

The Archivist's Spell (Man to Librarian Sorceress TG)

By FoxFaceStories

Louis is visiting a library to find something of interest to him in the fantasy genre. But when he finds a real spellbook, the sceptic decides to read it. This sets off a new spell that, whenever he masturbates, will turn him bit by bit into a sexy librarian.

The Archivist's Spell

Louis returned the books from last week.

"Enjoy them?" asked the woman at the counter, an old librarian by the name of Harriet.

Louis shrugged. "I did, I guess. I think I was looking for more in terms of magical worldbuilding and spellcraft. These were a bit too, I don't know, vague for me."

Harriet nodded. "Hmm, well, I'm always impressed by how fast you go through them, though I'm sorry my recommendations weren't up to scratch. If you're looking for something a bit more, well, *technical*, then I've received a new shipment of fantasy books that are yet to be sorted. They're at the very rear of the backroom, some old things, some new, and some *quite* old, actually. Normally I wouldn't allow a customer to go back there, but I think we can trust you, hmm?"

"That would be greatly appreciated, Harriet," the young man said with a smile.

And it was true, she *could* trust him, and they both knew it. Louis was twenty four years old, but had been coming to the library since he was twelve. He had always been a big reader, utterly enraptured by the magic of texts, and that sensation of magic was probably why he had become so enamoured with the fantasy genre in particular. It also made sense given his general physique and appearance: Louis had grown to become a short, yet simultaneously lanky young man with wiry blonde hair, one who wore thick glasses and had a nebbish face. He appeared, in many ways, as the stereotypical nerd, though at least he didn't have patchy facial hair, instead just acne that failed to go away even into adulthood. Given such an appearance, and the subsequent mockery and lack of interest from girls he got through high school and now into the workplace as a boring accountant, it made sense that he enjoyed the leap into escapist fantasy, one where the rules of society made sense and ordinary men could become extraordinary, and meet gorgeous love interests along the way.

And so, it was with excitement that Harriet granted him access to the backrooms.

"Knock yourself out!" she said.

She closed the door behind her, and he quickly set to work looking through the many texts, novels, comic books, and even a tome. It was the last that caught his attention - it was leather bound, and the title read:

The Archivist's Spellbook

It appeared to be quite old, and so he handled it with extreme care.

Caution to thine reader, the introduction said. Within lies true power and magic potential. Only those with the power of magicks can summon forth its spells, but beware: once cast, it taketh great power to undo!

"Yeah, right," he said. "Real magic, sure."

He was, of course, sceptical. Still, the prospect of reading a genuine magic book - at least what the writer thought was genuine back in the day - was fairly fascinating. He began to flick through. There were all kinds of spells inside the big tome. Spells to turn people into animals. Spells to turn animals into *people*. Spells to improve intelligence. Spells to bring good luck. Spells to animate stone and fire and ice and wind. Spells ascend one's very existence to a higher plane. Almost all of these had lofty requirements, even impossible ones: Louis wasn't sure what it meant to 'fetch a Parthian stone from the banner-lost plains' meant, but that would certainly require a historian's degree, he suspected. The need for 'Serbian bile' to create some sort of cure for zombie-ism was also rather bizarre.

One spell did grab his attention though, perhaps because it was written in purple ink, and seemed to occupy a special place in the book.

"The Archivist's Spell," he read aloud. "No major requirements exist for this spell, but for the reader to possess a mind and disposition worthy of the role of Archivist, and a willingness to be touched by the magic of this tome. This spell can only be invoked in the absence of an existing Archivist, and will pattern its caster in the Archivist's image. Once read aloud by thine tongue, the transformation shall begin, brought forth part by part when thine pleasure is at its fullest, until thine has become the Archivist. A warning: this spell is permanent."

Louis smirked. Now *this* sounded interesting.

"When pleasure is at its fullest? What does that even mean?"

He shrugged, and decided to read the spell below.

"I read this with the mind of a reader. I speak this with the voice of an instructor. I invoke this with the knowledge and devotion of a master scribe. I accept the role of Archivist as mine new life, allowing thee to transform myself into her image, that I may become what a hallowed hall of wisdom doth require."

Louis frowned. *Her image?* What was that about? But his thoughts did not carry beyond that point, for something strange began to occur. The words on the page literally *lifted* off of it, or duplicated at least - the purple ink remained there but another aspect of it

rose, beginning to sparkle with violet light and energy. It shot around him, swirling and spinning before *diving* into him, making him buzz as if hit by an electric jolt.

"Wha!" he exclaimed, before flailing backwards and dropping the spellbook. The effect disappeared instantaneously, and it took a moment for Louis to get his bearings again.

"That . . . that wasn't real. No way that was real."

He was convinced of it. He had just gotten too much into the moment. And yet . . .

"Can I borrow this one?" he asked Harriet as he emerged from the room several minutes later.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I forgot that was back there. It's a bit of an antique. It has to stay with the library, I'm afraid. Perhaps if you ever come work for us, you can get a closer look?"

"Yeah, that makes sense," Louis said. He decided to just grab from young adult novels to calm himself, then left the library. Part of him burned to read more of that spellbook, however. Another part of his being *buzzed*, as if the energy had not only been real but was still coursing through him.

It was late at night, and Louis had unbuckled his pants before the computer. He was single, and wasn't likely to get a girlfriend for a long time given his looks, so he was giving in to a sudden series of urges. He'd simply typed in 'sexy Brazilian bikini woman' into his search engine and, once he'd found a satisfying image, given in to primal needs.

"Yeah," he murmured as he got closer to his climax. "Yeah. Yeah . . . ahh. Mhmm, yeah! Ohh!"

He came, and he only just managed to grab the wad of tissues in time to catch the result of his ejaculation. The orgasm hit him at the same time, making him tremble. Only something strange occurred as these sensations surged through him.

The trembling didn't stop.

"Oh G-God!" Louis managed, stammering as his body squirmed. To his astonishment, a purple light emerged from his body, swirling all around him and leaving violet trails in the air like pixie dust. That sense of energy, of buzzing with potential power, coursed through his form. It tickled. It empowered. It made him . . .

. . . *change*.

It happened subtly, at first, in a way that he didn't even notice. His ears, previously sticking out the sides of his head like little satellite dishes, shifted closer, and became smaller. His hands, still trembling, lost their small warts and blemishes. They thinned and smoothed over, looking almost lady-like. The same happened to his feet, causing him to curl his toes in his shoes. Even his nails, often bitten upon due to a nervous tick, suddenly

healed and reshaped themselves so that they looked well-taken care of. They were even long . . . at least for a man.

“Oh God, it’s r-real! Magic is - mmhm!”

He could barely speak with the intense vibrations within him. They were . . . exhilarating. Almost orgasmic. He trembled as if he’d just brought himself to pleasure once more, and this spurred further changes. His acne began to dissipate entirely, and his wiry hair gained a fresh glint to it, turning a little more ginger at the roots. It even extended further, sliding down to cover his changed ears. His lanky body began to fill in a bit: his hips subtly widened and his flat rear took on some more fat. His nipples ached, swelling a little, and there was a small pressure behind them too.

Finally, the changes ended, leaving Louis gasping for air. He managed to collect himself, and then he felt over his body, searching for the purple magic that had already re-entered his body.

“That - oh my God, that was real magic. *Real* magic. Shit! I cast a real spell!”

The knowledge of its reality confirmed another thing: not only had he cast a spell, but he one that caused the caster to become something or *someone* called the *Archivist*. What that even meant was beyond him, only that he had felt glimmers of change.

Without a word, he stood and ran to the bathroom of his rented apartment. He gasped at what he saw. The changes weren’t massive, but they were noticeable. His ears no longer stuck out, and his hair looked strawberry blonde. It had also gotten longer. His facial features were a bit softer, and his acne was completely gone. He even seemed a bit taller, no longer short. Well, not *too* short.

After a minute or two examining all of this, he actually nodded.

“Alright,” he said, a smile slowly growing on his face. “Alright! Yeah, I can live with this. I love reading, and sorting books. I thought I might just be becoming some old dusty academic type, but I can handle this! I don’t even look all that bad now!”

He had no notion yet of what had caused him to change, but if this was the extent of it, he was okay. As far as Louis was concerned, he’s just become average looking instead of nerdy and unattractive, and that was a huge step up.

“Maybe all I’ll have to do is sort some books or something,” he muttered to himself.

The next day at work, Louis was feeling in high spirits. Sure, it wasn’t like his female peers were noticing him, but he was no longer invisible. He’d never had a lot of friends, and largely flew under the radar at his accounting firm, but people were actually talking to him, even if just to start small talk. And that annoying meathead Bruce - who somehow had a senior

position - wasn't mocking him behind his back, for once. The strangest thing was that no one seemed to notice the changes. Louis had lost all his acne overnight, not to mention grown two whole inches from his diminutive five-foot-four stature. No one noticed, despite the fact that Bruce liked to point out how big his ears were, usually. Even his regular clients saw nothing different, and treated him with a bit more respect. The only annoying thing was that his nipples were a bit tender, but he chalked that up to the weird electric effect of the spell.

"Thank you spellbook," he whispered to himself after clocking out. "I really need to get ahold of you again. See if I can make any other magic happen."

But then something strange happened. As Louis drove home, he felt a stirring in his loins. An arousal came over him from nowhere, as well as a strong need to satisfy it. He had no idea why, but an image of a woman appeared in his mind, one he'd never conjured before. She was tall, beautiful, and rather busty. She had gorgeous freckles and curly red hair that fell over her shoulders and down to her upper back. She wore glossy purple lipstick and matching eyeshadow, and a pair of sexy glasses. As he pulled up to his apartment and literally *ran* inside, so desperate was he for relief, other details filled in as well. The woman was dressed like a librarian: she had a purple tie and white blouse, and a feminine jacket that was, again, purple. Her skirt was long, with plaid pattern that mixed violet, more purple, and blacks, and she wore transparent stockings that did well to show off her calves. All in all, she gave the impression of being a deeply sexy librarian *and* a sorceress, and as she flicked her hand in his mind's eye, violet sparks erupted from it.

"God, she has such a perfect body," Louis groaned. He didn't even make it to the bedroom, or the study. Instead, he collapsed into the main living room, just barely managing to close the blinds so no one would see his shame. He unbuckled his pants and stripped them off in a single motion, then began to stroke his hard cock. He only got a few strokes in before he came this time. Something about imagining this woman's beautiful freckled face, her freckled cleavage too, just drove him wild with desire. He didn't even want to have sex with her. It was like . . .

"I want to be her," he said, the words slipping out. "I want to - Ohhhhhh, yess! Ahhh!"

He came, his semen spurting forth onto the couch in long streams, emptying his balls far more than he could possibly know. The purple light bloomed from his stomach at that exact moment.

The magic began.

"Again? Is it going to m-make me some kind of Adonis or somethinnnghh!!"

Louis doubled over as the changes occurred. His hair extended longer, losing its strawberry blonde colour and becoming a light ginger. It gained more curls, and it lowered down so that it was level with his chin. As this occurred, his lips - particularly his lower one - blew up a little, becoming fuller and womanly in shape. His nose, previously a bit bent,

straightened up with a simple *crack*, causing him to gasp in a voice that was a bit higher than usual.

"My face!" he said, voice squeaky. "Am I becoming handsome-ohhh!"

He wasn't. In fact, his sharp, angular face was gaining a fresh softness. His cheeks possessed the slight chubbiness of youth, that precious fat that persisted through one's early twenties and would give him a terrified smile with his new lips, especially now that he had cute dimples. His nose also adjusted, becoming longer and slightly aquiline, but overall more consistent in shape. He wiped his eyes as the magic continued to circle through his features, blinking several times as they changed. They gained an emerald colour to his irises, eyelashes extending to leave him with a much more feminine - and beautiful - appearance.

But those were just the changes to his face. The one's to his body took on greater attention from the man, his form warping with the purple magic in such a way that he could not ignore.

"Oh God!" he managed, ignoring for now the changes to his voice. "My chest! I can feel such a pressure!"

He literally *ripped* the collar of his shirt, tearing it as much as he could to get a better look at what was happening. Louis' jaw fell as he beheld his nipples becoming pinker and larger, developing wider areolas that were sensitive to the open air. With the building pleasure that followed in ripples of strange ecstasy, they only stiffened more so.

"What the f-fuck!? Why are they - nnggh! Ahhh! Ohhhhh, no! NO!"

The pressure behind his nipples rose and rose and rose until it was utterly unbearable. The same was occurring in his hips, forcing them wider, and in his waist, pushing it in, but it was his chest that contained the greatest mix of discomfort, change, and unbearable *pleasure*. When the pressure reached its apex, Louis felt himself upon a precipice. For just a moment, he caught the sense - somehow, perhaps magically - that he could hold back the tide, if only he had the will.

He managed to last only three seconds.

"D-do it!" he cried. "Just change me already! MMHMHHPH!"

He had to bite his lip to keep the orgasmic sensations from erupting in a great cry from his throat, for the dam finally broke, and the flood of change was released. Slowly but surely, tissue and fat flowed behind his nipples pushing them forth as a pair of womanly mammarys grew. Louis cradled them, almost *salivating* from the intensity of the pleasure that followed. The breasts pushed forward, getting larger and larger, until there was no denying that they were breasts at all. This corresponded to a shrinking of his frame and ribcage to more feminine proportions, and then an extension to his spine and limbs, audibly clicking as he gained a couple of inches of height, bringing him up to the height of an average woman, perhaps.

“Why am I g-growing b-breasts!? Ohhhhh! Oh G-God! And why does it feel so -
AIIIEEE!!”

The next orgasm came, and his testes emptied themselves of contents once more, a small spurt of semen that left the sac - and his member - even smaller than before, not far below average size. Louis collapsed forward, only to yelp from the pressure upon his new boobs. He turned to the side, panting heavily, his hair covering half his vision, now obviously ginger.

“Oh God,” he muttered again. “Oh God. That’s what it meant by *she* in the spellbook. The Archivist was a woman! I need to reverse this!”

A couple of things presented themselves on the following day when Louis embarked to access the spellbook again. For one, it wasn’t just his body that was changing, but reality as well. When he’d called up to work to claim sickness, Julia on the other end had noted this and wished him well. Only she hadn’t called him Louis. She’d called him *Lucia*.

Lucia. That was his name now, and it was reflected on his ID and other documents, even digital ones. His ID photo reflected his newly feminised features, as did the photos on his phone, which also had him in more feminine clothing.

Which led to the second thing: his wardrobe had changed overnight. It wasn’t female clothing, thank God - at least, not *yet* - but it was certainly more feminine. A lot more purple was represented, and the shirts were simultaneously tighter around the chest while flowing down in a skirt-like fashion. The pants were thankfully not tight, but their design and material and generally . . . frilliness all gave the impression that only a very effete man would wear them. And yet he had no choice. Louis put on a purple shirt, trying not to note how they emphasised his new bust, and the least feminine pants he could find, though they did show off his widened hips.

Looking in the mirror, he could see the beginnings of the dream woman he had been compelled to masturbate to. He was . . . cute. Not beautiful, not *hot*, and not *striking* as the dream Archivist had been, looking almost like a powerful sorceress and archivist. But there was no doubt that he now had a stylish appearance and more noticeable features. He just wished they were male ones.

“They’re not really that big,” he said, considering his chest. The bra said A-cups. I won’t wear one. But that’s the smallest size, right?”

They had just seemed huge when they grew. But really, they barely jiggled.

“I can do this. I know the spell said it can’t be reversed, but there has to be a loophole, right?”

"Are you sure there aren't any other spellbooks like this?" Louis asked, squirming a little on the spot as he stood before Harriet, pleading. She'd let him look at the spellbook again, indulging his desperation despite library protocols.

"I'm sorry, Lucia, but the only things like this I can find I would have to order. It was quite expensive, you know."

"Won't you please consider it?" he asked, trying to use his new cuteness to appeal to her. "I've never, uh, read anything like it. I believe it would be a fabulous addition to the library."

Harriet sighed, then rolled her eyes. "Well, I never could resist the reading passion of a young woman's in love with a good book. I can order a couple of things, but they'll take time to come in."

Louis nodded happily. Even if he was being mistaken for a woman, this was a good sign. He'd spent all day in the library, trying to read through the spellbook and find a way to reverse the transformation, but nothing was happening. And now . . .

. . . now he was squirming, his shrunken member getting stiff at random. The need to pleasure himself was getting stronger, and the urge to get out of here - fast - growing more and more.

"Thank you so much!" he said. "You won't regret this!"

And then he was out the door.

"Not gonna masturbate," he said to himself on the drive home. "Don't touch my self. Don't do it. Ignore it. Ignore the need. I can do this."

It was torture. Absolute torture. The entire afternoon and night consisted of him squirming, writhing, and occasionally rubbing himself, only to pull himself to a stop when he realised what he was doing. It drove him almost to madness, especially when the glory of that beautiful, busty, *powerful* female archivist appeared in her purple dress and robes. For brief, fleeting moments it was like he *wanted* be her, *needed* to be her.

In the end, he fell asleep, having managed to hold off.

It only lasted until morning.

Louis woke, and his dick was rock hard. He hadn't even realised that he'd taken his clothes off in the night, or that he'd been rubbing his nipples in a state of half-consciousness for what must have been minutes or more by that point. The dream he'd been having had been too

perfect. The woman in purple winked at him, her freckles so cute, her face mischievous yet knowledgeable, wise and teasing all at once. There was a brilliance in her gaze, her glasses glinting as she placed her hand in a large pocket and produced forth a book. She winked as she read it, sitting down at her post, her surroundings suddenly clearing to reveal an immense library of hidden knowledge.

'Shhhh,' she'd said, her voice sharp and intelligent, with just a hint of the sultry in it. 'Won't be long now. Trust me, you're going to be brilliant, Lucia. The Archivist Spell doesn't work for just anybody. You were born for this. It's going to be so . . . blissful.'

It was her voice that did it. It *burned* within Lois. It was more than just attraction, despite how beautiful she was, like the ultimate sexy librarian and hot wizard woman rolled into one.

His hand was already on his penis, and he was stroking up and down. Up and down. Up and down.

His other hand was on his left nipple, pinching and caressing. Pinching and caressing. Pinching and caressing.

Louis stood no chance at all. He groaned as he gave himself over to his base urged, masturbating eagerly in his bed and savouring the new sensations of his sensitive nipples. They send little tingles of ecstasy through his core, and part of him yearned for them to grow further. To become as large and round and *full* as the Archivist's in his dream. They would have to grow a lot.

"M-make them g-grow. More sensitive, m-more! Mooorreee! Aaghhhhh!!!"

His voice literally rose an octave as he hit his moment of release. Something about the way he rubbed his own nipples had sent him over the edge early.

"No! I didn't mean - I just want to feel it a bit, no c-cum!"

But it was too late. Ropes of his warm white liquid hit the sheets, and the purple light *burst* from him in terrified streams, more powerful than ever. The changes did not wait at all this time, but occurred immediately, as if deep down he wanted them to occur.

Perhaps he did.

"Mmhmm! Oh f-fuck! It's h-happening!"

This time there was not nearly so much resistance. Louis panted, gripping the sheets as the changes rolled over and through him. His bust expanded, tissue blooming from nowhere to take him from barely nascent breasts to full and pert ones. The pleasure rose as they did, expanding like two ripening fruit in fast forward. The feminising man grasped them, no longer trying to hold them back but instead cupping their magnificence, even as they were no longer modestly sized but indeed quite ample.

"Yessss," he moaned. "B-bigger! Make me b-bigger!"

But his new sizeable boobs were not the only things growing: his hair cascaded down to his shoulders, turning finally to the flame-orange hair that belonged to the Archivist in his dreams. It gained luscious curls and a bright sheen, though it was not down past his shoulders just yet, instead just brushing against them. His hips creaked almost audibly wider, and his rear inflated to catch up with it. He saved the feeling, tipping off the bed and landing on all fours, stretching his backside out as it gained quite the peachy shape to it.

The changes continued, even as what felt like orgasm after orgasm slammed into Louis, making him more like Lucia with each passing second. His freckles became lovely, and he gained some in his cleavage and upon his breasts, and on his arms as well. His waist thinned, and any remaining body hair he possessed shrivelled away, apart from his pubic hair which altered in shape and colour, becoming a mimic of his flame-red hair and moulding itself for his coming vagina.

Vagina.

The word rattled inside Louis' brain, and it was enough for him to summon the will to pull back from the pleasure before it was too late. His member shrank, getting smaller and smaller until it was almost a micropenis.

"N-no! I don't w-want thissssss! Stop!"

The pleasure ended, as it had in previous times, with one difference: this time Louis had caused it . . . somehow.

"Okay, okay," he managed to say to himself, though his voice now sounded nothing like what it was supposed to. It was clearly a woman's voice, with a sort of snarky contralto to it: low but not masculine, inviting yet authoritative. It wasn't . . . too bad, actually. He brushed the hair from his eyes. It was so long now. "Need to see myself."

He stood up, nearly falling over. He was taller now - tall even for a woman. He must have been five-nine or perhaps even five-ten, verging on six feet! He blinked, adjusted himself to his altered centre of gravity, and moved to the bathroom.

Louis did not nearly faint. He didn't sway on his daintified feet. He didn't even gasp audibly. Instead, he simply . . . beheld himself. *Herself*. For as much as the woman in the mirror may have been biologically male still, every other part was utterly female.

"I'm beautiful," he said. *She* said.

And she truly was. She wasn't complete, not yet. Louis didn't even realise that her glasses had changed, gaining little horn rims. They looked rather sexy, giving her a professional and academic look that still enhanced her appeal. She was also now rather tall, and her breasts had swollen from barely present to incredibly large.

"Okay, they're not *that* big," she reminded herself, cupping them. They filled her palms, but it wasn't like they were big Double-D's or anything. The woman in her dreams was even bigger than that.

But the shape of her was there. The hourglass figure, the increasingly pretty face with its aquiline nose and knowing eyes, and the rear that was getting quite peachy indeed.

"My hips shift when I move," she said to herself, starting to pace back and forth in the bathroom. Even her hair bounced against her shoulders, and her breasts, naturally, jiggled too. "Why aren't I freaking out about this more? This is - oh God, this is wrong! I can't be a woman! I'm not not meant to be a woman! Change me back *now!*"

She slammed her fists down upon the bathroom counter, only for a light green flame to erupt from both her hands, frightening her. She fell backwards to get away from it, but it was still burning from her hands, painlessly and without any damage. Very slowly, she raised herself and waved her hands before her face, then in front of the mirror.

"I - this is new. It's not changing me. Is it . . . holy shit, am I using magic?"

It certainly felt like it. As if there was an expression of power coursing through her. Slowly, Louis closed her eyes, concentrated, and opened her fists gently. When she opened them, the flames had gone out, and that sense of using power was gone.

Despite all the insanity she was going through, the feminising former man couldn't help but erupt into a giddy, almost *cackling* laughter.

"Magic! I can do magic!"

It wasn't exactly like the fantasy nerd had dreamed it would be, but it was still a dream come true.

Louis had to come to a decision. She knew that. She had gone to work only to find out that she was, apparently, quitting. Everyone was wishing 'Lucia' a good time in her next profession, which came as no surprise to Louis that it would be as a librarian in the very location she so loved to borrow her books. Already, the upsides, downsides, and weird parts of her new body were becoming more obvious. Far from bullying her, Bruce instead liked to talk about how 'hot' she was and how much all the guys would 'miss seeing you,' among other distasteful comments. The women were much friendlier and noticed her now, but it would never be with romantic interest, at least with this bunch. And given that her wardrobe had changed a second time, Louis had no choice but to wear a purple blouse and dark skirt for her final day, having finally figured out a bra to cup her chest - something she now fully understood how much women needed.

She was still waiting on the spellbooks to arrive through Harriet, but it was now obvious that they would never arrive in time for her to hold herself back from another act of 'pleasure', as the Archivist spell had put it. In fact, just keeping her hands to herself when she went to the bathroom (she was already sitting down rather than standing up, just to

prepare herself) was a difficult trial, and she was starting to get day-visions of her future self. She could see that gorgeous, feisty, brilliant and stern archivist, librarian, and *sorceress* smirking at her, encouraging her to keep changing.

"All the books. All the order. All the power. It will be all yours, Lucia. Just one last change to go."

She heard the words repeated after the goodbye party, and again when she returned home. The interior decor of her apartment had changed further, as well. There were more books that belonged to her, numerous fantasy texts that she had long sought after, and everything was clean.

"Make sense," she said to herself. "I'm becoming a librarian. Order is important. And I . . . I feel a compulsion to that, I guess."

It wasn't a bad compulsion either. The sense of order and organisation gave her a little rush of endorphins, as if all was right in the world, or soon would be. There was just one last step to take . . .

"Okay, Louis. You can do this. The final change. It's not like you can go back. Only forward. And it's not like you haven't been trying to hold off from doing this all day."

It had been maddening, in fact. The need to stimulate his nether regions, to finally lose her member and grow a feminine flower. To become the Archivist, in all her beauty, intelligence, wisdom, and wit. She had been so afraid of it just a couple of days before, and yet . . .

Magic.

She could summon green flames from her hands. She had done it experimentally a few times, and could now magnify the light at will. And she could do other things, she was finding out. Just to prove it to herself in the moment, she extended her hand to the bookshelf across the room and concentrated. A book shuffled, shook, then *shot* across the room, landing in her hand. Another concentration and it flipped open to the exact page she was thinking of, when the hero accepted his charge to become great.

"Wow," she said aloud. "That was awesome."

She read the passage. It was among her favourites, from the *Daycaller* series.

"I can do that. I can accept the charge."

Slowly, she placed the book back and sighed. She closed her eyes, imagining the Archivist standing before her. It didn't take much to manifest her 'guide.'

"You can do this, Lucia. And when you do, your world will not only be filled with books and all their pleasures, but the power that comes with them too. Believe me, you will not regret it."

Louis nodded. She relaxed back into her sofa seat, and slowly removed her skirt and underwear, her blouse and bra. The pleasure was already there, that tingling need. Her

breasts ached to be touched, and her member too, which also ached to *change*. She began to tease herself, drawing out the bliss that was needed.

“I am the Archivist,” she said.

This time, the purple light rose from her form immediately.

The new woman moaned in pleasure as she finally became her true self.

Harriet was astonished. “How - how did you clean the backroom so quickly? And with such order! I swear as long as I’ve been here it’s been a place of chaos, and I’ve been here decades.”

Lucia grinned, and it was a knowing grin at that. “Oh, it just needed a magic touch, Harriet,” she said, flicking her long red hair behind her dramatically.

“Well, whatever you did, it’s astonishing. Just two weeks on the job and you’re already proving yourself to be a natural librarian. When I retire, I have no doubt who’ll take over running this place, if you’re up for it.”

“Oh, I am absolutely up for it, Harriet. Books are my life. I just love organising them and getting lost in them.”

The woman chuckled. “So I’ve noticed! I have no idea how you read so quickly in between all the organisation you do! I just hope a woman like you doesn’t spend too much time with books. Even a librarian deserves a little company in life!”

“Oh, I’m sure I won’t struggle with that, when I come to it.”

They began to exit the backroom into the library proper. As they did so, Lucia got the usual series of looks. It was usually single dads, or teen boys, or even adorable little girls who gasped at the “really pretty woman!” But occasionally, as was the case here, it was a man in his mid-twenties, attractive and intelligent-looking, who kept glancing her way, trying to be subtle in his interest.

She was still getting used to that particular part of her new life, but then again, she couldn’t exactly blame men for looking at her. She had gone from a scrawny, short little runt of a man to the Archivist: a flame-haired goddess with vibrant green eyes and magnificent curves that were barely contained by her purple and black librarian clothing. Certainly, while she had her classic tie, it didn’t exactly do much to hide her obvious bust - a pair of proud, cantaloupe-like E-cups - and while her longer skirt was dignified, one easily got a sense of her lovely hips and rear thanks to her sauntering movements. It wasn’t like she could help herself either; she simply moved that way now! Not to mention a few other habits like sucking on a pen or pencil when she was thinking, or adjusting her cute horn rim glasses, or tying back her hair in a ponytail when working. Naturally, word had already spread about the

'super hot librarian' who was now a regular feature here, and so there were more regulars than before. Harriet couldn't help but chuckle at this. It only made Lucia further embarrassed. She was, believe it or not, becoming quite proud of her form. She was beautiful, she was busty, and yet she was obviously brimming with intelligence and hidden knowledge just to look at her. And when she was alone, the self-pleasure sessions *were* amazing. It was just that she was starting to look at some of the men - and women - with interest too, lately. Her body had its needs other than pure academia, and sometimes when she sucked on her pen in deep thought, it was while looking at a man who was trying not to look at her.

"Perhaps this one might like some *personal* advice on a text," Harriet teased, gesturing to the attractively nerdy looking man. She was taller than him, and for some reason she liked the notion of authority it gave her. A flavour of being an Archivist and librarian, perhaps.

"Maybe," the librarian said, blushing. "But maybe later. For now, I'd like to spend my lunch break looking over those spell tomes you ordered."

"Ah, don't miss out on the chance for love - or fun - Lucia!"

"Don't worry, I won't, when I'm ready."

She smiled and walked away from her older peer, her friend, and made her way to the backroom again. She *would* take up a man's interest - or a woman's - some day. It wouldn't be hard. God, it would probably be soon, judging from the excitement of her body, not to mention how some people seemed to really like it when she *shushed* them (and she liked it too). But for now, there were other concerns, and other excitements.

She withdrew the key from the necklace that fell into her blouse, and used it to open the most heavily locked cabinet in the backroom. Looking around just in case and finding no one else present, she extended her hand, and a thick green tome flew out and landed in her hands.

"I never get tired of that," she said, grinning.

Slowly, she perused through it, feeling the sorceress-like power growing within her. The power of the Archivist.

"Now," she said, trying not to bounce on her feet with excitement at this dream come true. "What spell will I try casting today?"

The End