

The Library
By Princess_Lil

With a special thanks to Areli for providing some ghostly whispers

Her silver painted nails were talons. Filed down into fine, sharp points, they were distressing to be around. She wielded them with full knowledge of how scary they looked, happy to point at Lil, to almost scratch against her skin with each passing touch supposedly meant to comfort the nervous applicant.

“You look like a fine woman. The exact type I want on my staff.”

A librarian position for a private manor was the exact sort of quiet job Lil wanted. Something where she wouldn't have to interact with many people, scented by the wonderful smell of books, and – most importantly – her employer was kinda hot. If terrifying.

Beyond her sharp nails, Miss Dollaise was tall – taller than Lil by a few inches – but the heels she wore made her tower over the redhead. Her attitude was strict and domineering. She spoke down to Lil like she was a pet. The black slit dress teased one of her long legs covered in fishnets, and it put her full cleavage on display.

“You'll familiarize yourself with the library. Every last book, every last inch, I need you to be able to know when a speck of dust is new and where it should go.” She glanced down at the nervous soon-to-be-librarian. “And that's in the bin. Don't call the maid for something so simple. Or else you'll be in trouble.”

“*God, maybe I wanna be in trouble.*” Lil thought. She was wiser when she opened her mouth, “Yes ma'am!”

“As for your clothes, they're a bit too wild. Consider something a bit more professional and befitting of a librarian – something a bit more elegant. The lady of the house greatly appreciates the understated.”

“Does she...” Lil took another look over Miss Dollaise and nodded. “Well, I'll make sure to—”

“But keep the bowtie. It gives you some extra flair.” She pointed at Lil's white, blue, and pink bowtie.

“Sure thing.” Lil leaned back in the chair, already celebrating the new job. Being a live-in librarian was pretty cool, she'd have so many stories to tell by the end of her tenure. Not that she was already thinking about leaving. “My only question is ‘When do I start?’”

“Tomorrow morning. I'd offer now, but I'd prefer you have a chance to really prepare for your first day. You need to go grab some personal belongings before you start, anyways. At least a

computer or a laptop and some proper outfits. Of course, you'll have the weekends to yourself. Be careful – It's a bit of a trip back to town. Drive safe."

"Uh... right. Tomorrow morning. I'll be all prepared by then."

—

"The library is this way," Miss Dollaise gestured down a hall. "Center door on your left."

"Yes ma'am." Lil quickly made her way to the library. She was wearing a more fitting outfit for her new job – a long black slit skirt not too dissimilar from Miss Dollaise's dress. Though, where Miss Dollaise had a cleavage baring dress, Lil stuck with a white shirt more befitting a business woman aside from the ruffles and the needless bowtie.

Lil flung the doors open. Her eyes widened – this was bigger than she imagined! Hell, this was bigger than the libraries she had back in school! The shelves were stacked with book after book, and Lil couldn't wait to dive in and figure out what each and every book was, how they were organized, and how many she'd be allowed to read.

She busied herself all day trying to learn what books were in the library and what the collection consisted of, but by the end of the evening – with some healthy breaks given to her by Miss Dollaise – Lil felt accomplished. She'd need weeks or even months to know what every book in the library was, but she had an idea of what kind of library this was.

A fiction library.

Everything inside these books were fictional tales. Some were collections, some were novellas, and some were epic, multi-part tales.

As evening loomed, Lil felt the hair on the back of her neck rise. The unsettling feelings of static building up caused her to shiver. Lil saw her breath and shivered. She felt a presence in the library standing right there with her.

Lil wasn't the superstitious type. She didn't believe in ghosts or zombies or demons or anything of the sort.

However, she was genre aware.

"Nope... nuhuh." Lil headed to the doors of the library just to find them locked. "No way." She tugged on the doors. "Someone! The library doors are jammed! Someone?" she shouted.

It was okay. Just fine. Nothing spooky was going on. That feeling of someone peering over her shoulder, cold face pressing against hers was just... a feeling. A strangely specific feeling.

A woman's giggle echoed through the library.

"Oh... shit. Maybe she's a hot ghost. ...maybe as hot as Miss Dollaise." Lil should've known a woman that hot working here was a red flag. "Uh... hello, ghost?" Lil stumbled away from the doors. At least with the lights on, this cold wasn't as worrying. Ghosts always played with the lights, right?

A book fell from a shelf.

Lil squeaked but turned to where the book fell. "Oh dammit," she murmured. She walked over to the book and leaned down to pick it up.

She felt a coolness against her skin – she swore she could feel lips against her ears.

"Read it~"

Lil gulped. There was the window. She could break through it. Just run away and never come back to this place. Probably for the best, right? She didn't believe in ghosts. They couldn't hurt her. She didn't believe in them. One definitely wasn't pressed against her with a soft, cool body that—wait, body?

Lil bolted upright. There was no one there, of course. It was just her, alone in the library. And the book was in her hands.

She didn't remember picking it up! But the leather covering on it felt so right against her fingers. It was old, maybe the oldest book Lil ever held. She thumbed it open, admiring the feeling of the old paper. It was still soft – it must have been treated very well. And it looked to be a collection of short stories too – her favorite.

She trembled as she ran her fingers across the pages before opening to the table of contents.

Her vision glazed. She fell backward right onto a comfortable chair. "Wait..." she could feel something being pulled. It felt like it was coming from her back where she couldn't quite reach even if she could take her hands off the inviting tome.

"Read it~"

"But that doesn't feel... feel..." Lil trailed off. She struggled to move her head. Something was still being pulled out from behind her back. She shook herself out of her daze once more, but she couldn't move. She watched as her fingers changed in front of her. A slight unnatural sheen to them as her joints became clearly artificial. Like that of a doll's.

"H-hey!" she could feel a stiffness running up under her blouse. At her elbows, she felt them reshaping. She could feel her toes doing the same. She was becoming some ball jointed dolly!

She struggled for a second before the ghost voice returned.

“Read it~!”

Lil’s body, beyond her control, lifted the book up closer to her face. Lil felt that strange stiffness running up her chest, her neck, and finally it made it to her face.

The pull string in her back, now a part of her, slipped and started sliding inward. Lil relaxed with the book and smiled with her prettied up doll face.

“Hello, and welcome to story time with Lil. Today, I have a fun story for you. Of a woman in need of a new job and being the perfect candidate to work it forever~”