



History? No. No, she was heading to the fiction section. But she had a face for history. The right brow shape, a good nose. An aristocratic nose. Historical fiction? Bingo. *Master and Commander*? Or something more recent?

Verasha crinkled her brow as she watched the woman pass around the corner and into the aisles of the historical fiction section. The Lakeview County librarian pushed the tiny half-moon spectacles up her face, brought her view back down to her work, and off of the vanishing woman. She needed to keep her attention on her work.

Stamp, stamp, stamp. The sound of the physical ink running to the paper cards inside the covers was the only real sound that echoed through the building. Many people these days preferred getting their books digitally online, or listening to them. Verasha preferred the physical act of the library; the smell of old books and the crinkling of paper was something she could never really abandon. Hence why she was a librarian. It's said to do what you love, and she loved the library. She also loved the people who came in here.

Another woman passed by. Verasha had taken note of her when she'd come in. Round face, easy on the eyes. Round rear too; Verasha watched the bell swing side to side with a carefree air. Like a switch going on and off, Verasha's eyes raised above her small glasses as she discretely watched the black haired young woman leave out the front door, book in tow. Probably some kind of a college student. A science book isn't something people tend to read for fun in the public space.

Verasha wouldn't be described as a forthright woman. She tended to be more on the down low, buried in her work. A voice and demeanor well suited to the tranquil, peaceful

environments of the library. She was the only member on staff in the decently sized building (downsizing and all that), but she didn't mind. More time for reading, more time to bury herself in her work, and regrettably more time to let her mind run wild watching all the shockingly pretty people walk in and out of her establishment.

Her black hair fell low down her back, completely down to her waist, while similar bangs fell down to cover her forehead. Dressed in her simple wool cardigan and white shirt beneath, coupled with her red glasses, she cut the silhouette of... well, what a librarian is expected to look like. Sitting down behind her desk, her demure frame and thin arms were easy to see. Hidden behind the desk, though, Verasha possessed a quite impressive pair of hips and thighs. A fact she was secretly quite proud of... even though her simple slacks did their best to downplay the magnitude of her pear shape.

Lakeview County had a shockingly high amount of beautiful people. Redheads, blonds, brunettes as far as the eye could see. Short, tall, wide, and thin. Punks and geeks, sporty and elegant, kind and downright mean. Verasha loved them all, though it would be impossible to tell with how she carried herself. At almost all times, she looked as though she was always reading something with her eyes behind her glasses.

Another woman. Long dreads, looking confident. A book; a children's book. For her, in touch with her inner child? No, she's got a wedding ring. For a child at home, presumably. Whoever married her was lucky; real winner she was.

Verasha finished stamping the last of the books on her pile. She quickly got to work loading the heavy pile onto her cart for reshelving. The heavy carpet and padded walls muffled almost all noise inside the library; a bomb could go off inside and it's likely the greater town wouldn't know until the smoke was emptied out of the front doors in the morning. It was like being transported to a different world where phones and distractions were banished; where daydreams were allowed to run rampant.

She smiled to herself as she made her rounds, returning books to shelves where they belonged. It was neat, tidy, and organized; the same way she liked to keep herself.

The librarian kept her eyes on her stack and off the people around her as she worked. People watching was for the desk, where she could easily hide her eyes with her work. Here as she moved around, it was way too easy to get distracted and end up staring too long at certain things. Like the particularly low-cut shirt of the woman reading in the chair across the hall. Verasha spun on her heels to walk away from the woman, cart trundling ahead of her. Best to not tempt oneself, otherwise she may find herself indulging more than she'd like.

In some ways, she kind of loved this secret hobby. Was it polite or even decent of her? No, not necessarily. Verasha was kind of under the belief that her normally kind disposition to other people face to face kind of balanced out the practice in the karma kind of way. No, she loved the hobby because it was a sort of cheat for her life. She ate healthy, was polite to everybody she met, and never really made a fuss. But in this secret little practice, she was able to let herself truly cut loose.

The pile on her cart slowly dwindled over the hour, each book being returned to its proper home among their kind. She was nearing the end of the task, though, so her roaming was going to come to an end. Only one more particularly heavy encyclopedia was left to be sorted. She gave it a heave, her thin arms more fitting for lighter reading, only to find an extra book beneath it. Curious, she hadn't remembered placing it there.

It was a small, unassuming little book. Black, with a traditional binding. It looked old, old enough in her eyes that it belonged more under glass than under an encyclopedia. She set the heavy book down on the chair next to her to give the unknown book her full attention. On closer inspection, its dark gray cover did have markings on it, they were just extremely faded. Intricate swirling designs dark purple and red, curling around each other like fingers in hair. The pattern never looped or repeated itself, but did part in the center of it for a title. In old, faded calligraphy was a single word.

Hespera.

Verasha pursed her lips, squinting at the unknown word through her glasses. There was definitely no recollection of this book from her; she'd remember needing to sort something that looked like this. Curiosity bloomed inside her the longer she held it, and it didn't take long for it to strangle her mind. The encyclopedia forgotten, she strode back to her desk with her new prize to read.

As she sat, another woman strode through the front. Dyed blue hair, big floppy hat. Baggy sweater with old jeans. Big glasses. Thin, but elegant like a dancer's physique. Those jeans were tight on her hips as she strode past the counter, her boots making soft noises on the carpet. Given the laptop under her arm, she was here to use the wi-fi. Screenplay writer? Budding fiction author? Why not the Star Cafe's wi-fi? Did she just like the vibes of the library? Verasha enjoyed the view of her jeans as she strode to the tables.

The librarian straightened her glasses and settled into her seat. Time to indulge in something that wasn't somewhat perverted. Instead, it was time she read for fun on work hours; another cheat she would let herself have. Only those two, though.

She opened the book wide... and let out a tiny squeak of surprise. There was absolutely nothing on the pages inside. "Huh..." She whispered aloud; the confusion was so built up inside it needing to escape audibly. It was completely blank. Verasha flipped through it quickly, the old pages rustling as it revealed page after page of old, yellowed white. She narrowed her eyes, the confusion turning into disappointment. With a sigh the book took its new place next to her and in her bag. She'd take it home, maybe do some research. There's a chance this could be a brand of sketch book, or maybe an ARG if she was lucky.

More books. More time. More cute women.

Another woman came in. Bright, poppy clothing and a blue hat. The modesty of her outfit couldn't hide the curves she had beneath. Wide hips and a shockingly generous bust. The sheer beauty on her face was enough to draw the breath from Verasha's lungs, and the way she swayed and bounced as she walked... God, if only Verasha could feel her beneath her hands and let her sit on her-

The librarian blinked as she felt the red come to her cheeks. That was a bit much. She hadn't felt that degree of horrible indulgence in what felt like a very, very long time. This was probably a sign that she'd been cheating a bit too much today, letting her mind run wild and go nuts with her imagination.

Verasha pushed up her glasses and turned to her paperwork. No more today. She can daydream when she gets home; today, she'd focus on what matters.

The book in the bag grew just a little bit more heavy.

"Hespera... Hespera... nothing."

Verasha wheeled back in her chair, rubbing her eyes. There was nothing she could find online about the book. It was likely this thing wasn't an ARG or anything interesting at all. Or at the very least, if it was, it was an incredibly bad one. More than likely it was some kind of an art student's project that accidentally, somehow, got into the return slot at the library. That would explain why it was blank; it *was* somebody's still unused sketchbook.

She sighed, looking at the book on the desk. That was a real shame. She was really hoping that it was going to be more than that. Something that would help her take her mind off of... *things*. She'd been useless all day after that incident with the muslim woman. It seems like every single rudimentarily attractive woman who walked in sent her mind into overdrive. She could practically feel the heat on her cheeks every couple of minutes, and she'd needed to essentially glue her eyes to her paperwork to avoid making a scene. Thank God none of them had needed help finding something; Verasha might have just exploded on the spot from the energy welling up inside her. She likely wasn't going to be sleeping much tonight, given her current headspace.

She sighed aloud. This was largely a waste of time anyway. It wasn't going to amount to anything really except another hobby to try and run through. May as well close down the computer and head off to bed.

"Are you going to bed already?"

The voice was high and lilting, fitted with an accent that Verasha couldn't place. It sounded like it was chittering right into her ear, like some kind of devil on her shoulder. In a flash, she spun around in her chair, looking around the room.

"W-who said that?"

Nothing, no response. Verasha rubbed her eyes again, trying to clear her head. Was she hearing things? It wasn't that late, not even ten at night yet. It wasn't as if she was sleep deprived, just curious and bored. That doesn't mean she should be hearing things, let alone voices!

"Calm down, calm down! You're going to give yourself a heart attack."

There was the same voice, coming from behind her. She spun around, eyes wide, staring at her desk... and the source of the voice.

The creature was small, no taller than Verasha's water bottle. It held itself on incredibly wide hips with nubby feet, and a set of long ears twitched on its head. A huge mane of hair extended from its head down to the floor, where it pooled on the ground. Pointed horns sprung from its forehead past the hair, and beneath that a set of wide-set predatory eyes looked up at her. Sharp teeth filled its mouth, leaning well into the wicked grin of glee.

"I can't be losing my new toy already."

Verasha blinked once. Twice. Three times. Despite how much she attempted to clear her vision, the imp remained on her desk. They stood there, hands on hips, looking up at the librarian with an expectant air. "Oh no, she's stupid." Said the imp, putting one hand to her forehead and taking on a pitiable expression. She didn't wear any clothes; instead a swirling pattern on her mottled skin mimicked clothing to preserve any degree of modesty the imp had... which was very little.

"W-what... What is this? What's going on?" Verasha whispered, leaning in to look at her new houseguest.

"She can talk! Huzzah." The imp strode across the table, arms behind her head in a relaxed way. She planted a seat on Verasha's mouse, though the motion did not force the mouse to click. Instead, it didn't seem to react to her being there. "Can we get these introductions out of the way, please?"

Verasha swallowed the further confusion and questions, letting them fall back into the growing pile of them in her belly. She leaned back, placing one hand on her chest. "Uhhh... I-I am... Verasha?" In an act of stunned awkwardness, she extended a hand to shake... not realizing that her hand was easily big enough to grab the imp like a salt shaker.

The creature spared her a glance that could wither a flower. With a beleaguered air, she reached forward and took one finger in her hand. Verasha felt nothing; it was as if she was shaking thin air. "A joy to meet you... my name is Hespera."

Verasha's eyes nearly popped out of her head. "W-w-wait, H-Hespera!?"

"I don't need to repeat it, do I?"

Verasha retrieved her hand before grabbing the book and holding it up. She flashed the cover at the imp, pointing at the title repeatedly. "You? You're Hespera!?" She pointed a few more times, as if she was giving a presentation to a set of children.

Hespera nodded, pointing at the book back. "Yes! You get it! Me, Hespera, you, Verasha. Don't get it confused now!"

"B-but, I don't get it! What are you? Were you..." Her voice grew small. "Were you trapped in the book?"

Hespera shrugged, effortlessly hopping to the top of the computer monitor. She said, letting her legs dangle in front of the screen. "Nope. The book *is* mine though. I just thought you looked like you may want it."

"M-Me?" Verasha opened the book again; still blank. "Why would I want this?"

Hespera stood up again, standing on the monitor. She walked across the top like a balance beam. "I've heard what you've been thinking, and I gotta say I like what I'm hearing." She grinned. "That stuff today was *juicy*. Really depraved shit."

Verasha felt her cheeks grow red. Was this imp talking about...? "You don't mean... the stuff about the people today?!"

"Yes!" Hespera laughed, a high tinkling sound that was oddly harsh. Like Tinker Bell played with a glitching electric doorbell. "That was great! I love the way you look at people, it's amazing. Couldn't have done better myself." She calmed down. "I adore it, haven't heard anything like it in a while."

Verasha was blushing a lot now, leaning back in her chair in an attempt to put a little distance between her and the imp. She wasn't entirely comfortable with the fact that this little... *thing* had been inside her head. "I... I don't know what you're talking about." A bad lie.

"Bullshit, sweetie, and you know it." She jumped from the monitor and onto the desk again. She stood near its edge so she could still be decently close to Verasha. "If you really wanna know what I am, I'll tell you." She put her hands on her hips, cocking them flirtatiously. "I'm a demon of *lust*. It feeds me. Makes me whole and strong. And *you*," she winked. "Are quite the buffet. One that I'm willing to see through to the end."

The embarrassed red from Verasha's cheeks instantly paled back to her normal skin tone and beyond. A *demon*. A demon that was sealed in a cursed book now wants her. "A-a-are you going to steal my s-s-soul?"

Hespera scoffed. "No." She shrugs. "Only the most *banal* of demons want to eat souls." She grimaced as she went on. "Souls feel everything all the time, every sin, yuck. Carrots and mashed potatoes touching each other. Just lust for me, thanks." She hopped into the air, but this time didn't come down. She hovered in midair, floating like an angel. Or more demon, in this context.

"Then what do you want from me?"

"Simple!" She hovered in front of Verasha, grinning. She put her hands on her hips and twirled in a circle, giving the woman a close up view of her own figure. "Just do what you do best, and be horny. I'll be here, feeding off that delicious lust~"



Despite everything, the blush returned to Verasha's cheeks. The tiny creature before her winked again, leaning forwards. "Don't bother saying no. I'll be here... and I know how you work." She reached forwards and tapped the librarian's nose. This time... she did feel something. "*Now* I'll let you sleep. You have a *big* day tomorrow." The imp cackled again, that harsh twinkling sound, before floating backwards into the screen. She passed through it as though she was falling into a puddle, vanishing in an instant and leaving Verasha alone in her room.

Silence again. No sound except for the whirring of the computer. It took a minute for Verasha to realize that she was barely breathing, her breath was so quiet. She forced herself to breathe normally, picking up her reading glasses and holding them close to her chest like some kind of a security blanket. This had to be a dream, or some kind of stroke, or stress induced hallucination. It had to be. Nothing about this made sense to her.

Before she knew it, she was slipping into her nightgown and burying herself under the covers. She had to wake up tomorrow with all this behind her. No imps, no rampant lust, no bizarre events that she couldn't explain. Tomorrow morning everything would be normal again. Everything would make sense again. It had to.

Verasha settled down behind her desk, putting her bag to her side. She let out a large sigh as she did, taking a cursory glance across the main lobby. Nobody was inside right now besides her, and she hoped it stayed that way. There had been no sign of the strange imp from last night; the Hespera book had been exactly where she'd left it on her desk last night. It had stayed there this morning as well when Verasha had left it there for a double shift at the library. When she gets home tonight, it was probably going in the garbage as well.

She slapped her cheeks as she tried to wipe away the sleep from her mind; though not really that hard. She didn't really do anything that hard. The Hespera imp thing had been a dream or something. Or another perverted daydream gone way too far. She needed to get back into dating or something to try and purge these awful perverted thoughts from her head. Verasha couldn't keep going by every day consumed by daydreaming about every single woman she met.

She sighed again as she pulled out her paperwork and donned her reading glasses. Work. Today is going to be about work, not about sexy lust demons or staring at women's butts or something. The world in front her cleared as she looked through it through her glasses. Clarity and familiarity, not deranged lust.

The door flitted open, and Verasha looked up. She let out a sigh of relief when it was an old man and a small child entering... nothing to be lustful about. A smile and a friendly wave were given and returned to the pair as they walked across the lobby and into the kid's section. This was fine, this was perfectly fine. Even if a thousand elderly men entered today, that would still be better than a single sexy lady to her. Not that she believed that the naked demon imp from last night had even been real, but it didn't hurt to avoid testing fate.

Stamp, stamp, stamp. Paper card after paper card. The work was sloppier than yesterday, but Verasha was doing her best to try and keep herself busy. Every second she spent with her head to the desk and working was another second she wasn't thinking about anything else.

"I'm sorry, I beg your pardon." A small, gentle voice, though not that loud in practice, was incredibly easy to hear in the empty library.

Verasha looked up to find the woman at the desk in front of her, hands gently laid out on the table. Her long brunette hair was parted over one eye, the face round and gentle. The ribbed sweater, though, brought Verasha's attention to the woman's *huge* bust. All thoughts of working, of being focused, of not having anything on her mind that could be considered lustful were

blown out of her brain like a gunshot to the head. She was worried that there was an audible snap as her eyes shot to the bust then back to the woman's face. Luckily for her, there wasn't either a whip crack or any realization on the woman's part. Verasha felt her cheeks grow just a little bit red but managed to keep her voice level. "Yes, ma'am?"

"Where could I find the cook books? Do you have those here?"

"Oh!" Verasha nodded. "Yes, we do, it's in the non-fiction. Learning section." She kept herself from stuttering.

The woman smiled. "Thank you so much!" She nodded, marching away with Verasha's, in hindsight maybe wrong, directions to guide her. The librarian didn't really care, instead releasing a breath she didn't know she was holding. That woman had single-handedly destroyed any sort of decorum she had spent last night, this morning, and all of her shift so far building. Stupid sweater. Stupid giant breasts. That Verasha wanted to bury her face in and squeeze until she heard her moan and tell her she wanted more and more-

"And *there* it is~!"

Verasha sputtered as the imp appeared at her shoulder. The materialized from thin air, lounged on her belly beside the librarian's ear. Verasha, for her part, squealed as she swatted at the demon on her shoulder. Her hand harmlessly passed through the ethereal demon, who only grinned and giggled at her vain attempts.

After a few swats, Verasha realized nothing was working and nervously settled into her seat. She whispered quietly, bunching her shoulders up. "Y-you're back! You're real!"

"I never left." She yawned overdramatically, rolling over and idly kicking her legs. "And not gonna lie you were kind of pissing me off. Head to the desk and just *focus*. Good thing that one with the huge tits came in, otherwise I could've been stuck there for hours."

"Q-quiet!" Verasha shrunk down behind her neck, her knees bunching up as she physically shrunk in on herself. "She'll hear you!"

"Oh no!" Hespera leapt from her shoulder and onto the desk. She grinned widely at Verasha, who only stared in horror. She took in a deep, deep, *deep* breath. So deep that Verasha almost swore she saw the imps' chest bulge... but before she could look closer for her own benefit, Hespera cried at the top of her lungs.

"Holy shit look at those funbags! If only she'd bury me in them, I'd just cream myself!"

Verasha couldn't bear it. She hid underneath her desk like a school child with a cry, moving so fast her chair was spinning from the force of her movement. Her face was bright red, small little beads of sweat appearing on her forehead. She hid there, silent as the grave, afraid to even let herself breathe.

Nothing happened. No bombs fell, and the ground didn't shake. The only thing that appeared was Hespera, who popped her head over the ledge of the desk. Her grin was somehow even wider than it was before she yelled. "...they can't hear me, you know."

"What!" Verasha straightened, recoiling when her head banged against the roof of the desk. "Owch! Then why did you do that!?"

"To get you thinking~" Hespera floated down to her side. "Wasn't that a good suggestion though? Imagine being able to do that~"

Verasha started to crawl out of her hole. In some ways, she considered staying under the desk. The dark would be safer, with nobody to approach her. "N-no! That's so c-crass."

"Funny you say that, I pulled that thought from *your* head." She smiled, hovering next to her head. "But you can keep pretending if it makes you feel better."

Verasha popped up from beneath her desk, trying to settle her wide backside back into her seat, glaring embarrassed daggers to the invisible imp. "Can you stop..." Her eyes drifted to the side, looking at the other side of her desk.

A woman stood there, looking a little confused, staring at the librarian across the counter. The dress was elegant and refined, with little flowers across its bottom. The sunhat to go along with it was off her head, instead dangling by strings at her back. Her bright blond hair framed her sharp chin and thin eyes, her brows furled in confusion. She swayed slightly as she looked at the librarian, awkwardly still turned to be talking to her invisible companion. The sundress wearing woman cleared her throat. "I'm sorry, were you busy?"

The pause was so heavy it almost shook the desk. "No, n-no, I'm not! I was just untangling the cords for the computer! They get s-so tangled, you know?"

The woman, Verasha, and Hespera all shared a gaze at the empty spot on the desk where the computer should sit. Hespera seemed to take it the worst, sheepishly putting her hands behind her back. "Yikes."

Verasha ignored her. "Ahem. D-did you need something?"

The woman seemed just as eager to get past the awkward moment. "Actually, yes! I'm looking for a book, but I just can't remember the name or author!" She nodded to herself. "I was hoping you could help me?"

"Yes, yes, of course!" The librarian breathed an internal sigh of relief. Finally, something that she could focus on. A real task. She did her best to push Hespera out of her mind and lock in to the woman's words. "Just do your best to recount what you think it was about and I'll see if I can remember."

"Okay, let's see... it was on a boat, but also the boats weren't boats? They were sort of like big dragons, but they weren't alive. No wait, the boats weren't dragons, they were like... not-trees? I remember there weren't trees in the story somehow. And it was really sexist, but in a reverse kind of way. Well, that's still sexist, but in a 'women were important and men were just objects' kind of way, but it was important to the plot, and..."

"Wow she just kind of goes on and on, huh?" Hespera hovered across the desk and took her place next to the woman. Verasha did her best not to stare at the imp, instead trying to pay attention to her off-the-cuff recount of the book she was looking for.

Hespera smiled. "Let's see what's under the hood." She snapped her elegant, clawed fingers.

The woman's dress vanished. Underneath the gentle flower print dress, her perfect hourglass figure was revealed. Smooth and gentle curves, with modest breasts and thick thighs. The woman's body looked devoid of any and all blemishes, gleaming under the electric lights of the library. The only thing keeping the rambling woman's modesty was a set of bright, seafoam green underwear.

She swayed on her hips, going from one foot to one foot. With her clear view, Verasha could see her chest bounce slightly, and the flesh at her thighs wobble just slightly. Her face grew *bright* red, her eyes growing round as dinner plates.

Hespera cackled. "Damn, she was really hiding all that!" She hovered down, bumping her hip against the lady's. "Look at that~! Bet she'd look great on the desk, huh?"

Verasha's voice was dead in her throat, barely managing to breathe. Her glasses were askew in her panic, the world a sea of useless book information and the almost naked woman in front of her. The woman, for her part, didn't seem to care or notice that she was now in her underwear. More than likely, Verasha was the only person who could see her like this. This thought never crossed Verasha's mind, though, as the librarian was too busy trying to catch her breath.

Hespera leaned in. "Interesting color for the panties though. It matches the dress, I guess, but it's still a weird color." She raised her fingers again. "I say we ditch'em."

"*The Bone Ships!*" Verasha cried out, way too loud in the library. Several other people peeked around the corner at the sweating, blushing librarian. The woman, for her part, seemed shocked to be interrupted with such volume, but seemed pleased at the answer. She put her hands on her still-bare hips, smiling. "*T-The Bone Ships*, b-by R.J. Barker!" Verasha pointed to the fiction section. "Nautical fantasy! Under B!"

The lady smiled ear to ear. "Oh, thank you! I've been trying to find these for so long!" She waved happily as she departed. "I'll be back to check these out. Thank you again!"

Verasha watched the woman leave, her swaying rear wrapped clad in her tight, tight, brightly colored underwear. She swallowed aloud, trying to recover what was left of her composure.

"Not gonna lie, I'm impressed." Hespera hovered into view. "I can't believe you got that right."

"D-do not do that, please."

"I'm just doing what you want to do, but never do!" Hespera put her arms behind her head, lounging in midair. "*You're* the one who influences *me*, you know~! I stripped that lady because you would if you had the opportunity."

"I-I wouldn't just do that!"

"But you *want* to." She leaned in close, hovering only a few inches away from Verasha's face. "And your lust is even sweeter when you still try and deny it~"

Verasha wanted to bury her head under the desk again, but settled for simply dropping it between her arms. She couldn't feel it, but she just knew the imp was sitting on her head or back or something given where the voice came from. "I can do whatever you want your lust to do. Even if you don't ask."

"How do I get you to go away?"

"I'll leave when I've had my fill." Hespera chuckled a little bit. "That's nowhere near where we are now, mind you."

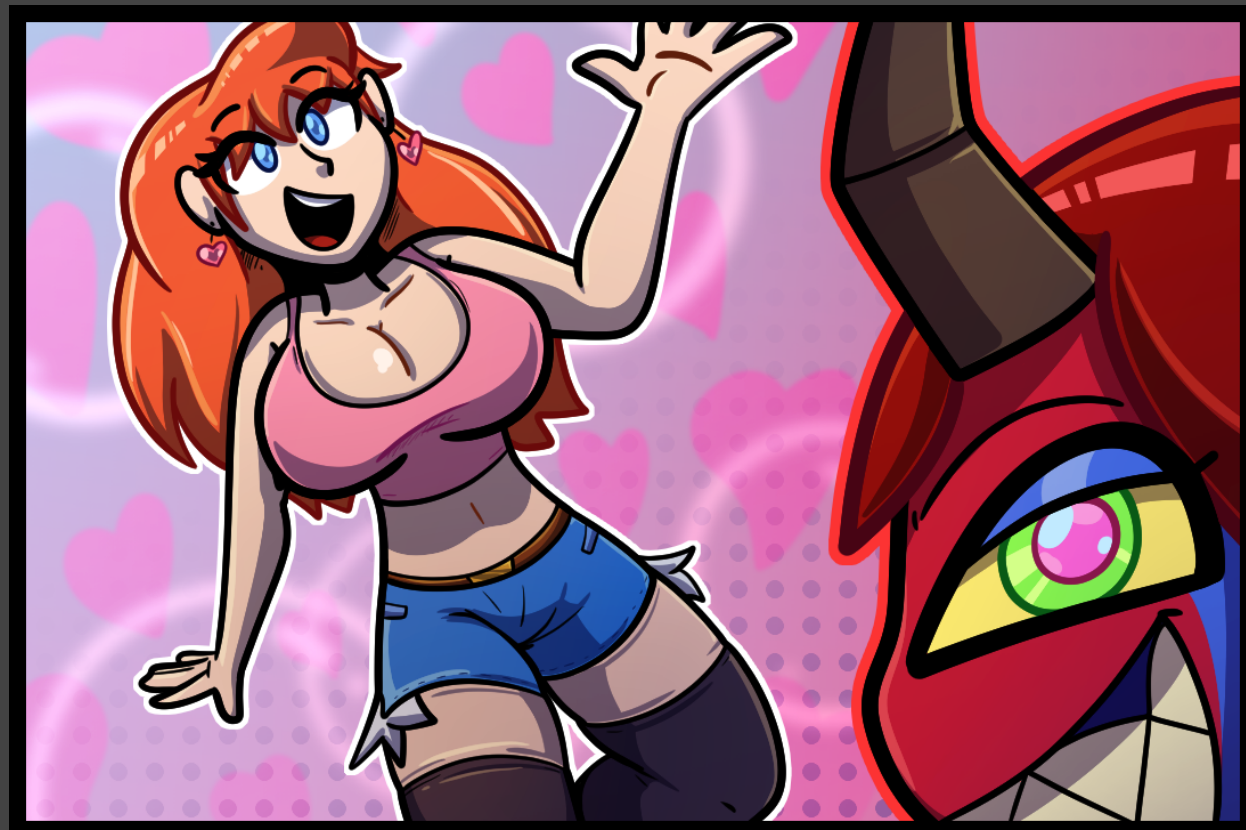
How much longer was left in Verasha's shift? A double shift, of course. She was the only librarian here in this tiny town. Usually she didn't mind the solitude of the library, but in this particular instance she wanted nothing more than to run home and bury herself in her bed until this was all over. Be as celibate and clean minded as humanly possible, and to get the image of that woman's panties out of her head.

She peeked her gaze out from her sanctuary between her arms to look at the clock. It was later than she thought it was. How fast did the shift go by? It felt like no time had passed at all! Between the woman that Hespera had stripped, it felt like no time had gone by between then and now. Verasha's mind wandered, wondering if maybe the imp had made time move faster

somehow. Or maybe forced her to perceive it differently. To cut out the boring parts of the day perhaps. Though that train of thought made her wonder if something was about to happen.

“Wooooow, this place is so quiet~!”

Verasha heard the voice echo from the entrance in front of her. The voice was loud and sharp, so unlike everyone else that had set foot in the library in the last... well, as far as Verasha could possibly remember. It was like she didn't even care to be quiet in the place of tranquility, or she was unaware of the decorum that usually was obvious for a library. The librarian looked up and instantly felt the redness come to her cheeks. Besides her head, Hespera cackled in triumph. “Bingo~”



The woman bounced down the entryway and past the standees of new books, looking around like she was in an alien world. Her long red hair twirled around her like a train and she turned to peer at all the titles that were on display. The woman's wide, expressive blue eyes looked around like she was gawking at a zoo, every book somehow foreign to her. The way she moved was like she was filled with a restless eager energy entirely unbecoming of a library.

Her dress was also unbecoming of this place. Her low-cut sleeveless tank top showed off a shocking amount of cleavage, and given the sheer size of bust, there was a lot of that to show. Her hips were far slimmer than her chest, almost the opposite proportions to Verasha herself, but the small booty shorts and thigh high stockings she wore alongside them made it clear she intended to show off as much of her body as possible. As the woman turned to look at Verasha, the bouncing of her chest made her wonder if the woman was even bothering to wear a bra at all.

"Hey!" She called, meandering her way to the desk. Unprompted, she sat down on the end of it, her heart shaped earrings bobbing just as much as her chest.

"H-h-hey." Verasha mumbled, looking up. Gosh she was tall.

"Okay, so um..." She leaned down to look at Verasha's chest intently. This only drew more redness from the meager librarian.

Hespera giggled, floating beside the woman. "I think she's looking at your tits~"

Verasha ignored her as the woman leaned back, smiling in triumph. "Verasha! Never heard that name before. Is it French?"

Her name tag. She was reading her name tag, that was it. "Y-yes?"

It wasn't.

"Okay, so, like, I'm Abby. Be polite and all that." She waved her hand dismissively. "And I'm here to try and find some books to read! My professor says that I need to like, expand my world view or whatever." She smiled and rolled her eyes at that, looking at Verasha like she'd instantly agree with this seemingly stupid and useless request. "And he said that I should try and find some stuff to read here. And I was hoping I could get a little help?" She shrugged. "I've like, never really been in a place like this. Or read really any books."

As she talked, she just kept bouncing from position to position. It's like so much energy was in this young woman that it just couldn't be contained and was trying to find any way it could to escape. It was like someone was fast forwarding through her animations only to pause on poses they really liked. Verasha managed to dislodge the lump in her throat. "So, you want to read... any books?"

"I mean... yeah?" She giggled, as if she found it funny. "Like, I don't know what I should be getting! Something that 'broadens perspective', or whatever *that's* supposed to mean."

"She's already got plenty of perspective to me!" Hespera floated past Verasha's nose and planted her butt down on the ample seat of Abby's bust. She giggled as she sat. "Bet you can't take your eyes off of these, huh?"

"Y-yeah..."

"You got it!" Abby grinned, bouncing in her seat. The same action caused Hespera to bounce in her seat as well. "I trust you to pick out some great books, then!"

Verasha shook her head in an attempt to clear her mind. "Wait, I..." Before she knew it, she was standing up. "O-okay. Yeah, I'll go pick something out."

"I'll come with you." Abby said, getting up from her seat. "I wanna make sure that they're interesting and stuff."

Verasha nodded, letting Abby walk in front of her. "Just head over to the fiction section, please, and I'll be right with you."

"That's the one over there, right?" She pointed over to a sign on the left. The sign only had one word on it. Non-Fiction. Verasha bit her lip as she let that statement wash past her.

"No. On the right."

"Thanks!" Abby smiled, waved, and started her march over to the correct section. As she walked, Hespera removed herself from her perch to instead walk across the wall back to Verasha. She was giggling, hands on her hips.

"Not much going on upstairs, huh? All her brains must've gone to her boobs."

Verasha walked stiffly as she followed Abby, while Hespera continued marching after her, perpendicular on the wall. "T-that's not very nice to say."

"You were staring, you know~!"

She was, and she knew it. The way Abby's giant chest bounced with her bubbly, simple attitude made her head spin. If she and Verasha embraced, they'd complete one another. Her own hips make up for Abby's lack thereof. Those giant breasts shoved against Verasha's chin, the height difference making them fit together like puzzle pieces. Feeling her breath on her face, the sweat pooling in the river of cleavage, Verasha wrapping her thick thighs around those thin legs of her's... it was enough to make her have to exhale a bit of breath.

She looked around. The library was suddenly very empty. "W-where did everybody go?"

"Oh the rabble left about an hour ago, nothing happened." Hespera waved it off. "You didn't miss anything."

That confirmed Verasha's earlier theory about the missing time. This was the only reason that Verasha was really walking around right now; Abby was just hot enough and stupid enough that Hespera considered her viable for something. Whatever that something was, she wasn't entirely sure. The bubbly idiot in front of her, currently detouring to the left, still had Verasha's complete attention. She didn't have much of an ass but that didn't really matter-

Something had changed. Verasha's eyes widened. Abby... her ass looked different. Before it had been snug in her booty shorts, but now it seemed just a little bit *more* snug. Like she actually had something to work with. If Verasha hadn't been staring at her with the intensity of a paparazzi cameraman she might not have noticed. Though she *had* been obsessed with this woman ever since her voice ripped away the calm, she instantly noticed that yes, Abby's ass was in fact bigger.

Verasha almost skidded to a stop. "H-Hespera?" She whispered.

The imp was by her side in an instant, lounging in midair. "Yes?"

"Is... is she...?"

"Bigger? Why, I hadn't noticed, but you're *right*." She pointed at her. "There is a bit more going on back there."

Abby paused at a section of books about fish in the non-fiction section. She held one up at arms length, as if she was worried it was going to bite her, calling over her shoulder. "Hey, is this a good one?" She moved from foot to foot, her suddenly wider hips moving with a hypnotic air. They were at least an inch or two, no three, wider than before. The shorts dug into her thighs, bulging her skin just a bit out.

Verasha swallowed as she tried to focus on the stupid fish book. The way that Abby's flesh bulged looked so realistic, even though it was certainly just another illusion from Hespera. Just as she'd rendered the dress of that woman in the sunhat invisible, she'd swollen this woman's thighs and hips just to fuck with Verasha and get her sweating and daydreaming even more.

Abby put the book down and, to Verasha's complete shock, hooked her thumbs into her shorts and attempted to adjust them. "Stupid shorts shrunk in the wash..." She mumbled, wiggling her hips and she attempted to undo her minor wedgie.

"W-what?" Verasha croaked.

"You're welcome." Hespera sang by her side. "Lust controls what happens... enough of it, and *miracles* can happen~" She hovered down next to Verasha's hips and slapped a tiny hand on her ass. "Now get in there."

Verasha yelped as she felt the tiny clawed hand on her ass. That felt very real, far different from the intangible hovering she'd been doing all this time. The sudden sensation on her rear was more than enough to send the librarian marching to Abby's side. The woman had finished readjusting her shorts, seemingly oblivious to the fact that her hips had grown several inches. Now in full possession of a decent, but still top heavy, hourglass shape, she turned to face Verasha as she came close to her. She held the fish book in one hand, the other on her hip. "Hey, there you are. Like, can you give me a hand? I don't know what book to choose!"

She flipped through the book. "I like the dolphins, but the other stuff is gross." Abby swayed from side to side as she showed Verasha individual pages. The hypnotic rhythm of her motions caused her chest to bob up and down, her hips pressing outwards with every motion. To Verasha's eyes, it almost seemed like she was *still* growing. Was it a trick of the light? No, the flesh at her thighs was bulging even more at her shorts and stockings. It was as if every repeated motion of her swaying was like a pump inflating her hips more and more.

"Oof." She said, putting the book down. "I feel a bit gross." Abby looked at Verasha with an honest, earnest look of sympathy. "Hey, can you do me a favor?"

Verasha almost had to reach up and physically move her eyeballs to look Abby in the face. "What do you need?"

Abby turned to present her hips to Verasha. She looked over her shoulder at her, flipping her long red hair with one hand. "My shorts feel really tight, does it look alright to you?"

The desire to take her ass in her hands shot through Verasha like a lightning strike. The current somehow shot through her mind and heart and straight into Abby. Before her very eyes, the oblivious woman's ass expanded at least two inches, the cheeks bulging in her shorts. At this point, Abby's hips were at least as wide as her shoulders and had started to approach the same proportions as her mammoth chest. There was an almost audible sound that went with it, a sort of hollow whooshing sound, like air being pumped into a tire.

In fact, the flesh around Abby's thighs almost looked a little different. It had a different quality about it, not like human skin. It was a bit too shiny to logically be that, even in the electric lighting of the library. The same whooshing sound from seconds before may as well have been Verasha's breath being sucked from her body, given the gasp that emerged from her.

Abby, for her part, still didn't seem to notice her own transformation. "Like, they feel so tight! I just bought these, but maybe the humidity or something is shrinking them. I just wanted to get your opinion, you know?"

They were still swelling, holy shit, they were still swelling. Verasha's glasses had slid all the way to the end of her nose now as she watched the hips of the woman bulge. It was a slow, gradual expansion that didn't seem to have any real source. The low, hollow sound persisted, but something seemed to tell Verasha that there was no way Abby could hear it. Every inch after inch was being added on underneath her nose, and now the woman was becoming some kind of a blow up doll.

Verasha heard herself speak. "Y-You look fine to me."

Abby turned around, relief obvious on her face. "Oh, perfect~! Like, these cost way more than you'd think."

Hespera's voice chimed in Verasha's ear. "That's it... much better now, huh? Wanna keep it up?"

Verasha's gaze wrapped around the contours of Abby's body. She was different, undeniably so. The slow expansion of her hips, while obvious, had hidden the rest of her body from Verasha's attention. Abby hadn't just been getting a bigger ass. Her whole body had been changing slowly this entire time she'd been facing away.

That hollow whooshing sound had never stopped, and it showed. While Abby's hips were almost wider than her shoulders, her thighs easily as thick as Verasha's own blessed legs, the rest of her body had expanded slightly as well. If it were even possible, her massive breasts were somehow even more snug in her tank top. But that same shiny texture that was only visible on the sliver of flesh that bulged between her shorts and stockings was far more easy to see on her bust. It was a shine, gleaming as though her breasts were not natural things on body but were instead a pair of party balloons shoved into her shirt. The weighty, heavy sway of them no longer appeared, instead just a completely weightless bounce of two balloons being attached to her torso. Combined with her swelling hips and the hollow whoosh, it was like Abby was being *inflated*, bulging out in all the right places like some kind of a living blow up doll.

The blow up doll in question seemingly had no idea she was swelling. "Okay~!" She tucked the fish book under one arm, her breast pushing against its side. "I'll take this and only read the dolphin parts, that's a good first one. I probably need more? Do you think I need more?"

Verasha was nodding. "Y-yes, you definitely need more."

The hiss of air grew louder for a few seconds as Abby's curves bulged a bit more. The airhead didn't process that her round and bouncy DD cups just shot up another size, or that her stockings just became tighter than sausage casings. Instead, she just simply grinned. "Okay, yeah, that makes sense. Lead the way!"

Clearly that's not what the librarian had meant when she said more. That must have been Hespera influencing her and using this as an opportunity to blow Abby up more.

Or was it?

Hespera's words rang clear to her, piercing through the haze of sweaty lust like a knife. She had said that she was just doing what Verasha wanted to do. That her own lust controls what was going on, and all the weird, sexy things that were happening to her. Verasha pushed up her glasses, trying to use them as a shield from her own eyes. There's no way that it was true, was it? There's no way that Verasha was the one inflating this woman like a balloon.

The balloon swelled another inch, and she dug her hands into her waistband in an attempt to dislodge it once more. She gave a tiny grunt and bounce, her body wobbling. How had this airhead not realized she was at least *twice* as big as when she came in? Every second sent this woman swelling bigger and bigger... at this rate, her clothes weren't even going to survive for that much longer.

"You're keeping that airflow pretty tight right now." Hespera returned, standing on Verasha's shoulder. "I expected her to be bigger by now."

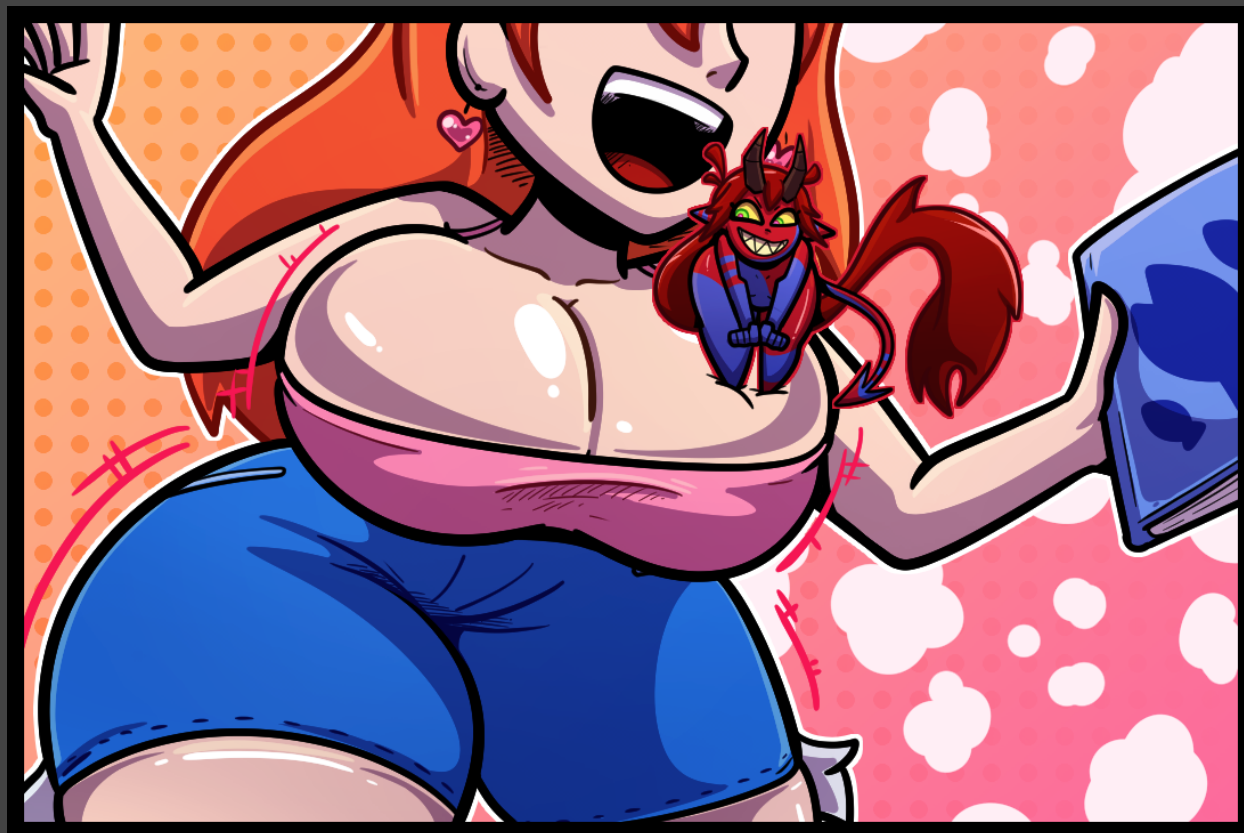
Abby turned to look at a book on the shelf, Verasha didn't bother to look at which one it was. She was staring at her like a hawk eyeing prey. Basketball sized breasts with an ass to match. Little tears had appeared at her stockings; the first thing to start losing the battle against her swelling body. It wouldn't be long before other clothing started to follow. There, below her bouncing balloon bust, her trim and flat stomach had bulged just a little bit. It was an unnatural bump, swelling outwards without a hint of fat but instead more than a bit of air. It bulged

outwards, growing inch by inch just like the rest of her. It was as if her clothing was forcing the air to find easier places to pool, expanding her more and more like a rubber balloon.

Verasha dry swallowed, whispering to her imp. “B-bigger?”

“Yeah, bigger. I mean, she’s a *balloon*, isn’t she? She’s been a balloon ever since she walked in.”

Hespera jumped off of Verasha’s shoulder and alighted on Abby’s bust. The woman didn’t see or feel her, of course, instead squinting really hard as she tried to parse the book in her hands. Hespera mimicked a pumping motion with her hands, bending over in an exaggerated motion as if she were pumping a bike tire up. The motion coincided perfectly with Abby’s bust swelling out bit by bit. “See? It’s easy~!”



Verasha sweated more. Abby was getting pretty big. Her belly looked as though she was heavily pregnant, and her ass and bust looked beyond anything that could even be considered realistic. Her exposed skin gleamed like rubber in the electric light of the library, and below it all, the ever omnipresent whooshing sound... and a rubbery squeak as Abby’s body rubbed against itself.

She really did look like a balloon. Big enough for Abby to envelope Verasha entirely. That if she were to press herself against the oblivious balloon before her she could be surrounded on all sides by puffy, rubbery, squeaky skin-

A sound rang out. A louder popping noise as Abby’s stockings finally started to fail rapidly. Every seam gave up one after another, all the way down to her ankles, leaving the

shining latex skin of her calves exposed. Unlike the prior moments of her expansion, this time Abby did actually notice.

She squeaked loudly, letting the book fall from her hands. It landed directly on mammoth breasts, bounced once, ricocheted off of her globular, triplet's sized belly, then fell to the floor where it remained. Abby attempted to look at her legs, raising them to her side to try and examine what exactly ruined her leggings, only for her calves to be completely obscured by the great wall of her own hips. Abby's eyes grew wide as her hands shot to her hips, then to her breasts. An even louder cry echoed out as her hands settled on her titanic belly.

"W-what the hell?!" She gingerly patted her belly, resulting in a hollow reverberation through her body.

Hespera, still perched on her bust, cackled. "Took her long enough! But look at the size of her! Talk about a blimp-to-be!"

With a cacophony of squeaks, Abby swung to face Verasha. "What's going on!? Like, why am I so bloated?" She patted her backside, wincing at the noise. "My clothes are so tight! Nnnf!"

Verasha was swimming in a pool of her own sweat. Her own bitten lip blocked her mouth from talking, but she managed to dislodge it to try and muster a response. "I... well, m-m-maybe it's something you ate?"

"Is it?" Abby grimaced as she tried to retrace her day. "I did have fish for lunch... but, like, I don't think I'm allergic to fish-"

Another loud tear as, with a flash, Abby's shorts ripped away in one fell swoop. They basically launched across the room, landing with a clatter onto a bookshelf. Abby squealed, but Verasha may have squealed even louder. Unburdened by her restrictive shorts, Abby's thighs and ass were allowed to swell to their natural form. With each cheek as big as a car tire, Abby was almost immobilized by the sheer size of her swollen thighs and rear. Instinctually, she reached back and clutched at her ass, the skin bending around her hands and fingers. "Eeep! My shorts, no!" Her face burned red.

Verasha felt her breathing grow more ragged. From her perch on Abby's bust, Hespera smiled wide.

Was Abby growing faster? Her expansion seemed to be accelerating. The slow process of which she gained inches was speeding up, with more air pouring into her by the second. Her bright pink and frilled panties were being eaten by her ass and given the rate of her expansion, they would probably vanish soon enough.

The librarian could hardly believe her eyes. Abby was becoming unreasonably large. In many ways, she more resembled a balloon than a woman, with the sheer size of her belly. It had rounded out in a major way, to the point where most of her torso was nothing but her globular belly. If looked at front-on, Abby had the silhouette of a snowman, with a titanic set of hips and a round, spherical belly. Only her shirt at the top desperately tried to keep any degree of modesty with her breasts. Though that looked ready to fail at any minute just like her ill-fated shorts.

"I'm too big! And I feel really funny... and tight!" She mewled, rubbing her belly. "I can't believe it, this doesn't, like, make sense!"

Hespera bounced on Abby's bust, jumping up and down. "Hey Verasha! Up here! Wanna know a secret?"

Verasha didn't know at this point. Keeping her eyes on anything other than the squeaking blimp in front of her was virtually impossible. In the quiet library, the constant squeaking and now creaking of the rubbery Abby balloon was deafening, and commanded any and all attention that Verasha had. Abby herself didn't seem to care about the ogling, given she was far more preoccupied by her own swelling, inflating body. Despite all of that, Verasha managed to look up at Hespera.

"This balloon isn't wearing a bra~"

Abby squealed as, with a massive sound, her tear tore in twain. Now completely free, her giant beach ball sized breasts bounced free. Hespera cackled her tinny shrill laugh as she was thrown from her perch. Abby made a desperate grab for her own breasts, trying to cover her own nipples. It was a failed attempt though, as any attempt to grab her own chest only resulted in a cacophony of squeaks. "*Oh fuck!*" She cried, her face growing brightly red.

Verasha swayed on her feet. Her breath was fast, an undercurrent under all the squeaking, whooshing, and creaking of rubber. Her glasses teetered on the edge of her nose, just barely staying on. The creaking, squealing balloon before her was gleaming like some kind of a totem, an object of complete desire. She was expanding faster now, the lust that supposedly powered her inflation flooding forth from Verasha like a firehose.

"I-I-I feel tight!" She mewled, pin-wheeling her arms. She was more balloon than woman now, her body transforming into a mostly spherical shape. Every second was accompanied by air continuing to blow her bigger and bigger, her titanic and round body starting to run out of room. The library roof was starting to approach Abby's redheaded top; all in all, she was easily big enough for Verasha to stand inside with her arms raised and have room to spare.

Verasha's legs moved on her own as she finally made her way to Abby's side. One arm raised and gently touched her side, feeling the texture of the balloon in front her. She was tight and with not much give at all. Just a little bit of pressure on her palm and she came to slight resistance. There was an undercurrent of fragility there; that though her body had resistance against Verasha's palm, all it would take was just a bit more pressure and the balloon would vanish.

Abby squeaked again as she felt Verasha's hand on her body. "H-hey! Help me! I.. I feel really full!"

Verasha's mouth was so dry, her hair a frazzled mess around her head. This creaking blimp before her, inflating faster and faster with every second Verasha's lust poured forth. With one hand, she reached up to her glasses, gently pulling them from her nose before throwing them into the shelves of clothing.

With a wicked indulgence, she pressed her whole body against Abby's belly. She gasped as the latex rubbed against her face and body. Repressed squeaks turned to indulgent moans as one leg raised to try and get as much of the woman to press into her, bouncing on her squeaking latex balloon with an unbridled passion. No fantasy stayed inside her head, every single one was here and now.

Verasha moaned even louder as she kissed Abby's side, trying her best to have every inch of the woman against her everywhere. Abby squealed and gasped for her part, the foreign sensations running all across her body.

Her inflation sped faster... and faster... and faster. A floodgate built brick by brick over the years had been torn open and Verasha's lust cascaded forth. Abby's head touched the

ceiling, her easily over 20 ft around body swelled out even more rapidly. Her swollen, stubby arms waved desperately as she squeaked in shock as she inflated as rapidly as possible. The quiet and recurring rubbery squeaks of her body were growing louder and louder by the second.

“Eeep! What are you doing! Nnnf! S-stop... ooooooh!”

Verasha didn't. The squeaking and moaning and sweat drove her on, each second of passion only serving to force Abby bigger and bigger. She wasn't a woman anymore, or even a balloon. She was a vehicle for Verasha's pleasure made real. A toy to be played with if anything at all.

Abby swelled more and more, larger and larger, a symbol of Verasha's untamed lust. The creaking of her rubbery body grew even more deafening by the second, a cavalcade of stressed creaks and whines. Abby whimpered and moaned as she was forced even larger, her body wedged between the ceiling and floor. She did her best to wave her puffy, useless limbs, but the attempt ended in nothing. The insistent noises of stress from her full, tight, rubber body were a reminder that she was far, far too full. Way too full to be safe to have someone be grinding against her with the intensity she was.

Every second was another second of air being forced into her overtaxed body. She could hear the creaking in her ears, feel the pressure inside her pushing at every single inch of her body. “T-t-too big... f-full... c-careful!” She whimpered as best as she could between gasps. Despite the pressure and the stress... It felt good to be this full. To have this librarian against her, to feel like nothing but a toy for pleasure's sake.

Verasha moaned again, throwing herself again and again at her toy. It felt so tight beneath her, growing tighter all the while. She wanted to ride this balloon, feel it under her and between her legs. Every single moment was another opportunity to let this pleasure wash over her. She needed this. She *needed* this.

Abby creaked even louder. Her body was trembling. She whimpered again. “I-I feel like... like I'm...”

Verasha opened one eye that had been twisted shut. Abby was a sphere wedged into the library, nothing but a giant redheaded toy. She looked so full; Verasha almost thought she could see right through her.

She *could*. The massive balloon was so full, so tight, Verasha could see the other side of the library clear through her.

“L-I-like I might... might *pop!*”

Through the sweat and rubber, Verasha saw something. The imp, on the other side of Abby. Or was she inside Abby? Verasha could barely keep her head on straight. Between all the creaking and groaning, pleasure and hunger, anything was hard pressed to draw her attention.

Hespera giggled, one hand on her hip, the other by her side.

“*I-I'm gonna pop! S-stop, careful! Y-you're gonna pop meeeeeee!*”

Verasha moaned loudly, another gyration.

Hespera raised one hand, holding up three fingers.

Then two.

Verasha knew what this meant. She wanted it. Needed it. Needed to feel this balloon blow apart.

Abby moaned, feeling the pressure build. Every inch of mobility was gone, she couldn't even move her arms or fingers. Her eyes opened wide as she felt her body reach the sheer final limits of capacity. She was full. So utterly, completely full. Her voice warbled. "O-O-Oh... no..."

Hespera lowered her fingers to one.

Verasha moaned. Abby moaned. The world was nothing but pleasure and lust and reckless abandon. Nothing but paradise.



Then it was noise.

BOOM

Abby burst apart in an instant, throwing Verasha clear across the room and skidding across the plush carpet. In what felt like a thunderclap, Abby vanished into a whirlwind of little rubbery scraps, each one colored like her skin. They swirled and danced in the air, cascading onto the books and shelves of the library. Not much was left besides them, only a few other small things. Her panties, her hair as a wig, her pink heart-shaped earrings. The stupid dolphin book she had intended to check out.

Verasha lay there, panting on the floor, feeling the pleasure finally drip from her body. She shuddered there, reliving the experience that had just happened. The small rubber bits fell onto her, much like they did the rest of the building, and she couldn't help but draw them into her hands. Rubbing two fingers together between them, Verasha gave one more moan as she felt the rubber of her exploded toy.

The imp alighted down, sitting on Verasha's chest. Her face was red too, panting just a little bit. "Not bad! Not bad at all!" The imp patted her own belly, very slightly distended from the meal she'd just consumed. "Isn't it better when you just cut loose and give in, hmm?"

Verasha barely registered with her.

"Did you have fun~?"

After only a moment of hesitation, she nodded.

"Good. Get up; you have to clean this place up before tomorrow. Can't let anybody else know about your little hobby now, huh?"

As Hespera lifted off, Verasha wobbled to her feet. Her clothes were a mess of sweat and pleasure, and she found her balance shaky. Absently, and with a dumb grin, she began to pick up the pieces of her toy. The red hair was a real treat, but as she held it like a prize, Hespera called.

"Hey, come see this."

She was over by Verasha's desk. The librarian came over to see, only to find the small black book open. It had been on her bedside desk at home, and somehow it had found its way here.

And on its first page was Abby's name.

Hespera smiled, floating up to lean her hips on Verasha's shoulder. "Can't wait to fill out the whole book can you~?"

Verasha thought about it for only a second before deciding that yes.

She couldn't wait.

