her delicate finger row number 21.

"Show me the way, my lady." The man showed his dazzling pearly whites again, almost making Isabelle faint in the process. She was not used to having men smile at her, much less smile at her with desire in their eyes.

They made their way to row number 21. The books surrounding them were labeled with bright purple and the word "Fantasy" written on the spine.

"Now, depending on your liking, you may want to choose something like this," she held a book with a dragon on the cover in her hand, "or you may want something more like a fairy tale." She took out a book with a rose and the image of a French girl on the cover.

"I think I know exactly what I want now."

He reached out and took Isabelle's glasses and gently placed them on the shelf. He took the band out of her hair, letting her long mane flow freely at her sides. For once, she was the object of a man's fantasy. She was in pure bliss.

They met lips in a deep and passionate kiss. Their tongues intertwined in a kind of dance. He tasted of peppermint. He grabbed onto her waist and pulled her so close that she could feel his stiff member through her skirt. She felt her need grow stronger every second, with her clit throbbing in want of him.

She threw her arms up in surrender, knocking a few books off the shelf in the process. He stopped his kiss to look into her eyes. She gave him a smile and he reached for the buttons on her cardigan. Slowly, he undid the buttons one by one. The anticipation was killing Isabelle. She helped by untying his tie and ripping it off of his neck in a smooth, quick motion.

Her lacey pink bra covered her beautiful round breasts still, and Isabelle saw the want in the man's eyes. She reached around her back and unclasped the bra, dropping it to her side. His eyes grew wide, and he kissed her once more, slowly going from her lips, to her neck, and finally to her cherry-red nipples. He licked the one on her right and she gave out a sigh. Being fair, he gave time to the one on the left as well.

He reached his hands around her, gladly touching her ass. Working his way down, he kissed her stomach, and reached to the hem of her skirt. She couldn't take this waiting anymore and she gladly lifted it to reveal sheer panties that matched her bra. He kissed her thigh, only to tease her more. Wanting to please her fully, he slipped her panties to the floor, showing her beautiful mound in all of its glory.

He kissed her outer lips with extra care, and listened for a sign that she wanted more. She fervently replied with a soft whimper. He opened her lips with his tongue, tasting her sweet juices. He licked her clit for a while and started to feel her thrust her hips back and forth. Taking a single finger, he slid into her. She wanted more, he could tell. He took a second finger, sliding it in and out of her with growing speed.

He released his hand and stood once more, looking at her face. She looked down at the bump in his pants, and instinctively unbuckled his belt. She took some time unbuttoning his fly, but once she did, she was pleasantly surprised to see his penis bare and exposed before her eyes. She knelt before him, taking his full length in her hand. She glided her hand along his shaft, slowing as she reached the head. She took him in her mouth.

He moaned in pleasure as she licked him all over, taking pride in her work. He started to thrust himself into

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her mouth, and she took him as deep as she could without gagging. She had enough of this. Being a selfish creature, she released him and looked up at his face. It was the picture of desire.

She bent over, holding onto the bookshelf for support. He wanted her more than ever, and with one more look in her eyes, he slid into her. Thrusting back and forth, they both moaned and sighed, quietly at first, then louder and louder. He bent over further and reached for her perfect breasts as they continued their romp in the quiet of the library.

He felt her body stiffen for a moment, then she let out a cry of pure delight. Her body relaxed once more and he sped up his thrusting, feeling himself about to climax as well. Finally, he exploded with passion into her. Reluctantly, he pulled out.

They both fell to the floor, exhausted. They gazed into one another's eyes and she smiled.

"I'm sorry, I never caught your name?" Isabelle asked the man.

"John. It's a garden variety name, I know." He replied.

"You're certainly not a garden variety lover, John."

"You have no idea how wonderful you are, Isabelle." He was sincere. "I can't see how you dress yourself up to be so modest. You really are the naughty librarian." He smiled at her and she giggled.

She got up and reached for his hand. She slid her clothes back on quickly and so did he. She brushed off her skirt and placed her glasses neatly on her nose once again.

"So, John, about that book you were looking for...?"

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