**Rachel and Me**

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**Rachel and Me Pt. 26**

Rachel called and asked if I wanted to come out and play, and I said sure, why not. We agreed to meet at the food court, so I sorted myself out and headed over there.

I walked from my place, and when I arrived, I saw her sitting there, on her own, with her back to me. She was wearing a short blue skirt and a white short sleeved blouse with pockets over her tits.

"Hi," I said, taking the seat across from her.

"Hi," she said back to me, smiling and leaning in. She took my right hand with her left hand, and put something in it with her right hand.

Looking down, I saw the remote control for her vibrator. I pushed one of the buttons, and looked at her face. Her eyes went slightly glassy, so I knew she had it inside her, and it was switched on. I pushed the button that turned it off.

"What panties are you wearing?" I asked.

By way of an answer, she lifted the hem of her skirt up. I couldn't see through the table, so I leaned forward, and then I could see up her skirt. She had her legs slightly apart, and I could just see the crotch of her white thong, and underneath it I could make out the fat hot pink wire sticking out from the vibrator inside her.

"Stay there," I said, getting up. "I'm going to get a soda - do you want one?"

"No," she said, "I'm good."

"Stay like that until I get back," I told her, and went to order a soda.

As I walked away, I turned the vibrator to the low setting. I wasn't sure of the range of the device, so I stood in line pressing buttons. I was too far away for it to work, but I could see her sitting there, looking at me a little nervously. She was still holding the hem of her skirt up.

When it was my turn to order, I pointed her out and asked the server to wave at her, and Rachel smiled and nodded her head back at us. She gave me the cup of Coke, I paid, thanked her and walked back over to Rachel.

I sat down in front of her.

"Can I let go?" she asked me.

"Sure," I said, and she smoothed her skirt out again.

The vibrator was still buzzing away inside her, and she looked a little flushed.

"So," I asked, "how are things?"

"Fine," she said, "I've been busy with school and work, so I wanted to see you and maybe play a little. I've got stuff to do later though."

Just as I was about to respond, two guys and a girl approached us.

"Hey Rachel," one of the guys said.

"Oh, hi Dillon," she said. "Dan, this is Dillon, Jamie and Cathy. Guys, this is my friend Dan."

"Pleased to meet you," I said, standing up so I could greet them properly. The controller went into the pocket of my hoodie.

I asked if they wanted to join us, and Jamie pulled up a chair so we could all sit down. I was opposite Rachel, and I watched her face as she interacted with her friends.

"We were all in the same lecture this morning," she told me. "Did you guys take better notes than I did?"

I sat back and watched them chatting away, and my hand slipped in to my pocket. I turned the speed up on the vibrator, and Rachel made a strange sound, then covered it up by coughing.

"So, are you guys on a date or something?" asked Dillon.

They looked at me. I looked at Rachel.

"No," she said, "we're just friends. I deliver pizza to him."

They seemed satisfied by this, and carried on chatting about university, professors, what somebody or other did the other night at somebody else's party. Rachel kept glancing at me, so I put my hand back into my pocket and turned off the vibrator. She smiled at me.

"Well, I was supposed to be helping this one do some shopping," she said to her friends, standing up and grabbing her bag.

I took that as my cue, and stood up as well.

"It was nice to meet you all," I said, collecting my Coke.

"Debbie's having a party tonight, you two should come," said Cathy, looking at me, sort of flirtily.

"I'm supposed to be working on a project," said Rachel. "Let me see how I get on, OK?"

Cathy took my hand, grabbed a pen out of her bag and wrote her number on it.

"Call me if you want to come without her," she said, biting her bottom lip slightly.

I smiled. "I'll see how my afternoon pans out, but thanks."

Rachel grabbed the hand with Cathy's phone number on it, and off we went.

As we got out of earshot, I heard her mutter "whore," and I laughed at her.

"You're not jealous, are you?"

"No, she just doesn't have to be like that."

"It's OK," I said, "I'm not going to her party."

"I'm not going to her stupid party either," she almost whined.

"Alright, let's cheer you up. What did you want to do?"

"I want to have fun. Other than that, I'm all yours," she said.

I looked around, then headed over towards a trash can. I was out of Coke. When we got to the can, I took the lid off my cup. I dropped that into the trash can. Reaching in to the cup, I pulled out a couple of ice cubes. I put one in each of the pockets on her blouse, and heard her gasp.

I could see her nipples were hard, and that she was wearing a yellow bra, as the blouse was pretty close to see through now.

I dropped the cup of ice in the trash can, and we started off down the aisle, idly looking around.

Anne surprised us, coming up from behind, carrying a cup of coffee.

"Hello there," she said, and we turned to face her.

"You've got yourself wet," she said to Rachel, gesturing at her blouse. "You should come with me."

Anne led the way, and Rachel followed her. I followed the pair of them. We wended our way through the store to the staff room. Anne opened the door and went in, and I noticed that she didn't think to knock. I closed the door after us, and went over to one of the seats by the wall. Anne walked over to the table, put her coffee cup down and turned to face Rachel, who dropped her bag on the floor.

"I think that should come off," she said, gesturing at the wet blouse.

She reached out to Rachel, and helped her undo the buttons. Rachel shrugged the blouse off her shoulders, and put it on the table. She reached behind her and unhooked her yellow bra, sliding the straps down her arms, and taking it off.

She stood there, with her hard little nipples, and her arms by her sides, looking a bit embarrassed.

Anne was leaning on the table, and Rachel moved towards her. Anne reached out and stroked her nipples, then pulled them away from her chest a little. She slid her hands down Rachel's sides, to the waistband of her skirt. She turned the skirt around, until the zipper was at the front. She unzipped it, and Rachel let it fall down her legs to the floor.

"What's this?" she asked, looking at the wire for the vibrator.

Rachel looked at me, and I walked over to Anne and handed her the controller. She looked down at it, then pushed one of the buttons. Rachel shivered slightly as the vibrator started up again.

Anne smiled. "How delightful!"

She fiddled with the buttons some more. Rachel squirmed some more.

"Your panties are all wet," Anne said.

"I have new panties," said Rachel, backing away and turning to her dropped bag.

Keeping her knees locked, she bent over to her bag, and fished around in it. She seemed to be having problems finding what she was looking for, but she found a ziplock bag and put that between her teeth, and carried on looking. I liked the way her tits hung down, and the view of her thong going up between her ass cheeks.

Anne went over to help her, taking the bag from her and upending it, spilling the contents on the floor.

Rachel, looking flustered, grabbed a clean pair of panties from the pile of stuff on the floor, but Anne picked up a butt plug.

"What's this, baby?" she asked.

Rachel looked a little embarrassed. "Uh, a toy?"

"Shall we play with it?" Anne asked, with a hint of a smile.

She reached out to Rachel and slid the waist band of her thong down. Rachel stepped out of her panties, standing there with the wire for the vibrator hanging out of her pussy. She dropped the panties and the ziplock bag on the pile on the floor.

Anne turned off the vibrator, then took the wire and pulled it out. She looked at it, interested, then held it up to Rachel's mouth. Rachel opened her mouth, and Anne put the vibrator in it. She let go of it, and Rachel held it there with the wire hanging out. Anne took the butt plug, and put it in her own mouth for a few seconds, wetting it with her saliva. She took it out, and put it in Rachel's pussy.

"Is that right, baby?"

Rachel just looked at her. Anne smiled.

Anne had her bend over at the waist, then took the plug out of her pussy. She licked it clean, then slowly pushed it into Rachel's ass, until just the flat end part stuck out. I could see Rachel's juices on her upper thighs at this point, and her nipples looked as hard as I'd ever seen them.

Rachel stood up straight, and Anne turned her around again, taking the vibrator out of Rachel's mouth. Picking up the remote, she turned it back on again, looking at it buzzing away in her hand, then rubbed it along Rachel's pussy, causing her to shudder in an orgasm. She held the vibrator against Rachel as she rode the orgasm out.

"Feet apart, baby," she said to Rachel, who moved her feet about shoulder width apart.

"Come here," she said to me. "Get your big dick out."

I stood up and walked over to them, undoing the buttons on my jeans. Anne turned the vibrator off, and put it back in Rachel's mouth, then had her bend forward with her hands on the table. I had my dick out as I joined them, and Anne took hold of it and lined it up with Rachel's pussy.

"Do you want him to fuck you, baby?" Anne asked Rachel.

She nodded her head emphatically, yes.

Anne guided my dick in to Rachel, and stroked my balls as I slowly bottomed out inside her. Anne was rubbing Rachel's clit with her thumb as I started pistoning away in her, holding her hips as I did.

"Do you want him to cum inside you, baby?" Anne asked her after a few minutes.

Again, Rachel nodded, moaning quietly. Anne nodded at me, and I sped up a bit, causing Rachel to start shuddering again as her next orgasm started. That meant I couldn't hold back any longer, and I started spurting inside her, groaning.

When I was done, Anne said "wait a minute," and took the vibrator out of Rachel's mouth. She had me pull out, then immediately pushed the vibrator into Rachel's pussy, trapping the cum inside her.

"Do you want me to get Adam?" Anne asked her.

Rachel had her eyes closed, and just nodded, still bent over, supporting herself with her hands on the table.

"I want you to suck his dick clean until I get back," Anne said, gesturing at me to move to Rachel's head.

Rachel lifted one hand from the table, letting me lean against it, then started sucking my dick like she was trying to get me to cum again. Anne turned the vibrator on, and Rachel moaned around my dick. She left, closing the door behind her.

"Are you OK?" I asked Rachel.

"Mmm hmm," she moaned around my dick, nodding.

I just leaned against the table, enjoying the sensations of her mouth on my dick. After a few minutes, the door opened and Adam walked in.

"Holy fuck," he exclaimed from behind her, as he had a great view of her naked pussy, with the hot pink vibrator wire hanging out, and the butt plug showing.

Anne followed him in.

"See, I said I had a nice surprise for you," she said to him.

"Baby, do you want Adam to fuck you?"

Rachel groaned, then nodded.

It was at this point he looked up from her pussy and saw me. I saw recognition cross his face as he started to undo his pants.

"Hi," he mumbled.

He came over to Rachel, dick in hand, and Anne turned the vibrator off and removed it.

"Quickly now," she said, and Adam jammed his dick in before anything leaked out.

"Are you clean?" Anne asked me.

I looked down at Rachel, then at her, and nodded.

"Come on then," she said, and Rachel let go of me and lifted her arm to let me out. Anne put the vibrator back in her mouth as I got dressed again.

It had been a few minutes, and based on the sounds he was making, Adam was getting close to cumming.

"Do you want him to cum inside you too?" Anne asked.

Rachel nodded, and just in time, as Adam gripped her waist tightly and came.

Again, Anne took the vibrator out of Rachel's mouth, then pushed it into her pussy as soon as Adam had pulled out.

"Clean him up, baby, so he can go back to work," Anne said, and Rachel turned around and squatted down in front of him, licking the combined juices off his dick. Anne turned the vibrator back on, on a low setting.

When Adam's dick was cleaned to Anne's liking, she had him get dressed.

"Do you want me to get Joseph?" Anne asked.

Rachel looked puzzled. "Who?"

"The cleaner," said Anne. "I figured today wasn't the day to be making new friends."

"No," said Rachel, "I think I'm done."

Adam smiled at her sheepishly. "It was nice to see you again," he said.

Anne hurried him back out of the door, and Rachel went over to her bag. She found the clean pair of panties, and put then on. She picked up her wet thong, and put it in the ziplock bag, then put it in her bag and started collecting her other belongings. Once that was done, she stepped into her skirt, and pulled it up to her waist, fastening it.

She picked up her bra, and Anne shook her head at her. Rachel put it in her bag. She retrieved her blouse, and put that on, buttoning it up. It had dried a little, but you could still just make out her nipples. She put her bag over her shoulder.

"I really enjoyed this," Rachel said to Anne, then turned to me, "but I wasn't kidding when I said I had a project due. I'm going to have to head out."

Anne stepped over and gently took her face in her hands, giving her a long, tender kiss.

"I should probably get back to work too," she said, "but I'm looking forward to your next visit."

Anne handed me the controller for the vibrator, and I went to put it in my pocket.

"Oh," she said, "before you go... turn it off?"

I turned the vibrator off, and she lifted the front of Rachel's skirt up. She pulled her panties down a little, then pulled the vibrator out. As Rachel opened her mouth to protest, Anne put the vibrator in it, then she pulled Rachel's panties back up and dropped the hem of her skirt. Before the skirt went down, I could already see the cum leaking into her panties.

Anne took the vibrator out of Rachel's mouth, and checked it was clean, then opened the zip on Rachel's bag and dropped it in, zipping it back up.

"Gross," said Rachel.

"There we go," said Anne, "I'll see you out."

Silently, we all walked to the main doors of the store, and Anne hugged Rachel, and said "don't be a stranger" before heading back to work.

"Can you see anything running down my thighs?" Rachel asked me.

"Nope, you're good," I said. "I'll walk you to your car."

When we got to her car, she got a shopping bag out of the back, and put it on the driver's seat, and got in.

"Can I hang on to this?" asked, showing her the controller. "I have an idea."

"Sure," she said, "I have another. I'll call you."

And with that, she drove off. I wandered home, wondering how pissed she'd be if I called Cathy.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 27**

"So how does it work?" she asked.

"Are you asking how does it work, or how do you use it?"

"Either. Both."

"So this little box," I said, pointing at it, "is a computer. It has a battery in it, and it connects via WiFi to the hotspot on your phone, and that means that the buttons on the controller," I pointed to the little button box, "can be pushed from your web site."

"So people on my web site can control the vibrator?"

"Yes, and you can choose who you give the control to."

"I love it! I'm going to use it tonight."

She'd planned another web cam session, and I'd been tinkering to get this to work in time to use it, if she wanted to.

"I was aiming to do the session in the university library," she said. "Do you want to come with me?"

"Sure," I said, and picked up a hoodie and my keys.

She pulled her short skirt up, and her bikini panties down, then sucked the peanut shaped vibrator into her mouth for a few seconds, and inserted it. She pulled her panties back up and straightened her skirt out. She was wearing a camisole type top, and one of my hoodies that she'd "borrowed" at some point in the past. I'd given up on getting it back, even though it was too big for her.

She threw her bag over her shoulder, and took my hand as we left.

We got in her car and headed to the university. It was pretty late, almost 9pm, and I was surprised that the library was still open. After parking in the almost empty lot, she put her bob wig on and we went up to the library proper and headed in. It was, as libraries always are, oppressively quiet in there, and there were a couple of people sitting around working at laptops or reading books.

Nobody even looked at us as we entered, and she went and found a table near a wall, sitting down with her back to the rest of the room.

We had time, so she spent a little time getting everything all set up - she pulled the hood up over her wig, and fiddled around putting her mask on to cover the top half of her face.

She got her laptop out of her bag and set up, and connected it to the hotspot on her phone. I watched as she twiddled with the screen so the camera was pointed where it could see her from the top of the desk to just past her chin. She turned on my little box, and we watched it until the green light came on. I was standing next to her, and pointed at the buttons I'd put on her web site. She turned the vibrator on low, and I heard her moan quietly, and then she turned it off.

"OK," she said, grinning, "get out of the frame unless you want to be part of the action."

I went and sat down opposite her.

"Mute," I said.

"Yup, already did."

At the appointed time, she leaned forward and started clicking and typing. She'd sit back and wait, reading what her followers were typing to her, then she'd lean forward, probably so they could see her cleavage, and she'd type back to them.

I watched as she obviously flirted with them, and she smiled broadly and moved aside. She rotated the laptop a little, to show the people seated behind her on the other side of the library, then she rotated it back to look at her. She looked over her shoulder, then slid her top down and pulled one of her tits out. She massaged it for a second, then tweaked the nipple and put it back under the cloth. Her nipple stood out against the cloth now, and she looked over her shoulder again before pulling her other tit out, tweaking the nipple and putting it away again.

She went back to typing and flirting with them again, and then I saw her shiver slightly. I figured she'd given somebody control of the vibrator, and they'd turned it on.

She leaned forward for the camera and pulled the front of her top down, so you could see a lot more cleavage, and then popped her tits out one at a time. They hung there, looking slightly ridiculous with the top of her camisole below them, and she just sat there, breathing slightly harder.

In the silence, I could just about hear the vibrator. I assumed it was on its highest setting at the moment, but anybody hearing it would probably assume it was her laptop. Unless they looked at her... her face and chest were starting to get a little flushed, and her eyes seemed unfocussed. All of a sudden the slight noise stopped, and a second later she looked back at the screen again, putting her tits back under her top.

She leaned forward again, looking at the screen. She typed away for a little bit. Reading, she bit her lip, then looked around behind her. Nobody was paying her any attention. She pulled her left arm up inside my hoodie, through the strap of her camisole, then put it back in the sleeve. She pulled her tit out, and held it with one hand while stroking the nipple with the other. Still stroking her nipple, she looked back, then pulled her right arm in, unhooking the strap on that side before putting her arm back. She freed her right tit too, and massaged them together. She rolled the camisole down to her waist, and sat there, pulling on her nipples as she leaned forward and read the screen again.

She wiggled around, and I realised she was taking the camisole off over her hips. I'm guessing it was easier than negotiating the hoodie, mask and wig. After a short while, she lifted herself up and wiggled it down her legs, then bent forward and picked it up. She showed it to the screen, then pulled her bag closer and put it away. She reached up like she was stretching, but it was obvious from this side that she was showing off her tits to me and the laptop's camera.

More typing, and she gazed off into the distance again, as I'm guessing the vibrator had started up again. It wasn't on a high setting, as I couldn't hear anything, but it was high enough to get most of her attention.

After a minute or so, she looked back at me again. She went back to reading the screen, then looked back behind her again. This time she stood up, and leaned over towards me, her tits hanging right in front of the screen. She straightened up, lifted the front of her skirt for a few seconds and showed her panties, then sat down again. I could just make out the thick pink antenna wire from the vibrator.

She read the screen again, and looked surprised. I saw her look down at the chair, then behind her. She moved her hands below the table top and reached behind her, arranging the hoodie. She brought her hands into her lap, and fiddled with the zip on the front of the hoodie. She then fiddled with the zip on her skirt, taking it down. As calmly as possible, she slipped her skirt off her hips, and slid it down her legs. Again, she reached down and collected it, showing it to the screen before putting it in her bag.

She stood up quickly, wearing just panties and the hoodie, zipped up a few inches at the bottom. She sat down again just as quickly. Reading the screen, she rolled her eyes, checked to see that there was still nobody looking at her, then stood up again. She unzipped her hoodie, then held the sides apart for a few seconds, looking over her shoulder again. You could see a slight damp spot forming in the panties. She sat down again, and looked at the screen.

She tapped away at the keyboard, then leaned back for a second. She moved the sides of the hoodie apart, and crossed her arms across her chest. Her fingers found her nipples, and she rolled them between fingers and thumb. I could hear the vibrator buzzing lightly. Her eyes closed, and her head dropped forward a bit. I could hear her breathing getting deeper. After a few minutes, her breathing got faster and shallower, and I saw her shudder a little.

Her eyes fluttered open, and she looked at me, then down at the screen. She grinned, sheepishly, then looked around. She typed away on the keyboard for a few seconds, then stood up again. She held the sides of the hoodie apart, showing the now larger damp spot on her panties, then closed the hoodie and zipped it up. She leaned forward, then say down again. There was some furious typing, and she say back and read for a while. After some more typing, she waved goodbye to the screen and closed the lid on her laptop. She grinned at me, and started putting her stuff away in her bag.

"Was that hot?" she asked me.

"So fucking hot," I said.

She put her bag over her shoulder, and grabbed my hand. She pulled me to my feet, and I followed her across the library and into an aisle. When we got to the dead end, she stopped with her back to the wall and put her bag down. She unzipped the hoodie, pulled the sides apart and knelt down in front of me.

Her hands went to my waistband, and she unbuttoned my jeans and pulled the sides apart so she could pull my underwear down and get my dick out. She licked her lips, then leaned in and licked along the shaft before engulfing the head in her mouth. She held her tongue against the bottom as she slid her head down the shaft until her lips reached her hand, then she slowly pulled her head back so just the head was in her mouth. Her tongue swirled across the head, and then she went back down.

There was a woman's voice from behind me.

"What the FUCK do you think you're doing?"

**Rachel and Me Pt. 28**

"What the FUCK do you think you're doing?"

Rachel let go of my dick, and looked around me. I turned and there was a slightly older librarian standing behind me. Luckily she looked more amused than angry.

Rachel zipped the hoodie as she stood up, and I put my dick away. We turned to the librarian.

"Do you go to school here?"

"I do," said Rachel.

"You, come with me," the librarian said to her. "You can wait outside," she said to me.

Rachel gave me her bag, and I left the library, and went and waited by her car.

After about thirty minutes, she came out of the building. She wasn't wearing her mask any more.

"Are you OK?" I asked.

"Oh yes," she said, taking her wig off. "Let's get out of here."

We got into the car and went back to my place. She didn't talk on the way, so I didn't press her. When we got inside, she opened her bag and took the hoodie off. She pulled out a ziplock bag, and took her panties off, putting them in the bag and sealing it. She pulled out a new pair and put them on, then sat down. I noticed that she'd taken out the vibrator, and she took it out of a pocket on the hoodie and put it in her bag.

"OK," she said, "she just wanted to make sure I was OK. I told her it was my idea! She asked me what we were thinking, and I said I'd been camming, and wanted to get you off after that. She said she's caught several girls camming in the library, and asked me why I was doing it - I told her it was fun, and it pays well. She told me to take the hood off, and I thought she meant take the hoodie off, so I unzipped it, and she was all 'no, no, just the hood. And the mask,' so I stood there with the hoodie unzipped, and took off my mask, but I left the wig on. So I'm standing there with the hoodie open, and she was all 'did you come here dressed like that?' and I said no, I'd undressed on the cam, and she thought that was like wow, undressing in her library."

By now, she had her hand on my leg, and was moving it higher.

"Then she saw the wire for the vibe, and she asked about it, and I said it was a vibrator, and she asked me to turn it on, and I said I couldn't, because it's remote controlled from the web, and she thought that was hot. She said she'd never seen anything like that, so I pulled my panties down at the front and took it out. It was all covered in goo, so I sucked it clean and went to hand it to her, but she didn't want to touch it - she seemed a little shocked at how comfortable I am showing off my body. She said I was pretty, and seemed smart enough that I didn't need to do this, and I said I liked it. She asked if you're my boyfriend, and I said no, and she asked if you're the only one I do 'this stuff' with, and I said no, I'd had sex with strangers, men and women."

She undid my buttons, and put her hand inside, grasping my dick. She was gently stroking it.

"She said she wished she'd seen me cum from the vibrator, and would I show her what that looked like, so I started playing with my nipples for a while, then I started rubbing my pussy and clit. I got tired of the sleeves getting in the way, so I took the hoodie off, and carried on rubbing, even though it was still sensitive from cumming before. Then she asked if it wasn't working for me, and I said no, not really, I was a little sensitive. And then, get this, she said she had a fantasy, and would I help her with it?"

She rubbed her thumb over the head of my dick.

"Do you want me to take care of that first?" she asked.

"No," I said, "carry on with the story. This sounds hot."

"As you wish. So, she said she's always been a little bossy, and has always wanted a girlfriend who'll do what she's told, and would I help her out with that, so she doesn't have to report this to anybody. Well, I thought, she's cute enough, and it could be nice, I guess. Just this once. So I said sure, what did she want. She said she'd always wanted somebody to eat her out under her desk. I was like I can do that, so I started to crawl under there, and she stops me and says 'naked,' so I take off my panties, but she means even my shoes. So I take off my shoes and socks, and crawl under her desk, and I'm sitting there, waiting for her, and she's collecting all my stuff, and she puts it in a drawer, which I thought was odd at the time, but whatever, this is her show.

"She pulls her skirt up, and her panties down, and sits down, then slides her chair in, so I'm trapped under there. I got her to slide forward, and move her legs apart as far as she can, under the desk. And I start going down on her, right? I can hear her clattering around on the desk, and she says 'can you get me a coffee?' and I'm thinking what? And then I hear the door open, and I'm trying to be quiet.

"By now, she's got my head gripped between her thighs, and I'm doing everything I can to get her off, but she's talking, talking! to somebody else. I couldn't really hear, what with the thighs, and me concentrating on what I'm doing, but after a while, it gets quieter and then the door closes. And she relaxes, so I can really get to work, and she cums. Long and hard. Juices all over my face.

"She slides the chair back, and I'm crawling out from under her desk, and as I'm kneeling to get up, she grabs me and kisses me, then licks my face, all over. She says she loves tasting her on me, and just keeps going until all it's all gone. Then she kisses me again, hard, and thanks me. She's like so happy, and that makes me happy, but I'm standing there, naked. And then she's all 'oh, your clothes,' and she gets them out of the drawer and gives them to me.

"She watched me get dressed, well, as much as I could, then asked if I'd like to go on a date with her. I was like OK, and now I have a date for Friday night, it seems."

"Um, cool, I guess," I said, "what's her name?"

"I don't know!"

Rachel looked down at my dick, she was still stroking it, and her hand was starting to get coated in pre-cum.

"Let me fix this," she said, licking her hand clean before going down on me.

After the evening I'd just watched, and the story I'd just heard, it didn't take me long to cum.

Rachel got up and got her clothes out of her bag, and started dressing. I pulled my underwear and jeans up, and fastened the buttons again. I noticed she put my hoodie back on.

"This is going to be fun," she said. "What should I wear?"

"Where are you going?"

"I don't know!"

She put her remaining junk back in her bag, and I walked her to the door, where she kissed me, hard.

"You don't need to bother walking me down," she said. "I'll see you at the weekend and tell you how it went."

**Rachel and Me Pt. 29**

There was a not too loud, yet insistent knocking on my front door. I didn't know how long it had been going on, but it woke me up. I turned the bedside light on, and looked at the clock as I dragged myself out of bed. It was just before 3am. This had better be important.

I pulled a robe on, and went to the door. The knocking was still going on, maybe once a second. I opened the door, to find Rachel and some other woman standing there. Rachel was wearing her stripper heels, fishnets, a short black skirt and tank top, and had a black choker on. The other woman was older, and was dressed like a sexy librarian, in a short-ish skirt, a white blouse with an obvious black bra on under it. She had heels on, and hose, and was wearing glasses even though I wasn't sure they were prescription.

"What the actual fuck?" I asked.

"I wanted to see you," said Rachel.

"And you are?" I asked the woman with her.

"Kristi," she said, smiling, mybe a little nervously.

"Dan," I said.

"She's my date - remember the library?" Rachel asked. Now I understood the sexy librarian look.

"I'm sorry," I said to Kristi, "I'm not at my best at 3am. How about you come in before you wake anybody else up."

I stood back, and they came in. I closed the door gently, and followed them towards the dark living room. The light came on as Rachel went in, and by the time I got there, they were both sitting down.

"Let me freshen up a little," I said as I went to the bathroom.

I took a leak, washed my face, brushed my hair and quickly cleaned my teeth, then headed out to face the women.

"Fine, I'm awake. What?"

"I've had a bit of an evening, and I needed a good fuck," said Rachel.

"I did suggest we could just go back to my place and use a strap-on, but she wanted to come here," said Kristi.

I sat down.

"So, what happened this evening?"

"It's Friday," she started.

"Saturday," I interrupted her.

"OK, last night was Friday, meaning my date with Kristi."

"Uh huh," I said, glancing at Kristi.

"And after that I decided I wanted a proper fuck too, so here I am."

"You might want to start at the beginning," said Kristi. "Can I get a water or something?"

"Where are my manners," I said sarcastically. "Somebody shows up at my door at three in the morning and I don't even offer them a drink? What did you want? Water? Soda? Something harder?"

"Water," she said, "I'm driving."

"Rachel?" I asked.

"I'll take a beer," she said. She seemed a little buzzed already, but whatever. I went to the kitchen and got a glass of water and a bottle of beer, then went back into the living room.

"Thanks," said Rachel. "You not having anything?"

"I just brushed my teeth," I said, "so not for a while."

"Where to start... oh, OK, so you know about the library?"

"He does?" asked Kristi. "Everything about the library?"

"I tell him everything. So, afterwards, she asked me out on a date, and I said sure. Well, I called in to ask what I should wear, and she said something for a night clubbing, and make it sexy."

She stood up and twirled.

"What do you think?" she asked.

"Nice," I answered, "Sexy."

She sat down and carried on.

"We arranged where to meet, so I walked to her place, it's not far from my place, you see, as we both spend all our time at the uni. She comes out, makes me twirl and approves my outfit, and we get in her car and drive to this club."

"Her hair threw me, but she explained the wig she wears for camming," Kristi interjected.

"Anyway, we go to this club. I've never been there. I didn't even know it was there... it's a lesbian club. We go in, and there are no men. There are no men at all allowed inside."

"That seems sexist," I said, "I'm a lesbian too."

"Shut up," she giggled. "Anyway, there are all these chicks there, some girlie, some butch, with shaved heads and whatnot, but you know, just women, right? Well, we had a couple of drinks, and watched the crowd."

"And the crowd watched us," said Kristi. "I thought you said you tell him everything?"

"OK, so there was some PDA."

"Public Displays of Affection," said Kristi.

"Yeah, I know what PDA means," I muttered.

"And?" said Kristi to Rachel.

"OK, so she asked me what panties I was wearing, and I said I was wearing a lacy black thong. She asked to see it, so she pulled my skirt up, but I'm wearing these large hole fishnet hose, right, so the thong is underneath. So she tells me to go and take them off so she can see them properly. I went to the ladies room, and there are no doors on the stalls!"

"There are doors in the mens room," Kristi said to me, "so if you're shy, you go in there. No men allowed, you see."

"I did not know that. Anyway, so there I am, surrounded by lesbians, taking my hose off, so I can take my thong off, so I can put my hose back on. They loved it, I can tell you. You can see them using the toilets and even a couple were having sex in one stall. It was wild. I get sorted out, and head back to our table, where she's talking to another woman. I stand there, like a dummy, as I don't know anybody, and after a minute, she turns and looks at me. She holds her hand out, and I put my thong in her hand. She puts it to her face and sniffs it, then she put it on the table, and pulls it out, so it's laying flat. 'Sexy,' she says, and goes back to talking to the other woman.

"I stand there getting redder and redder and redder, until the woman leaves, and she turns back to me. She gave me a long, hard kiss, and lifts the back of my skirt and feels my butt, putting her fingers through the holes in my hose. Then she lifts the front of my skirt and looks at my pussy, through my hose. And I just didn't know what to do, so I stood there and let her feel me up."

"Don't lie," said Kristi, "it turned you on too."

"It did. So there was music playing and stuff, and she asked me if I wanted to dance, and I'm like 'yes!', so we go out and dance. She leaves my thong on the table, and out we go, her holding my hand and leading me to the dance floor. And we dance. She's throwing me around, and I'm trying not to let my skirt come up, because I know everybody can see I'm not wearing panties. After a few fast songs, there's a slower one, and she pulls me in and holds me tight while we dance, it was very romantic. She lifted the back of my skirt and put her hands on my butt and pulled me in to her while she kissed me, and I just relaxed and stopped worrying so much. After all, there are dancers on pedestals in just lingerie and stuff, so it's not that wild."

"You know those dancers are paid to be there, right?" Kristi asked her.

"Yes, but it's not like it's a church formal or something. Anyway, we go between the dance floor and drinking, and eventually we go back to our table, and there are some other women standing there, talking about my thong, and Kristi introduces me as her pet, which I found embarrassing. We chat to them for a while, and it seems that she was joking about me being her pet, and after a while one of them says they'd watched us dancing, and I'm really sexy. I was like 'whatever' and she was all 'no, you could dance up there,' and she's pointing at the little stage, where there's this really sexy girl, dancing in really sexy lingerie. And they all get into it, saying I should go and dance on the stage, and then one of them, Cassandra?"

"Cassandra."

"So Cassandra knows her, so she goes and gets the girl on the stage, and the two of them come over to me, and the dancer's like 'this is the one?' and Cassandra's all 'yes, she wants to dance with you,' and I'm getting dragged backstage. So the dancer, Liberty, but I bet that's not her real name, Liberty, she says to me that Cassandra says I'm into BDSM and all kinds of stuff, and I really like sexy dancing, and I was all confused, and then she takes me by the hand and drags me through the curtains on to the stage. She called everybody's attention, then said it was my first visit, and that I wanted to dance, so let's dance! And the music starts again and she starts dancing around me, all sexy stripper like, and I'm just standing there, just sort of swaying to the music.

"And she takes my hands, and gets these fluffy hand cuffs and cuffs my hands together in front of me, and everybody starts shouting and stuff, and then Liberty pulls my hands up over my head, she's like six foot tall, and hooks them on a hook on a beam that's over the top of the stage for the curtains. I was starting to freak out at this point, because I'm already on tip toes in my stripper heels, and I can't get my hands down."

"Why don't you show him what you looked like, over there," said Kristi, pointing to the arch between the living room and the hall.

Rachel swallowed some beer, the put the bottle down and went over to the arch. She stood with her hands together, above her head, touching the beam there.

"Do you have any hand cuffs?" Kristi asked.

"Uh, sure," I said, and went and got them. When I got back, Kristi was standing by Rachel, and she took them from me and put them on her.

"I hadn't expected a show," I said.

"Sit down again," she told me, then told Rachel "go on."

"So Liberty, she's dancing around me, and she kisses me," at which point Kristi took Rachel's head in her hands and kissed her passionately.

"And she pulled my top up." And Kristi pulled her tank top out of her skirt, and up, exposing her bra. She started running her hands over Rachel's torso.

"Oh god," said Rachel, "like that, and then she undid my bra." Kristi unhooked Rachel's bra, and pulled it up and over her head, so it held her top up. She leant forward and sucked Rachel's tits.

"Just like that," panted, with her eyes closed like she was reliving it.

"Then she undid my skirt," she mumbled, and Kristi undid her skirt, letting it fall to the floor. She still wasn't wearing panties, and you could easily see her pussy through the fishnet hose.

"At this point, the crowd went berserk. And Liberty went down on me."

Kristi knelt down in front of Rachel, and stuck her tongue through the holes in her fishnets. It didn't take long to get her off, she was already really turned on. Rachel dropped her hands to Kristi's shoulders to support herself when she came.

When she was done, Kristi stood up and kissed Rachel.

"Can I use your bathroom to clean up?" Kristi asked.

I pointed her to the bathroom, and stood up to unlock Rachel's hands. She rubbed her wrists, then took off her tangled bra and tank top

"Then Liberty unhooked me, and I kind of shuffled off the stage with my skirt around my feet."

Kristi rejoined us.

"She told me she didn't know I wasn't wearing panties, or she wouldn't have dropped my skirt, but once she did, she knew she couldn't just stop with the crowd so charged up. She was really nice about the whole thing. I went back to our table, and everyone was cheering, and I was so embarrassed."

"And cute. And sexy," Kristi chimed in.

"So everybody hugged me, and she kissed me, and we danced some more, and at the end of the night, I was feeling really buzzed, and I just wanted a fuck. You know, with a dick. She offered a strap-on, but it's not the same, so I got her to drive me here, and now you know everything."

She turned to Kristi. "You can leave me here if you want to get home. I'm sure he can run me home in the morning. Or I can walk."

"No way," said Kristi. "I wanna watch, and I have a few requests of my own that I'd like to see."

"First off, I'm going to take off the fishnets, as they're starting to get uncomfortable."

She took off her shoes, and the hose, leaving her naked.

"Put the shoes back on," said Kristi, "I think they make you look sexy. Sexier."

Rachel put the shoes back on, then gave us a little twirl, giggling.

"What did you want to see?" she asked.

"I want to see you crawl across the floor and suck his dick."

Rachel got on her hands and knees, and crawled over to me. She opened my robe and fished my already hard dick out. She held it in front of her face, and licked her lips, then licked the head before wiping it over her face, then putting it in her mouth. Kristi came and sat next to me, watching intently.

Rachel slid her head up and down on my dick, and then Kristi said "can I try that?"

Rachel stopped, and sat up. They both looked at me.

"Do you mind?" Kristi said.

I shook my head. Kristi bent over and sucked the head of mym dick into her mouth. She ran her tongue over it, then sat up.

"Meh," she said, "it's not for me."

"Haven't you sucked a dick before?" Rachel asked her.

"No," she said, "I've never really liked the idea of him cumming in my mouth, but I figured that's not an issue here."

"Have you fucked a guy?" Rachel asked her.

"Yes, but it was a long time ago, and I didn't really like it. I'm a lesbian, really."

Rachel leant forward and started sucking my dick again.

"Oh!" said Kristi, "I want to see you deep throat him!"

Rachel tried, she really did, but the angle was all wrong. She ended up gagging, a couple of times. She gave up and sat up again.

"Can we go to the bedroom?" she asked.

"Sure," I said, standing up and leading them that way.

We went into the bedroom, and Rachel went around and lay on the bed, on her back.

"Come here, big boy," she said, and I walked over, dropping my robe on the end of the bed. I was standing by the side of her head, and she reached up and guided my dick into her mouth. This time she was able to get in into her throat, and Kristi came and peered at it, rubbing under Rachel's chin with her hand.

"Can you feel that?" she asked me, sounding awestruck.

I nodded.

Rachel slid my dick out of her mouth, and gasped and coughed a little.

"Anything else?" she asked Kristi.

"No," she said, shaking her head, "go wild."

She sat on the end of the bed, watching us.

Rachel waved me around to the other side, and sat up. She turned over onto her hands and knees, and said "take me from behind."

I looked down at her butt, and she reached under herself, reaching for my dick. She rubbed it through her pussy lips, then lined it up. I slowly pushed it into her, then stopped and held it there as she growled, deeply. She dropped down from her hands onto her elbows, and I started stroking out and into her, slowly, and she was soon cumming, shuddering.

Kristi got up from the end of the bed, and walked around to Rachel's side of the bed. She reached behind her and unzipped her skirt, letting it drop to the floor. She was wearing a black thong and stockings, and she pulled the thong down, baring a little short cropped landing strip. She stepped out of the skirt and thong, and moved closer to Rachel's face. Rachel reached out for her and pulled her closer so she could lick her pussy. As she was licking Kristi, and I was pumping from behind, Kristi started unbuttoned her blouse, taking it off. Her black bra fastened at the front, and she undid the clasp, dropping it on the floor beside her. She reached up and played with her large pink nipples, pulling them around.

I started pumping faster, as I was getting close to cumming, and gripped her hips tighter.

"I want to see you cum over her," said Kristi, urgently.

Fine, whatever. I pulled out of Rachel and stroked my dick between her ass cheeks, then took it in my hand and jacked it until I came over her back, several strings, almost all the way up to her shoulders. That seemed to push Kristi over the edge, and she was soon pulling Rachel's face into her pussy.

I wiped my dick on Rachel's butt, then told her to stay there and went and got a damp wash cloth from the bathroom. When I got back, I wiped Rachel's back clean, and she gasped at the cold cloth against her skin. I noticed that Kristi was already dressing.

"I'd like to watch somebody fuck you up the ass some time," she said.

I grinned, and Rachel shook her head. "I need to be really, really into it before I can even think about that."

"Are you coming with me, or are you staying here?" Kristi asked her, buttoning up her blouse.

"I'll come with you," she said, scuttling off into the living room to collect her clothes.

"It was a pleasure to meet you," Kristi said.

"Again," I said, grinning.

"Again."

Rachel came back in. She'd put her skirt and tank top back on, and was carrying her bra, fishnets and shoes.

"Are you staying at my place tonight?" Kristi asked.

"Sure," Rachel said, grinning. I showed them to the door and headed back to bed.

**Rachel and Me Pt. 30**

I hadn't spoken to Rachel for a while, so I was surprised to get a call from her. She explained that she'd been spending all her play time with Kristi, who was, I guess, sort of her girlfriend now. Anyway, she asked me to meet her at the library, as she and Kristi had planned out a special cam session, and thought I'd enjoy watching it.

I showed up at the library at the appointed time, and Rachel was there in the parking lot. She was wearing my damn hoodie, and wide black fishnet tights. Oh, and her stripper heels. She had her black wig and mask on, and I couldn't help but notice she was wearing the black choker necklace she knew I liked. She gave me a hug and a kiss, then took my hand and led me in. She swung her backpack from her shoulder as I opened the door, and we went to a desk. It was late, and there were only a few people there, but she made a point to get a desk where her back was going to be to them.

She sat down and pulled her laptop out of her bag, and got to work booting it up. She didn't do anything with her phone, so I assumed she wasn't using the remote controlled vibrator this time. She checked the clock, grinned at me and took a deep breath, then started tapping away on her keyboard.

I stood leaning on the wall, and Kristi suddenly appeared.

"Hi," she whispered to me. "I'm glad you could make it... she's agreed to one of my fantasies for the use of my library, and you'll be involved."

"I didn't sign up for anything," I whispered back to her.

"Don't worry," she whispered, squeezing my arm, "you'll be fine."

With that, she headed off.

I watched Rachel unzip my hoodie, and I could see she was wearing a white camisole top under it. She tapped away a bit more, then tweaked her nipples through the top, so they went hard. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra. She stood up and leaned across the desk, and I could see she was wearing a really short red and black plaid skirt, and I could see the fishnet fabric above the skirt all the way to where the camisole started... it looked like she had on a really long bodied pair of tights, or a body suit.

She looked over her shoulder to see if anybody was looking at her, then she lifted the front of the skirt, showing a really small white thong, over her fishnets, which I thought was an interesting choice.

She sat down again, and lifted her top, showing her tits under the fishnet body suit. She played with her nipples for a bit, then dropped her top and leaned forward to read the screen. She seemed to sigh a little, then pulled her top up, exposing her left tit, and pulled it towards her mouth - she couldn't get it in her mouth, but she stuck her tongue out and licked as close to her nipple as she could before letting it go again.

Back to the chat, she read for a bit, then I watched her pull an arm through the hoodie, and pull the strap off her camisole, then put her arm back in the sleeve. She did the same with the other arm, then slipped the camisole down her torso. I could see that the fishnet suit came up to just above her tits, with straps up and over her shoulders. She looked over her shoulder at the rest of the library before looking back to the screen.

She tapped away at the screen for a little while, then packed up her stuff. She stood up and did up the hoodie, then hooked her backpack over one arm. She picked the laptop up, and, holding it open against her chest, moved away from the desks and headed into the library proper.

I waited about half a minute, then followed her. She'd taken up residence in an aisle, and was getting set up. The laptop was on the floor, but looking up at her, and her backpack was next to it. She'd taken the hoodie off but was still wearing her mask, and I watched her pull the camisole back up. She put her arms through the straps, then knelt down in front of the laptop to read what she'd missed.

I stood at the end of the aisle, just out of the main corridor, and watched her. She stood up, and adjusted the angle of the screen, then twirled around so they could see all of her. She bent down for a second, then slowly walked to the end of the aisle before turning round and walking back again. The skirt was incredibly short... it barely came down to the tops of her thighs at the front, but came maybe half way down her butt at the back.

She bent over and looked at the screen again, then backed away from the laptop. She turned around, then bent over with her legs slightly apart and touched her toes. I could see the thong disappearing between her cheeks, and I could see that she had a butt plug with a jewelled end inside her.

She straightened up and walked back to the laptop. She knelt down in front of the screen, and tapped away a little, then looked up at me. She was looking straight at me, and took the camisole off over her head, putting it over by her backpack. She sat there in the body suit and the skirt. After reading the screen for a few seconds, she stood up again, and did the catwalk thing again, this time with her tits showing through the fishnet.

She knelt down again and read the screen. She was playing with her nipples, absentmindedly, as she read. She stood up again, and this time she pulled the thong down, stepping out of it. Again, she twirled around in a little circle, then bent over again to the screen. This time when she straightened up, she took the skirt off. It was just a Velcro fastener, so it made a quick, fairly loud tearing noise. The skirt joined the other clothes by her backpack.

She did the catwalk thing again, wearing just the body suit and her stripper heels. This time when she knelt down in front of the screen, she ended up moving her knees apart and tilting the screen down a little so they could see her pussy.

She tapped away on the keyboard a little, and moved around so they could see all of her. Her pussy lips were looking quite puffy and open, and her nipples were hard, so it seemed she was pretty turned on by now. She reached for her backpack, with her tits right up by the screen, and unzipped the top pocket. She put her few tiny items of clothing away, and pulled out a large red dildo.

Sitting back where they could see her, she tilted the screen up and presented the dildo. She rubbed her hands up and down it, like she was jacking it off. I could see it had a suction cup at the end. By now she was licking along its length, bottom to the tip, bottom to the tip. She leaned forward, with her tongue against the tip, and read the screen. She smiled slightly, then put the tip in her mouth, pursing her lips around it. Slowly, ever so slowly, she pushed it into her mouth, until it was about half way in. She slowly slid it out, then, with just the tip in her mouth, leaned forward and read the screen again. She held the tip in her mouth, and shuffled back slightly, away from the screen.

She took the dildo out of her mouth, and licked the suction cup at the end. She stuck it to the tile floor, and it bobbed about a little ridiculously when she let it go. She was kneeling now, and she manoeuvred herself until she was above it. She reached down, guiding the head as she lowered herself down on it, making sure it cleared the strings of her body suit. She settled herself down about a third of the way onto it, and lifted herself up again until just the tip was inside her.

She lowered herself down again, this time getting about half way onto it, paused a few seconds, then lifted herself up again. The next time she got down as far as she could, her thighs down to her calves. She lifted herself up and down a couple of times, then looked at the screen again.

She smiled at them, then licked her fingers and started rubbing her clit in little circles. She started lifting herself up and down, fucking the dildo in and out of her for her viewers on her web site. She put her hands behind her and leant back, so they could see the dildo sliding in and out of her, and lifted up and down, faster and faster. After a few minutes, she suddenly stopped at the bottom of a stroke, grinding forwards and backwards. She stopped and stayed there, shivering as her orgasm rolled over her.

I suddenly noticed Kristi standing slightly behind me. I hadn't heard her arrive, but she stood, watching Rachel starting to relax after her orgasm.

"I think she's beautiful when she cums," she whispered to me. I just nodded, not wanting the break the spell.

Rachel must have heard her, as she looked up and smiled.

She lifted herself off the dildo, and pried her fingernail under the lip of the suction cup so she could pick it up. She licked it again, bottom to top, slowly turning it until it was all clean again. Holding it in her hand, she looked at the screen again. She tapped on the keyboard for a while, concentrating on the conversation. She was pausing for replies, then tapping away again. After few minutes of this, she shut the computer down, closing it and put it and the dildo in her backpack. She stood up and came to hug and kiss Kristi, then me. She was still wearing just her body suit and heels, and when she went to get the hoodie, Kristi grabbed it first. She also picked up the backpack.

"Time to pay for the use of my library, slut," she said with a smile, and waltzed away.

Rachel bit her bottom lip, and peered around the corners of the bookcases to make sure there was nobody there.

There wasn't, so she started scurrying after Kristi. I followed along, and we did this to the back of the library, where there was a door marked "Private." She went in, without knocking, and I followed her, closing the door behind me.

It was Kristi's office. Kristi sat in her chair, behind the desk. Rachel's, well, my, hoodie was over the back of the chair, and her backpack was next to the desk.

"You remember what we discussed?" Kristi asked, looking at Rachel.

Rachel nodded, biting her bottom lip nervously. She turned her back to Kristi, and put her hands behind her. Kristi opened a drawer, getting something out, then got up and came around the desk. She was carrying hand cuffs, and she put them on Rachel. She took off the mask and wig.

"Kneel," she said. Rachel knelt down.

"Go to him," she said, and Rachel shuffled on her knees until she was in front of me. She looked down at the floor.

Kristi came over to me, and said "may I?" before she started unbuttoning my jeans.

I just stood and let her. She pulled the flaps apart and pulled my underwear down over my dick. She took my dick in her hand, and smacked Rachel softly across the face with it a few times. Rachel was looking at it, and opened her mouth, sticking her tongue out and trying to catch it as it smacked her. Kristi stopped with the smacking, and wiped it across her face, then held it steady so Rachel could get her mouth on it. She left her to it and went back to the desk. Rachel slid her mouth up and down my dick, coating it in her saliva and getting me really, really hard.

Kristi came back with a ball gag.

"Get up," she said, and Rachel let go of my dick and struggled upright.

Kristi put the ball gag in Rachel's mouth, then fastened it behind her head.

"Bend over the desk," she said.

Rachel walked over to the desk, and bent over it. I heard her breathe in quickly through her nose as she put her whole front on the desk - I guessed it was probably cold.

Kristi walked over behind Rachel, and kicked her feet apart further. If she hadn't been wearing her stripper heels, she'd have been on tip toes by now. Kristi knelt down behind her, and stroked her butt through the fishnet, and smacked it a few times. Not hard enough to leave a mark, but hard enough to make a loud noise. She reached up and grabbed the material on each side, suddenly tearing it apart right at Rachel's butt and pussy.

Kristi leaned in and ran her tongue across Rachel's pussy, from her clit to the butt plug. She continued doing this as she slowly worked the plug out - I was surprised at how wide it was when it popped out and I could see it properly. Kristi stood and put the plug on her desk, in front of Rachel's face, then bent over and ran her tongue into Rachel's gaping asshole.

"Do you want to fuck her in the ass?" she asked me.

I remembered this was something she'd wanted to see, so I shuffled forward. Kristi drooled saliva into Rachel's ass, then stepped aside.

"Allow me," she said, taking my dick and guiding it towards Rachel.

I slowly slid it part way inside her, and I could feel Rachel making an effort to relax. She was shaking slightly. Kristi was next to us, and put her hand under Rachel's stomach and rubbed her clit slowly. Rachel moaned around the ball in her mouth, and I slid my dick out and back in to her, still slowly, enjoying how hot she felt against my dick.

This went on for a few minutes until I noticed that Rachel was rocking back against me. I stopped moving, and let Rachel rock back and forth, impaling herself as far as she could on every stroke. Suddenly she was cumming, shuddering under me. This, understandably, set me off, and I grabbed her hips, pulling her to me as I blasted away, emptying my balls inside her.

Kristi came over, the butt plug in hand, and as I pulled my softening dick out of Rachel, she slipped the plug back in, easily, trapping my cum inside her.

She handed me a couple of wet wipes, and helped Rachel stand up again. She took the hand cuffs off, and Rachel rubbed her wrists while Kristi undid the ball gag. Once free, she opened and closed her mouth a couple of times to exercise her jaw.

"Come on," said Kristi, "get dressed, we're going clubbing."

Rachel looked tired, and had an obvious "I've just been fucked" look to her, but Kristi apparently didn't care. She'd opened Rachel's bag, and was passing her clothing.

"I can't go out like this," she whined.

"You can, and you will," Kristi said, "you promised, and everyone's looking forward to seeing you, all freshly butt fucked. Get dressed while I go and close up."

Kristi left the room, and I dropped the soiled wipes in the trash and buttoned up my jeans.

"Are you OK?"

She nodded. "She pushes me, but I enjoy it. Usually."

I watched as Rachel pulled the thong on, back over the torn body suit. The camisole and the skirt followed, barely covering her. She was just putting on my hoodie when Kristi returned. She embraced Rachel, kissing her passionately. She suddenly remembered I was there.

"I'm afraid that as a boy, you can't join us," she said, "but I'm sure she'll come and tell you all about it some time."

We walked out through the darkened library, and split up with a hug and a kiss from Rachel in the parking lot. I got into my van and watched them get into Kristi's car as I started the engine. What a strange evening I'd had, and theirs was just beginning.

31