

# Stacking Books (MtF, Imp)

*Synopsis: A man applies for a position at a local library in a small town of Massachusetts after losing his prestigious job at Harvard. He isn't prepared for what the new job entails, and he ends up as the librarian's sexy imp assistant.*

"You have an impressive resume, Mr. Moore."

Ms. Moreau's voice echoed through the otherwise silent office. It was assertive yet calm, her words spoken with clarity and precision, almost as if she weighed and measured each before uttering them. She adjusted the cat-eye glasses on her petite nose before brushing a loose lock of dark hair behind her ear, the rest of her mane resting neatly in a tight bun.

The man across the table admired her as she read the papers he handed her earlier, watching as she ran her manicured fingers across them as she took in every word. His gaze wandered over her lithe yet tall figure, the pencil skirt, vest, and blouse hugging her body gently. He couldn't help but feel two words slipping into his head that perfectly described her - impeccable and professional. She had a cold, distant beauty to her, one that seemed almost unearthly.

William Moore stared at her, almost losing himself in her fair features. He twiddled his thumbs as she read the resume, the man realizing several moments later he hadn't replied to her earlier remark.

"Thank you, Mrs. Moreau," William said, causing her to look up from the papers with a brief smile.

"It's Ms, not Mrs, and there's no need to be so formal, Mr. Moore," she said, and the man picked up the faint accent on her lips as she spoke. It was hard to hear, barely noticeable, but years traveling abroad had taught his ears to pick up on such details. "Call me Olivia. Would it be fine if I called you William or even Will?"

"Yeah, William is fine," he said, adjusting his glasses.

"Good," she said, showing little to no emotion as she looked back at his resume. "William. Will. Willy."

Olivia said his name a few times, almost as if she was sampling it like a fine wine. Again, he caught a glimpse of a smile on her lips, but it vanished as quickly as it appeared.

"Now then, William," Olivia said, putting away the papers on the oak desk as she leaned back in her chair. "Would you like to tell me a bit about yourself?"

William's mind raced. It always did. He never knew how to turn off his brain, to lean back and relax, and it was both a blessing and a curse. It enabled him to figure out things most couldn't, to contemplate several possibilities in the same amount of time any other might have just begun thinking about it. But, it also made him overthink things, causing him to overanalyze everything and draw conclusions he shouldn't. An example of that was earlier when Olivia complimented him on his resume, and he couldn't stop thinking about why she did it. Was the woman sarcastic? Was she testing him?

Even now, when she asked him to tell her about himself, he couldn't help but wonder what she was after. William stopped twiddling his thumbs and cleared his throat, trying to douse the overanalytic inferno in his mind.

*'It's just the curse,'* William thought, referring to his racing mind as a curse. *'Don't overthink it.'*

"Oh, there's isn't much to say," he said, trying to calm himself down. "I'm a simple man. I enjoy puzzles, traveling, and, obviously, reading. I've spent far too much of my life with my nose buried in a good book."

"That's good to hear," Olivia said. "But also unsurprising, considering how long you've worked in the field. It says you can read and write Latin. Is that true?"

"Yes, it is," William said, again noticing the corner of her mouth curling up into a faint smile before vanishing as quickly as it appeared.

"Good," she said. "And your French and German?"

"Passable, but nothing to brag about," he continued, his mind racing as he tried to figure out her motive. Why would any of that matter when working in a small library like this?

"Hmm," she said, returning to his resume. "Everything seems good, William. Much better than expected."

William couldn't help but feel nervous and couldn't understand why. He had worked at Harvard Library for years and didn't feel nearly half as anxious applying for that job as he did now. There was something about Olivia that made her feminine figure seem so imposing. Was it her eyes? The way she talked or carried herself? Maybe it was her intellect, the intense will shining through her every word and action. In the end, it didn't matter. All he could do was calm his racing mind and beating heart as he stared at her, watching her dissect his resume with eagle-eyed precision.

"Although, I can't help but wonder why someone like you would ever want to apply to a small town library like this," Olivia says, her solemn tone betraying a hint of playfulness. She looks

amused, her eyes twinkling with curiosity. "Why did William Moore decide to move to a small town in Massachusetts after years of service at a prestigious university library?"

Again, another good question, and it almost felt like Olivia already knew the answer. The real question was, how much should he say? William wondered if he should tell her about his scandalous affair with a student or the internal bickering with the rest of the faculty, which led him to lose his job at the library. Should he tell her about the cutthroat politics involved, how a colleague wanted him fired, and William's suspicions that he hired the girl to seduce him? What about his insomnia, which led him to be tricked by the girl, or how he ignored his cursed mind warning him it was a bad idea when she started hitting on him?

In the end, William knew it didn't matter. Nothing did. All he knew was he wanted to start over, far away from the lying colleagues and the big city's intensity. He wished for nothing more than to seclude himself from people and bury his nose in his beloved books until he felt better about wasting his life and energy at that damned place.

"Oh, I felt like it was time to do something else," William said after a few moments of silence. "And I needed a break from Boston. It's a lovely city, but it's just so intense."

"Mmhmm," Olivia said, showing little to no emotion as she stared at William with her intense, cold stare.

Then, silence. The gentle tick-tock from the grandfather clock in the corner filled the silent void as they stared at each other, William's warm yet tired gaze meeting her piercing stare. Again, his mind raced, as it always did whenever there was even the slightest lull. Was she suspicious? Angry? Was she perhaps disappointed or maybe amused? There was no telling what happened in her mind, which drove him mad. He usually prided himself on figuring out people and predicting what they would say or do. Olivia's mind was opaque, impenetrable, and she was the only person he met that he couldn't understand what she was thinking, aside from the girl that caught him by surprise and seduced him at Harvard, causing him to lose his job.

Eventually, Olivia broke the silence with an amused chuckle and a smile spreading across her dark lips. She crossed her hands and leaned forward, resting her elbows on the ornate oak desk separating the two.

"I have to say, I'm impressed, William," Olivia said, weighing her words carefully. "And I think you'd fit right in here in my unusual little establishment."

"Great!" William said, feeling as if a weight on his shoulders had vanished.

"However," she said, causing his heart to sink. "There's one more thing I want to test before you can sign any papers."

"Oh, and what's that?" he said.

"I want to see how compatible you are with our filing system," Olivia said, opening a drawer and pulling out a small piece of paper.

"Your filing system? You don't use the Dewey Decimal System here?"

"No, we don't," Olivia said, her short nails tapping against the paper in her hands. "We have a unique filing system that most people have difficulty understanding. So, it's important to see if you are compatible with it before you can work here."

Again, William wondered what game she was playing with him. Every library in the country used the Library of Congress Classification System or Dewey, with only a few exceptions. To use anything else would be beyond odd. Yet, he could tell she was telling the truth, which surprised him. It felt like she knew he couldn't read her intent and only now opened herself up to win his trust, willingly letting William realize she was speaking the truth.

Olivia slid the paper across the table toward him, and the man stared at it curiously before picking it up. On it, he saw the names of three books with a long number next to them, and he was surprised by their titles. *The Esoteric Journey of Demons? Liber Temporis? The Duality of Heavenly Bodies?* William had never heard of any of them, and he looked up to see the woman staring at him with her statuesque gaze. Was this a joke? Was she testing him to see how long he'd take to figure out the books didn't exist? Or was there something else she was after?

William wondered if this was even worth it. There were other libraries in the town, and he could quickly get a job at any of those places. Yet, something about Olivia and her strange library called to him, and the man remembered feeling the same way when he randomly selected which small town he should move to. For a brief moment, it almost felt like the town and this library chose him, not the other way around. He swallowed hard, glancing down at the paper, and decided to give in to his curiosity. William wanted to see where this went, and the man soon felt like Alice as she tumbled down the rabbit hole.

"Alright, let's do it," William said, watching a wide smile spread across her face.

"Good," Olivia said, standing up from her chair. She was shorter than him, but he felt small in her presence. "I know you won't disappoint, *Willy*."

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*'She's messing with me. I know it.'*

William walked through the large wooden bookcases, staring at the tall oaken things as he marveled at their size. Olivia's library was small but incredibly impressive, inspiring more awe in him than Harvard's hallowed halls ever did. The place felt timeless, with only natural materials and classic building methods in sight. Wood. Brick. Stone. There wasn't a single piece of plastic or concrete anywhere. There were even brass lamps instead of ordinary lights in the building, each that flickered and shone like oil lanterns. William couldn't tell by looking around the library

if it was the 21st century or the 18th, the man marveling at the intricate details carved into the ornate bookcases. The only piece of modern equipment he had seen was the laptop in the office, and the rest looked like she had it shipped from 19th-century Europe.

Yet, what concerned him now was something entirely different from the tiny library's grandiose furniture or timeless feel. William groaned as he climbed a ladder to get to the books on the top shelf, reading the titles on the spines of the books while admiring how ancient yet well-maintained they all looked. Again, his eyes scanned the books, and he came to the same conclusion as earlier when he checked the other shelf.

"There is no system..."

The words slipped unnoticed from William's lips as he stared at the leather-bound tomes, tapping nervously and anxiously on the spine of one of the books. His mind raced, the man struggling to figure out the system for the seemingly random numbers assigned to each book. William tried to find a pattern to it, but it seemed impossible. Author. Title. Category. Printing date. Nothing mattered, and he stared at the seemingly random mix of books in the row he examined with confusion and irritation. For a moment, he wondered if Olivia had done this to test him, but even his paranoid mind couldn't justify that crazy thought. After all, she couldn't have rearranged all the books in the library to mess with him, not since he applied here on a whim.

*'No, there is a system to this madness,'* he thought, tracing his finger on the spine of another odd book among this curious collection. *'There has to be.'*

Then, as he tried figuring it out, he got the weird feeling that someone was watching him. It wasn't the first time he felt it during his mad search through the library, and William shuddered as he looked around. Again, he saw nothing, but he couldn't shake the feeling. William climbed down the ladder with a sigh, tightly holding the paper with the titles Olivia wanted him to find in his hand. He ran a hand through his short brown hair and loosened his tie, and his eyes glazed as he stared into the distance when his mind raced. It felt like he held an impossible puzzle in his hand, and he could feel his brain breaking as he tried to solve it.

William shook his head and took a deep breath, trying to calm down. He turned his gaze to the shelf nearest to him and randomly pulled two books beside each other. He stared at the leather-bound and seemingly timeless objects as he tried to understand why they were next to each other, his dark gaze wandering over the numbers on the spines. They were completely different, not sharing any pattern or number, and William nearly threw the books away in frustration. Then, as he held them in his shaking hands, he noticed something odd; the titles. William didn't even realize he was reading them out loud, his lips seemingly moving by themselves.

*"The Man with the Impossible Puzzle,"* William said, his heart sinking into his chest. *"And The Creeping Madness of a Breaking Mind."*

The books nearly fell from his hand as the words left his lips, and he felt his paranoid mind going haywire. Was it a coincidence? Had he pulled the two books from the shelf with the titles that perfectly matched the thoughts racing through his head? William shook his head, knowing it had to be a coincidence. He was overthinking things again. It had to be. There was no other rational or logical explanation for it. He sighed, rubbing his forehead as he pushed the weird coincidence from his head.

"It feels like I'm losing my mind," William said quietly, the man soon sliding the books back where they belonged. "I'm just imagining things."

Yet, he couldn't shake the feeling that it wasn't a coincidence. No matter how wild or weird it sounded, it didn't feel like it. William had no idea how it was possible, but he couldn't help but feel like there was something more at work here. Again, the sensation of someone watching him returned, causing him to wonder if Olivia was spying on him. He hurried down the narrow passage between the bookcases, his steps echoing through the quiet library as he raced to see where Olivia was. Unsurprisingly, William saw her sitting in her room behind the large desk, the woman typing on her laptop as the man stared at her from the main hall. It didn't look like she hadn't moved since he left to find the books fifteen minutes ago, yet he couldn't help but feel like someone had been watching him earlier. If it wasn't her, then maybe there was someone else here. Or was his mind playing tricks on him again?

"Do you need any help finding the books, William?" Olivia said without looking up from the screen, her finger still gently typing on the keyboard as she talked. Despite the distance between the two, her sharp voice effortlessly carried through the ornate halls.

"Oh, uh, no, I'm fine," he said, flustered and confused. I'm getting the hang of the system now, so I'll return with the books in a few minutes.

Olivia smiled, almost as if she saw right through his lie. "Take your time, William. I'm sure you'll understand it soon enough."

William walked away, heading into the maze-like halls of the library as he continued his search for the books. He marveled at how big the place seemed despite being so small on the outside, and it almost felt like the bookcases grew and shifted around him as he walked through the library. The shelves towered over William as the man pulled at his tie again, the thing barely clinging to his shirt collar as the frustrations grew. The ordeal was maddening for the man who claimed nothing was beyond his comprehension, and he felt his mind racing faster and faster as he tried to understand the insane system. William stopped and stared at the number, again trying to see the pattern in them. The bookcases weren't even numbered or labeled, which confused him more. How did anyone find anything in this mess?

Suddenly, as William rubbed his temples and let the numbers of the books swirl around his head, he heard something close to him.

"Excuse me?"

The feminine voice snapped William out of his trance, causing him to nearly gasp from the shock of the girl approaching him without him noticing it. He turned to face her, soon staring at the short figure beside him. The pale girl was short, her lithe body covered in piercings, black leather, and tattoos. She shifted her weight on her platform boots, adding some much-needed height to her short stature, as she stared at him through thick glasses.

"I'm looking for the *Treatise of Demonic Pacts* by Al'Jezir. Preferably the first edition, before the witch hunts ended," she said, her girly voice airy and light as she stared at him with her dark eyes. The girl brushed a lock of black hair from her face, her black lips a thin, expressionless line on her face. "Do you have it?"

William froze as his mind began to race again. Was this another test? Had Olivia sent her here to see how he'd do? The man looked behind him, unable to see the librarian, but he heard her still typing and humming from her room, and the eerie melody on her lips sounded strangely familiar. It didn't seem likely she had planned this, but he still couldn't shake the feeling that this was a test. The girl cleared her throat again, causing him to turn around to face her.

"Sir? Do you have the book?" she said, the leather corset creaking as she leaned against a nearby bookcase. "Even the second edition would be fine."

"Oh, uh..." William said, almost confessing to her that he didn't work here and couldn't find the book for her. Then it hit him: what if this really was a test? If so, he couldn't just admit he couldn't find it for her. Then, before he could react, he felt the words leave his lips. "I think it's over here. Follow me."

William felt a bead of sweat run trickle down his face as the girl followed him through the library. He couldn't believe he had said that and pulled at his shirt collar as he tried to think what to do next, his mind racing. He had no idea where the book could be, not with the insane filing system that Olivia used for the books. It could be anywhere, the tall bookcases with hundreds of titles each and thousands of books inside the small building. The feeling that someone was watching him returned, causing the man to feel even more anxious.

Suddenly, William stopped and heard the girl behind him stop, and he felt her curious and confused gaze on him. His mind raced as he tried to understand the filing system without success, and sweat poured from his brow as panic gripped his heart. William leaned against the nearby bookcase, his finger drumming on the side of the books.

*'I can't understand it,'* he thought, his heart aching as he was ready to admit defeat. Then, just as he was about to tell the girl he didn't know where the book was, he had an epiphany. *'But, what if I don't have to? What if no one can understand it?'*

The words echoed through his head and sounded mad to his rational mind. Yet, right now, William had never been more sure of anything. He closed his eyes and took a deep breath, soon reaching out to grab the nearest book on the shelf. He pulled it out and turned to face the girl without glancing at the book as he handed it to her.

"Here," William said, holding the ancient leather-bound book in his trembling hand. "Is this what you're looking for?"

The rational part of William's mind expected her to shake her head and tell him no. After all, what were the odds of him randomly selecting the right book from thousands of titles? Yet, he didn't feel nearly as surprised as he should be when she smiled and nodded.

"Yeah, that's the one. You even had the first edition," the girl said, grabbing the heavy tome in her tiny hands. "I'm Cynthia Wilt, and I promise I'll return this book within seven days."

Suddenly, William felt something change. He could feel it lingering around him, almost as if the library acknowledged the girl's promise. The bookcases almost rumbled and shook as her words echoed through the hallowed halls.

"Thanks again, and bye!" Cynthia said as she left, holding the tome in her dainty arms as she left the building.

William was still in shock, staring at the girl with the fishnet stockings and leather skirt as she left with a glazed look. His fingers trembled, his mind raced, and his heart pounded heavily. That shouldn't have worked, yet it did. As crazy as it sounded, it almost felt like the library knew what he wanted and gave it to him when needed. William stared at the towering bookcases and intricately carved ceiling, again feeling like someone, or something, was watching him.

"Maybe I'm going insane," William said, but he knew he was wrong. He had never felt more excited and clearheaded than ever as he began to accept that nothing here was what it seemed. "But, what if..."

The man closed his eyes and reached for a book on a nearby shelf, soon taking a deep breath before pulling one out. Yet, as soon as his fingers caressed the spine of a book, he stopped.

*'No, this is the wrong section...' he thought, not understanding how he knew it. 'The book isn't here.'*

William opened his eyes, stumbling back as he rubbed his head. It felt like something was talking to him, guiding his hand and whispering the truth of the books and the building. He looked around, staring down a narrow passage between bookcases, and he could swear it began to twist and shift. William shook his head and hurried down the winding hallway, feeling something pulling him along as he clenched the paper with the books Olivia wanted him to find.

The man turned left, then right, and then another left. William couldn't shake the feeling that the place grew around him, becoming far more vast than even Harvard Library. It felt alive, and the more he looked, the more convinced he became. He knew it was insane to believe it, yet he couldn't shake the feeling of being inside some ancient beast. William walked down the narrow passageways between the bookcases, feeling an unseen hand guiding him to some unknown destination.



Suddenly, he stopped and turned to face the books to his right, his fingers trembling as he reached out to grab one. He felt something touch his hand when he touched the book, causing him to shudder and almost pull away. William took a deep breath and closed his eyes during all of this, feeling his heart thumping hard in his chest. He opened his eyes and stared at the book after pulling it out, already knowing what the title of it would be.

"The Esoteric Journey of Demons..." he said, holding the leather-bound book in his shaking hand.

William suddenly felt something tugging at his shirt, but when he turned, he saw no one standing behind him. He felt the pull again, and the man knew it would guide him to the next book. However, William waited to follow it right away, and the man looked at the number on the side of the book and compared it with others here. There was no pattern or connection between it and the rest, yet he couldn't help but feel this was where it belonged. As insane and as random as it seemed, he was starting to understand it, and it scared and excited him.

The man carried the book in his arms, staring wild-eyed at the bookcases around him as he followed the strange feeling that guided him. William's mind strained, the man feeling like he was going mad, yet he persevered. Again, he felt like Alice tumbling down the rabbit hole, taken somewhere where sanity died a long time ago. It didn't take long before he stopped as he sensed the book was close, and he soon climbed up a nearby ladder to the top of a bookcase. William grabbed a book without looking, again feeling the odd sensation of something brushing against his hand, and soon holding *Liber Temporis* without feeling too surprised or shocked. When he climbed down, he felt like someone was watching him. This time, the man couldn't shake the feeling that the walls, bookcases, and even books had eyes, all peering into his soul. He glanced at the number on the side and compared it to the others, finding no pattern between them. Yet, William felt like how he understood the system. It felt like it made more and more sense to him as he lost grip of reality, the man's rational mind straining to hold itself together.

William hurried through the library, his heavy breathing echoing through the hallowed halls. His tie barely clung to his shirt, and he looked almost possessed as he stared with wide, unblinking eyes as the library clawed at his mind. Eventually, he stopped again and stared at a nearby bookcase. However, this time, William didn't close his eyes. Instead, he reached out and grabbed the book, watching with a racing heart and wide eyes at the bookcase as it twisted and pulsated like the innards of some mythical beast. William saw and felt the tentacles caressing his hand, almost as if the library judged him before the book shifted and changed to the one the man was after. He watched the tentacles pull back as he took the book, soon stumbling and falling to the floor in shock.

"What the hell..." William said, holding the three books Olivia wanted him to get tightly against his chest. "I'm not... Is this real?"

No one was there to answer him, but he already knew the truth. William was either on the verge of a mental breakdown, the stress of losing his job after the affair broke him, or he was finally seeing the world for what it was. He got up from the floor on shaking legs, sweat pouring from

his brow and the color fading from his face. William adjusted his glasses before hurrying off, feeling the eyes of the library on him as he headed to Olivia's office.

The woman sat with her hands crossed as he stumbled inside, an amused smile on her lips. William looked harrowed, his gaze wild and his skin pale from what he thought he had seen. Their eyes met, and he could see on the woman's face that she was pleased by what she saw. Olivia stood up and walked over to him, heels clicking against the wooden floor and her piercing blue eyes staring through her cat-eye glasses. She said nothing as she approached, only holding her hand toward him. William stared at her manicured fingers, his mind racing as he was still shocked, but eventually, he realized what she wanted. He handed her the books, one by one, as his mind tried to figure out what was happening here.

Olivia smiled as she looked at the books, pleased by what she saw. She placed them on her desk before approaching him again, looking at the confused and terrified man with gleaming eyes.

"I'm impressed, William," Olivia said, her sharp voice snapping him out of his trance. He looked at her, finding himself calming down in her presence. "You're the first one in a very long time to understand the filing system here."

"I'm not... I mean, I don't..." William said, wiping the sweat from his brow and turning to stare out the door, sensing the looming presence out there. "What's going on here? I mean, I thought..."

Olivia smiled as the man rambled, the woman unsurprised by his incoherent mumbling. Honestly, what shocked her was how well he was taking it. She touched his shoulder, causing him to shift his attention back to her as he spun around. William saw her cold eyes warming up, now sensing a kindness that wasn't there earlier. He felt himself calming down, his racing heart beating slower, and his mind no longer aching as he felt more and more grounded by her presence.

"Do you want the job?" Olivia said, surprising him.

"What?" William said.

"You came here for a job, didn't you? So, do you want to work here as my assistant?"

"But, out there... What happened out there? I wasn't just imagining things, right?"

Olivia said nothing. Instead, she just smiled, holding out her hand. William stared at it, knowing fully well that she wouldn't explain anything to him without shaking it. His rational side wanted to run, and it felt like he was toying with things beyond his comprehension here. Or maybe he was finally going mad, his cursed mind breaking from years of stress. Yet, William's curiosity, the burning desire to know the truth, dominated him. He wanted to see how far down the rabbit hole went. He didn't have any friends or family holding him back, and the only person who would suffer was him if something happened. So, with a heavy sigh, William grabbed her hand and shook it with his trembling arm.

"Yeah, I want the job," he said, watching Olivia's smile widen.

"I'm so happy to hear that, William," she said, his arm tingling as she held it tightly in her dainty hand. "I know you won't regret it."

"So, a handshake is enough? Shouldn't I sign some papers at least?"

"No, the *Pact* doesn't require anything more than this," Olivia said, sending shivers down his spine.

How she said it made him shudder, and the word echoed through his head. **Pact**. It lodged in his brain, and the man couldn't escape it as more strange sensations surged through his body. William pulled his hand away, feeling goosebumps on his neck as the tingling sensation cascaded through his body. He felt odd, and she couldn't help but shudder as a shiver passed down his spine. William adjusted his tie and cleared his throat, ignoring the weird pulsating feeling deep in his chest.

"So, would you like to explain what's happening here? I know what I saw out there, and..." he said, trailing off as he felt less and less sure about what he had seen. "I mean, who are you?"

"You'll get your answers in time," Olivia said, smiling as she circled him. "But we need to focus on the next step for now."

"The next step? What do you mean?" William said, his heart racing as he felt a weird pressure building in his chest.

"Yes," Olivia said, caressing his back with a manicured finger as a soft pop reached their ears. "Unfortunately for you, but luckily for me, you need a makeover for this job."

"A makeover?" William said, the pressure building in his chest as another pop came from his body. He felt sore, his back aching, and he couldn't help but feel something was wrong.

"Yes, I have a particular taste in people, and I need my assistant to look the part, both for me and the job," she said, unable to hide the excitement in her voice.

William was about to ask her what she meant by that, but an intense and loud crack from his back interrupted him. He groaned and gasped as his spine popped and snapped, his body convulsing and shaking as something happened to him. The man nearly dropped to his knees, soon stumbling on his feet as the strange energy surged through his core. Another few loud pops echoed through the room, each far less painful than they sounded, and he couldn't help but gasp at how uncomfortable it felt. Each snap made him groan, the man's frame wasting away as muscles, bones, and sinew shriveled and shrank. Olivia walked in front of him, putting a hand on his shoulder, and he saw how tall she suddenly looked. He had been several inches taller than her a few moments ago, but now they were roughly the same height.

William wanted to say something but could only stare in silence as he felt another inch shave off his height, causing him to squirm awkwardly. She was now slightly shorter than her, albeit barely, and his frame tingled as she kept her hand on his shoulder. She tapped her short nails against his shirt, feeling the bones and sinew twisting inside his body, and she smiled as his shoulders cracked and grew less broad. William's entire build faded and dulled, and he could feel the clothes hanging loosely over his shrinking figure. He groaned as he felt another crack in his spine, and the air got knocked from his lungs as his ribcage pulled inward. The man felt dizzy as he got forced to take smaller and daintier breaths as his torso got slimmer, only narrowly staying on his feet thanks to Olivia gently holding his shoulder.

The pressure in his chest continued to build, and a new one soon appeared in his abdomen. He could feel his cock throbbing and aching between his legs, growing erect from the unnatural energies cascading through his body. William felt his arousal spike as an invisible hand began to caress and tenderly touch his throbbing manhood, causing his cock to drool with need. However, it was difficult to enjoy the pleasure as his body ached and almost hurt from the transformation. The sensations grew more intense as his balls ached and swelled, soon twisting into something hopelessly feminine while remaining inside his scrotum. It stretched the sack, causing him to squirm and shudder from the intense sensation, and another gasp left his lips as it felt like his scrotum was about to burst. Then, just before the ache turned to pain, he felt his balls pull into his body, one by one. Soon, his stretched scrotum hung empty underneath his twitching cock, a sad reminder of his diminishing masculinity.

"Oh god..." William moaned, one hand between his legs and the other rubbing his head as he tried to understand everything he felt. Sweat poured from his brow as the heat inside him continued to rise. "I'm burning up..."

"I apologize for any discomfort, but it should be over fairly soon," Olivia said, still touching his shoulder and examining his squirming frame as he stumbled. "If it makes you feel better, I hear that men find the transition particularly pleasurable."

"W-What's..." William said, his voice cracking and shifting with each syllable. His throat itched, and he heard the masculine edge as he spoke.

"Hush, just focus on getting through this," she said, tapping his shoulder with her hand. "Don't waste your energy on talking. Try to relax if you can."

Another gasp slipped from William's lips as his hips cracked and popped, and he couldn't believe it didn't hurt. It sounded like something was repeatedly breaking his bones, steadily shrinking him as the unseen force discarded unwanted pieces from his body. Each time it happened, he flinched and thought he'd become paralyzed each time his spine contracted and shrank. It seemed impossible to follow Olivia's surprise to relax, especially when the air kept getting knocked out of his lungs as his chest pulled inward. He could feel his ribcage shrinking, putting pressure on his organs, sending feelings of dread through his body.

Was this it? Is this how he'd die? William didn't feel any pain, but the otherworldly nature of the transformation, and the abnormal pressure on his chest, made him wonder if his heart wouldn't give up soon. Yet, to his surprise, he stayed alive as the changes continued. Olivia smiled as she watched him shrink, soon losing yet another inch and officially making him shorter than her, even without the two-inch heels she wore. She tapped his shoulder, feeling the flesh and bone underneath pulsate and shift as she changed, smiling as she saw his masculine frame fade and change into something far more enticing.

Another crack, and again from his hips, and he could feel his pants hugging his widening pelvis tighter and tighter. The shirt hung over his shrinking torso, looking several sizes too big for him, and his pants barely fit him anymore. Then, out of nowhere, he felt the shirt shrink, taking a giant leap inward as it adjusted to his smaller torso. The same happened to his pants, widening around the waist slightly and shrinking around the legs. His underwear and tie also seemed to adapt to his more petite figure, soon hugging his body tightly and steadily shrinking with him. William groaned, trying to endure the discomfort with as much dignity as possible.

Yet, as impossible forces changed him, his mind raced. William's brain tried to comprehend what was happening and solve the puzzle of his transformation even in this situation, not showing any signs of slowing down even in the more severe circumstances. How was this possible? Was Olivia behind it? William looked up and stared at her face, sensing its kindness, and saw the surprisingly warm smile on her lips as she stared down at him. The man was so shocked by her friendly demeanor that he didn't even notice that he now had to look up at her to stare into her eyes. She was probably behind the transformation, but he didn't understand why. Or how, for that matter. Then again, none of that mattered as his bones cracked so loudly that he thought every one of them broke simultaneously.

"Oh god..." William said, his voice cracking as he leaned against Olivia, his hands on her shoulder and his face resting against her soft chest. He heard how weak and effeminate he sounded, and each word he said sounded fairer than the last. "I don't know... I can't..."

"Hush," Olivia said, putting a hand on his head and rubbing his back with the other. "You're doing fine. I'm honestly surprised you can still stand upright."

"B-But how... I don't understand," William said in his meek voice, his tone cracking with each syllable.

"Oh, little William. There are things in this world we aren't meant to understand," she said, rocking him back and forth slightly as the maddening cracks and pops came from his body. "I could tell you things will make more sense once this is over, but we both know I'd be lying."

William pushed himself upright, fighting through the discomfort, and saw he was a head shorter than her. He stood merely five feet tall, his body still twisting and changing and without any sign of his shrinking stopping anytime soon. His clothes fit him well, having shrunk along with him, but he could tell that they had more than just shrunk. William noticed his pants seemed thinner

than earlier as the fabric changed, and his shirt felt different. Even his tie had shrunk, getting shorter and tightening around his collar.

However, what worried him the most was the pressure in his loins and chest, which continued strong. He rubbed his sore torso, feeling how soft and sensitive his masculine yet unimpressive chest was, and he gasped when his fully erect cock twitched inside his underwear again. William felt shame at how pleasurable parts of this felt, and he blushed when one thunderous crack from his hips made his manhood twitch with excitement. His abdomen ached and felt bloated, feeling his former testicles twisting and changing inside him as they became something hopelessly feminine. William groaned as his prostate altered and turned into his new womb, sending new sensations through his shrinking frame. He gasped as his testicles swelled into his new ovaries and squirmed when a wave of estrogen flooded his system, causing the warmth between his legs to rise and making his rosy-red cheeks even brighter.

William touched his crotch, feeling his almost painfully erect cock twitching and pulsating there. The bulge was impossible to miss, and he could feel his manly need smearing all over his underwear as the twisted pleasure washed over him. The sounds he made sounded softer, too effeminate for his liking, and he could feel his manly pride fading with each pop and snap from his body. The estrogen flowed through the man's body, causing every inch of him to tingle and ache from the testosterone getting drowned in a sea of womanly hormones.

The man could already tell he was turning into a girl, or at least he suspected it, but he still didn't know why. None of this made sense, though. Why was it happening? What did this have to do with anything that happened here at the library? William gasped as he felt his shoulder shrink again and his spine contract, putting him at a mere four-and-a-half foot tall. Still, there was no sign of this stopping, and he could feel his clothes shifting over his shorter and slightly curvier figure as they did.

"I don't..." William said, staring with blurry vision at Olivia, and he felt his heart skipping a beat when he did.

He didn't see the familiar pale-skinned woman standing there for a moment. Instead, William saw some demonic version of her, with bright red skin and long curved horns protruding from her scalp. He felt her spaded tail brush against his hip and saw the burning light in her piercing blue eyes. William gasped and blinked, causing the illusion to break and making him stare with wide eyes at the regular Olivia again.

"H-How..." William said, taking a step away from her. He stared at the taller woman, his mind racing to understand what he saw.

"Relax, William," she said, the man soon seeing the demonic version of her for a brief moment as he blinked. "You'll only hurt yourself if you try to understand what's happening."

William blinked and again saw something he couldn't comprehend. Olivia was still the same pale-skinned woman as before, but their room was different. He stared with shock at the glistening and pulsating walls, the oak replaced with the throbbing red flesh of some otherworldly

beast. In the distance, William heard a heart beating, and the man saw the room, walls, and floor undulate with every beat. He spun around, spotting several tentacle-like tendrils from the floor and walls in the other room, pulling and sorting books in the fleshy bookcases. It felt like he was inside some ancient beast, a being that defied sanity, and he felt his mind straining to keep itself together.

As the man stared at the inhuman and otherworldly walls and floors, he saw something falling into his vision. A lock of hair crawled down his face from his scalp, snapping him out of his trance. William grabbed it with his smaller hand, staring at the increasingly thicker and longer lock with awe. It shifted in color as it grew, going from its usual mousy-brown hue to an unnatural neon purple. William felt his previously thin hair lengthening rapidly, falling in waves from his hair as it cascaded down his head like water from a waterfall. It framed his tingling face as it shifted, becoming softer and less masculine, and he could feel his lips swelling slightly.

William shifted his focus away from his hair and back at the room, watching unblinking eyes forming in the fleshy red walls that stared at him. He blinked in shock, and the library returned to its usual self again, but he could still hear the heart beating in the distance. The man stumbled back, soon feeling himself backing up into Olivia. She placed her hands on his shoulders, making him realize he was almost two feet shorter than her at this point, and he felt her play and caress his softer and longer hair.

"Was that real?" William asked, his voice now soft and feminine. He barely sounded like himself anymore, and he heard the high-pitched and squeaky tone leave his lips. "I mean, the library..."

"Reality is a very vague concept, William," Olivia said, her sharp nails tenderly caressing his scalp, sending tingles of strange pleasure down his spine. "You'll soon learn that there are things and beings beyond the comprehension of the human mind. After all, you'll soon be one of them~."

William gasped as he felt the pressure in his chest build, and he stared down at the small and rounded orbs that began to form there. He placed his hands over them, watching as his slimmer and daintier fingers perfectly matched his thinner torso and swelling bosom. He saw his nails growing, becoming manicured and feminine but with a pointed claw-like tip that sent tingles through his body when they touched his softer skin. William's shrinking body had gotten increasingly effeminate, and it was only getting worse. He stood below four feet tall now, his waist curving inward as his pelvis pushed out, and he felt and saw his chest getting puffier and more swollen with each passing moment.

The man's cock throbbed as his chest pushed out suddenly, causing a pair of tiny yet incredibly sensitive tits to form underneath his manly nipples. They grew as he lost height, rounding out and pressing against his hands as he tried to hold them back in vain. William felt his nipples explode in size, becoming thicker than his thumb, and he moaned when the throbbing things pressed against his palms. He felt the hair on his body vanish, slowly becoming silky smooth as his skin started to get less pale and shift in hue. William felt Olivia caressing his

hair, pulling at the lengthening locks tenderly and styling it as she tenderly scratched his scalp with her claws.

The discomfort finally disappeared, soon replaced by intense pleasure. It wasn't anything William had experienced before, and Olivia's words from earlier echoed through his mind as the carnal bliss ravaged his smaller and curvier figure. The moans that left his swelling lips were undeniably girly, and he shuddered as he felt his clothes caress his softer skin as they shifted over his body. William glanced down and saw his shirt turning into a white blouse, slowly adapting nicely to his thinner waist and swelling bosom. He felt something form underneath it over his chest, and he could only guess it was a bra. William's pants merged and changed, slowly pulling up his legs as they turned into a black pencil skirt. He squirmed on his feet as the heels on his loafers pushed up, the fabric altering and soon turning glossy black as they changed into black pumps. He even felt something encasing his legs, and he rubbed his swelling thighs together to feel the nylon stockings now covering his shorter yet sensual limbs. The tie shrank and shifted, twisting and changing into a small yet cute ribbon tied around his blouse's collar to finish the outfit. William wore

Olivia continued to run her hands through his lengthening hair, clawing possessively at his scalp as the hair grew luscious and long. It stopped growing when it reached his lower back, his previously short hair now voluminous as it framed his increasingly cuter face and cascaded down over his short yet sultry figure. The clothes continued to shift to adapt to his body, but slower than before. It became apparent when his breasts continued to grow, and he felt his bra adjust and grow with them, but not his blouse. The buttons stretched over William's tits as they expanded, his dainty hands sinking into the soft bosom as he tried but failed to stop them from growing. His nipples throbbed, causing his cock to ache, as his breasts stretched the blouse and caused some of his creamy skin to show as gaps formed in the front.

At this point, the discomfort and aching sensations vanished as pleasure replaced it. The transformation continued, and each pop William felt sent his cock and his swelling womanly folds into a drooling frenzy. Then, when he couldn't think it could rise more, it did, putting him at a higher level of pleasure with each passing moment.

"Ah~!" William gasped, surprised by the intense spike of arousal washing through him as his breasts finally stopped growing. His bosom dominated his tiny chest, making it impossible not to notice them as they strained his blouse to the point of popping off a button. "Oh shit..."

"Lovely," Olivia said, caressing William's softer cheek and gentler face as the pops and snaps from his shrinking figure continued. "Very lovely. You're turning out much better than I expected."

"I don't... Ah! I can't..." William said, the pleasure hitting him so hard he could barely think. He spoke in a girly voice, unmistakably womanly, and there wasn't a shred of masculinity left in it.

"Relax, William," Olivia said, leaning down slightly as her hands reached around his dainty torso to squeeze his immense bosom. William saw stars when she pinched his nipples through the



fabric, causing his loins to almost explode with arousal. "Try not to think and just enjoy yourself~."

For the first time in his life, William's mind stopped racing. The brain that had been constantly in motion since he was born, the intellect that tried to find patterns in everything and solve every puzzle it saw, finally stopped working. The pleasure overloaded it, leaving his mind blank and empty for the first time. No thought. No worries. No reasoning. All it could do was try and endure the mind-numbing pleasure that ravaged his now three-foot-tall body as it became curvier. The pencil skirt stretched as his rear grew plump and rounded, forming an enticing bubble butt that Olivia couldn't help but squeeze. His hips popped as they widened slightly, giving his sultry figure an even more curvy look, and he felt his thighs swelling as he pressed them tightly against each other.

William opened his eyes, hands over his crotch, as the pleasure grew. He saw the library for what it was, the pulsating creature they were inside, and he caught a glimpse of Olivia's red hand caressing his breasts. None of it mattered, though. Not right now, anyway. All he could do was shudder and squirm as the otherworldly corruption entered his body, tainting it with the same energies that flowed through the fleshy walls and pulsated inside the librarian playing with his sexy body.

A silent gasp left his lips as they swelled in size, becoming plump and pouting as they took on a naturally matted red hue. William's masculine face softened as his nose shrank and his cheekbones rose, the former man fluttering his long lashes as his expressive eyes stared with disbelief through his glasses. The spectacles shifted on his face, becoming round wire-rim ones that fit his ensemble better without him noticing it.

Yet, none of this could compare to his humanity vanishing as the corruption entered his body. William held his hands over his throbbing cock and blossoming womanhood, too aroused and stimulated to notice the pink hue sweeping over his body. It overtook and replaced his pale skin with an unnatural skin tone, leaving soft pink features as it spread over him. The man shuddered and blinked, unaware of his eyes becoming yellow and cat-like as they stared through his girly glasses. The pastel pink hue paired well with his neon purple hair, the mane slowly pulling up and styling itself as the unnatural force continued flowing through him. It pulled up into a giant bun on her head, soon pierced by golden hair needles that appeared out of nowhere to keep it in place. Two locks of purple hair hung free on either side of his girly, pink face, framing it nicely.

However, that was far from all the changes the impish man went through, and William still couldn't think straight as his ears pushed out, growing pointed and much more prominent on his head. They became huge, each over six inches long, and they looked right at home on his cute, imp-like head. A series of stinging sensations in them and his face caused him to gasp, and he barely noticed the golden earrings, piercings, and chains appearing on him. A nosering appeared, soon adorning his petite nose, and a gold chain dangling between it and an earring,

gently caressing his cheek as he shuddered. William gasped and let his tongue hang from his mouth as a silent moan left his lips, the thing growing longer and forked as the corruption flowed through him. Another few stings caused him to shudder again as his tongue got pierced, and a golden stud appeared on his lower lip.

The man was on the verge of exploding with pleasure, his tiny, impish figure shaking from the ordeal. It was so intense that he didn't even notice the pain in his forehead as two small nubs pushed out, forming two one-inch red horns that looked adorable paired with his cute face. There was a sting in his tailbone as something pushed out above his rear, and soon a six-inch long, spaded, pink tail flailed back and forth as he curled his feet inside his heels. Olivia stared at the former man with a smile, loving the sight of his curvy, three-foot-tall body as her tail flicked happily behind her.

Little remained of William as the corruption filled his core, leaving only the throbbing manhood of his former self. It drooled and stained his newly formed panties, creating a bulge on his tight pencil skirt that hugged his curvy hips and rounded backside nicely. His dainty hands pressed against it, almost as if he tried to hold on to what remained of his humanity. Yet, it didn't change anything as it shrank with each twitch, the corruption now targeting it with everything it had. The swelling womanhood below it blossomed, with glistening folds that itched with need as the pleasure rose inside him. William felt his tiny pecker pulsate one more time before it finally pulled into his body, the tip sputtering out what remained of his seed as it vanished. The man finally got the release he wished for so dearly as it disappeared, causing his tiny, impish figure to shake and shudder with pleasure as **she** experienced the first womanly orgasm of her life.

Olivia was right. The former man had never experienced pleasure quite like that before. It knocked her off her feet and made her fall, the librarian catching her before she fell to the ground. Every inch of her pink, curvy figure ached from it, her mind still empty for several moments as the intense afterglow of the orgasm lingered for what felt like minutes afterward. Soft gasps and effeminate moans slipped from her lips as she lay in Olivia's arms, her mind trying to pull itself together as the librarian helped her up on her shaking legs.

"I-I..." William said, the girl's body tingling and her mind buzzing as her mind cleared. "What..."

Slowly but surely, William started to piece things together as her mind began to race again, working overtime to collect information about everything around her. She blinked, seeing the library switch between the belly of the beast and the ornate library each time, and both felt equally real to her. William stared down at her pink hands as the former man caressed her immense bosom, cupping the breasts that strained her white blouse to the limit. The imp stumbled awkwardly on her heels, feeling the size and shape of her curvy figure as her thighs rubbed together and noticing the emptiness between her legs. She blinked again, soon watching her pink skin disappearing and her otherworldly features fading. Another blink, and they returned. William struggled to understand which was real and which wasn't, the girl's expressive eyes wide with shock as she felt the piercings and jewelry adorning her face and oversized ears. She shuddered when she felt something down at her loins, and the former man soon realized that it wasn't just her face and ears that got pierced.

"My, oh my," Olivia said, her amused voice snapping the shocked imp out of her daze. She spun on her heels, soon facing the tall and imposing woman. "You turned out more lovely than I could ever imagine."

William stared at Olivia, marveling at the woman towering over her short three-foot-tall frame. Her piercing blue eyes glowed behind her cat-eye glasses, and his crimson skin glistened slightly in the dim lights from the room. The former man saw the massive foot-and-a-half-long horns protruding from her scalp, putting her inch-long nubs to shame, and she noticed the long, flailing tail behind her, the heart-shaped spade flicking back and forth with excitement. William could only assume she looked similar to Olivia, except the former man was far shorter, curvier, and less imposing than the librarian.

The library shuddered as the corruption stopped, and William glanced around the room. She saw the building for what it was, as both a pulsating and fleshy belly of a beast and the ancient oaken library that housed esoteric knowledge. Her brain hurt as she had to simultaneously see both, something no human should ever have to deal with, and she heard Olivia's amused laugh echo through the room when she saw the strained look on William's face.

"Oh, don't worry," she said, the imp turning her attention to Olivia. "You'll get used to it eventually."

"I-I don't..." William said, feeling her plump lips smacking together with every soft and squeaky word she uttered. "How? Why?"

"I could give a list of reasons why this happened," Olivia said, tapping her finger against her crimson cheek. "But none of it matters. The simple reason you are here and why this happened is because **it** chose you, just like **it** chose me. As for why **it** did, I cannot say. But, in the end, it doesn't matter."

William looked around, sensing the presence of the beast they were inside. She felt its eyes on her, the thing peering right into her soul, and she had never felt so exposed and oddly safe in her life. Her mind raced, her heart ached, yet she couldn't help but feel like this was home.

"Honestly, I'm glad it did," Olivia said, rubbing her hip. "It's gotten stale and boring taking care of this place alone, and I'm glad to have a little assistant to help me out."

"Assistant?" William said, her heart racing when she saw Olivia's possessive and intense gaze.

"Yes, and a cute one as well," she said, her heels clicking as she stepped closer to William. "But, we can't call you William anymore, can we? I think Wanda is a better name, don't you think?"

William barely had time to react before the name sunk into her brain. Then, a moment later, something clicked inside her. Wanda blinked, trying to push the new name away, but found it impossible. It was hers, imprinted into her soul and brain, and she knew it.

"Wanda, Wanda, Wanda," Olivia said, sampling the name on her lips like a fine wine. She enjoyed what she heard, and Wanda felt the woman's shadow fall over her. "Little Wanda, you have a lot to learn here. But don't worry. I'll be here to teach you everything you know about this place *and your body*."

Wanda blushed, noticing the sultry tone in her voice. She stepped back, but something stopped her, and she could see Olivia's tail snaking around her waist and pulling her closer to the librarian. She stumbled on her heels, feeling the weight of her bosom as she balanced precariously on her pumps.

"Unlike Harvard, we don't forbid romances between the staff or even the customers," Olivia said, her tail coiling around Wanda and soon caressing her the imp's cheek with the spaded tip. "In fact, we **encourage** it."

Wanda felt a tingle between her legs as Olivia leaned down to caress her cheek and felt the woman's tail rub against her large breasts, teasing her throbbing nipples. The librarian's thumb danced across the former man's lips, sending tingles through her brain and body, and she couldn't help but part her lips slightly in reaction. Her loins itched, tingling in a way she hadn't experienced before, and images flashed through her racing mind as her tiny body burned with need.

Yet, Wanda couldn't help but wonder how Olivia knew about her affair. They said they would keep it quiet and wouldn't even record it if he resigned. But, somehow, she knew. Wanda felt the woman's fingers on her cheek, gently caressing her pink skin, and it felt like she could read her mind like an open book.

"Welcome to the Miskatonic Library of Esoteric Knowledge, Ms. Moore," Olivia said, holding the back of Wanda's head and gently scratching her tender scalp with her claws. "I'm sure we'll have a lot of fun working and living together~."