

# The Librarian

A photo story by Andrea Slip



*Karen James is a senior librarian, she appears to be the stereotypical, conservative looking middle aged librarian. On Friday lunchtime she has to rush home to her flat for a private book club, a rather unusual book club.*

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There was just time to re-shelve some books before Karen James took her lunch break. She wanted to be away promptly at 12 as she had to nip home for her book club, a private book club, that met every Friday lunchtime.



Karen was a senior librarian at Hoxteth Library in East London. She picked up a few books and scanned them through the library database and then put them back on the shelves.



Miss James appeared to be the stereo typically librarian, middle aged, she wore thick glasses and her dress was fairly conservative. She did have shapely legs which showed under a long flowery skirt. She was wearing black hosiery and black heels. Karen's top was a long-sleeved white blouse.





However, what lies beneath was a different matter. When Karen got back to her desk it was 12:00, she sat down for a moment and logged off the computer. She picked up her coat and bag, said bye to her colleague Janice who was on the main desk whilst Karen was at lunch. It was only a 5 minute walk to Karen's flat, just round the corner from the library. She often took lunch at home as it was so close.



In the kitchen she took a sandwich she had made before she went to work from the fridge. She didn't have long to eat as the book club members would probably start arriving at about 12:15 for the 12:20 start.





Karen had just finished the last mouthful of her ham sandwich when the doorbell rang. It was Josh, a twenty something year old, a self-employed graphic designer who lived in Hackney.

“Hello Josh, welcome to the book club. Haven’t seen you for a while.”

“Been a bit busy,” mumbled Josh, looking at the ground.

“You know the drill, go in the front bedroom and trousers off, then wait in the living room.”

Josh wondered if there was a hint of a lacy black slip peeping out of the split in Karen’s skirt. He would have to wait to find out.



Josh mumbled something, fished a £20 note out of his pocket, and went into the front bedroom.

“Thank you, Josh,” Karen smiled as she took the £20 note. “I am expecting Mr Smith and Mr Jones soon, you won’t have to wait long.”





In the front bedroom Josh removed his trainers, blue denim jeans, and t-shirt. He left his underpants on. He was already hard having glimpsed the black lacy slip again in the split of Karen's flowery skirt.

As he was removing his t-shirt, he heard the doorbell ring and Karen showed Smith and Jones into the bedroom. They were retired, he thought they were both married but wasn't sure, they didn't give much away. And he was sure that Smith and Jones were not their real names. They nodded to Josh but didn't say anything as they came into the room even although he was stripped down to his pants and socks. Josh went through to the living room. He was really looking forward to the book club, he wondered what it would be this week, it was always worth the £20 fee. He had been busy with work the last few weeks so this was his first visit for a while.



Mr Smith started to undress by taking off his trouser to reveal black stockings and satin French knickers.

“Oh, Mr Smith, you came already dressed this time,” said Mr Jones.

“Yes, the wife is away so I dressed in her stockings and lingerie at home, feels wonderful to walk down the street with the suspenders tugging on my stockings. Did you bring some stuff to change into, Mr Jones?”

“Of course, Mr Smith.”

Mr Jones took off all his clothes and put on some sheer black nylon tights, large white panties, a white sheer bra. He stepped into a cute white half-slip with a very lacy hem. He slid some fake breasts into the cups of the bra, the nipples showed through the sheer cups of the bra. He slipped on some low black heels to complete his transformation.

“Very nice, Mr Jones, I will want to feel that lump in your panties and slip very soon,” said Mr Smith.

“Likewise with your black French knickers,” said Mr Jones.







Smith and Jones went through to the living room to join Josh and pay Karen for the book club session.



“Hello everyone, good to see you all here”

Karen picked up a book, “Today we are reading from “Echo Park” by Michael Connolly.” She sat down in a chair opposite the book club members and started to read.



As she was reading, she swung round, and her skirt parted.

There was a sharp intake of breath from the men. They could see right up her skirt now to her pink silky panties and her stocking tops. They started wanking at the delightful sight of the conservative librarian in front of them showing them her Vanity Fair panties and sheer black stockings. No thick opaque tights for this lady, despite her librarian appearance.





“Gosh it is hot in here,” she put the book down and lifted her white blouse to reveal a silky pink bra.



Mr Smith and Mr Jones were wanking each other. Mr Smith was rubbing the white slip of Mr Jones, (as promised). Mr Jones in return pushed his hand up the loose leg of Mr Smith's black French knickers and grabbed hold of the stiffie inside and pulled it out of the knickers.



Karen stood up and took off her flowery skirt to reveal her lacy black slip. Josh wanked his stiff cock even harder as the slip he had only glimpsed before was fully revealed.





Karen picked up the book again and read another paragraph. The men could not care less what she was reading. They were entranced by the conservative librarian reading to them dressed only in bra, panties, slip, stockings, and heels. Would she take off the slip so they could see those pink panties again?

Indeed, she did. Karen put the book down and faced the Book Club members. She slowly lowered her black slip. As she leant forward her cleavage was more prominent. Josh loved that. He wished he could touch her slip or panties but that was not allowed.





“Do you like my silky pink panties, gentlemen?” asked Karen. They grunted. “They are my favourite Vanity Fair panties. Are they making you hard? They are certainly making me excited.”





The gentlemen were indeed very hard and were all wanking away, and about to cum. Mr Smith pulled down his white panties and slip to reveal his stiff cock held up by his sheer black tights.



“This slip is so slippery; I love wearing it over my nylon stockings when I go to work. No one else at the library knows I wear a slip and stockings or even that I am not who I appear to be, a middle-aged frumpy librarian. Now who would like me to wank them off with my slip for an extra £10? Perhaps you, Josh? Mr Smith and Jones look like they are engrossed in each other’s panties.”

“Urgh, yes please,” said Josh. Fortunately he had some more cash in his trouser pocket that was still in the front room.



Karen stepped forward and gently took hold of Josh's stiff cock and started rubbing it slowly with the silky black nylon half-slip. It didn't take many strokes then he came all over the black slip.

Karen pulled back the slip and offered Josh a tissue to clean up.

Mr Smith and Mr Jones had been watching their fellow book club member being tossed off by the librarian standing in her panties, bra and stockings. Mr Jones came in his black French knickers and Jones flooded his black sheer tights.

"Same time next week, gentlemen, cum again."

The book club members scurried off to the bedroom to change.



Josh retrieved the £10 note from his jeans and put them back on. Perhaps next time he could find some panties to wear, like Smith and Jones, perhaps even stockings, suspenders and a slip. He loved the feeling of Karen's black slip on his stiff cock. By the time he got back to the living room Karen was already dressed again. He handed over the £10 for extra services.

"Erm, could I err, borrow some of your underwear for next time," mumbled Josh looking at the ground as if it would swallow him, he was so embarrassed.

"Oh Josh, have you never worn ladies' silky lingerie," asked Karen?

"Err....No."

"Well, I could tell you enjoyed being wanked with my silky slip. Wait there I know just the set you can borrow, for a fee, of course, let's say £20 per week extra for a fresh set. Is that Ok, Josh?"

"Well yes, I suppose so," said Josh doubtfully but fished another £20 out of his pocket.

Karen took the £20 note and then disappeared into her bedroom but came back only a minute later with a carrier bag for Josh.

"Wear this lingerie and stockings next week, you will love it as much as I do. Now see your self out, there is something I must do before I go back to work."

Josh wondered how had she been able to put this package together so quickly, she seemed to know exactly what he needed. He took the bag and left the flat.



Josh rushed home, tightly gripping the carrier bag that Karen had given him. When he was in his bedroom, he tipped the contents out of the bag onto his bed. Silky lingerie, stockings, breast pads, a necklace and high heels tumbled out onto the bed.

Any doubts he had soon disappeared, the lingerie was so sexy and silky, it was making him hard again. He stripped off, picked up the cream knickers and slid them up his legs. Next, he picked up the suspenders to put over the top of the panties but realised he should have done that first.

He started again with just the suspender belt. Then it was some black stockings. He slid these up his legs, perhaps he would need to shave his legs. He took a while but managed to attach the stocking tops to the suspender clips. That cream bra was even more tricky than the fiddly suspenders, but he got there in the end. Now he pulled the cream French knickers up over his horizontal stiff rod. Why had he never done this before? He loved the effect the silky lingerie was having on him.

Karen had given him some fake breasts to fill the bra and a pair of black heels. The bra looked amazing with the fake boobs filling them out. Josh stepped into the black shoes and added a pearl necklace



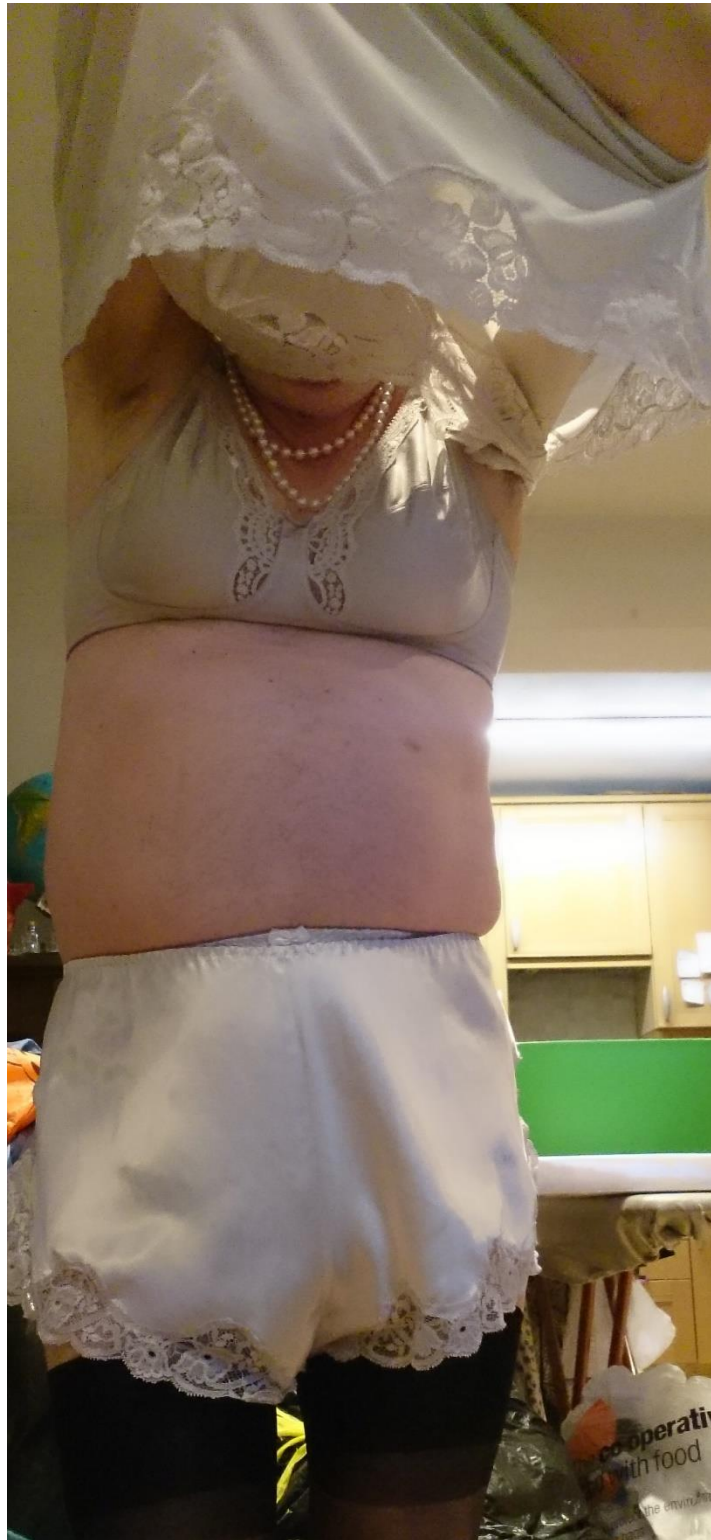
Josh loved the look as he checked what he looked like in the mirror. There was no doubt he could see a man with his shaved head and beard but one wearing some very sexy lingerie, bra, lacy French knickers, long black stockings and a pair of high heels. The heels made a nice sound on the floor as he went back to the bed to pick up the slip. The slip was a full-length cream slip and had a very lacy hem.

Josh was amazed at what Karen had put together for him so quickly, it was just right. It was if she could read his mind.





Josh pulled the slip over his head and then down over his bra and French knickers.



As the lacy hem caressed his nylon stockings Josh looked in the mirror again. He loved what he could see. His stiff cock ("Do you still call it a cock or is it a clitty," he wondered?) was going mad. He took hold of his stiff clitty and gave it a good rub. It was no good, he could not hold back and save the slip for the next visit to the Book Club as he was supposed to. Suddenly he spurted all over the French knickers, slip and stockings. His hot white cum dribbled down his nylon clad legs. He had cum twice in a slip inside an hour, and he would have to wash this lingerie before next week. He wondered if he might have to wash it several times before next week as he just might want to wear it every day for a wank. Perhaps Karen knew that was what would happen.



Back at Karen's flat she had got rid of her book club members quickly for a good reason.

"Now my turn," said Karen to herself as she sat down in the living room.

"I wonder if any of my club members really know what I hide in my panties?"

She lifted her slip and skirt and plunged her hand into her pink VF panties. The panties felt so silky on the back of her hand. Having seen three of her book club members cum in lingerie she was sexually aroused as well. It did not take long for her to wank the big stiff clitty hiding in her panties, soon she flooded her panties with her cum.

"Well, that was nice, but I must put on some clean knickers and get back to the library, it is nearly 1 o'clock."

## **The End**

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*From an original idea by Saskia Slips*

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