

The Book of Desires

By Kallie

Annie Levenson coughed for a moment as she pushed open the door to the old, old library, the sharp breath of New England fall she let in with her sending clouds of dust billowing into the air. The nerdy girl waved a hand in front of her face, clearing the stagnant air. The library smelled like old mothballs, but Annie wasn't going to a little dust stop her. Still... she had to wonder when the library had last seen any hint of a thorough cleaning. Was there going to be anyone inside? Did it even have electricity? She wouldn't have been surprised if it didn't. As best she could tell, most people had no idea the Chambers Library even existed. It was technically owned by Miskatonic University, at which Annie was a student, but it had taken her quite some digging to learn even that. She'd been on the trail of some rare books, and eventually it had led her to this apparent treasure trove of as-yet-understudied tomes.

Finding out about the library had been enough to make Annie's eyes light up in glee. It was perfect. Annie was only an undergrad, but she had big ambitions. She was determined to make a name for herself, and why wait for grad school to get started? An exceptional undergrad thesis involving original research could really take her places. Annie knew she looked like nothing more than a prototypical nerd, with her orange turtleneck sweater, thick-rimmed glasses, mid-length skirt and neat ponytail, but if she was confident in one thing, it was her intellect. She'd never met a book or subject she couldn't master, and with this seemingly-forgotten library at her disposal, she'd be unstoppable.

Taking her first few steps across the threshold, Annie was freshly amazed by just how ancient the library seemed to be. She knew from her research that it was almost four-hundred years old, but it looked even older, like something out of the middle ages. It was stone inside as well as out, with rows upon rows of tall, oak bookshelves stacked with books that all looked just as old as the library itself. Between the stacks were a few desks for visitors to use, and to Annie's surprise, a few of them were occupied, but by old, graying figures rather than students like her. They were indistinct; the weak lamps on the wall struggled to illuminate the large library through the pall of dust that seemed to hang in the air in defiance of gravity. Gingerly, Annie closed the door behind her; it shut with a loud, final thud.

Though she was there for a reason, Annie was possessed of a sudden curiosity and, enchanted by this strange library, spent a few moments drifting along a nearby bookshelf, her hand tracing a little trail in the dust along the spines of the old, old books. Some of their titles were written in English, but most were in Latin, Greek, or other, older languages Annie failed to recognize. Others had no titles at all. Judging from the bindings, some of the books were extraordinarily old indeed. Annie wished she had the time to pull a few from the shelf at random, leafing through them and absorbing whatever knowledge they had to offer.

"Can I help you?"

Somehow, despite the way every footstep echoed like thunder on the old, stone floor of the library, Annie hadn't noticed someone walk up right behind her. Once they spoke, she gasped and almost fell over as she turned around. Clearly, the eeriness of this place was messing with her head a little. The student took a moment to compose herself, and take a look at the woman who had appeared at her side.

She was tall. Unnervingly, ethereally tall. Annie had never before met anyone - man or woman - who so towered over her. Her presence would have been more intimidating if not for the fact that her stiff, black blazer, matching pencil skirt and half-moon glasses made it very, very obvious why she was here: she was the librarian. There were no lines in the librarian's face, but she didn't look young exactly - she had a strange, ageless visage, and somehow she felt as old as the library itself. Perhaps part of it was that Annie couldn't see her eyes. No matter which way the librarian turned her head, all she could see was the reflection of the lamps on the wall flashing in her spectacles.

"You haven't been here before," the librarian said. "Is there something you're looking for?"

"Yes, I..." Annie's mouth was dry, but she brushed her nerves aside. "I'm researching the Admixtionem."

The librarian raised her eyebrow, her lips pressing themselves into a thin smile. "How interesting," she remarked.

The Admixtionem were a cult. Other historians might have preferred more neutral, diplomatic terms, but Annie saw no need. They had mostly been active in the middle ages, in Europe, but she'd found trace evidence of their activities continuing for long, long after. Currently, though, the topic remained under-explored in academic research. Annie felt sure that, with the right research materials, she could write something truly groundbreaking, and perhaps the rather lurid nature of some of the cult's activities would earn her work some level of popular renown.

"I believe you have some documents here," Annie pressed. "I was hoping I could access them. I... don't have any special permission, but I'm a student, and I-"

She started fumbling for her ID, but the librarian waved it away dismissively. "Oh, don't worry. I would never turn away a true seeker of knowledge. Please wait here."

The tall, ethereal librarian pivoted and started striding away, quickly disappearing amongst the tall bookshelves. Annie was left standing there, slightly taken aback by her own success and this strange, surprisingly helpful woman. When the librarian did not return at once, Annie sat down awkwardly at a nearby desk, the old, wooden chair creaking alarmingly beneath her at first before seeming to settle. After a few minutes of awkward fidgeting, the librarian returned, just as silently as she had first appeared. This time, though, she had clasped in her long fingers a huge, ancient, leather-bound book.

"This is exactly what you need," the librarian declared, setting the heavy book down on the desk in front of Annie.

"Thank you. Um..." Annie paused to run her fingers over the ancient tome. There was no writing - no hint of a title or author. "What is it?"

"This is the only extant copy of the Admixtionem holy text," the librarian explained, smiling. "The Book of Desires."

"Oh!" Annie shifted awkwardly. "No, um, I was looking for, you know... historical documents, correspondence, things like that, not-"

"I assure you, Miss Levenson," the librarian interrupted effortlessly. "The Book of Desires contains so much. You will find it deeply, deeply enlightening."

"I... I see." Annie wasn't sure what to say to that. Taking her silence for acceptance, the librarian stood and walked away, leaving her alone in the dusty, ancient library.

Annie pursed her lips. She was really going to need to learn to be more assertive with people, if she wanted to make it as a big-name academic. Interesting as it doubtless was, she wasn't here to spend all day burying herself in a colossal holy book. Still, she reasoned, there might still be a lot of context she could glean from it, and perhaps after skimming through it, she might be able to convince the strange librarian to help her find something more useful. With that in mind, she took a deep breath, took a moment to settle herself, and opened the Book of Desires.

Her first reaction was dismay. The book was utterly illegible, that was obvious. The text within was nothing more than a series of abstract scrawling, in some ancient, secret language Annie utterly failed to recognize. She couldn't read this! She wasn't sure anyone could! The book was useless. She sighed. What now?

As she considered her next course of action, though, she found herself staring blankly at the ancient text, and she did, parts of it began to seem more and more familiar. Patterns and shapes started to jump out at her, gradually resolving into patterns that were more and more reminiscent of letters in the Latin alphabet. The more Annie stared, the more she was able to make out - not just letters, but eventually syllables, words, perhaps even whole sentences. She was astonished. Yes, this was the Latin alphabet. How had she failed to notice that before? The calligraphy was rather strange and elaborate, she supposed. Now, what language? Latin? Italian? Not English, obviously.

Or was it? More and more, Annie was starting to find the book's meaning, as well as its letters, growing clearer. At first she thought she was just picking up on some stray bits of Latin - she had a passing familiarity with the language - but she soon realized it was more than that. She was reading English words. They were archaic, at least initially, but as the seconds wore on, they seemed to become steadily less so. It wasn't long before Annie felt as though she was reading a book written in plain English - and as far as she could now tell, she was. But... hadn't it been different, at first? Why hadn't she been able to read it right away? Annie had no answer. She shivered.

Soon, though, Annie shook her head and pinched her cheek, and mentally scolded herself for being so ridiculous. What was she so afraid of? A cursed book? That was absurd. She was just feeling a little spacey - that had to be it. What mattered was that she had a book to read, and research to be done. There was no sense in wasting time behaving like a superstitious child. With that in mind, Annie put her nose in the book, and started reading.

Timeless moments passed and stretched, and Annie had no idea how much time passed before she was buried deep in the book, turning its pages in a whirlwind. It was engrossing. Annie intended to focus more on the history of the Admixture rather than their beliefs, but she was finding their doctrines surprisingly enthralling. She had never heard of any cult or sect with such a fundamentally dark and sinister view of humanity. According to the Book of Desires, people were nothing more than animals, driven and utterly controlled by their basest desires - sloth, gluttony, greed, and most of all, lust. Everything else, the book claimed, was mere pretense; a skin-deep veneer of civilization and civility atop a writhing mass of lusts and desires.

Annie found herself astonished at the shockingly lurid and poetic tones in which the book espoused these vile ideas. It was both wrong and repulsive. How a cult like this had managed to recruit anyone at all she failed to see, but somehow, according to the scant records she'd already uncovered, it had managed to maintain itself quite happily for centuries or perhaps even longer. Who would choose to embrace the belief that they were just a feral, lustful animal? Annie couldn't understand it. There had to be more. There had to be something - some secret. And it had to be right here, hidden in these pages. With that in mind, Annie kept reading, turning the pages faster and faster and faster in her eagerness for enlightenment.

As she absorbed the Book of Desires's 'wisdom', Annie thought it might be a fun mental exercise to try and argue back against the arguments the book made for its obscene beliefs. But, try as she might, she couldn't. It wasn't that the book's teachings were too clever for her. It was that she couldn't seem to remember them. In fact, she couldn't think about what she was reading at all. Her eyes scanned automatically back and forth across the lines of scrawled text, absorbing all of it but comprehending nothing, before she turned the page and repeated the same mindless process. Annie wasn't sure what was happening to her. She didn't feel sleepy, but something about this book was lulling her into some kind of dull, peaceful trance. Annie considered going to get some coffee, but she couldn't drag herself away, not even for a moment. She needed to keep reading. She needed it.

On some level, Annie knew that whatever was happening to her wasn't right. She knew she should pull herself away, and perhaps even try to get out of the Chambers Library. But she couldn't. Aside from anything else, it was Annie's pride. She couldn't let some stupid old book get the better of her. No matter how obscure and soporific it proved, she would master it. That was what she kept insisting to herself as she kept turning its pages, the words sliding off her consciousness like water against oil, while the meaning sank in far, far deeper than she realized.

The deeper into the book Annie got, the stranger it became. The scripture devolved into meaningless poetry, and then devolved still further into what struck Annie as little more than a set of maddened ramblings. But still, still she read on. The way her eyes moved across the page was automatic; a mindless rhythm that was only accelerating, drawing her in deeper and deeper. Sometimes she would pause, her eyes lingering on the twisted, cursive tail of some or other letter, sometimes for what felt like minutes. Her head throbbed with a dull, needy ache, as if struggling to swallow the truths the Book of Desires was pouring into her subconscious. The book's hold on her kept tightening, becoming more and more compelling even as she felt she understood less and less. She was reaching pages that consisted of little more than sets of abstract diagrams; incomprehensible spirals that nonetheless brought a blush to Annie's cheeks as their sweeping, sinuous, entangling curves reminded her of... other things.

Gradually, Annie became aware that it wasn't just her mind that was responding to the book. It was her body. Though the library was still and cold, she kept shifting in her seat and rubbing her legs together under her skirt, unable to sit still comfortably. Why did she feel so warm? So restless? It was a frustrating distraction, when she wanted nothing more than to keep reading. But instead, her mind kept turning towards her own, suddenly turbulent desires. It was maddening. She wasn't that kind of person! She'd never been that kind of person! She was always calm, always in control of herself. Until now. Annie believed in mind over body, but now both were failing her, and her body wouldn't let her think about anything but the intense need now flooding her. What was this book doing to her? She was sweating furiously. Her hair was now messy and unkempt from the way she kept fidgeting with it. Her breath was ragged. And she was struggling to keep her hands above the desk.

She wanted to touch herself.

No.

She *needed* to touch herself.

Annie would never have considered such a thing before. Not in public. But she wasn't herself, not anymore. She was feverish. Just one touch. Maybe that was all she needed. She could be quick. She craved release. Her body's needs were overwhelming. Her hand started straying downward. The library was almost empty. No-one would know. No-one would care. She could give herself what she needed. She could-

"The library will be closing now."

Annie jumped halfway out of her chair at the eerie sound of the librarian's voice. She turned, to find herself mere inches away from the tall, imposing figure that had first greeted her at the library. How was she so silent? Twitching uncomfortably, Annie did her best to smooth her skirt and fix her hair.

"I... um... excuse me?"

"The library is closing," the librarian repeated, still wearing a thin smile on her face. "I'm afraid I will need to take the book from you."

Annie's first instinct was to hunch over the ancient tome protectively, even though she wasn't sure why. Then, she thought more carefully about what the librarian had just told her.

"Wait - closing? But it's only morning."

The librarian laughed quietly, and gestured at a nearby window with a long, slender fingertip. Annie looked, and paled. It was night outside.

"W-what?" Annie stuttered. "But... no... that's not..."

"Engrossing, is it not?" The librarian laughed once again. "I understand. You're not the first to get lost in its pages. It's wonderful, don't you think? It's so... enlightening." She picked up the book from the desk and tucked it under her arm. "Fortunately, if you desire to read more, you need only return tomorrow. I will be waiting for you."

Without waiting for a response, the librarian turned and walked away, disappearing behind the bookshelves and leaving Annie sitting there - stunned, aghast, and though she didn't understand why, filled with a deep, gnawing need she'd never known before.

Early the next morning, Annie found herself standing on the doorstep of the mysterious Chambers Library, shivering with eagerness. She hadn't planned on returning quite so quickly. From the moment she'd left the library the evening before, it had been obvious to her that something wasn't right. Time had passed too quickly, and there was nothing natural about what had been happening to her body. She'd reasoned that maybe she was falling sick with something, but deep down, she knew that was just a comforting lie. It was the Book of Desires. It had to be. The book dominated her thoughts. She couldn't stop yearning for it, and for the secret wisdom hidden within. She'd tried to tell herself that maybe she'd take a few days to recuperate at home, just to make sure she was OK. But in the end, as the sun rose, she found herself heading out once

more, almost sleepwalking towards the library.

Annie should have been concerned over the lack of control she seemed to have over herself, but instead she was preoccupied by something much, much more distracting. It was her sex drive. None of her intense desires had abated since the time she'd departed the library the evening before. If anything, they had gotten worse. Annie had been planning to use her evening productively, chasing up research leads and cross-referencing some documents, but instead, thoughts of pleasure and lust had refused to leave her mind. Focusing on anything else had been impossible. Instead of spending the night at her computer, she'd spent it in bed, frantically touching herself. Annie had never experienced such a frenzy. She wasn't sure how she felt about it, but she couldn't deny her orgasms had been mind-blowing.

She'd been hoping a restful night's sleep would bring her back to her normal, sober self, but nothing could have been further from the truth. Her dreams had been restless and lurid, and in the morning she'd woken up feeling just as manic and frustrated as before. Nothing helped. Whatever she tried, she couldn't get it out of her system. It was on the bus ride to the library that she truly realized she was succumbing to some kind of corruption. She couldn't stop looking at people. Staring at them. Fantasizing about them. Men, women - it didn't matter to her anymore. She wanted them all, and the things she found herself wanting to do with them - or to them - shocked her. But it wasn't just lust. That, she might have tried to dismiss as nothing more than an unfortunate swing in her mood. There was something else too. She could sense something from the people around them. She could sense their desires, like a scent in the air, or blood in the water. It was coming off them in waves. Hunger, appetite, need and yearning. It was everywhere. It filled everyone she met. Annie was astonished she'd never noticed it before. On the bus, surrounded by other people, she felt immersed in a seething mass of naked, messy desires.

It was, somehow, invigorating.

When she stepped off the bus and onto the curb just a few feet from the library's ancient, wooden door, she wanted to collapse to her knees from how overwhelming it all was. But she couldn't. Something carried her forwards. She wasn't done. She needed more. She needed the book.

"I'm so pleased you've returned to us, Miss Levenson," the librarian said as she stepped across the threshold, smiling. For the first time, Annie realized she couldn't remember having offered the librarian her name. She must have, mustn't she? "The book is waiting for you."

Annie nodded feverishly, and walked eagerly at the librarian's heels as the strange, tall woman led her over to the reading desk she had apparently prepared for her. The Book of Desires was already there, open at the very page at which she'd left it. Annie yearned to rush over to and once again bury herself in it, but before she could, she noticed something. It was the librarian. She was different, somehow, from the other people Annie had encountered that day. From everyone else, she'd kept sensing wants and needs, a pervasive aura of desire that mired her in their various lusts and hungers. From the librarian, there was... nothing. Only stillness. It was calming, at first, but the more Annie dwelt on it and what it might mean, the more unsettled she felt.

Still, the book called to her, and she could not resist. As the librarian departed, she sat down at the desk, and all the promises of restraint and caution she'd made to herself were scattered to the winds as her fingers started instinctively curling the corners of the book's ancient pages, eager to turn them and turn them and turn them until she utterly lost herself in its wisdom.

Because, as she was now starting to see, it was wisdom. The book was right. Not about everything, perhaps, but there was a certain compelling truth to its words that kept wrapping itself sinuously around

Annie's mind. She couldn't quite push it aside, no matter how much she wanted to. Desire was everywhere. Now the book had planted that seed within her, she couldn't stop noticing all the ways it was bearing fruit. On the bus, for example. It had been obvious, all around her. And as much as Annie hated to admit it, it rang true when she thought about the state she'd been in the night before. Her desires had dominated her, and compared to them, all the intellect and reason in the world had meant nothing. The book had been showing her the truth. And she needed more.

Annie sighed happily as she started reading once more, instinctively relaxing as the Book of Desires's strange words started to work their magic on her once again, the scribbled, cursive patterns of the script once again rearranging themselves until they became familiar. Annie didn't question it anymore. She understood she was dealing with something sacred. It was only right. This was where she was meant to be. She was meant to read this book. With that comforting thought fixed in her mind, she let the hypnotic, sweeping patterns of the book's script and diagrams absorb her for the second time, and she didn't even notice as her left hand slipped beneath the deck and up under her skirt, a set of low, needy moans escaping her lips as the book drove her to fresh heights of lust.

Annie passed that entire day in exactly the same entranced fervor she'd been in the day before. In what felt like mere moments, morning turned to night, and before she knew it, the librarian was tapping on her shoulder, gently informing her that the library was soon to close. With great reluctance, Annie pulled herself away from the Book of Desires, allowing the librarian to pry it from her grip, and picking herself up to begin the journey home.

That evening proved even more turbulent than the one before. Annie was frenzied with need, possessed by a hundred desires she'd never experienced before. She could feel her own mind shifting and changing to accommodate them, and she was completely aware that no part of what she was feeling was natural. She wasn't scared, though. Not anymore. She was excited. She kept thinking about the book's teachings; desire was the true essence of everything, and in becoming one with her own desires, she could ascend to something greater. Her ascension was more important to her than anything, now. More important than her research. A few accolades and a comfy job in academia meant absolutely nothing compared to what she might become with the book's help. She was still eager to learn about the *Admixtionem* - but only because she wanted to understand whose footsteps she was following in.

But, as before, she'd found work and research impossible. Annie had been consumed with desire. Nothing had helped abate it, not even when she'd headed out late at night to find someone to satisfy herself with. It hadn't worked - but the punk girl Annie had hooked up with had certainly taught her a few things. Annie had returned the lesson with equal eagerness; her fuckbuddy had seemed taken aback by the fact that a nerdy, meek-looking girl like her could be so aggressive. At first, Annie had let her new partner take the lead, but as she discovered the extent of her own insatiability, she started to grow frustrated at how quickly the punk girl tired, and became more and more dominant and insistent. Before the night was over, Annie had demanded climax after climax from the punk girl, and inflicted them on her in equal measure. In the end, Annie had been left somehow strengthened by the night's exertions, while the punk girl had been reduced to an exhausted husk - yet her eyes had been filled with shock and awe. Annie purred with happiness at the thought that she had shown someone else a little of the profound truth she herself was currently coming to terms with.

Her first disciple, perhaps.

But Annie knew she was getting ahead of herself; for now, she was still a student. The Book of Desires and the strange library that housed it still had so much to teach her. Her transformation was only just beginning. She was starting to realize it might be a transformation in more ways than one. Annie kept noticing strange little details about herself; changes that defied explanation. Was her tongue longer? Were her fingertips more slender, more dexterous? One of her roommates had asked her if she was falling ill, because she was always flushed, and her skin burned fever-hot. But Annie had never felt better, and she wasn't blind to the way her heat radiated to those around her, gifting them the same flush of arousal they read in her own face. Annie was changing.

Just like everything else, that only excited her.

As the frigid November sun finally finished breaking the horizon, Annie stepped off the bus and onto the curb. The other passengers stared at her as she went. Everyone stared at her, now. Annie had never thought of herself as someone who could command the attention of others, but she was quickly discovering that a few small alterations to her outfit was all it took to make her the apple of everyone's eyes. A shorter skirt, a tighter top, a few scandalous glances here and there... it was so easy. Once, that would have surprised her, but now, it seemed almost obvious. Desire was everyone. It was what humans were made of, as much as they loved to pretend otherwise. Annie took delight in discovering just how easy it was to bring lust to the surface. It felt right.

She pushed open the door to the library, stepping eagerly across the threshold. That old, dusty place felt like home to her now. She didn't question why the librarian was already waiting for her, right inside. She just let the unnaturally tall woman lead her deep within the bookshelves, to the place the book was waiting.

The librarian still puzzled Annie. She could sense nothing from her, and she seemed singularly immune to the peculiar aura Annie now seemed to exert on those around her. No matter what, the librarian's cheeks remained the same corpse-pale, her lips were pressed into the same thin smile, and her eyes remained invisible and unreadable behind those glimmering half-moon glasses. She was an enigma. Annie had her theories. The librarian's timeless countenance was a sure hint. She was a keeper of knowledge, perhaps. Something bound to the library, tasked to protect its secrets and share them with only those who might prove receptive. That seemed likely. Perhaps Annie would have to ask her. Part of her was itching to put her new abilities to the test on someone who seemed otherwise resilient.

"Here you go," the librarian murmured, gesturing to the Book of Desires, sitting open on a reading desk. Annie nodded gratefully, and sat. Those were idle thoughts for later. For now, one thing mattered, and one thing alone. The book.

Settling at the desk, Annie plunged into the book heedlessly. She was no longer pretending to herself that she could be cautious, or even that she wanted to be. She just wanted to consume every last secret she was being offered. She grinned, a manic glint in her eyes, as the book's senseless scribbles once again formed into familiar, legible words. This was how it was meant to be. The book would reveal everything to her. She could hear it whispering to her, promising the world. Annie was determined to seize it greedily, and so she fixed her eyes to the page and started reading.

Annie was already deep in the book now, nearing its end. Having already succumbed to its hypnotic influence twice, she no longer had any power or will to resist, and as the entrancing patterns buried in the script and diagrams grew denser and denser, her mind slipped further and further away from her. Some of the words weren't English anymore, but Annie barely noticed, and she absorbed their meaning anyway. She didn't really understand what she was reading, but all the same, she was struck by how deeply true it felt. This was it.

This was what she'd been searching for, without even realizing it. Annie let her eyes become unfocused and dull, flicking through the pages of the Book of Desires mindlessly as the truth washed over her.

The truth of the book burned. It burned its way through Annie Levenson, remaking her in its image. The parts of her that it didn't need burnt away to ashes. The parts it did were set ablaze and inflamed until they drowned everything else out. It was her hunger, her lust, her animal desires. To the book, her intellect, her ambition and her self-discipline meant nothing compared to those. And so it made them nothing. Annie's skin grew hot and flushed as she changed and, while one hand still clutched feverishly to the book, the other reached beneath the desk so that she could touch herself. This time, she didn't spare any thought for who might see her, or what they might think. She just needed pleasure. She needed it more than she'd ever needed anything in her life. Her body cried out, demanding satisfaction. Annie cried too; weak little whimpered moans that echoed around the cavernous library, clearly audible. She didn't care. Let someone hear her. Let them see her. She wanted them to see what she had become: a wanton, needy animal.

It was glorious.

Without taking her eyes off the words on the page in front of her, Annie started greedily exploring her body. It was only once she slipped a hand up her skirt that she realized she'd forgotten to put on panties that morning, but that discovery elicited no embarrassment, only a happy giggle. She was just as shameless when she realized that her pussy was already soaking wet, drenching her skirt and leaving a noticeable puddle on the antique wooden chair beneath her. Annie reveled in the proof of her lust, and wasted no time filling her needy cunt with as many fingers as she could. She wasn't interested in foreplay or in teasing herself, just in getting off as fast and hard as she could. Annie kept masturbating as she read, feeling nothing but pleasure as she sank deeper and deeper into inevitable corruption. She was so close. She could feel it. So close to absolute, twisted enlightenment and so close to the absolute, nihilistic bliss it would bring.

And then the book was over.

Annie froze as she turned the last page. That was it? She was left feeling overawed as her exhausted, corrupted mind struggled to wrap itself around the dark revelations the Book of Desires had imparted to her. And yet, at the same time, she felt somehow disappointed. She still wanted more. Her pleasure had yet to reach its peak, and moreover, she yearned for something greater than immediate release. She wanted to understand how to keep growing. She wanted to understand how to share her new gifts with others. She wanted a purpose. Now that she'd finished the book, she was left feeling adrift.

"You're finished?" came the voice of the librarian, from right behind her. "Tell me, how does it feel?"

Annie rose from her seat and turned around, and gasped at what she saw.

It was the librarian, and yet at the same time, it was something so much more. Annie was looking at the same tall, slender, ethereal figure she'd seen before, but there was something behind it, somehow. A vague, shadowy silhouette, etched into reality, making her normal perception of the world split apart at the seams. It was much, much too vast for her to truly comprehend, but she could tell it was something tall and feminine and covered in strange, reaching appendages; an impossible, dark goddess, standing right before her. And whereas before, she had sensed nothing from the librarian, now she could sense *everything*. She suddenly understood that until finishing the Book of Desires, her new, preternatural sense for desire had been too weak to grasp something so impossibly huge. But now, it was practically screaming in her face; endless lust and hunger, as deep and fathomless as the ocean.

Instinctively, Annie fell to her knees. She was immediately certain there was only one response fitting for such a being.

Worship.

"My... my... my goddess!" she babbled, prostrating herself in feverish adoration.

"My child," the librarian whispered in answer, in an inhuman language Annie knew she should not have understood.

"Yes... yes!" Her words filled Annie with desperate, religious passion. "I'm yours. I'm yours!"

"I'm so glad you understand." The librarian's thin voice was twisted with inhuman malice, but to Annie's ears, it sounded like maternal affection. "Do you pledge yourself to me? Mind, body, and soul?"

"I do!" Annie moaned, bending double to kiss the ground at her new mistress's feet. "I swear it! I'm yours, eternally."

"Good girl." Annie shivered and twitched, wracked with pleasure at the praise. The librarian reached down to pet her head affectionately, the way Annie might have rewarded a small puppy. "The pact is sealed."

Annie could have wept with joy at the knowledge that this divine, eldritch being was now her owner. "Thank you, goddess!"

"I have such plans for you, my acolyte," Annie's new goddess whispered. "But first, I desire your worship."

Annie knew exactly what the goddess meant. She could sense it. She could sense the goddess's yearning for pleasure. She knew a small, insignificant mortal like her could never be enough to truly satisfy it, but all the same, she would try. As she watched hungrily from her knees, her goddess reached down and lifted her skirt, exposing herself to Annie. Annie's eyes went wide with awe as she drank in the sight of her goddess's perfection. The goddess's form was so much more sexual and inviting than Annie ever would have imagined given her outwardly-conservative manner of dress. Her long, perfectly-sculpted legs weren't as slender as Annie might have imagined; instead they were incredibly feminine and curved, so much so that the mere sight of them had the bewitched girl drooling and longing to sink her fingers into her goddess's divine flesh.

It didn't trouble Annie at all that she was now increasingly starting to see through the paper-thin glamour of humanity that her goddess had cast on herself. The goddess's skin now appeared a deep, rich, sensual purple-pink, and she seemed even taller than before, impossibly so. When Annie looked up, she could see a crown of reaching, twisting horns adorning the goddess's head, and the goddess's face was now an impossible, demonic mask, dominated by sinister fangs and huge, inhuman eyes. To Annie, all of that was only further proof of the transcendent greatness of the ancient being to which she now belonged.

"Touch me," the goddess said. "Give in to your desires."

Her commandment roused Annie from her dazzled stupor. Her head lost in a foggy haze, she lowered her gaze from her goddess's face to what was between her legs. Somehow, she wasn't surprised to see that her goddess had two sets of genitals; above, a huge, hard, veiny, distinctly demonic cock, and below it, a dripping wet slit. The sight made Annie start drooling.

“Good girl,” the dark goddess purred again, as Annie buried her face between her thighs, the corrupted, lust-drunk girl still greedily fingering her own cunt while she alternated between pleasing the goddess’s cock and her pussy. As she fucked herself to orgasm after orgasm and let the goddess’s irresistible, mind-rending aura envelop her, the very last dredges of her free will and independent ambition slipped away, leaving her a broken husk, and a puppet bound to an eldritch’s beings whims.

“Mmm, you’re perfect!” the elder goddess moaned, delighted at her new plaything’s ardor. “You are going to make a wonderful acoyte, Annie Levenson. And oh, I have such plans for you...”

Special thanks to these wonderful patrons, who helped to make this possible:

Autumn, Lucy, Dex, Ember, Acelin, Samantha, Artemis, Dasterin, Vanessa, Matthew, RayneDrone
4800, Eraa, Pierre, Aspen, Aaron, J White, Gggttt, Gayle, Tomi, GSR, Patrick, Tori, Ember, Darkenedone,
Counterpoint, Carrie, TheSecretSubject, Sean, Katie, Emily, William, Mia, Tomotron, Seph, Mandy, Tim, Red,
Chloe, Chloe, Jaina, Blanket, Elundrias, Irabimbo, Invictus, Scarlett, Silgon, Flluffie, The Flock, dmtph,
Aleksandra, Zoomp, Richard, Matthew, Scarlett, skittles, Okay Dude, shoktherapy, Luke, Eraa, Yana,
Corvidae, Violet, Olivia, Francisco