

Alice's strangest day as a library clerk started when Tiffany walked in. Alice knew her from school, but they had never really met. Tiffany was popular and pretty and blonde—most of the things that Alice wasn't. Seeing Tiffany brought back all of Alice's high-school inadequacies. Alice was mousey and wore glasses and couldn't get her dark brown hair to do anything other than frizz, no matter how much she spent on shampoo.

Alice stowed the fantasy novel she'd been reading behind the desk. She looked up at Tiffany and found herself staring at Tiffany's hair. She had dyed it black, like *The Raven-is-my-favorite-poem* black. Alice wasn't one to judge, but Tiffany was the last girl she'd expect to dye her hair. There was a little furrow in Tiffany's brow and she glanced around uncertainly.

"Hi, welcome to the library," Alice said. She seized the opportunity to be the confident one for once. "Anything I can help you find?"

"Um, yeah," Tiffany said. Her voice hid in the back of her mouth. "Do you have books about...ghosts and stuff?"

"We do, let me show you where," Alice said. She hopped down from the chair and led Tiffany through the aisles to the beginning of the nonfiction section. The shelves here were full of big, cheesy books about aliens, monsters, and other paranormal beings.

"Thanks," Tiffany said, then started scanning the shelves.

Alice returned to the circulation desk and climbed back into the tall chair. Whether Tiffany's hair was blonde or black, it always looked good. Even though it was strange, she pulled off that new hair color. Meanwhile, Alice was left with a brown cloud of frizzy hair. She needed something else to think about or she'd be wistful about her hair all morning. She pulled her book back out and picked up where she'd left off. The elf had just been bitten by a werewolf, and she was trying to fend it off.

With one hand, she held the book open. With the other, she combed through her hair. When she hit a knot, she wiggled her fingers until she'd untangled it. Each tangle she pulled out coaxed her hair to fall smoothly against her cheeks, instead of sticking out like a big mess. With less frizz, the natural curls of her hair emerged. And lengthened, and grew brighter.

Alice turned her book over to pause for a moment. She pulled her brush out of her backpack and began to brush out her hair. Usually, brushing was a losing battle, but today, there wasn't even a struggle. She held her hair in her hands, brushing out a knot, when she spotted someone coming in. She tossed her brush back in her bag, shook out her shoulder-length, warm-brown curls, and smiled at the woman coming up to the desk.

The first impression Alice got was that this woman was dressed like a housewife; the second, that she was dressed *up* like a housewife. The bobbed hair/polka dot dress combo had to be a theater costume.

"Hi, welcome to the library," Alice said. "Anything I can help you find?"

The woman smiled back at Alice. "Oh, thank you honey—sorry to bother you, but would you happen to have anything on American history? I'm looking for the fifties in particular," she said.

Of course you are, Alice thought.

"Right this way," she said.

In the middle of the nonfiction section, Alice pointed out the books they had on American culture in the 1950's. The housewife-looking woman got down on her knees to look through them. Alice gazed at the woman's glossy red heels for a moment. She wanted to make a comment on them, but her shyness kept her lips shut. Alice headed back toward her desk.

Good thing she didn't have to walk around in heels like that, she thought to herself. She slipped enough just in her sneakers already.

Then her feet sprung into the air. Alice tumbled forward and caught herself on the rolling returns shelf. She'd almost tripped. She turned her head and cocked one foot up behind her. She grabbed her ankle to hold her foot up. With her other hand, she rubbed over the glossy pink plastic of her pumps. They each had a four-inch heel jutting from the bottom, tipped with little pink rubber pads so that she wouldn't click when she walked around the library.

Alice shook her head. Uncoordinated as always, she scolded herself. The heels lifted her steps into a side-to-side swish of the hips as she walked back to the desk and hopped into her seat. Though the tall heel made her calves look great, Alice still wore her regular jeans down to her ankles. She just liked cute heels, that was all.

Alice was just about to open up her book again when Tiffany came over with a stack of books on Wicca and occult rituals.

Alice wanted to say something about Tiffany's new dark eyeliner, as she was sure Tiffany hadn't been wearing that before. Same with the milky cleavage her blank tank top was pushing up, but she was nowhere near tactful enough to weave it into conversation. Tiffany's hair had grown purple highlights, framing her face like tongues of magical flame were licking her cheeks. Tiffany's hair couldn't help being gorgeous, even fully goth'd out.

"Getting ready for the equinox?" she asked, as a limp joke.

Tiffany rolled her eyes. She mumbled a goodbye, took her books, and clomped out of the library in her big black boots.

Alice settled back in with her novel. The elf's guardian saved her from the werewolf, but unless they got her to a healer in time, the werewolf curse would take her.

Alice leaned back in her chair and tossed all her hair back behind her shoulders. Her hair was so nice to play with right now. Alice had never had so many options for how to do her hair. She shook her locks out again, and they fell across her shoulder blades and against the top of her chest, a warm rusty mane.

She was still playing with her hair when a woman walked in, looking like she could have come straight from art school. Her hick, purplish pink hair, bright glossy blue lips, and glittering magenta eyeshadow made her look as if a makeup kit had exploded on her face. The clashing, bold red-blue-purple of her blouse, skirt, and half-exposed bra made Alice wonder if she was colorblind.

Wait a second, Alice recognized her. She was Emma, the older sister of one of her friends. Didn't she work for some law firm?

Emma clicked right up to Alice's desk and cut Alice off before she was even able to speak.

"Hi! Where's your section on art?" she asked. Alice didn't respond right away, because she was entranced by the reflection in Emma's lipstick. Emma's lips were so plump and plush, and the blue lipstick so glossy. The glare of the lights jiggled across their surface as she talked. Alice could almost see her own reflection in them.

"I'm looking for some inspiration for my body art," Emma said, waking Alice from her trance.

"Here, it's in the back," Alice said. She got up to lead Emma, showing her to the large shelves for the oversized books on art and design.

Emma took Alice by the shoulders. She gave Alice a wet kiss on each cheek as thanks for showing her to the art books. Alice smiled at her and quickly excused herself to go back to the desk.

Alice sat back down and grabbed a tissue to wipe the big, plump lipstick marks off her cheeks. Alice had to admit that Emma pulled off the pouty look way better than her own boring face ever could. And what was with the way Emma was acting? Tiffany she could chalk up to a phase, but why would Miss-Serious-Lawyer Emma suddenly get all avant-garde?

Even if Emma's look was too wild for Alice, she had some beautiful lips. Alice pouted as a few jealous thoughts ran around in her head. The pout on her face gradually swelled. In short, quick bursts, with a subtle sound like a *gshh-gshh*, her lips pumped up thicker and more tender. Alice

licked her lips and pulled out her phone to shoot off a message to her friend asking if Emma had been okay lately. As she stowed her phone again, she grabbed out a tube of chapstick and rolled it across her lips. She pulled her lips together, sucking them between her teeth for a moment, then letting her lips pop back out with a round 'pop'.

At last, she had some time to sink back into her novel, sinking back into the adventure and thinking more about werewolves than library patrons. Every so often, she had to tuck a curl of coppery hair off to the side, beyond the corner of her glasses frames. On occasion, she licked her naturally-pouting lips to keep them from becoming too dry.

Alice heard the next patron before she saw them. The door to the library swung open, and someone said, rather loudly, "...checkin' out. No, I gotta go. Cause I'm there, idiot. It's a *li-brar-y*, I gotta be *qui-et*."

Alice looked up to see a woman with curly, dark hair and a leopard-print tank top bouncing toward her. Bouncing, because that's what her breasts were doing. It was hard to say it any polite way—they were fake. Big, fake tits squashed together by spandex and jutting forward from her body.

"Hi, welcome to the library," Alice started.

"Yeah, I get it," the woman snapped, then sighed between her teeth. "Sorry, it's these," she said. She rubbed her hand across the front of her breasts like they were tender or sore. "Makin' me kinda bitchy. You got anything on plastic surgery?"

Alice just said, "Yeah," and got up to show her. The way the woman's temper could turn on a dime frightened her a little. Alice took her to the section with medical books. She left the woman there, rubbing her boobs and squinting at the titles.

As Alice swished on her heels back to the desk, her breasts bounced a little more with every step. The new pressure against her chest made her nipples stiffen and her breath quicken. Alice still didn't notice a single bit of the changes happening to her, even when it was a steady, heavy swelling right under her very nose.

Silicone filled up inside her and pushed outward, forming a pair of growing orbs behind her white blouse. The fabric pulled across her chest, tightened its stitching, and brightened. Now she wore a light orange tee shirt with a low-cut yellow collar. Her breasts proudly peeked out of the top, offering a hint of cleavage. They swayed side-to-side as she walked, then up-and-down as she slipped back into her seat.

Alice set a hand on top of her breasts to steady them. She felt that E-cups were just the right size when it came to breasts. Not only because they were her cup size, too. E's were just big enough to

make people go woah, hey, you've got big boobs, without looking heavy and burdened like Miss-Trampy-Whatever and her F's or G's.

Alice sat up straight and tugged her shirt down and thrust her chest forward. Sometimes walking around made her shirt ride up, but that was just the cost of good-looking breasts like hers.

"Hey!" chirped Emma, appearing around the desk with an armful of books.

In the time since Alice had last seen her, Emma had gone more outrageous with her look. She'd applied colorful mascara to her lashes, added a few sequin sparkles to the corners of her eyes, redid her lipstick so it faded from blue in the middle to purple on the outside, and also gotten a few collagen injections to make her lips really pop and stand out from her face.

Hmm, maybe Emma hadn't done all that herself. But if she hadn't, then was something...changing her? Alice pushed the thought out of her mind. Maybe she was reading too many books about curses and contagions. It was clear, at least, that Emma lavished attention on her lips. If only she knew how to take care of her lips like that, Alice thought to herself.

"Ready to check out?" Alice asked.

"Yep! Found some really beautiful stuff I'm gonna use at my salon. You should come once I open!" Emma offered.

Alice smiled and half-nodded as she scanned each of Emma's big art books. "Yeah," she said, in a way that wasn't a commitment.

"Ooh! I could give you a little taste of it now. Come on, you're wearing chapstick, you can use a little color," Emma said. She must have seen Alice's wary look, because she added, "I'm not gonna do all this to you." She rolled her eyes as she gestured at her face.

After a moment, Alice said, "Okay, sure." She rolled her chair closer to the counter and leaned forward. It couldn't hurt, and Emma's offer felt like she was sincerely trying to help her.

Emma set down her purse and drew out what looked like a set of pastels, except each was a small tube of lipstick. Her fingers wiggled over the choices, until she picked out a warm, summery pink. With one hand, she picked up Alice's chin. With the other, Emma began to paint the pink across Alice's lips in quick, skillful strokes, like an oil painting.

Each push of the lipstick made Alice's lips push back. As they grew rounder and thicker, they were also swelling forward, standing out more against the rest of Alice's face. One coat alone wasn't enough, and the more Emma layered on the lipstick, the smoother the pink gloss became. Alice's mouth was tingling by the time Emma finished with her lips.

"Let me take your glasses," she said, plucking the big black frames off of Alice's nose. Alice squinted a bit, then just closed her eyes and let Emma work her magic with an applier brush and her palette of eye shadow. The brushes tickled her skin, but she did her best to keep still with her eyes closed.

Emma set Alice's glasses back on her nose. When Alice opened her eyes, she was looking into a mirror. She pouted her inflated, glossy lips at herself. Then she pulled them together, forcing them to curl into a little smile. When she stopped trying, her lips bounced back into a slightly-parted pout, round, plush, and an orangeish-pink that matched her tee shirt well. A little dash of eyeliner helped her eyes to pop, next to the faint brush of orange eyeshadow around her eyes. Framing it all were her familiar pink-framed glasses.

"Wow," Alice said, with a little whistle at the end. "Thankth!" she said. She pursed her lips and tried again. "Thanks!"

"Like I said, come by my salon when it opens!" Emma chirped. She waved and headed for the door, her books under her arm.

Alice had just settled back into her chair when the housewife came back, carrying a few history books, and a stack of cookbooks she'd found. Alice took the books and started scanning them. The housewife started to gush about all the things she was going to try when she got home, pies and cookies and roasts and loafs of all kinds. Alice occasionally glanced up to nod at her, but mostly ended up looking at the woman's heavy bust, hitched up high by her dress. Had they been that prominent before? She hadn't paid attention. They weren't quite as large as Alice's breasts, though.

"You sure you can carry those?" Alice asked, pushing the twelve-book stack toward the woman.

"Of course! They're home-grown," she said. Alice didn't know what she meant until she followed the woman's eyes down to Alice's own bust. The housewife must have picked up on the way that Alice had been looking at her breasts. Hmmph, some women were just judgy. There was nothing wrong with getting some help in the big boobs department.

"I mean the books. In heels like yours it's gotta be hard," Alice said. "I feel like such a ditz in mine."

The woman smiled. "Oh, it's no problem for me! Just lots of practice," she said. With that, she gathered the books up, propped them against her hips, and swished out the door. Even if the woman had been bragging, she was way more confident in her shoes than Alice.

Beneath her chair, Alice's heels clung to her feet tightly. The padded plastic almost gripped the arch of her foot as it cranked her heels up higher. Her toes curled a little more, enough to make her tendons tremble and ache. Then, with a rush of relief like a cool breeze, her legs felt normal again. She'd been wearing heels since as long as she could remember. At least, as far as she knew.

Alice pushed her chair back and swung her feet forward to look at her heels. Candy pink bright enough that they seemed to glow, even beneath the desk, with a short platform hiking up her feet, and six inches of heel behind it to make her strut with each step. She could have gone for cuter shoes, with higher heels and platforms, but wasn't going to risk it with her poor coordination.

The front door swung open again. The newest patron came strutting in wearing fuzzy boots and a fur jacket that cut off at the midriff. Between her tube top and miniskirt, she looked like she was ready to go clubbing at eleven 'o clock in the morning. Her hair wasn't blonde, it was platinum—barely any color to it. It hung down past her shoulders like pristine sheets of metal.

"Hi, welcome to—"

The club girl popped an earbud out of her ear and smacked some gum in her mouth. "You guys have CDs? Like music?" she asked.

"Right over here," Alice said. She rose onto her platforms and led the girl over to the racks of CDs beside their reading area. The girl was barely paying attention to Alice, so she could freely look her body up and down. Stuffed into her miniskirt was a bubble butt that looked like it was trying to escape her skirt. Alice could only think wistfully of how good an ass like that must make her panties look.

"Here's our CDs. They're alphabetical by artist's last name," she said. The girl just popped her earbud back in and started looking through the racks.

As Alice walked back toward her desk, she rubbed her hand across her backside. She hooked a finger through a belt loop in her jeans and tugged them up. She had a pretty small butt and the seat wasn't that cushioned, so when she sat around for a while, she got a bit numb from time to time.

A faint gasp fell from her mouth. Alice's hand still rested on the seat of her pants. Her butt was swelling out against her fingers and pushing into her palm. The fabric of her jeans tightened and grew smoother to the touch. Her hips swelled along with her ass, pushing her thighs closer together in the middle and widening outward to keep pace with her round rear.

She blinked, shook her head, and sunk her fingers into her soft, rounded ass. The round cheeks were gently squeezed inside her pale pink shorts. Along with her breasts, they gave her a nice jiggle when she walked. Paired with her wide hips, her ass could make any pair of panties look good. Plus, now that she was in shorts, her gorgeous legs were on display, all the way from her propped-up ankles to her thick mid-thighs.

Alice was strutting back to her desk, but on the way, she heard a raised voice coming from down in the shelves. "...well screw you. You wanna play this game, I'll just take my fuckin' tits somewhere else!"

Alice recognized the trashy woman's voice and marched straight to the health section. The woman had her cell phone to her ear and an angry, distracted look in her eyes. Alice forgot her own shyness as she pulled the cell phone right from the hands of the fake-titted woman and punched the 'end call' button.

"Ma'am, no phone calls in the library. Take it outside if you have to," Alice said, pouting her plump lips as sternly as possible. The most she could manage was turning down the corners of her mouth a bit, but it was something, at least.

The woman huffed and snatched her phone back. Her spandex top looked as if she had tried to cram even more silicone into it. Alice could see the outlines of her nipples.

"Fine, I was done talkin' to him anyway," she grumbled, shoving her phone in her purse. She began to pull out a cigarette box, but a dirty pout from Alice stopped her. "Come on! Okay, fine. This place got anything on divorce law?" she asked.

"One aisle over, right on the end," Alice said, pointing.

As the woman gathered up her plastic surgery books, Alice heard her grumbling about a sore back. The thought made Alice touch the top of her own breasts and rub across the taut skin there.

Little creaks and groans rose from Alice's chest. The new material swelling up inside of her didn't add that much volume, but it was still enough to push her up to the next cup size. Her breasts were one step less believably big. They still looked good, not fake globes like the trampy woman's tits, but it was a fake sort of good.

As Alice's tits bounced in front of her, her top shifted again. It clung even more snugly to her chest, and wrapped around her stomach too, reaching down almost to the hem of her shorts. The fabric was lighter and thinner, and the neckline widened as her sleeves shrunk away.

Yeah, Alice thought, big breasts were a lot of work, but that's why she had her bra to help her out. The pink straps were visible beside the orange straps of her tank top, trimmed with yellow for a bright, fun color scheme. The v-neck of her tank top plunged down into her cleavage, showing off a lot, including the edges of her bra cups sometimes. Alice didn't get her implants just to hide them, after all.



After plopping her soft butt back into the seat, Alice finally had a moment to herself again. She dug into her bag, grabbing out her phone and her hair brush. With one hand, she started brushing out her hair and freshening up her curls. With the other, she scrolled through her phone. Emma's sister had replied to her message, saying she'd noticed something was up, but she couldn't talk about it right now, because she was in the middle of a camshow. Alice sent a reply back, asking if she meant she was doing one of her online game streams again.

Maybe nothing weird was happening. Alice still had an odd feeling in the pit of her stomach, but it was possible she was just imagining people changing in front of her eyes. She needed something to take her mind off of it for a little while.

With the rest of the library quiet, Alice got out her book again. She put aside her brush and just played with her thick, naturally red mane. Her fingers twirled along the curls and tugged at the bouncy locks. With her other hand, she held open her book, sinking back down into fantasy intrigue.

The only elven ambassador to the dragons had been struck with lycanthropy on her journey to the dragon summit. As the moon waxed each day, her primal instincts were rising, and her silky white hair was turning fierce red.

Alice's permanent pout bent in a small smile. Hee hee, just like her hair. The way the elf ambassador was making advances at her human guardian just made her wish she had some sexy paladin of her own to hit on.

"Hey," someone said sharply. Alice's head snapped up from the book. The sudden motion made her breasts nearly bounce out of her bra. Her lips hung open in a beestung 'O' as she refocused on the club girl standing in front of the desk. Definitely not the sexy paladin Alice had been hoping for.

"Oh, oops!" Alice squeaked a little, giggling bashfully. She took the girl's CDs and scanned each of them out. "It's a really good book," she said. The club girl gave Alice a blank, get-on-with-it expression that told her she wasn't much of a reader.

"Here you go!" Alice said, pushing the CDs toward the club girl with the receipt stuck inside. She didn't say anything as she took them and walked out. Alice watched the girl's butt wiggle in her shorts as she walked away. That cute butt was almost enough to make Alice want to go out clubbing, but she knew she'd step on people's feet and bump her tits into people and end up with a drink spilled on her chest. She was too clumsy to go to a club.

Alice began to rise up in her seat, like she was about to slip right out of it. She squeaked and grabbed both sides of the cushion, crossing her legs around the pole. Beneath her, her ass thickened with more soft padding, adding more bounce to her butt and more width to her waist. Her shorts were

just at the point where the seams would stretch when they rearranged themselves, opening up into a hip-hugging yellow skirt, with the straps of her pink thong poking out around her hips.

Oh my gawd, if she was almost falling out of her chair, there was no way she was going to a club. She popped up out of the chair and landed on her platform heels. A quick tug kept her skirt from riding up. If she was in danger of falling off her chair, she'd just read standing up. She bent over in front of the counter and tugged her book back open, standing with her ass stuck out in back and cleavage on display in front.

Alice plucked a pen from the jar behind the counter and stuck the end in her mouth to chew on. Her lips needed something between them, or they'd start tingling like crazy and she'd have to redo her lipstick. Her big, pink pillows worked around the shaft of the pen. She tapped her teeth against the plastic tip.

As she stood there, bent over the countertop, her chest was stuck out far enough that it rested on the counter. Alice shifted her feet and her chest moved against the countertop. She felt the push and drag even through two layers of fabric—her nipples were just that sensitive. She bit down on the pen and started rocking one knee slowly, to rub herself back and forth against the counter.

Somehow, she could do all of this without pulling herself out of the book. The elf ambassador had been locked in her room at the border garrison for the night, with a female guard to watch her. The elf was grinding up against her guard, desperate for a bit of relief. The book described her wild, bright red hair like a mane of fur.

Alice paused, pulling a lock of hair curled around her finger into view. She pushed her pink glasses back up her nose and smiled at her hair. She wasn't far off from a redheaded mane of fur herself, she thought. She stood up for a moment to gather her thick curls and toss them all behind her back, where they spilled down past her shoulder blades.

Alice looked down at her fingers again. There was one little thing she was missing from her 'look'. She leaned over to search her bag until she found the pink bottle she was looking for. She stopped her reading for a minute, long enough to paint all the nails on her left hand. While her nail polish on one hand dried, she could hold her book with the other hand and keep reading. She would have loved to get long nails, but the thought of trying to shelve books or turn pages with big talons made her stick with her regular nails.

Alice switched hands once her left hand was dry, painting her right nails as well. She'd gone back to reading, book held in her left hand, when the front door opened up, and in came a clueless-looking girl.

Alice loved the new girl's style: bright pink spaghetti-strap dress, thick brown hair, and glittering golden jewelry. She had on a choker necklace, too, and while she didn't have quite the bust that Alice did, it was round and perky, and she had some amazing hips that seemed to be ready to pop out of her dress.

For what felt like the first time in her life, Alice looked prettier than another girl. It wasn't conceited, it was more of a realization that she could actually look good herself. It didn't stop Alice from being her naturally shy self, but it brought a confident glow to her customer-service smile.

"Hi, welcome to the library!" Alice said. She straightened up and fanned her wet nails. "Anything I can help you find?"

The girl blinked at Alice a few times before she seemed to realize where she was. "Sorry, I've just been...so spacey lately, it's weird," she said.

Alice chuckled and rolled her eyes. "I know, right? Today's been like, really weird."

"Um, I think I was looking for...just some nice fiction?" she said as if it was a question, scratching her head.

All thoughts of fashion and figures suddenly left Alice's mind. She was talking book recommendations now, and those were much more important. "Ooh, if you like fantasy, I'm reading the *Elvenwulf Chronicles*. It's like, got all the worldbuilding of *Lord of the Rings* but like, a really modern sorta attitude toward sexuality," Alice said, holding up her copy of *Wolf Among Dragons: Book One of the Elvenwulf Chronicles*.

The girl's vacant expression grew brighter and more animated. "That sounds...pretty neat," she said. Her lipstick sparkled as she smiled. Alice was glad that her enthusiasm was rubbing off on her.

"Cool, I'll show you!" Alice said. As she beckoned the girl over to the fiction section, she carefully laid her right hand on top of her cleavage. "Just did my nails," she said, and the girl nodded like she understood.

"Her books are all here—if you want sci-fi instead, she's got this like, really good high concept stuff too, that's the *Fundamentals Saga*," she said. She pointed a pink nail at the cover of one of the books.

"Thanks," the girl said. There was an eager look in her eye, like she'd remembered her own enthusiasm.

Alice chirped, "No problem!" and wiggled her way back to her desk, where the fake-boobed brunette was waiting. She was leaning with her tits resting on the counter, stretching her top to the point where the spandex was almost becoming translucent.

Alice pointed at the woman's chest leaning on the counter and said, "Oh my god, I do that too sometimes." Alice slipped into her seat and pulled the books over to check them out. In her stack of books were a few titles on plastic surgery, and two of the 'so you want to get a divorce' genre.

"Gotta go big if you want the young guys," the woman said, rubbing her fingertips across her cleavage in a way that made Alice want to give herself a little massage too.

"Oh, neat, so you're like a cougar?" Alice asked. She pushed the checked-out books back across the counter toward her.

"Yeah, I am now," the woman said. A sly grin was growing from the corner of her mouth. She was eyeing the cover of the divorce book on the top of the stack.

"Cool, thanks for stopping by!" Alice said. She gave the woman a wave as she turned and left.

Pouting her pink lips a little more than usual, Alice let her thoughts linger on the woman's breasts. They looked great and huge and fake, and made Alice a little jealous, but she definitely didn't want to look as trashy as that woman did.

Alice's eyelids fluttered and a low moan lingered back in her throat. Her tank top lost its midriff. The fabric rolled upwards, until it covered nothing from the bottom of her ribs down to the straps of her thong. It was still orange trimmed with yellow, and the bright pink of her bra strap still stood out against her shoulders. The fabric was pulled so tight, the outline of her bra was visible through the tank top.

The neckline of her tank top plunged deeper. It wasn't the fabric changing, though—it was her breasts, swelling out heavier, surging forward to stretch her tank top tighter. With a faint gshh-gllk of silicone flowing in, they bulged out another cup size. More of her bra peeked out around her cleavage, offering a flash of sharp pink against the orange and yellow. Though they still avoided a fake, spherical look, it was impossible to deny that they had been pumped up. They defied gravity just a little too much.

Alice's body calmed down and she took a few breaths to steady herself. The last thing she remembered, she was thinking about the new cougar's tits. Sure, Alice had big fake boobs of her own, but hers were large and perky, not huge and firm. Plus, she was sweet and friendly and a little shy, not loud and mean. She didn't have to worry about ending up like that lady.

Alice grabbed her chewing pen and stuck it between her thickly cushioned lips. She leaned on the countertop so she could keep rubbing her chest against it. One leg bent up at the knee behind her, she buried herself in her book again. After another night of frustration, the elf was desperate and

exhausted. Her urges started to bleed over into the daytime. Alice could *so* sympathize with the elf being distracted and horny.

When the girl in the pink dress came back to the desk, she had two armfuls of novels squished against her breasts. She unloaded all of them onto the counter. Alice put away her book and stood up. Her nipples poked out against her tank top, even through her bra.

"Oh-em-gee, these are some really good ones!" she squeaked, turning over one of the other thick fantasy novels the girl had picked out to take a look at the cover. "I like, love the prose in this one," she said, scanning it, picking up another, "Ooh and you've gotta tell me what this one is like!"

With twelve books all checked out, Alice packed them all up into a bag for the girl. The girl was smiling and bobbing eagerly as they chatted about the books. Alice noticed that her dress looked more snug around the chest and the girl's lips had plumped up cutely. For a moment, she thought that she might like to kiss the girl who was taking after her own looks. But then, her shyness swelled up again, and she wanted to just say 'thanks, come again' and let the girl walk away.

Come on, don't be shy now, Alice told herself. She's cute and she's into books you like. Go for it!

"You wanna...like, get coffee sometime?" Alice blurted out. The girl looked surprised, but then giggled and said yes. Alice dug out her phone so the girl could give Alice her number.

"Thanks for the books and see you soon and stuff!" the girl chirped.

"Bye!" Alice said, then glanced down at her phone. She'd put in her name: Rebecca. "Bye, Rebecca!"

So she wouldn't forget, she texted Rebecca with her name and suggested tomorrow at seven for their coffee date. Alice didn't really...go on dates, or have girlfriends, or any of that stuff, so it was exciting, even if it was just coffee.

Alice opened up her book again. She squeezed herself against the counter and sucked on her chewing pen as she got back to reading. She wasn't the sort of girl who enjoyed big, noisy nights out. She preferred the sort of situation she had right now, most nights. A good book, some peace and quiet...

And a hand sliding down beneath her skirt.

Thank god the library was finally empty. Maybe now she could get rid of all that pent up heat.