

CARD-CARRYING MEMBER

ENCOUNTERS

A
Hard As a Rock
Gargoyles
Encounter

Sara Jay

Changeling Press

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A Hard as a Rock Gargoyles Encounter
Sara Jay

Luke, a grumpy gargoyle, wouldn't mind his job at the library if it weren't for the demanding patrons. But when an angry mom follows him into the break room, a new kind of tension develops.

Card-Carrying Member

"We just re-upped my daughter's card last month when she turned 16!" The pretty patron's face, shone red with fury, inches from my own.

Humans. "I don't make the rules," I repeated for what had to be the fiftieth time today. "It's the state's new library policy." She was far from my first angry parent. In fact, I wasn't even on duty. It was well past my lunch break. "Emily at the front desk can help you renew your card."

"You're just going to walk away from me when I'm talking to you? This is absolutely ridiculous!"

This particular mom had the audacity to follow me behind the desk and into the break room. I could feel her warm breath against my wings. By the time I reached the fridge, she stood to my back, still complaining about how her teenager had to get a new library card due to the state's new rules.

Censorship, including clutching pearls over everything from supposed "critical race theory," trans kids using bathrooms they were comfortable in, and library books, was hot in the Midwest right now, and we were all about to lose our damn minds over these new bigoted state laws.

Including this Karen.

I turned, growling at the angry woman. I was angry, too. You don't just follow someone into the employee-only area, no matter where you are or how just your cause might be.

Her big brown eyes widened at me and I again noticed how hot this mom was. Her curly brown hair hung to her shoulders, and her curvy body barely contained her anger. Her heaving breasts drew my attention with each breath. The woman's V-neck displayed enough creamy skin to make my cock twitch.

MILF or not, she still had no right. "You're not supposed to be in here," I huffed.

She opened her mouth and I interrupted, tapping a shiny black talon on the card

she used to point at me, which was now invalid due to new state laws. "It's very annoying, I agree with you," I empathized. "It's not fun for us, either. If I could vote, I'd definitely vote against these clowns."

She bit her lip, and goddess, the look was sexy on her. What would those lips look like wrapped around my dick?

Hecate bless. How long had it been since I'd been with anybody? Must be a while for me to be thinking of an angry patron like this.

Her shoulders sagged. "I'm so sorry, sir," she murmured.

Sir. Another twitch below the belt.

"I know it's not your fault." She crossed her arms and that cleavage became a chasm I wanted to stuff.

For the Morrigan's sake.

"It's just been such a rough year on the kids, and it feels like every time we turn around there's somebody else at the door, something else to do, or fight..." She shrugged, staring at the floor now.

Before I knew it, the curve of my talon lifted her chin. "S'okay," I said, swallowing. "I get it." She gave a little smile and I couldn't stop looking at that mouth.

Staring at my own, she leaned in closer, still breathing hard, tits continuing to rise, fall, now close enough to brush my arm. Tiptoeing closer, she tilted her face upward. "I'm sorry for yelling."

I rumbled a response as I felt myself lean toward her.

"And for following you here."

"Good girl," I growled.

She whimpered as my mouth slashed across hers.

Delicious. Absolutely delicious.

The human responded immediately, moaning into my throat as her tongue slid against mine. I shivered as her fingers met my neck, running down my chest and --

Oh. Well, that was nice of her.

"This okay?"

Her breathless question sounded so sweet. *Hell yes*, it was okay.

Pushing my cock up against her hand, I met her touch for touch, molding my hand down her back until I reached her ass and gave it a squeeze. As she urgently worked my fly, I took the opportunity to run my hands back up and over those amazing tits. She groaned, leaning into me, and I knew I had to taste them.

“Um, some privacy?” Her eyes opened and she bit that sexy lip again.

Where was this shyness when she came storming into the library?

Smirking, I folded one wing up and drew it down fast, blowing the door shut, my eyes never leaving hers. Raising an eyebrow and smirking, she whispered, “Impressive.” Then her hand was on me and I hissed.

She pumped my cock with a lazy pace and I pressed back against her with a guttural groan. I shoved her T-shirt up to see those round tits covered in --

Oh, man. Pink lace. I shoved that up, too, baring her nipples. My talons stroked those already-hard beads and she arched against me, pumping faster. “*Yes.*”

I pressed even harder against her little hand as I played with those sweet tits, thinking life couldn’t possibly get any better when she asked, “Can I taste you?” She slid down to her knees before the affirmative even left my mouth.

Once it did, and her tongue swirled against the head of my cock, it took everything I had to not roar with pleasure. She painted my dick with her tongue, down one side and then the other, while her fingers gave my balls some loving attention.

As she tried to get more and more of my big cock into her small human mouth, I couldn’t help but smirk. There was no way she would --

Oh. Well, she was just full of surprises, wasn’t she?

I tried not to thrust into her when I felt the back of her throat against my dick. Her eyes gazed up at me knowingly as she moaned and leaned forward. Grabbing my ass, she drew me closer into her mouth.

She slid back, her gaze heady, eyes hooded. “Fuck me,” she breathed,” and swallowed me again.

Fucking hell. I gently pumped into her mouth, feeling drunk and powerful as she

continued to grab at my ass, stroke my balls and dick, and suck --

She leaned back for a moment and tore off her top and bra, then went back to work. Now those glorious tits were out, and I knew she'd done it because she didn't want a mess on her top and --

Shit, I felt like I were going to explode into that pretty mouth and --

I gave a thunderous roar. She drew back, aiming my cock over those gorgeous tits and it was better than flying. I watched myself shoot come all over this beautiful human whose gaze never left my own, shaking with the most intense orgasm I'd had in a long time.

Mouth open, tits glistening with my seed, she looked incredible.

I only wanted more. I wanted her spread out in my nest, naked for no one but me. I wanted to make her come over and over and show her what real pleasure was. I wanted to make her forget all of the worries she'd carried into this building.

Options were limited, but we could make do. Lifting her up, I kissed her and lay her on the countertop where the copier paper was stored.

I wasn't going to eat her out on the break table. Sure I'm a gargoyle, but I'm not *that* kind of animal. I cleaned her up with a paper towel with one hand while my other started playing with her zipper. "Want these off?"

Gasping, she nodded, and I sent them to the floor fast and gazed at her luscious curves, her soft skin all laid bare and quaking for me. What a treat.

If this woman let me take her home with me...

Maybe I'd ask later. Right now I wanted my head between those silky thighs.

I kissed her again, eagerly tracing my lips down her body, luxuriating in her curves of motherhood, the vanilla scent she wore, her softness. A guy really could get used to this. My hand traveled ahead, running a talon through her curls.

Not her bouncy brown curls, now a little disheveled after providing me with such lovely lip service -- the soft, delicious-smelling curls framing her sweet pussy.

I'm good at multi-tasking.

She arched up against me. "You don't have to -- I was happy to --"

Her flustered face was so sweet, I wanted to fuck it all over again, after I got a taste of her. "May I?"

She nodded, sucking in a breath as my nose brushed against her pubic bone. I groaned at her sweet smell, kissing down to her labia, licking gently at her soft folds. Her fingers found my hair as I licked and it only urged me further. Goddess, she tasted good.

My tongue dove more deeply, and I fed off the urging of her hips, her fingers, as she arched against me and pulled me closer. She was the sexiest thing I've ever seen and I had to have more.

As if she sensed my thoughts, the patron bucked against my mouth, wrapping her legs around my head and making me shout out along with her. I continued to lick and kiss her softly as she came back down, legs dropping limply on the counter.

She smiled at me, hand still in my hair, as I looked up and winked at her. Lunch break, indeed. "About your card..."

She laughed. "I'll ask Emily. I'd like something else from you, if you're interested?" Shy again, blushing, even when naked. She was adorable.

I'm done for. "I'm definitely interested. Luke, by the way."

She blushed harder, holding a still-trembling hand out for me to shake. "Ruby."

I traced a pattern on her leg while we shared another smile.

Until someone started banging on the break room door...

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Sara Jay

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Sara Jay

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