

In a Book: Pony Bewbs 2

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So many damn encyclopedias to put back! Travis huffed, hoisting another heavy tome onto the shelf. *Who keeps checking these out?!*

Another day, another load of heavy books needing to be shelved back into place by the librarian. His current cart load of hardcovers took him up to the highest floor, the third floor. That was where all the reference books, art books, encyclopedias, and the like were kept.

And there we go... The slightly chubby, blond-haired man sighed, placing the last book into its proper place. He wiped his brow with the back of his hand. *Glad that's over.*

He rolled his shoulders, hearing their soft pops, and yawned. Despite moments like this that could be utterly so tiring and exhausting, he did enjoy his librarian job. It wasn't too demanding, nor was it boring either. It was just nice and peaceful.

It was peaceful as the third floor was. The place was usually so very quiet and deserted, most foot traffic down on the other floors where all the popular books and media was kept. He could come up there any time and just take a moment to himself.

Though, right now, he was focusing on his job. Now that the books were put back, it was time to gather the ones that were requested online.

He took the paper from the cart, giving it a look over. There were a bunch of books he needed to grab, but only one that was up on that floor.

Easy enough. Travis got a move on, pushing his cart out of the row and back into the main aisle. He headed down the endless rows of shelves, looking up at the numbers on the bookcases. He didn't want to overshoot his target after all. One could easily get lost up there.

He eventually found the right row and rolled the cart in. He scanned the shelves on both sides of him until he found the book: Guide to the Mediterranean.

His mind flashed back to when he was looking at the information about it. He recalled the copyright on it: 1985. He certainly didn't understand why someone would want this book in this day and age, especially when he was sure the library held far more current, up-to-date guides.

But, it wasn't his place to tell a customer/reader what they should get. He just reached for it, ready to place it on the shelf and get moving.

As his fingers touched its spine, something caught his eyes. It was the book beside it, one that stood out like a sore thumb with its bright purple binding. The title on its side, done in foil lettering, nearly made him do a double take due to its ridiculousness.

"Art of the Bookworm Boob?" Travis read aloud, as if he needed to be convinced it was truly real. *What the hell is this?*

Looking even closer, he noticed something else. There was no sticker or tag on its binding like the rest of the books. It didn't look like it belonged to the library.

Is this for real? Travis took the book off the shelf. The cover had the silhouette of a pony on it and the title but nothing else. *This has to be a joke...*

He opened it up, finding the Table of Contents. The chapter titles were... odd to him. *Bellflower Blurb?* he read in his mind, *Dusty Pages? Moondancer...*

Twilight Sparkle. It clicked then. These were pony names, ones belonging to My Little Pony: Friendship is Magic. *Wait... Bookworm Boob.* His cheeks began to redden. What was he going to find in there?

Travis looked at the chapters again, picking the one he didn't recognize: Bellflower Blurb. He carefully turned to that page and opened the book wide.

His face turned beet-red at the sight. There was a pony woman waiting for him. She had a puffy blue with white streaks tail and mane, the latter having been done up into a bun. She had lovely teal fur, bright blue eyes behind a pair of red glasses, and...

And one hell of a curvy, busty body. A body that was all nude with those wide hips and big breasts. They were a set of very big, firm, youthful breasts that didn't seem to sag. They jumped out the most of everything with the way the image was and how she was positioned in it.

N-no way... Travis could hardly believe what he was seeing. He flipped through a few more pages. Each of them had Bellflower in the nude, her chest forefront and ever huge.

The more he turned, the more shock with a bit of amusement mixed in he felt. The book was just ridiculous! Were the other ponies just like Bellflower? Who had put that book there?

When he turned the next page, Travis blushed harder than he had ever before. Now, there were only pony breasts, spreading out in a double page spread. Bellflower's teal boobs with dark nipples hogged every inch of the page, greedily soaking in maximum attention now.

Okay... Travis blinked a few times. I think that's it for me. I gotta get this to Mary. She'll know what do with-

He didn't get the chance to finish his thought. His fingers felt tingly, then warm. Then, the rest of his hands began to heat up. A soft glow began to emit from the book.

Travis flinched as the glow strengthened into a blue, unnatural aura. He tried to let go of the book but couldn't. His mitts were glued to the pages and binding it seemed, holding the book perfectly in place.

The warmth increased, tingling flowing through his body. It especially seemed to emanate in his chest, the simple act of fabric rubbing against it sending shivers down his spine. His nipples even went erect, digging into the shirt.

Wha-what's going- Travis was hit with an intense, pleasurable pulse that made him weak in the knees. His chest shook and then began to grow. It thrust into his shirt, pushing and stretching it more and more out. The fabric seemed to mold right over it.

He could see what was happening, gasping. He was growing breasts! A to B to C and then even D! His shirt tightened more and more, making it almost hard to breathe.

Eventually, it all gave way. Rips and tears opened in his top, starting down the center and spreading all over. The fabric eventually completely gave way, allowing his large, soft breasts to burst out. They smooshed into the pages of the book, nipples rubbing against the paper and making him shiver more.

What just happened?! Travis' eyes were wide, his face bright red. *Why... why...*

Oooooooooooooo! More shivers broke out, his body freezing in place. His shirt faded away, leaving him completely topless with his new mounds. Goosebumps started rising as he felt the cold, stiff air in the room on his skin.

However, that cold gave away as a new warmth came to him. It was not of pleasure, but one from fur. Fuzz as teal as the character on the page flowed up from his breasts, spreading to his collar bone before going over his shoulders. Said shoulders seemed to droop and shrink a little when it happened.

Fur was quick as a rushing current, moving down his arms and onto his hands in no time. They thinned, fat melting off and toning into a firmer shape. His hands grew dainty and lady-like, fingernails becoming light blue and growing ever so longer.

Travis could only look on in shock, his body refusing to budge or move as it changed. His mind raced with different thoughts, unfocused as he tried putting it all together. The growing, spreading fur was so distracting.

The fuzz flowed down his torso, heat passing through pleasantly. His figure trimmed down slowly with the spreading fuzz. His belly flattened and toned, no more pudge there. His waist narrowed, giving his shape a natural hourglass-like curve.

As the fur crept down in his pants, there was another burst of heat. He let out another moan, one softer and higher. His hips twitched, pushing outwards. They widened more and more, gaining a lovely round shape that his trousers clung tightly to.

His rear twitched and began ballooning as well. It pushed tightly into his pants, stretching them even harder than before as it took shape. Big, round, firm but cheeks filled out the back, the top of them poking out of his pants and showing his crack. The button on his pants popped, giving his heart-shaped ass more room to breathe.

Oh... oh my! He panted softly. He could feel that fire burning hotter by the second. With his crotch opened more, his underwear tented out. It seemed to grow, stretching further out... until it suddenly pulled right back in.

His light moaning hit a high, girly, sweetish pitch. The bump in his pants completely vanished. Beneath those layers of clothing, a slit opened up, replacing his old equipment.

Ooooooooooh. A smile cracked across Travis' face. *That felt goooo-*

He shook his head, blinking several times. *Wh-what was that...* he huffed. *My mind... it just... Gotta be careful.* He gulped. He didn't know where his mind was wandering off to with that train of thought, but he knew it was dangerous despite feeling so very, very nice.

Either way, Travis moaned again. His breasts pulsed, heating up and jiggling ever so gently on those pages. They grew another full cup size, filling the book out more and pressing themselves deeper into it.

"So much..." he squeaked, his cheeks burning, "So much... EEP!" His body jolted, a huge blast of pressure hitting above his rear so hard, it threw it back.

All at once, a tail sprouted. It stretched a few inches before light blue fur with light streaks in it sprung from it, flowing farther down. It grew straight briefly before becoming a puffy, fluffy mess halfway and to its very end.

He looked over his shoulder at it. His tail at least covered his big, juicy bottom, but this still wasn't great. Quite frankly, it looked uncomfortably familiar.

Fur continued down him, unseen beneath his pants. The only thing being seen was when his thighs thickened, swelling to match his shapely hips.

The fur fell down to his shoes in no time, which vanished, along with his socks. He stood there barefoot, feeling the thick, old carpeting on his skin. That was until his feet pulled inward, toes merging together as toenails grew and swelled, wrapping around his feet and heels. The color of them was a glossier, darker version of his fur, standing out now as glossy hooves.

Travis frowned. He could barely see what was going on with the book and boobs in the way, still refusing to budge. He could sense what had happened though, thankful he could balance on the hooves.

Still though... *This is just so-*“Oooooo!” He moaned more, trembling from top to bottom. Another pulsing heat from below, though not in his crotch. It was on his hips. Something burning, something cute and colorful. It was an image, one befitting that of a library mare.

With those new cute images on his hips, there was a soft jiggle. His posterior got a boost, swelling and stretching out his pants for all their worth. Butt cheeks swelled and swelled, ballooning into a big, firm bubble butt. His thighs thickened a little more to boot, gently rubbing against one another.

At that point, his dress pants couldn't hang on. The sounds of rips and tears echoed through the quiet floor, his curvy figure making room for itself. The backside busted open, slits going down the sides of his hips, showing that new cutiemark he had.

Travis huffed and huffed, his cheeks burning hotter now. His body was almost completely unrecognizable to him. It belonged not to an average, plain old guy but a beautiful, curvaceous, studious mare that certain library patrons would visit just for her.

He knew the only thing left of him was his head, a mismatch on such a heavenly form. It was only a matter of time before it was gone.

In fact, he could feel it turn right then with the brushing of hair upon his face. That short, messy blond mop of his was growing, puffing and fluffing up. The blond faded into light, cloudy blue with even whiter blue streaks in it. It trickled down the back of his neck before snapping up, being bundled into a puffy hair bun by a magically-appearing red scrunchie.

The new mane tickled his ears as it went down and around, teal fur sprouting on the latter now. The knobs pulled back inward as the ears stretched up to the top of his head. They widened, pulling into rounded points at the top.

With his new pony ears twitching gently, he felt his face warming up. It wasn't just because of the growing fur either. It just felt so good... so very, very, very good!

Lovely body to go with a lovely face~! His head throbbed, mouth twisting. *M-my face!* His thoughts were a jumbled mess. Something was coming forward, something stronger and more commanding... something sweeter and cuter.

It was overwhelming his own thoughts and mind. He could barely keep himself above water, it felt like.

Then came the numbing from his lips and stretching across most of his mug. His nose flared up, widening and pushing out. His mouth extended as well, cheekbones widening and popping, teal fur spreading over it all. His teeth whitened to where they positively sparkled, completing his cute equine muzzle.

The numbing faded soon after. "Uuuuuugh...what was that? I just-"

The numbing was gone, but now a throbbing, pounding headache struck! It was just in the top center of his forehead, a piercing, unpleasant sensation if there ever was one. When he tried looking upwards, as pointless as it may've been, everything grew blurry. The entire world around him was hazy and out of focus.

Oooh, n-now what? His head pulsed, that painful spot swelling. It grew into a large lump and then grew, lengthening and narrowing. Fur gave way to a unicorn horn that was as teal as his fur, a spiraling ridge going from its base to the tip.

Pop! A cartoon sound echoed in his ears, his vision suddenly improving... sort of. Sitting on the bridge of his snoot, perfectly fitted, was a pair of red glasses. They lacked the temples or tips, but the glasses stayed on without issue, no dipping or sliding.

Oh good! I can't see a thing without my glasses! He cringed. *N-no, I don't wear any-* His body throbbed one final time, echoing from top to bottom. His eyes clenched shut, eyelashes growing a little longer and thicker.

Travis' mind pulsed, swirling rapidly. So many thoughts, ideas, beliefs, and more were filling his head, pushing his own self down. Heat intensified, everything feeling more sensitive and spinning his mind more.

I feel... I feel goooood. His muzzle cracked a smile. *Why wouldn't I though? I'm a library mare doing what she loves!*

Her breasts jiggled, rubbing into that paper and making her coo. They grew one final time, ballooning into a massive F-cup size. They filled the pages from edge to edge of that book.

The pony's eyes weakly opened, now bigger and a light, greenish blue. The heat grew ever stronger, her nipples erect and rubbing harder against the pages. She moaned, smiling the entire time. *Oooooo, a good book always makes me-*

Her pupils shrunk, the pony biting her bottom lip. *C-can't...* She shook her head, trying to focus her mind as best she could. *Can't just... I'm... I'm gonna...*

The sights around her were brightening. She could see her book. Even with it being mostly covered by her massive mammaries, it glowed so powerful, so blindly.

She had to do something. It would soon be too late.

Mustering all her remaining willpower, Travis managed to find enough feeling in her fingers and then her hands. The book jiggled and wiggled, her breasts doing the same and forcing one more lustful cry from her lips. *Almost... almost...*

She managed to slide the book out from under her breasts. Her mounds were left to hang, but they still miraculously held up firm.

Gotta... close it! Her hands shook, body alive with pleasure as her eyes were almost blinded by the glow. Yet, she held strong and with one surge of inner strength, she slammed the book shut.

The book slipped from her grasp right after, hitting the ground on its spine with a heavy thud. It bounced and fell onto its cover. The glowing pulsed one final time, almost as if it was angered by the rejection.

Yet, it did nothing in retaliation or of the sorts. It faded away, leaving her all alone.

Travis huffed and huffed, feeling returning fully to her arms and hands. She wiped her furry, sweaty brow as the heat and excitement began to finally wane. “Oh... my Celestial!” She paused, face scrunching up. “Oh my g... Oh my gggg.... Luna?”

She huffed, pouting her equine lips. On top of everything else, she couldn't even say the words she wanted to either!

Still, in the grand scheme of things, that hardly compared to everything else.

Looking down, she only saw her huge, firm breasts. She got a good enough picture from the rest of her by holding out her hooves and feeling up various parts of herself. When she squeezed her bubble butt, she let out a squeak.

Travis was a lotta pony woman now. No trace of the old her was left now other than her strained pants. Though, they seemed seconds away from giving way to her impressive hips.

This... this is me now. She could barely comprehend it. She had transformed physically and, if she hadn't closed the book in time, she reasoned, would have mentally shifted as well.

That book... Travis looked down at the spot where it fell, adjusting her new glasses as if it were the most natural thing. *Where did it come from?*

The pony organized her thoughts as best as she could, trying to think back to before all of this. This book clearly wasn't a library one. So, was it a trap? Perhaps a prank? It would have been a pretty lousy one if it was either. Who would ever run into it up there in the least visited part of the library?

Travis gasped. The only person who would've ever probably found it was whoever was looking for that guide book! *Someone...* she gulped, *someone was setting us up! Only a librarian would be here! Someone... someone wanted us to turn into... into this...*

She looked down at her bare breasts. A sweatdrop formed amongst her fur, her hands reaching up slowly to her breasts. They gently grabbed onto them, squeezing them and feeling that heat again. *Someone wanted this... Some-*

Her ears twitched. She could hear something. It was low and thick, but it sounded like footsteps. No, they were definitely footsteps, and they were coming her way.

She turned towards the sound, her breasts bouncing and jiggling. The sensation was awkward, heavy, and rather... pleasurable. *Mrumph, not the time, bewbs!*

Though, that did remind her of how terribly awkward this situation was. *Craaaap! I can't have anyone see me like this! This is so embarrassing! I don't know what to do!*

Her horn began to glow. *I...* It glowed brighter, a blue aura forming around it. *I just...*

ZAP! A bolt from the horn shot out, spinning around and striking her above the breasts. Instead of stinging, a thick, wooly fabric appeared. It grew rapidly and knitted together a yellow, long-sleeved sweater in almost a blink of the eye. It was tight on her form, showcasing her massive chesticles.

As almost a bonus, a spare spark from the bolt jumped and hit her jeans. They rapidly morphed, shifting into a knee-length, green skirt. Her fluffy tail was tucked into it, part of it sticking out the bottom between her legs.

Travis looked at her new duds but barely had time to appreciate them before a person walked into the aisle with her. It was the least person she wanted to see now.

It was her boss, Mary. She was an older woman with discerning eyes hidden behind a pair of what could be considered classic-looking librarian glasses.

Her gaze was sharp, almost seeming to stare into her soul. The pony could only gulp, feeling sweatier by the second. *I'm covered up at least, b-but...*

“Ms. Bellflower Blurb!” Mary remarked, “I do hope you are not playing around with your magic during work hours again.”

There was a long pause. “...huh?” *Bellflower Blurb...* The pony recognized the name from the book, things starting to click.

The name also sounded familiar for other reasons, ones that sounded right and natural.

“You heard me, young mare!” Mary firmly said, “There are still plenty of books that need to be gathered. Please stop with your fancy tricks and focus on your work.”

“Umm, yes!” Travis answered, “I will!” Mary gave her one more look before leaving. Her footsteps soon drifted away into the distance.

The pony barely gave that thought. She realized that there was another layer to this whole transformation than she thought.

It was only confirmed when she looked back down, noticing an ID badge clipped to her sweater now. On it, it showed the pony from the book, her name below it: **Bellflower Blurb**.

Travis was Bellflower Blurb in body, in life, and almost in soul and mind before she stopped it. Though, even then, there were many other thoughts and memories mixed in with her old ones. She could see the life of a little filly up to this very moment as a grown, beautiful mare.

Whoever set this trap was good. *I need to figure out who did this before they strike again!* Bellflower thought. *I could probably look up the name of the person who requested the guide. It still has to be in the system, right?*

Ms. Blurb stood there a moment, tapping her chin. She glanced at the book she originally was there for, staring at it a bit before grabbing it. *Later. I don't want Mary to get upset...*

She placed the guide on her cart before looking at the list of what she needed next. *Okay... second floor it is.*

Bellflower walked along casually, pushing her cart back into the main lane and heading for the elevator. She quivered gently, glancing down. Her breasts jiggled pleasantly behind her sweater, free from any bra and yet still not sagging a bit.

She stared at them a little as she walked, staring to smile. *They... they're not all that bad, are they? I could... could get used to this.*

Bellflower was sure she could figure out who the person was after they did their job. She wasn't feeling like rushing it. She could just deal with being like this until she got every book... and maybe as long as it took to track down her man.

Maybe she could even live like this even longer beyond that too...

The End?