

Maria of Swell Tales - Part 1

Vibrations thrummed through Maria's head as she leaned against the bus's window. A long day of classes had drained her of energy. Listening to the rumble of the engine made staying awake even more of a challenge as the darkening autumn sky tempted her to close her eyes and enjoy the bus's lulling movements.

Her eyes snapped open with a lackluster effort. Sleep couldn't win. She hadn't even gotten to the public library yet and there was still research to do for her professor's essay. A week seemed like enough time until a mess of other college classes was crammed alongside it. A stressed sigh lifted her chest before fogging the window in a tired exhale. Anxious fingers tapped a notebook clasped in her lap.

Trying to stay alert, Maria took to people-watching. There weren't many options to choose from; the bus was peacefully empty. There was an elderly man near the front. Behind her sat two women in tight spandex outfits heading home from what Maria assumed to be a yoga class. A few seats ahead of her was a boy around her age. She recognized him from calculus but couldn't place his name. His hair was unmistakable, though. Maria stole glances over his shoulder as he tapped his phone, spying quick flashes of scandalous pictures of women scrolling by. All of them shared one thing in common: a pair of breasts that put her C-cups to shame. A finger tapped on her notebook in slight annoyance while another played with a braid. Sometimes she couldn't help but wonder if she looked more like the women stretching out their spandex outfits behind her if she would have better luck with love.

The thought was banished from her mind. Maria knew love didn't come from having a body someone else found perfect. Love had to first come from loving yourself. And truly most days she was happy with the modest, if not petite, bust she'd been gifted. A thicker bottom half more than made up for it. Maria was happy to show it and a teasing glimpse of her thighs off in her classic plaid skirt. However, to say she didn't wonder what it might be like to truly fill out her sweater would be a lie. Maria was honest enough with herself to admit she was curious about having larger breasts, if not a little envious of others.

However, her curiosity wasn't so simple. There was more to it than just a desire to be bigger. Maria's interests went deeper. More primal.

The bus slowed before coming to a hissing stop.

"*Alvin Street*," the driver called out.

Maria's ears perked. She rose and made her way toward the door. Chilled air hit her at the door and blew her skirt enough to make her hold the front while stepping off.

There was a woman sitting at the bus stop. Staring for a moment during her departure, Maria saw a newborn cradled in her arms. A small blanket was draped from the mother's shoulders and partially over the baby, concealing her breastfeeding from the world. A spark lit within Maria's core.

Something dull blue caught her eye on the ground by the woman's feet. It looked like a bus pass.

"M...Miss?" she asked softly.

The woman stared ahead in dazed thought. Exhaustion filled her eyes as she held her newborn and the bus roared down the road.

Maria asked louder now. "Ma'am? Excuse me? Is that your bus pass?"

No response. Through the woman's hair Maria could see a pair of earbuds. Social interactions weren't her strong suit, especially when the other person was busy feeding their child.

Maria steeled herself. She had to be more direct. Approaching the woman, she stooped down and plucked the card from the concrete. A breeze waved her skirt around her bending thighs. Now so close, the woman was forced to notice the schoolgirl. She removed an earbud and their eyes met. Maria felt herself grow timid.

"I-Is this your bus card...?"

The woman's eyes bulged. "*Oh my God! Yes!*" Her hand pressed to her heart in relief and she looked around at herself. "*It must have fallen out of my bag!*" She leaned forward and extended a hand. "*I never would have gotten home without--*"

Her blanket slipped down. Breasts, fully engorged with milk, revealed themselves. Maria's eyes couldn't help but shoot toward them to take in their swollen glory. A nipple had slipped from her baby's mouth, dribbling milk down the woman's exposed front.

"Oh dear..." She sighed with a blush and replaced the cover with an embarrassed laugh. "Sorry about that. Long day and no sleep... I'm losing more than just my bus card these days."

"It...It's ok--" Maria swallowed.

The card exchanged hands. Maria stood, her mind still in shock.

The woman stared. "Are you alright?"

"I was just--" Maria realized she was still staring at the blanket, to the point of making the woman shift uncomfortably. Milk had soaked through the fabric. Curiosity got the better of her. The question came out before she knew what she was saying. "D-Does it hurt?"

Stiffness straightened the woman's back. Her blushing grew more pronounced. "I'm sorry?"

"The--" Maria's face burned red. Syllables tripped over themselves. "T-The milk...? Filling up with...milk?"

"Oh. It..." The woman's eyes shifted around at the intimate surprise question as if looking for an exit. An anxious puff of laughter came with a sheepish grin. "It can be a lot when they get too full. But it's one of nature's miracles, right?" A nervous smile tried to ease the tension. "It's worth it to bond with my son." Her eyes looked Maria up and down, looking for a reason behind the odd inquiry. "Are...you expecting?"

It was Maria's turn to don a red face. Her hands flew to her belly as if to show there was no pregnant bulge beneath her sweater vest. "*No! No no! I-I was just curious!*" Maria backed away and ran into a pole. Flustered actions took over and she started down the street. "Have a nice night!"

The woman was almost surprised to see the interaction end so abruptly. "*Thank you for my bus card!*" she called out.

Maria didn't respond. She continued at a quick pace to escape the situation she'd created. Curiosity always got the better of her, and now images of the woman's milk-bloated chest were

etched into her mind. Intrigue raged, wanting to know more. Learn every little detail. There was so much she wanted to ask. To feel.

Lactation fascinated Maria. It wasn't simple breast growth she longed for; it was the experience of producing milk and feeling it fill her from within. The obsession had sprouted in high school after covering the topic in health class. Since then, hardly a week went by without Maria falling into a daydream of milk pushing her breasts too large for her bra. Inducing was a tempting prospect, but she just didn't have the time with a college schedule.

"They looked...so heavy..." she whispered, looking down at her own chest. "She must not have had a chance to pump at all today... I wonder how--"

Plip...

Plip plip...

Water fell on her hair. Dark spots formed over the concrete in the dimming night. In the golden pillars cast by streetlights, Maria saw dancing droplets falling to the earth. She was given only a moment before rain pelted from the sky. A drizzle turned into a sudden downpour.

"Crap!"

The college student glanced at the darkening sky in time to see a flash of lightning crack through the dimness. Rain was already soaking her hair, drenching her braids until she could feel them clinging to her back. Their chilled heaviness sent a message even through her sweater vest and blouse. A trickle of water ran down her neck and under her neckline. The chilled tickle passing between her breasts was the final warning.

Maria's speed walk turned into a jog with her notebook clutched tight against her front. A hand swiped at her glasses to clean the lenses but she would have needed windshield wipers to keep them clear. The northwest's autumn weather was working against her this evening.

Light vapor fogged the air in front of her as her body warmed from exertion. She felt her cheeks growing hot. The sight of the city's public library coming into view told her the journey was almost at an end. Puddles splashed over the stone steps leading into the ornate century-old landmark as she ascended to the front doors. Wooden doors welcomed her into the stone palace of knowledge.

It was silent within these walls. Shelf after shelf of books arranged into a maze of paper muffled most sounds against the downpour outside. Here Maria's socks and shoes squished all the louder as she squeaked across the tile floor. Water dripped from her braids to her rear before running off her skirt and leading a trail of water behind her.

"Soaked... Absolutely soaked..." she sighed, brushing off her front. Water felt like it had made its way into even her bra's padding and she wondered if maybe this is how nursing mothers felt when they leaked into their clothing. Nipples chilled to their cores rose like pebbles into the strict garment. A small consolation was her notebook's relative dryness. Cleaning her glasses with a corner of her blouse was the final task before she set herself back to the task at hand with a determined huff.

Now her cheeks warmed for a different reason. The subject she'd come to study wasn't something she would normally explore. Not in public where eyes might pry. Essay requirements demanded she cite a physical book, however.

Maria glanced around. She knew the library's fantasy and horror sections well. They were off to the left. Educational and medical genres weren't so familiar.

Wet squeaks announced her aimless wandering as she strode into the aisles in search of an anatomy section. Every footstep almost mocked her inability to navigate the maze of books. "Oh!?"

Excitement flashed. A small white placard tacked onto the end of a shelf read 'HUMAN PHYSIOLOGY'. Maria ducked into the lesser-traveled alley of tomes. It wasn't nearly as big as the fantasy section, and far from as exciting. The covers here smelled like a classroom from the 90s rather than late nights with hot chocolate.

She pushed her glasses higher on her nose and scanned the multitude of spines. Slowly her gaze drifted lower, shelf by shelf, until she was bending forward to read the bottom row. The hem of her skirt raised dangerously high on the backs of her thighs, forcing Maria to squat down before she accidentally gave passersby some kind of library peep show. She shuddered when her wet heels pressed into the soft creases of her rear; they were one of the few parts of her still dry.

Her eyes scanned. Maria bounced on her heels.



"Hrngh... Nothing."

A frown slanted her lips. Annoyance was quick to poke and prod. She only wanted to go home and beat back the night's chill with a steaming shower. The longer she spent in this silent library, the longer she had to live in wet clothes.

Huffing frustration blew a strand of brown hair from her face and she stood up. A librarian would be able to find it faster than she could. Smoothing her skirt and pulling her clinging top away from her body, she made her way toward the library's center.

Gentle click-clacking of a keyboard drifted between the books before she saw the rounded desk. Piles of hard and paperback novels sat behind a woman like a dam holding back reality from crashing upon her. Maria's senior by at least two decades, the woman didn't look up

as Maria approached. A tight bun of black hair bobbed atop her head and a computer's screen reflected in dark blue eyes.

Maria stood for a moment, hugging her notebook against her chest. The librarian paid her no mind.

"Er... Excuse me?" she finally asked.

The woman glanced up like a cat being distracted from a toy. She turned to face Maria, supporting herself on the desk with crossed arms. The prominent show of cleavage pushing from a half-unbuttoned blouse wasn't lost on the college girl; the librarian's chest neatly filled her arms to nestle them between her biceps.

"Ms. Em," the librarian said sternly. Her voice seemed to pull Maria closer.

Maria looked around in confusion. "I-I'm sorry?"

A finger tapped a nametag pinned above the librarian's left breast.

Maria felt her eye twitch in deepening annoyance. This wasn't an elementary school library, yet she felt as if she were being treated like a child. She contained her huff and reworded her approach. "Excuse me, *Ms. Em*?"

A thin smile appeared now. The librarian warmed. "Yes, my dear. How can I help you this evening?"

"I'm looking for the adult section, but--" Maria's mouth closed with face burned red.

Ms. Em raised an eyebrow as her smile smirked in amusement. Slowly her eyes drifted down Maria's body as if matching her figure to the strange request. "I'm sorry, but I'm afraid we don't keep *adult content* available for--"

"*No! N-No no no! Nothing like that!*" Maria panicked, flustered at her misspoken words. She hugged her notebook tighter to her bust until it bulged over the cover.

Ms. Em's eyes lingered, flitting between Maria's chest and skirt-teased thighs, before meeting Maria's gaze. "Then what *do* you mean, my dear?"

"Let me start over. I'm working on a research paper for my Gender Studies class. We're studying the connections between female psychology and physiology, particularly when it comes to..." Maria's voice softened and her eyes wavered. "P...Particularly when it comes to sexual satisfaction, confidence in the bedroom, and how the perception of...*ahem*...t-the female orgasm has changed in the last century." Maria stared at the floor and cursed her professor's citation requirements.

"I see." Ms. Em pushed her breasts higher as if they puffed with her curiosity. She inhaled, seeming to draw in the heat from Maria's blushing cheeks. "*And?*"

Glancing at her notebook, Maria added, "W-We were recommended to try reading 'Women's Anatomy of Arousal' by Sheri Winston as a source? I looked in the physiology section but didn't see it."

Ms. Em only stared. That slight smile lingered just like her gaze.

"Uh... Ma'am?"

The librarian smirked like she knew a secret. "You've got a bit of a naughty side hidden behind those glasses, don't you?"

This took her by surprise. Maria's jaw dropped before she took a step back. "E-Excuse me?"

“You’re *thirsty*.”

Now her heart beat like a drum.

The librarian stood. She was taller than Maria expected. A black pencil skirt, stockings, and striking heels matched with her blouse. Coming around her desk, she found the woman loomed over her enough that she could have used Ms. Em’s chest as a pillow if they were to hug.

“Yes... You try to hide it under that prim little outfit and watered-down curt demeanor, but I can see it.”

She paused in front of Maria with an overwhelming presence of heat. It was almost surprising she couldn’t see steam coming from her wet clothes. Feeling her personal space being invaded, Maria wanted to retreat but couldn’t bring herself to do so. “T...That’s not--”

“Come now... There’s no need to be so sheepish.” Her hand reached toward Maria’s front. The student’s heart leaped in her chest. Her breath stuck, puffing her breasts against her notebook as the moment hung.

Ms. Em’s fingers slid between Maria’s bust and her notebook, sliding ever so gently between her sweater-wrapped cleavage before pinching her notebook. “Let’s take a look here, shall we?”



All functions were on hold. She couldn’t breathe, much less think straight as this woman’s fingers brushed over her chest and pulled the notebook from her arms. Pages flipped as Ms. Em scanned Maria’s notes. Most pertained to school. Others were incredibly private.

“‘Women’s Anatomy of Arousal’, was it?” she mused.

Maria squeaked, “Y-Yes, Ma’am.”

Ms. Em smiled and closed the notebook, handing it back where it was taken like a long-lost teddy bear. “I don’t believe that’s what you’re after. It’s a good start, to be sure, but certainly not as...” Ms. Em inhaled until her blouse pulled tight before sighing and looking fondly at the girl, “...*in depth*, as I think you need.”

Maria stood waiting, part of her hoping the woman would take the notebook from her again. This time she would hold it even closer to her chest. “T-Then what would you recommend?”

That same knowing smile flashed. “Come with me.”

It was a simple command. Maria’s feet followed it without question even if her heart was racing like a rabbit’s. She tailed the woman through several rows of shelves toward the back of the library. Maria hadn’t known the building’s footprint was so large, nor had she ever found a reason to venture so deep. But Ms. Em was at the helm, and Maria’s body wouldn’t let her pursue anything else at the moment.

They came to a wooden door situated along the far back wall. Its surface was hewn into an ornate carving of spiraling vines and foliage. For a brief moment, when Maria squinted, she thought the design looked like a voluptuous goddess enraptured in pleasure.

Ms. Em removed a key from her blouse. A lock thunked with a wooden echo.

“This is where we keep our more...sensitive materials,” she informed. “Can’t just leave any kind of content out in the open for any pair of wandering eyes.”

Maria nodded, swallowing as the door opened to softer lighting. “I-I would hope not.”

Another world unfolded from the back of the library she thought she knew. Ushered inside by Ms. Em, Maria found herself surrounded by elegant multi-story bookcases spanning shelf after shelf. The atmosphere was warmer here as if kept alive by several loving hearths. Plush couches and chairs gathered into quiet groups: grottos of pure reading pleasure. An electricity tingling through the air brought a sense of intoxicating excitement.

Maria shivered. It felt like the same core-bubbling weakness she had the first time a date ran a hand up her skirt.

This place put the other library to shame.

“What...” Maria swallowed. Her mouth was dry and there was a fluttering in her chest. Her thighs pressed together in a way she had trouble ignoring. “Where are we...?”

A hand fell upon her back and urged her inside before the wooden door closed with a solid click. Ms. Em’s presence was like a fire against Maria’s back as they walked. “Think of it as a place of curiosity. A special place for those looking to read something a little more...*fulfilling*.”

Maria’s body felt alive as they walked. Every footstep sang with vibrations through her body. The wetness of her clothes wasn’t so bad now. In fact, she almost enjoyed the exotic sensation of fabric clinging to her bare skin. Knowing her bra’s padding was soaked with water, engorged like a sponge and making her breasts appear larger than normal, was a tantalizing secret that sent her heart racing.

“But how have I never--”

“Let’s say it’s on a need-to-know basis. Most won’t even see the door because they’re not looking for it. Or maybe they simply don’t need it.”

“*Need* it?” Maria snorted slightly. “What, is this some kind of Room of Requirement?”

“More of a dimension of desire. You could say it’s for members only.”

Maria stopped and turned around, shrinking. “Oh... I’m sorry, b-but I’m not interested in--”

Ms. Em laughed softly. “Oh no no, nothing so literal, my dear. And even so, you know as well as I that libraries are always free. If you’re here, you’re already a cherished member.”

Her heart wasn’t so sure. Maria glanced behind the librarian, but they had ventured so deep that the ornate wooden door was out of sight. “And... Where exactly is *here*? Is this part of the public library?”

“Only in the same way a speakeasy is part of a barbershop.”

“T-That doesn’t really answer my--”

“Ah, here we are.” They paused at Ms. Em’s instruction. A shelf of books smelling faintly of cinnamon and vanilla faced the women. The woman’s eyes scanned with a lingering gaze. “Let’s see...” Deft fingers plucked a small booklet from the shelf. “*This* is what you’ll want for your research: ‘An Intimate Guide to the Female Body and Orgasms’, by the esteemed Dr. Magnolia.”

As it was handed to Maria, she saw it was hardly more than a pamphlet. She stared at the strange title. The book was warm in her grasp and weighed more than it should. “This can’t be more than twenty or thirty pages.”

Ms. Em filled her chest with delighted air. “And each one *brimming* with what you need.”

“I’ve never heard of this author either... Is she a real doctor? Or one of those fake--”

“My dear, Dr. Magnolia stands at the top of her field. I encourage you to read it. Seeing how short it is, it shouldn’t take you long. If it’s not what you’re looking for, I promise to find your original query.”

Maria’s fingers tightened on the cover. Her core was warm. Glancing at a reading area, a couch drew her in. Suddenly rushing home to shower wasn’t such a priority. “Can I...read it here without checking it out?”

Ms. Em gave the warmest smile yet. “Absolutely. Feel free to read at your pleasure. When you finish, I’ll be at the front.”

“Thank you...”

The librarian left with clicking heels in her wake. Maria couldn’t help but watch her go. Soon, she was alone amongst the towering bookshelves. Dr. Magnolia’s book vibrated in her grasp as if inviting her to relax on a couch and enjoy whatever its pages had in store.

Maria approached the furniture. It was plush and dark red. Sitting down let her sink comfortably into the cushions. Soft fabric rubbed against the backs of her thighs. After removing her shoes, she reclined to lay her legs straight with her skirt smoothed over them. There hadn’t been a sign of anyone else in the hidden library yet, but just the same she didn’t want to risk flashing anyone. With her notebook open for jotting down thoughts, she cracked the booklet.

“*Oh!*”

Maria blinked as if struck by a gentle breeze. A rush of tingling desire washed over her to the point of palpitating her heart. She couldn’t explain why her nipples had grown so hard within her constricting bra, nor did she want to question it. They felt divinely erect.

Text leaped at Maria when she turned to the first page. Words seemed alive, the paper brimming with a delightfully mysterious energy in her hands. She began reading.

Of all the treasures found upon this great earth, the female body is the most breathtaking. This may be obvious at a glance to some, or perhaps sound a little biased given my own feminine physique, but even if you are the most seasoned of explorers, or perhaps you're a woman yourself and simply desire a deeper understanding of your own anatomy, I promise there is always more to discover. Through this short booklet, I intend to take you on a wondrous journey high over splendid hills and deep into stunning valleys, with stops at every attraction in between. It is a journey into femininity: an adventure across these enchanting creatures we call women.

Maria snickered. "Kind of flowery, but alright." She settled deeper into the couch. Her eyes were reading the lines but a part of her mind was keenly aware of the intimate parts of her body, unable to remove its focus.

Before we begin, I would like to introduce you to my assistant, Belle. Though she will have no speaking roles, she will be serving as my visual aid for every demonstration today. She's assured me nothing is off limits in our expedition of the female body. You may consider her an average girl: twenty-five years of age, roughly five feet in height, longer brown hair, green eyes, a healthy weight, and a figure with pleasing curves that we shall certainly explore to their fullest when the time comes. I would use myself as an example, but such things are easier to show on another willing subject considering how in-depth I'll be taking you. As we progress, I think you'll find Belle is quite willing to push herself to the limit for us.

A finger twisted a strand of hair in amusement. "Hope Belle got paid well for whatever this is... Poor college intern, probably." As outlandish as the book's premise was, Maria couldn't help but picture the girl. Her physique was strikingly similar to her own. Try as she might, her brain wouldn't let her put clothes on Belle's mental image.

She read further. It didn't take long before the physical exploration broached more sensitive areas. Maria came to a section titled 'The Breasts'. It was enough to make her blush as the author began exploring the girl's bust, leaving nothing to the imagination.

They're soft enough to massage and squeeze, bulging between my fingers. All the while you can see her cleavage blushing a darker pink. She's becoming aroused. Being one of the most erogenous zones on the female body, I'm not surprised. Belle's mammaries are especially sensitive, as you can tell from her panting gasps. If I had to guess, they regularly receive attention in lovemaking or Belle's sessions of self-pleasure. They're incredibly receptive to stimulation.

"A-Ahmm~" Maria moaned.

Fwap!

The book slammed closed between her hands as if it'd told her a dirty joke. Her eyes bulged in horror at the sound she'd just made. Immediately Maria looked around, hoping no one else had heard the slip. Heat flushed her skin. Beneath her sweater, her breasts felt alive. She realized her heart was racing. A deep aching for attention burned within her bra.



There came no reaction. No one had heard. Relieved, but unable to calm herself, she slowly opened the book once more as she fought the strange sensations. Maria wasn't against getting lost in a book, but letting an educational booklet get the better of her in a public library wasn't her style. She cleared her throat and glanced around for any wandering ears. Toes flexed in her socks and her thighs shifted before turning her attention back to the reading.

An anxious finger tapped on the book's cover as she knew the exploration would only become more intimate.

When it comes to breast stimulation, it's hard to go wrong. I shall demonstrate on Belle. Gently take each one in your hands. In slow, firm motions, massage them in opposite circles.

"Mnngh..."

A shiver trembled down Maria's spine. Her lips parted to draw long, heated breaths. It had been months since she'd been touched like Belle. Even so she could feel the sensations as if it had been only yesterday. A finger lifted to her lips and she bit down thoughtfully, eyes glued to the words. Throbbing passed through her nipples. Heat rose from her blouse's collar.

Nipples may be twisted, pulled, pinched, poked, and twiddled. The desired intensity depends on the party. Belle prefers a firmer touch. You can see how she squeaks when I pull on them as if trying to milk her. Sucking on the nipples should be an obvious choice, as the heat and fluid from one's mouth bathe her in sensations.

"Mnnghahhhh... That's..."

Maria pursed her lips. Her hand drifted to settle upon the rise of her chest. It was warm beneath her hand, resisting its weight. Delicate flutters of arousal tickled through her. Her pinky twitched, pushing down on the subtle indent where a nipple was pushing into her bra.

They hadn't been so hard in weeks. She could feel her areolas coming alive with them. Slowly one of her legs bent upward. Her skirt shifted, but she knew nothing intimate was visible. Just a little bare thigh. Plus, she needed her leg to help balance the book with only one hand.

Have you noticed anything while we've been exploring Belle's chest? It's nearly invisible, but you may have observed an increase in size. That's right: Belle's C-cups have swelled, pushing her to a full C-cup or perhaps even into the D-cup range. Stimulation and sexual arousal cause the breasts to inflame due to increased circulation. This in turn makes them temporarily larger, up to an astonishing 25% bigger in some cases!

"M-Mmngph~!"

Her body betrayed her again. Much louder this time. Maria shrunk into the couch, clamping a hand over her mouth in horror. Air whistled through her nose and over her fingers as she realized she was panting for breath.

She looked down to see her forearm pushing firmly into her right breast. There was a fullness to them. A fullness her bra hadn't been prepared for. Tremors tickled through her body. Maria knew these sensations. They were the same tempting sensations of arousal she felt when tending to her needs.

"Hrph... Hrph..."

Struggling gasps hissed through her fingers as she tried to calm herself without moaning. Arousal had made its home in her belly. She could feel moisture within her panties. Slowly she removed her hand and pressed it upon her chest to stem her rapid breathing.

"What's-- What's wrong with me?? I... I can't be doing this here!"

Yet the temptation remained.

She rubbed her thighs together as if to test the waters. Electric sensitivity shot back as her lace-wrapped treasure mashed between them, barely hidden from the world but for a sliver of pink. Her breasts felt as though they'd been torn from a lover's hands. They were desperate for more.

She was horny.

Caution held her back.

"I-I'll just... Skip over the rest of this section," she whispered, flipping pages before stopping at random. Her mind was too distracted to read about such intimate breast play. Eyes shifting, Maria brought the book closer to her face. Redness filled her cheeks as she sought to continue despite her better judgment. Her body wouldn't allow anything else.

Sexual anxiety boiled then; she'd jumped ahead to an exploration of Belle's pelvis.

Watch how the sides of her bare navel shift and crease with her thighs as we twist her hips. Our precious assistant has quite the supple thighs for her frame. You can see how they rub together even as she stands still for us. There is little gap to be found. They meet in a fine line of bare skin, warm as the sun and as comforting as a pillow.

Maria squeaked and her breath caught. Belle's naked hips twisted and posed in her mind as clearly as if she were straddling her on the couch. The wetness of her bra grew warm from her body's welling heat. Between her legs, Maria felt her lust spread.

The urge to touch herself commanded her hand.

Arousal ushered in an adventurous side. Ever so slightly, Maria parted her legs. The library's warm air bathed her exposed sliver of intimacy. Feeling it wash over her wet inner thighs, she chewed on her lip.

Her body was begging to be touched like Belle's. To be explored and manhandled. Indeed, it already felt as though it was. This book was putting its hands on her.

Do you notice her skin plumping ever so slightly at the intersection of her navel and thigh creases? This is where our exploration of her pussy begins. Even just saying the word makes Belle blush. Let's get her on her back, part her thighs, and dive in, shall we? It's time to truly get to know our assistant.

Take it in for a moment. Appreciate Belle and her openness to letting herself bloom purely for the sake of our curiosity. Everything you see here, from the base of her fuzzy pubic mound to the crest of her petite butt cheeks is her vulva. Admire her blossoming petals situated in the middle. They're damp. They have been damp for some time now, from back when I first caressed her lips.

Maria mewed like a kitten. Fires lit across her body. Squirming, she fought with all her willpower not to let her clenched hand drift under her skirt. It was bad enough she was copping a feel in such an open area. Feeling her flesh bulge against her sweater left her core trembling for more. She couldn't remember the last time her nipples felt so sensitive. To waste it would be a shame.

The book had a power over her. Even as hair fell into her face and her skirt hiked up her thighs, she couldn't bring herself to pull away from its intoxicating effects.

Ahh yes... There... Isn't it wondrous? As we rub and massage Belle's soft mound, you can see her arousal flourishing. Already it's trickling from her folds like condensation on a cold soda can. And from the top, what's become of her clit? It's protruding, engorging forth and swelling to rise to the occasion.

"Hah~ Haaahhh~ What... What am I..."

Maria felt her fingers unbutton the top of her blouse. A crushing inferno had come over her. Her body screamed in need. Against her panties, she could feel herself plumping and testing the elastic.

The page turned. Her eyes wavered with lust and her breath hitched.

"W-What am I...doing??"

We come now to our symphony: the female orgasm. It is as wondrous as it is mystical. Before the climax of this guide, for lack of a better word, let us take a brief peek into what effects an orgasm will have on

our assistant's body. They're nothing short of spectacular. Belle is already shaking with excitement! Our thorough examinations of her every nook and cranny have left her more than ready.

"Mmnggh... No-- I-I..."

Maria couldn't look away. The stimulation was happening on its own whether by her hand or not.

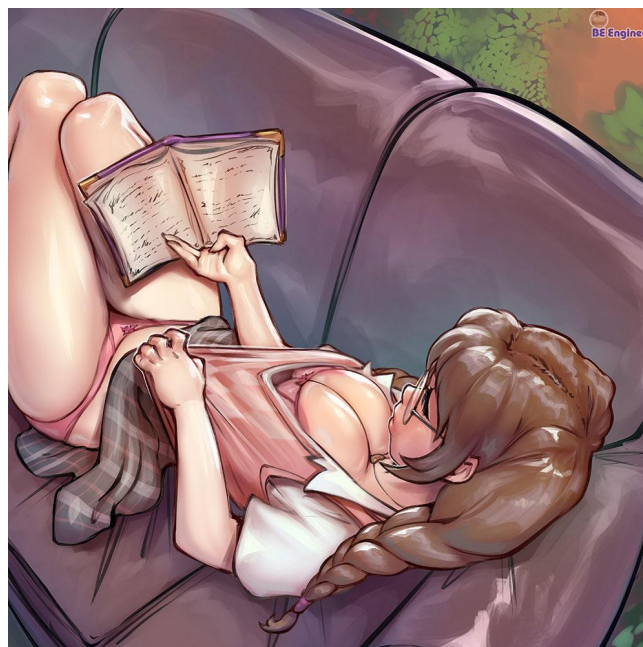
It begins with an increased breath and heart rate... Blood will rush to where Belle needs it most in order to draw her mate's attention and increase her own sensitivity. Primarily this means her labia and breasts. They'll gently swell, literally engorging her sexual organs with arousal.

She groaned, arching her back and writhing as her skin blushed with tingles and goosebumps. Tightness spread across her bra as if a pair of hands had found her breasts hidden within. Behind the book, Maria felt her skirt fully slide up to her hips. Her legs were open to the world, and the thought was driving her up the wall.

"Ahh~ A-Ahhhhhmm~!"

Fluid will begin secreting in a thick, lubricating nectar. Through foreplay this easily spreads across the whole of her vulva and thighs to create a near-frictionless surface.

Wetness spread, leaking from her plumping pussy in waves. No part of her outfit remained dry now as rain, sweat, and lust permeated its fibers. Maria clawed at her sweater until its neckline stretched down to her breasts. She arched her back to push her bust into the neckline, marveling at the way it bulged with blushing fullness. Button gaps flared to show her cleavage stuffed into a pink bra.



“I-- How is this--”

Tension spreads across her body. Belle’s muscles will quiver and pull, most notably across her core and pelvic floor. Her thighs receive a similar treatment but their quivering is best saved for a later phase.

Maria quaked on the couch. It embraced her throes of pleasure as her legs quaked. Hair fell across her eyes but it couldn’t stop her from reading.

“I-I’m in...a library-- I can’t do this-- I can’t-- Not here-- I--”

As Belle reaches the end, she’ll tighten and tense. Her heart may feel ready to burst from her swollen chest. Here is where all the pressure she’s been building would be released. A barrage of muscle contractions attack Belle from all angles. Her core, her uterus, her vagina, her thighs, even her chest. They all flutter and kick like a mule as her body overflows with desire.

Now, are you ready to try it for real?

Maria’s hand pulled up on her sweater’s hem. Her bare, heaving abdomen was bared to the library as she slid her hand up to meet her breasts. Pursed lips held back whimpers of need and want. Hips rocking, she whimpered in mental conflict.

“I-I’m ready... I’m-- O-Oh God-- I can’t-- I’m gonna--”

Excitement kicked her heart into overdrive when Dr. Magnolia led into a masturbation walkthrough.

Enjoy the tingles the light touches bring. Feel how they emanate from your nipple to the core of your breast. Cup your other breast now, taking both in your embrace. Warm them. Feel your nipples rise and harden into your hand. Don’t be afraid to pinch or twist as they awaken.

Her hand twitched, clawing at her bra when it tried to fly south. She wanted to follow the book’s instructions. To do everything it said down to the letter. But she didn’t need to. It was happening to her word for word. She could feel her nipples responding. Hardening and pushing out of her bra as her breasts swelled with extreme arousal-based fullness.

“It’s-- Mnnnghhhh~!” She stifled her desperate moans only a little now. Rapid panting breaths steamed her lips.

Let a hand drift lower now. Slow and delicate, like a feather tracing across your belly. Don’t rush over its soft expanse. Enjoy the tickle of a fingertip running over your navel and hips.

Dance your fingers over your inner thighs. Do you feel that crease where they meet your glutes, at the bottom of your labia? Follow that valley back up. Rub and massage the outside of your labia, not daring to actually touch it just yet.

“I-I feel it-- How can I--”

“Something is--”

Her mind was going blank. All that existed were the pages spreading into a sea of white with black text. The library faded away. Her own gasps for air fell upon deaf ears. Her hand pulled a breast from a damp bra cup. Groping it felt sinfully good.



Panting breaths leaped from her lips. *“I’m-- I’m gonna--”*

It’s time to fully open. Spread your legs. From your navel, slide your hand down. Use a single finger to rub over your hidden clit before pressing and parting your lips. Wetness soaks over you. Feel your folds embrace your fingers. Continue lower, fully parting yourself for the world.

“Nnnngghhhhh, no~ P-Please don’t-- That’ll make me--”

She didn’t know who her words were directed at. Herself? The book? Its author? Even Belle? Maria grew dizzy with arousal. Stimulation assaulted her from every nook and cranny.

Breathe. Your belly may start to tremble now. Your core tightening. Your legs bending and tensing.

It was starting. The body-shaking tremors that moved through her legs. These were shivers she knew all too well. Her abdomen flexed under her hand. Maria was no stranger to these sensations. She knew the signs of approaching orgasm.

“I can’t-- I-I-I can’t...! I’m in...a library! I can’t just...”

Pair two fingers together. Slide them down into the deepest parts of your lips. Allow your entrance to guide them to the goal. As they enter, feel yourself stretch to accommodate their girth. Feel your walls quiver and contract.

Pressure fell upon the wet bulge of her panties.

“A-Aahh!! MMNGH!!! I-It’s--” She bridged her back. Fire felt like it roared within her core. *“WHAT’S...MMNGH~!!! WHAT’S HAPPENING...TO ME??”*

As if envisioning her pink lace deforming and compressing, Maria could feel her lips parting. Her folds, grown supple with the enticing words, bloomed within her mind. Their sensitivity sang to the heavens. Fluid trickled down between her cheeks to soak the couch.

It’s building. Feel the pressure welling. Belle can hardly breathe. She’s ready to explode. Watching her ravage herself is like watching art in motion. She can barely contain it.
Are you ready to climax with her?
Get ready.
Three...

Puppy-like whimpers bounced her throat as she begged for mercy. Her body was on the verge of betraying her. *“Mmnngghhhhhnnnnnooo... N-No-- Please-- N-Not...here...! How can I even...think to--”*

Flashes of the public setting around her teased her obscene display. Clawing at her bust was all that was keeping her hand from flinging between her thighs.

“I-I have...to stop...reading~” Familiar tremors shook her legs. *“I’m gonna-- I-I can feel-- Stop! I-I have to-- S..nng...Stop~”*

Find your perfect rhythm. Feel all of your body as a whole and take it as yours. Bask in the subtle contours of your curves.
Two...

“Ahhh~ A-Aahhhhhh~!! It’s-- This is--”

Emotions mixed. Confusion. Fear. Shame. Lust. Desire. Maria’s heart raced behind a breast trapped in a groping hand.

Her body was about to explode. There was a lit fuse creeping toward her crotch.

“P...P-Please-- I’m--” She swallowed, spreading her legs until one rested on the floor and the other bent against the back of the couch. *“I-I-I can’t wait anymore!!!”*

All she needed was Dr. Magnolia’s blessing.

Everything is tensing. Shivering. Quaking. The heat is unbearable within you, pressurized in your core like a bomb. You’ve lit the fuse. It’s ready to blow. Any second now... Hold back, just a second longer. Feel your pussy ache with the intense engorgement of extreme arousal. Feel how full you’ve made yourself.

One--

It’s all ready to come crashing down, this mountain of lust we’ve built. Let your body take control now. Whatever that means for you. Let your mind go blank. Feel your core ignite as you overflow with desire, far too full for any woman to contain. Don’t be afraid about making a mess; it’s the artwork you’re about to paint.

“Please-- Please-- PLEASE-- LET ME--” Maria felt near tears.

As that sharp tingling flares within your navel and shoots through every inch of your plumped lips and your body begins to tremble, let it all come flowing out of you...

“Ahh~ AAHH~ PLEASE-- I’M ABOUT TO-- I NEED TO--”

And release.

Colors exploded in Maria’s head. Clenching the book hard enough to bend the cover, she arched into an orgasmic release. Pulsating throbs traveled through her core to her pelvis, beating upon her nethers until her nectar flowed in a deluge.



“AAAUUUGH!!! AHHMMM~!!! A-A-AAHHMM~!!!”

Cries echoed through the shelves. She didn’t care who heard now. She was at the book’s mercy. At the mercy of Dr. Magnolia’s words.

“A-A-A-AAAAUUUUGH!!!!”

She screamed, tearing part of her sweater as her orgasm peaked. A black abyss swallowed her vision even as she clenched her eyes. To feel herself climax with hardly a physical touch left her mind shattered until it all came crashing down in less than a minute.

“Haaahhhh~ Haaahhhh... That...”

Maria lay in a sweaty puddle upon the couch, the book draped over her slumping body as she fought for air and to clear her double vision. Raging fires had simmered to a bed of coals. Sweaty and smelling of her own sex, she could feel every inch of her privacy exposed to the

world. Yet she couldn't move. She didn't want to. All she wanted was to bask in the all-engulfing bliss of the greatest orgasm she'd ever experienced.

All at the hands of a book.

To be continued