

It's Academic Silvia Violet

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Julie climbed the steps of Williams Library where rare books were housed. Rare meant strict rules, and strict rules often caused hard-working graduate students to be thwarted from getting the information they needed. Not this time. She wouldn't take no for an answer. She was going to find the collection of letters she wanted to read. She was going to hold them in her own hands and copy everything she needed.

She approached the desk where a criminally handsome man sat at a computer. He had thick, wavy blond hair that looked oh so touchable, bright blue eyes, and full lips. He wore glasses that made him appear attractively intelligent, and he'd rolled back his sleeves to reveal muscular forearms she wanted to lick.

But she'd learned her lesson. Men who looked this good and worked at academic libraries were almost invariably gay. The one exception she'd met had been such an asshole he'd nearly prevented her from completing the work for her master's thesis.

"Excuse me," she said.

The hottie looked up as if she'd disturbed him from work of national importance. "Yes?"

Julie laid a piece of paper on the desk. "I'm looking for these letters. I tried to locate them yesterday but they were not filed where the catalog indicates they should be."

"You must be mistaken."

"I'm not."

He sighed and stood. "Follow me." He crossed the lobby and opened one of the mysterious doors that led through a labyrinth of book stacks and file cabinets full of microfiche and archived documents. Julie couldn't help but notice what a fine ass he had.

They reached the section where the letters should be. Hottie pulled down an archival box from a shelf and lifted the lid. "This is where you'll find them."

"No. It's not. I looked there yesterday."

He sighed again, but he pulled a pair of protective gloves from his pocket so he wouldn't get the oils from his fingers on the paper. He leafed through the box and shook his head. "You're right. They're not here."

She smiled. "Thank you for verifying that."

He pocketed his gloves, closed the box, and put it back on the shelf. "I'll file a report indicating that they're missing."

Julie bit back a curse. "No."

He raised his brows.

"You will help me find them."

"I need to --"

"You need to help me find these letters."

Julie thought she saw heat flash in his eyes. Surely that was only her imagination. "I need these letters to complete the final chapter of my dissertation. I'm not leaving this library without them."

Without warning, he stepped in front of her, forcing her back against the stacks. He caged her with his arms and gave her a wicked smile. "Exactly how much do you want these letters?"

Oh, dear Lord. This could not be happening. Either this man was a psycho (in which case she was in a heap of trouble since no one was likely to come into this room any time soon) or he was coming on to her.

She should be offended by the latter. Was he suggesting she would pay for his services with her body? Was she considering saying yes? She smiled at him, hoping she

remembered how to flirt after months of being closeted with her laptop and a bunch of musty books. "I am determined to find them, no matter the cost."

"Really?"

"Yes." The word barely came out through her constricted throat. Was this really happening?

"Do you know how few people come to this part of the library on a Saturday?"

"So few you won't be missed if you aren't at your desk for a very long time?"

He smiled. "Yes. In fact, no one is likely to come this way for the rest of the afternoon."

She licked her lips. "What do you want?"

"Something you've never done."

"How do you know what I've done?"

"You're going to tell me one of your darkest fantasies, and I'm going to fulfill it. Then and only then will I help you find your letters."

Julie's heart beat wildly. She wondered if he could hear it. "Is this a service Williams Library offers all its patrons?"

He grinned. "It's new as of today. Believe me I have a lot of time for fantasizing sitting at that desk."

She smiled. "I bet you do."

"What are we going to do?"

Heat rushed to Julie's cheeks. How could she reveal her fantasies to this total stranger?

"I'm waiting."

"I never said I --"

"Yes you did. You wanted me from the moment you walked in the door."

She frowned. "Aren't you an arrogant bastard?"

He leaned into her, and his thick cock pressed against her belly. "I may be, but I'm good. You're going to have a very nice afternoon."

"I suppose having sex in a library isn't good enough."

"You've already done it anyway."

"How did you know?"

"I didn't, but I do now."

"Damn it. At least tell me your name."

He smiled and leaned forward to run his tongue along her neck. "Ben. Now tell me what you want."

Dear Lord. Her knees went weak, and she almost collapsed to the floor. She really was going to do this. "Spank me."

His lips curled up in a evil grin. "Gladly. Turn around and brace yourself on the shelf."

"You're not shocked."

He laughed. "Hardly."

"But --"

"Turn around."

She did what he said, feeling as if she'd been transported into a dream. A strange, kinky dream that would cause her to wake covered in sweat and horny as hell. She hoped to God he had no intentions of leaving her unsatisfied.

She glanced over her shoulder and saw him removing a thick leather bookmark from a catalog that lay on top of a cabinet. He slapped it against his hand and smiled. "This will do nicely."

She couldn't speak. She couldn't breathe. What the fuck was she doing?

He laid the bookmark on the shelf next to her hand. Then his warm hands slid up her legs, lifting the edge of her sundress, sliding it along her thighs until it was bunched around her waist. He slipped his fingers under the waist of her panties, and she remembered she'd worn her red satin thong.

"Mmmm. I knew you were a kinky girl."

In truth it had been the only clean pair of panties she had, but she didn't bother to correct him. Not that she could have spoken anyway.

He lowered her panties all the way to her ankles. She stepped out of them, and he gave her a light pop on her ass. "Spread you legs."

Her breath caught, but she did what he said. The archive rooms were cold and the chilly air made her even more aware of how exposed she was. Her cheeks heated once again

"Don't move."

He picked up the bookmark. Her hands shook where she gripped the shelf. But wetness dripped from her pussy. She hadn't been this turned on in years.

Smack! He slapped her ass with the bookmark. She gasped. Damn that stung.

Before she could recover her breath, he spanked her again. It hurt, but the sensation seemed to go straight to her clit. He leaned forward and whispered against her ear. "Say 'red' if you want me to stop."

She nodded. He licked her neck again, sending heat racing through her body. Then he stood back and spanked her again. She bit her lip to hold in a squeal.

He popped her again and again. Faster and harder with each stroke. Her ass burned, but she was so hot she couldn't keep from circling her hips, and reaching back for the slaps. Damn, she needed to be fucked. This was every bit as good as she'd imagined it would be.

Suddenly he stopped. She turned to look at him. His chest was rising and falling, and his eyes were wide and filled with need. He held her gaze as he reached between her legs and teased her clit.

She gasped. "More."

"Tell me what you want."

"I want you to fuck me."

He dropped the bookmark and reached for the closure of his pants. She watched with wide eyes as he undid the button and slid the zipper down. His cock was so long and hard it had pushed past the waist of his black boxer-briefs. She licked her lips and tried to remember how to breathe.

Pulling his wallet from his pants, he took out a condom. He pushed his pants and underwear down just enough to free his cock, which he covered with record speed. "Wider," he gasped as he stepped between her legs.

She widened her stance and arched her back, giving him the access he needed. He thrust deep and she couldn't hold back a scream. He rode her hard and fast just like he'd spanked her. She felt herself rocketing toward orgasm faster than she ever had before. Damn if he wasn't as good as he'd promised. He reached his hand around her body so he could tease her clit, and she exploded like fireworks. Her inner muscles clasped his cock, and he gave a hoarse shout. He bucked against her filling her with short deep strokes as he came.

Neither of them moved for several long seconds. Then they heard the door open at the end of the hall. "Shit." Ben pulled out of her and smoothed down her skirt. They slipped around the corner onto the next aisle as they heard footsteps approach. He worked frantically to tuck in his shirt and fasten his pants.

She tried to slow her breathing as she smoothed her dress and finger-combed her hair. The footsteps were getting closer. Then panic hit her. "My panties," she whispered.

He smiled and patted his pocket. "I've got them."

The footsteps passed and continued toward the end of the aisle. They heard a door open as the intruder entered the adjacent room.

Once the fear of detection died, embarrassment hit. Julie's cheeks began to burn as much as her ass still did. She studied the stacks to avoid looking at Ben.

"Now, to find those letters."

His words startled her, and she forced herself to look his way. His glasses were no longer askew, and his hair looked freshly styled. He was once again every inch the arrogant librarian who held power over the materials she needed most.

Apparently they were reverting to their original roles. She couldn't decide whether to be angry or relieved. Then she remembered that she wasn't wearing any panties. She held out her hand. "I need my thong."

He smiled and shook his head. "You can come back for it next Saturday."

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