

Nicole—Library Lovers

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The unrepentant shriek of her alarm clock drew Nicole out of restless, unremembered dreams. She rolled over to slap the snooze button and gasped when her over-sensitive nipples rubbed against the sheets. Finally silencing the infernal clock, she fell back into bed, pushing the sheets down and looking at her small breasts. Her nipples stretched skyward, still painfully erect and deep rose in color, stark against her milk-pale skin. Gently, she cupped her breasts, pressing them up and together slightly to get a better look. She whimpered a little at the touch of her own hands, still not used to the tenderness of her chest.

Not only were her nipples still almost unbearably sensitive, but the more she studied them the more she realized that they had grown or swollen. They looked puffy, harder than the little soft nubs she was used to. She let out a long sigh. The hot breath washed over the stiff peaks and her back arched in reaction, the sigh changing quickly to a moan. Her hands let go of her breasts, instead tangling in the sheets as she forced her body to relax despite the sudden dampness between her legs. Trembling and panting, she fought to get herself under control. Eventually, she sat up, moving cautiously, and reached for her phone.

"Damn it." She scowled at the date flashing on the phone's screen, otherwise empty of messages or missed calls. She shot a dagger glare at her alarm clock before reaching over to turn it off properly. What had possessed her to set an alarm on a Saturday? It was one of her few off-duty weekends. Well, unless one of her on-call programmers ran into something he couldn't fix. Still, she treasured the chance to sleep in late and laze about a little bit. Apparently, the scramble of the week had her normal balance more upset than she had realized.

Scrubbing her hands over her face, Nicole padded down to the kitchen, greeted by the scent of already brewing coffee. At least she had also remembered to fill the timed coffee maker. Grabbing her favorite mug off the counter next to the sink, she filled it with steaming joe and indulged in a splash of decadent French vanilla cream. It was only serious self-control that kept her from grabbing the half-eaten pint of ice cream out of the freezer where she knew it was sitting. The bad mood that had hovered over her since meeting Viktor didn't seem to have lifted much, but there were more productive ways for her to make herself feel better.

Nicole closed her eyes against a momentary pang of guilt and sadness, gripping her mug tightly between both hands. She could still see Julie's face, stricken with grief and betrayal. Viktor may have damaged their friendship permanently. She wasn't really sure who else she could go to if she didn't have Julie. It wasn't like she had a lot of people to turn to. Without Julie, she was alone.

Opening her eyes she sighed and took a deep gulp from the cup, not quite hot enough to scald but still hot enough to leave a searing trail of heat through her body. She trusted in the dark screens on the windows, padding from kitchen to living room in only the boxers she had slept in. There, tossed casually on the coffee table when she came in last night, lay the remote. Scowling, she picked it up and popped open the back, knocking the batteries loose into her hand. She flipped it back over, satisfied. There, that should take care of that. She put it down, then hesitated.

"There's no way it still works," Nicole pointed out to herself and yet her thumb hovered over the volume button. Cautiously, she clicked once. Immediately she felt the slow growing heat building between her legs, the little electric races of lust thrilling up her spine.

"How the hell does that even—" She shook her head. A remote shouldn't do any of these things in the first place, what did it matter if it worked without batteries? It just meant she had to be extra cautious. A plan slowly germinated in the back of her mind. If she couldn't keep it from working, then she could at least be prepared for it. She set the remote down and jogged to her bedroom, grabbing her phone off the side table where she'd left it. Retreating back to the living room, she set the phone carefully on the table next to the remote, setting it to make an audio recording.

"Testing levels of sexual control with the magical remote." She played the recording back, wincing a bit at the word 'magical'. It sounded ludicrous, but she couldn't deny the evidence in front of her. Besides, there wasn't a better way to say it. Satisfied with the volume she tapped the screen for it to continue.

"One—mild horniness, makes me want to go pick up someone at a bar or call up an ex to get a fix. Persistent, but for the most part ignorable." She glanced down and noted the wetness between her legs. "Panty-soaking," she added as an after-thought and rolled her eyes. Still, better to be thorough. She clicked the button again, feeling a shudder go through her body.

“Two. Let’s see,” she closed her eyes, unconsciously rubbing her thighs together. “Horniness definitely increased. I really want to just ride some guy until we both pass out. Or he could bend me over, either way.” She flushed slightly at the sound of her own voice, husky with lust. Pretty standard fantasy fodder for her. “Much harder to ignore, I just want someone to touch me, rub my pussy and suck on my nipples.” She shuddered and bit back a groan at the thought, forcing herself to stay still, her own words ringing in her ears. She may have been imagining things, but talking about it seemed to make it that much more real. She pried her hand off her knee and reached for the remote, clicking the volume button again.

“Oooh,” Nicole groaned and licked her lips “Three. Hard to concentrate. I keep thinking about the other night at the bar. God, all those men. I want them to want me, to push me up against something. I wonder if I could take more than one of them at once.” She couldn’t bring herself to be embarrassed at the words spilling quick and hot from her mouth. She bit her lower lip and rubbed her thighs together, chest heaving with each breath. “If I wasn’t already almost naked, I’d want to take my clothes off, I’m getting so warm.”

Movement outside her front window distracted her. Across the street, a couple of young men were doing yard work. One of them had stopped to strip off his shirt, bronzed skin glistening under the sun. He laughed at something his friend said and she realized he had an incredibly attractive smile. Her free hand slowly brushed down her thigh, pushing up the loose leg of the boxer shorts until she found her wet labia. The sensation jerked a moan from her throat. Struggling to regain the scraps of her composure, she forcibly pulled her hand out of her shorts. Trying to keep her attention focused, she reached for the remote again.

“Four. Oh god!” She sank back against the couch, her breath coming in quick, short gasps. Waves of lust and desire cascaded through her body, quickly robbing her of coherent thought. She struggled to focus and analyze, her logical mind all but drowned out by the yammering need of her body. “It’s almost unbearable. I want to run out to him, and get his friends to help. I want to feel their hands on my body and their dicks in me whatever way I can have them. To hell with what the neighbors might think.” The idea made her whimper and squirm, of people seeing her stripped naked in a driveway, bent over the sun-heated metal of a car while the muscular young men had their way with her, stuffing every orifice. Mindlessly, she clicked the button again.

The remote clattered to the coffee table. She slid off the couch with a moan until she was on the floor, her back propped up against the couch and her legs splayed wide. Her head fell back, wild cries and eager moans filling the otherwise quiet air of the living room. She shoved both her hands under the loose waistband of her boxer shorts, parting her lips with one hand and sliding the fingers of her other hand deep into her wet gash. In just one thrust, she sent herself over the edge. Her hips bucked, desperate for more as the first orgasm shattered over her. She arched her back, and thrashed, and groaned like an animal.

She felt incredibly, keenly aware of every sensation down to the rippling of her inner walls as she convulsed in orgasm, excruciatingly sensitive. Her nipples screamed for attention and she squeezed her arms together over her bust, trying to provide the sensation she desperately wanted—no, needed. Her body shuddered and convulsed with climax after climax until she lay panting, her thighs and the carpet underneath her damp from her own lust.

Shaking and still desperately needy, she fumbled with one sticky hand for the remote, desperately jabbing the volume button down until finally the lust faded. She collapsed on her back, the remote rolling out of her limp hand and onto the floor underneath the coffee table.

“Wow.” Nicole stared at the ceiling above her, still floating in post-orgasmic bliss. Her logical mind floundered, trying to reboot. That had just been a five. What would a ten be like? She turned her head to look at the remote for a minute, curiosity a lingering smolder in the back of her mind. Then she shook her head and gingerly levered herself to her feet, biting back a groan. Even with the remote dialed down again, after such frantic masturbation she was still pretty sensitive. Shivering a little, she kicked out of her boxer shorts, the crotch soaked completely through. She tossed them into her hamper on her way to the bathroom, cranking the shower onto high heat.

She scrubbed herself absent-mindedly, gasping when she brushed over her nipples. She paused for a moment, flicking her hair back and looking down at her chest again. Though she still felt mildly betrayed by her own body, the sensitivity of her nipples had begun to make her wonder if it was completely unnatural, or if some women really lived with nipples this sensitive all their lives. She couldn't fathom how they could do it. Her soap-slicked fingers wandered carefully over the puffy peaks, biting her lip to hold back a whimper. She leaned against the wall for support and the cold tiles startled her. Shaking her head, she finished washing and stepped out of the shower, drying briskly.

She'd played around long enough today, she had work to do. If she was going to have any chance at all of beating Viktor, she needed to be on her A-game. As much as she disliked him, she had to admit he seemed to be clever and resourceful, both qualities that she prided herself in. To get the upper hand, she really needed to focus. She padded to her computer, sinking down into the battered chair that conformed to her body after years of abuse, the upholstery soft against her naked skin.

Nicole hadn't done this kind of search in years, but one of her first jobs had been social data mining. She pulled up programs and input data. His Facebook was easy to find and she snagged a couple of good pictures from it, noting with some disapproval the number of women he was pictured with—none of them Julie. She fed them to a facial recognition program and set that to run. Pulling up another software, she fed it all the information she knew about him, which wasn't very much. Still, she was able to get a little more from his Facebook. Setting that to parse for other mentions of him, she padded back to the living room.

She picked up her coffee off the table and took a sip, frowning at the lukewarm temperature. She grabbed her phone, wandered back to the kitchen and stuck the mug in the microwave before hitting the play back button. She flushed dark at the sound of her rough, needy commentary and self-consciously glanced out the kitchen window. She had a more limited view of then neighbor's yard from her, but apparently the young men had finished and gone. Silently grateful, she jabbed the the phone to make it go to the end of the recording and added one last comment.

"Five, overwhelming loss of control. I think if anyone else had been in the room I would have let them do almost anything to me." She wondered if 5 had been the rating she was at when she jumped that guy at the bar. Shaking her head and trying not to dwell on it, she dropped the phone to the counter with a clatter. The microwave beeped and she retrieved her coffee, wandering back to her computer to see if her programs had come up with anything. She expected it would take several hours. To her surprise, though, there were already over a dozen notifications flagged for her. Frowning, she sat down and resumed her investigation.

Mostly it was tons of pictures she'd already seen on Facebook and a list of the women in them. None of the mentions were older than about six months, but she expected she wouldn't find anything older for a while. There was a lot of internet to sift through. Humming to herself, she hunted through the list of Viktor's female friends.

It seemed that this guy really didn't have a type except attractive. Every one of the women he was friends with was beautiful in different ways. The more Nicole went through the posts that Viktor had been tagged in, the more she noticed a peculiar pattern. On a hunch, she programmed a query to pull up the earliest reference of Viktor from each of woman's profile. Every one mentioned the same location. Lincoln Memorial Public Library.

Nicole shuddered and gulped down her coffee, thankful for the bitter-sweet flavor and welcome heat. She frequented that library herself several times a month. Figuring it was as good a place as any to start, she pushed away from the computer, leaving the programs running. Hopefully when she came home there would be more information waiting for her. She grabbed clothes out of her dresser without really paying attention, shimmying into a thong and tight sweatpants as she considered her plan of action. Today would just be an observation day, to figure out his habits, what made him tick.

She started to pull on a bra and felt jolts of pleasure race through her body the moment it touched her nipples. She tossed the garment aside, instead hunting through her drawers for the roomiest, softest t-shirt she owned. It didn't seem to bother her nipples as much and she shrugged to herself. That was as good as it was going to get. She just needed to be careful about bumping into things. Besides, it was a Saturday. She didn't need to dress up.

Nicole threw her hair up into a messy pony tail, then grabbed the bag with her laptop. Realizing she didn't have any pockets, she threw her phone into the bag as well,

then gulped down the rest of her coffee. She rinsed out the mug absent-mindedly, and trotted out the door.

She reached her destination in ten minutes or so. The library was familiar, and oddly comforting despite the fact that she now knew it to be Viktor's hunting ground. She paused just inside to let her eyes adjust to the dimness after the bright daylight in the parking lot. She quickly spotted one of the library assistants, Sarah, whom she'd gotten to know well over the past few years.

"Hey Sarah." She waved a hand over the pages of the book the mousy woman had open on the desk, smiling a little when Sarah jumped and scowled at her. Quickly, though, the expression was wiped away, replaced by genuine pleasure.

"Nicole! You haven't been around in a while, how've you been?" Her voice was a practiced librarian's whisper, quiet enough not to disturb others but perfectly clear and understandable.

"Good mostly, but it's been a little rough recently. I was actually hoping you could help me with something." Nicole sifted through her bag, pulling out the clearest picture of Viktor she'd been able to find on Facebook to print off. "Have you seen this guy here often?" Sarah peered at the picture for a moment, and Nicole saw a faint flush of color rise in her cheeks. She nodded.

"Yeah, that's Viktor." She sighed. "He's here all the time, has been coming for years—or at least, he used to be. This year, he must have had some kind of major life change or something. He doesn't come as often anymore, usually only to pick up chicks. He should be here at some point today, if his usual patterns stick."

"What do you mean 'life changing'?" Nicole shoved the picture away, having obtained the information she needed. Sarah had piqued her curiosity though.

"Oh well... he used to be really quiet and bookish. We would trade good books occasionally, and he would sometimes come up and ask for recommendations from me. Then a while ago he must have started crash dieting and working out, because he stopped coming as often and he lost a lot of weight, toned up. He doesn't talk to me anymore." She chewed her bottom lip, and Nicole wondered if Sarah had some kind of crush on Viktor. The thought annoyed her. Were all women just falling at his feet, even the good, practical kind like Sarah? Still, she filed away what Sarah had told her, hitching her bag a little higher on her shoulder and carefully making sure the strap didn't rub across her nipples.

"Thanks. Is there somewhere he normally hangs out in here?"

"Oh yes, the study area between non-fiction and mystery." Sarah shimmied out from behind the desk, brushing her long brown skirt free of wrinkles. She pointed out the open areas full of tables where Viktor apparently spent most of his time. It was pretty empty at the moment, only a few other people scattered amongst the tables. As Sarah went back to her desk, Nicole took a moment to survey the few people she could see. Most looked like university students, dressed in sweats and poring over textbooks. The

only one that looked like potential Viktor-prey was a redhead sitting in the far corner, nearest the mystery.

Nicole wandered through the shelves, finding an armchair tucked back between a couple rows with a clear but discreet view of the table where the woman was sitting, flipping through a mystery novel. Her red hair was pulled up into a high, curling pony tail that still fell well past her shoulders and from the angle she was at, Nicole could see the smooth swell of her large breasts pressing against the thin sweater she wore. Grabbing a random book off a nearby shelf, she settled in to observe, hoping her instincts on Viktor were correct.

It was less than an hour before Viktor arrived. Nicole didn't realize it immediately, but she heard the low murmur of voices and a soft giggle. It drew her attention up from the book she'd unintentionally gotten into. Almost immediately her mind flipped back to observation mode though, remembering why she was here. Quickly she stuck her nose back in the book, watching the table over the top of it. The redhead had straightened, her arms relaxed on the table but her breasts thrust out above them. Viktor leaned on the table over her shoulder, much too close for strangers to be, Nicole thought.

She couldn't hear their conversation from where she was, but observing was enough. A slight movement on his shoulder, outlined against the bright red hair of the girl he was chatting up, caught her eye. After a minute of staring, she discerned what exactly it was. A butterfly perched on his shoulder. She almost dismissed it as simply being a bug that caught on his shirt while he was outside and hadn't bothered to leave yet. She was learning, slowly but surely, that where Viktor was concerned, nothing was a coincidence.

Now that she thought about it, had she seen the butterfly on his shoulder before? Thinking back, she knew she hadn't noticed it, but her gut told her she had seen it before. It had been there all along. Her eyes drifted back down to the redhead and Nicole noticed that her posture had changed. She had straightened in her chair, leaning back slightly to lift and present her breasts as she murmured quietly to him, reaching out to touch his arm, hand, or shoulder as they conspired.

Though not always astute at reading people, Nicole easily guessed what was going through the other woman's mind. The way she blushed when Viktor leaned in close and murmured in her ear, and the way she shifted in her seat, rubbing her legs together subtly, all seemed to be signs of desire—giving in to the blond man's charms. Apparently, Viktor parted girls' legs like Moses parted the Red Sea.

He stepped back and for a moment Nicole thought he was leaving. But the redhead quickly got up to follow him, leaving her book open on the table and her purse still on the floor. Her legs looked shaky when she grabbed his hand, muffling a giggle. They disappeared into the maze of shelves and Nicole scrambled to her feet, hesitating only briefly before she abandoned her things, more intent on keeping up with her prey than being cautious.

Fearing she may have lost them, Nicole picked up her pace. She slipped through the tables to the area of shelves where they'd disappeared and ducked between the bookshelves. Coming to the end of that aisle she rounded the corner into the next—and almost ran headlong into the couple she was following. Pulling up short, Nicole wasn't sure what to do. They were both watching her, expectant looks on their faces. At a quick glance it didn't even look like they'd been making out. Viktor smiled and she had to fight the urge not to smack him.

"Rachel, this is Nicole, the one I told you about. Nicole, Rachel. She likes girls." Nicole bristled, wondering what on earth was going on, but the look the redhead gave her disconcerted her enough to maintain silence. It was a hungry, appraising look that started at her toes and worked up her body like a butcher assessing meat. She wasn't used to getting that look from men, much less a woman.

"A bit tom-boyish, but she'll do." With surprisingly strong hands, Rachel grabbed her shoulders, shoving her into the bookshelf with a muffled thump. Her manicured nails dug into the thin fabric of Nicole's shirt. Hot lips were suddenly on hers, softer and warmer than anyone else she'd ever kissed, slick with the faint taste of some kind of lip gloss. Nicole reached up and grabbed Rachel's wrists but a couple of ineffectual tugs were all she could manage. That girl was strong!

"Good luck, Nikki, and good times." She heard Viktor walk away and started to struggle more earnestly, but as she broke the kiss, Rachel's breasts brushed against hers, sparking waves of pleasure that stole her breath in a low moan. Liquid fire spread from her stomach to her tunnel and robbed her of reason. Nicole's hands dropped from the other woman's wrists to her waist, tentative. Rachel's hands mimicked hers but far more boldy. She tugged up the bottom of the Nicole's shirt, sliding her hands up to cup her breasts. Nicole arched eagerly into the touch—maybe if she just gave in now, it would be over quickly and she could catch up with Viktor. Almost as soon as she'd thought them, however, the thoughts were whisked away by a sharp tug and tweak on her puffy, swollen nipples. Nicole shuddered with desire.

"Naughty girl, no bra." Rachel murmured against her lips, one of her hands drifting lower to shove under the waistband of her tight sweatpants, fingertips brushing Nicole's already damp lips, her thong providing no barrier against the questing fingers that knew a woman's anatomy better than any man.

Nicole ground against her helplessly, her hands pushing up beneath her sweater, feeling silky soft skin under her palms. The sensation of cupping someone else's breasts was foreign, but at the same time thrilling. She felt like a stumbling teenager making out for the first time but the very idea made her wet as she experimentally rubbed her thumbs over Rachel's nipples and was rewarded by an ecstatic moan. The redhead arched her back, grinding her breasts into Nicole's until she was on the verge of coming purely from the pressure and sensation on her oversensitive breasts.

"Shirt," Nicole mewled softly, desperately. Even the soft cotton of her t-shirt was beginning to feel rough compared to the smoothness of the skin under her hands. She

pushed Rachel's sweater up when the redhead pulled back slightly, brows knit as if she wasn't sure exactly what Nicole was asking. She caught on quickly, though, and in one rough motion pushed Nicole's shirt up, freeing her small breasts. The sweater followed quickly, revealing a black lace demi-bra that lifted her breasts but covered very little. Full and soft, Nicole was fascinated by the way they gave under her hands. She ducked her head and tentatively ran the tip of her tongue over the edge of the areola. Rachel's nails raked down her back and reached down to squeeze her ass encouragingly

Rachel's hands found her partner's breasts again. Far past the point of coherent thought, Nicole licked and nibbled, caressed and suckled. Her knees shook as Rachel's fingers tweaked her sensitive nipples without mercy, her other manicured hand dipping back below the waistband of Nicole's tight pants. A shuffle of sound from around the end of the aisle barely managed to catch Nicole's attention for a fleeting instant though Rachel didn't seem to notice at all.

"Eeeew, we should report this to the librarian." A hushed female voice whispered, shrill with indignation. Out of the corner of her eye, Nicole saw a young blonde holding the hand of a tattooed man. His bored expression was soon shifted to keen interest when he saw what had triggered his girlfriend's disgust. Nicole tried to bite back another moan. Rachel's persistent exploring fingers had found her soaking wet slit, parted her labia to found her desire-swollen clitoris. She grabbed onto the other woman as her legs turned to jelly and threatened to give out on her completely, head falling back and eyes closing. Rachel's mouth found hers again in a hungry kiss, pushing her tongue between pleasure-parted lips.

"Sure, yeah, whatever you say sweetheart." The guy's half-hearted response barely registered with Nicole. She wound one of her arms around Rachel's neck, her free hand struggling with the button on the other woman's jeans until she could slip her hand inside as well, pushing past silky lace undies, already damp with desire—though not as much as her own. There was the faint click of a shutter before the angry girlfriend dragged the man away.

Nicole's growing confidence, partly from decreasing inhibition, was rewarded as her fingers slipped between her partner's folds, finding the hard nub of pleasure buried between them. Rachel moaned, her own knees going weak and the two of them sank to the floor in a mutually slowed fall, desperately pressed together as their fingers worked busily. Nicole arched, freeing her small breasts as she neared climax only to have Rachel's hot lips close on one of her nipples. The soft suction and wet, swirling tongue sent her over the edge with a cry muffled by the other woman's brilliant red hair. Her body shuddered and convulsed around the fingers pressed deep inside her. Lust-driven moisture soaked the crotch of her sweats, darkening the pale grey material.

She managed not to stop her own caresses and felt Rachel's hips buck, grinding her pussy into her hand. Her fingers delved deeper, thumb flicking over the other woman's clit while her fingers sank inside, crooking to stroke the spongy spot nestled in her

tunnel that she knew brought so much pleasure. Within minutes she felt Rachel's juices squirting onto her wrist and hand with more force than she'd thought possible. The other woman thrashed and moaned on the dense industrial carpet, eyes glassy with pleasure

Panting and still shaky, Nicole pulled away, tugging her t-shirt back down and wiping her hand on her sweats. She flushed dark, realizing what she'd just done, but the pleasure was too great and too soon for her to really regret it. Thinking about what had happened brought her mind back to Viktor and she felt a spark of panic. That hadn't taken long, but she might have lost him already. She levered herself up onto shaky legs, only for a hand to grab her wrist.

"Hey, don't run off." Rachel murmured, haphazardly pulling her sweater back down, a languid smile on her lips. She reached into her pocket and pulled out a crumpled card, pushing it into Nicole's palm. "Not bad for a beginner. If you want to try again, give me a call." Disconcerted, Nicole blushed again and gave a hurried nod before bolting for the chair where she'd left her things. She noted her laptop bag was still sitting unmolested and quickly threw the strap over her shoulder, avoiding the eyes of the other library patrons as she rushed for the door. She scanned the tops of heads for the familiar tall blond she was chasing, but saw nothing. Had she lost him?

Just outside the doors, she saw what she was looking for. Viktor offered her a jaunty wave from the back of a sleek black motorbike. He peeled away with the sound of squealing tires and Nicole dug into her bag for a pen on instinct, scrawling the license plate number onto the back of her hand. She didn't bother to chase him, saving her breath. One more piece of information for her growing file. This hadn't been a completely wasted trip.

Grumbling to herself, Nicole headed to her jeep. On the drive home her mind wandered to the fiery redhead who had been so soft and yet so hot. And the butterfly. She had the nagging feeling she had overlooked it on every other meeting, but this time something had been different. She had seen it. Its significance escaped her, though. No matter how hard and long she thought about it, the answer simply wasn't coming to her. Nothing in the past few days made any kind of logical sense.

By the next morning, the memory of the butterfly had vanished.

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About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

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