

Nicole—Arousal in the Archives

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Viktor leaned against the window pane of his apartment, staring out over the lights of the city. He was strangely alone. He had no idea what kind of mischief that faerie was getting up to. He would have thought that having a night to his own thoughts would be nice. He was wrong.

His fist thumped against the cool glass of the bay window in a muted protest. Finding no solace in the view of the uncaring city, he turned and strode through the living room. He sank down into the soft embrace of the leather couch. There was a flat screen television on the wall, a sleek black coffee table, and a pair of matched bookcases tastefully displaying the beautiful hardcover books he'd collected.

Those were one of the few things he didn't regret about the last year. It was a passion Fantasia allowed him to indulge, partly because it looked impressive to the women he brought home. Most of them probably thought he didn't read, only kept them for show.

He pushed himself off the couch, tugging the silk tie from around his throat. It was too tight. He walked to the bedroom, kicking off his Italian leather shoes and unbuttoning the silk shirt. The fabric whispered against his skin as he threw himself on the bed, expansive and lonely. He stared at the ceiling for a moment. He could have gone out. The car keys were right by the door. He could go anywhere.

The thought brought a pang of desperation. No, Viktor realized, he couldn't. Fantasia wouldn't be tricked out of her fun. To think just a year ago he had been nobody, a nerd without a chance to catch the attention of the girl of his dreams. He could still remember the day his life had changed with absolute clarity. He often thought back to that moment,

wondering what he could have done differently. Staring at the ceiling, his mind began to tread the familiar paths of memory back to that day...

Rubbing his clammy palms against the coarse fabric of his cargo pants, Viktor climbed the stairs to the library doors. He shifted his backpack a little higher on his shoulders and pushed through the door. It took a moment for his eyes to adjust to the interior after the bright sunlight of outside and he took the opportunity to pull off his glasses and rub the lenses on the edge of his t-shirt in a futile attempt to clear them.

The weekend meant the library was blissfully empty except for a few of the most studious types. Just the way Viktor liked it. He ran a hand through his unkempt hair and headed for the front desk, trying to pretend this was just his every day library stop. After all, that's what it was- sort of. Sarah smiled when he paused by the front desk.

"Oh, hi Viktor!" He sounded actually pleased to see him and Viktor smiled shyly back. Sarah was probably the closest thing he had to a friend that didn't exist solely through the internet. He pulled his backpack off one shoulder and dug into it.

"Hey Sarah, I brought you that book I told you about last week." He pulled the paperback from the pocket and slid it across the desk.

"Oh thanks! It sounded so interesting. This past week has been so busy, I'm looking forward to having some free time this weekend." She leaned her elbows onto the desk and he couldn't help but glance down the barely unbuttoned top of her blouse. Disappointingly, he couldn't see much.

"Yeah, I've got more homework to do, calculus and such." Viktor sighed.

"I'm taking calculus too!" She twisted some of her hair around one of her fingers and Viktor fidgeted. It wasn't that he didn't like talking to Sarah, he just wanted to get on into the library. "It's kind of hard though, I really need to find someone to help me out in it."

"Well there are a lot of good tutors, you should check out the bulletin board in the math building." He hitched his backpack onto his shoulders again.

"I guess I should." She frowned a little at his shoulder when he started to turn away, then brightened a little. "Did you hear that Iron Circle is going to be in town for a concert next week?" Viktor hesitated.

"Really?" He grinned. "That's awesome, I didn't think they ever came here. They're my favorite!"

"Yeah, I was thinking about going next Saturday, but I don't really want to go alone." She glanced down at the book on the desk top and he scratched his head.

"Wow, well I hope you find someone to go with. You'll have to tell me all about it. I'd better go though, I've got this book to read for Literature..." he quickly turned and ducked into the shelves before she could catch him in further conversation. He wove through them easily, the layout of the library practically embedded in his memory by now. He'd spent a lot of time among these hallowed shelves.

Finally, he reached his goal. In an open area between shelves was a communal study area full of tables. He stayed on the back side of the shelves from it, peering through the gaps between books to take stock of the situation.

There she was. He wasn't sure why he kept trying to show up at the library at the same time as the cute, petite brunette. He'd never get up the nerve to ask her out. Today she was sitting at her usual table, a neat stack of books next to her. Most of them were programming or digital ethics, but he thought he saw the well-worn spine of a classic tucked in there. Maybe it was wishful thinking. Sitting next to her was a busty blonde flipping through a magazine, occasionally trying to distract the brunette with some snippet of gossip or other.

Viktor sighed and pulled the book he needed off the shelf. He'd read *Don Quixote* before which made it the perfect cover book. It was on the list for his lit class and he could answer questions about it if anyone (like that girl) ever came over to talk to him about it even if he hadn't actually been reading. He cringed a little at the thought. It made him sound like a total creeper. He guessed that was his lot in life. The overweight, bookish nerd in the corner mouth-breathing over pretty girls way out of his league.

He rounded the bookshelf into the common area and dropped into one of the uncomfortable hard backed chairs with a good view of the rest of the room. Flipping open the cover, he busied himself with looking busy while he eyed the girl over the top of the pages. She was delicate with long dark hair that was really more than just brown. It was jet black, like a night without stars. A high-pitched giggle interrupted the quiet of the room.

"Nicole, you've got to read this!" The busty blonde next to her shoved her magazine in front of the girl's—Nicole's—face. She wrinkled her nose a little and hushed her friend.

"Shh, people are trying to read." She hissed back. In the quiet room, her soft voice carried well. Viktor was momentarily grateful to Bimbo. She had granted him the name of his muse. Nicole. It was a pretty name, he decided immediately, and suited her pretty well.

If only she had bigger tits, he mused, propping up his chin on one hand and angling the book up in his other, shaking it a little to try and get the page to turn even though he hadn't read more than two words. Smart, pretty, and busty would make her the perfect girl for him. Still, two out of three wasn't bad. If only she even knew he existed.

Now the rack on the blond wasn't bad. He wondered what it would look like on Nicole. His eyes unfocused a little as his mind wandered down that trail of thought. It couldn't happen all at once though. What if her breasts grew? He could practically see it happening.

It was subtle, first. She hardly noticed as she leaned over her notes, brow furrowing a little as she tried to work through some problem or another. The fabric of her boyish t-shirt started to shift, filling out as her breasts swelled. She probably wasn't wearing a bra either, so as they grew her nipples would brush and rub against the coarse fabric.

Nicole's breath caught in her throat and her eyes widened as she looked down at her rapidly ballooning chest. She pushed back from the table to try and give herself room, but her breasts, now easily the equal of her friend's, simply sprang up perkily. She crossed her arms over her chest, trying to hold down the soft mounds. The added pressure only elicited a soft moan from her lips before she had a chance to stop herself.

Bimbo noticed and gasped, dropping her magazine. "What's going on?" Her manicured nails grabbed Nicole's wrists, pulling her hands away from her chest just in time to see her shirt begin to rip down the middle, flesh bulging through the shredded holes until it just gave way completely, leaving her huge breasts and long, hard nipples bare to the air.

"My breasts, they're growing!" Nicole gasped out, her head falling back against the back of her chair. "But it feels so good!" The blonde cupped her huge breasts, eyes wide with envy as she lowered her lips to the fat, lush nipple.

"No, wait! This isn't right." The dark haired girl stammered, her head falling back. A moan broke her stream of protests as Bimbo slowly peeled the remaining shreds of her shirt off.

"I can't be doing this with another girl," Nicole whispered, but her hands didn't move to stop the taller girl from kneeling down on the library carpet and slowly pulling down the zipper of her pants. Instead her hands kneaded and caressed her own breasts, so huge now that unless she held them out of the way she couldn't see what Bimbo was doing in her lap.

"I just can't help it," she cried as she pushed one of her nipples up towards her own mouth, pretty little lips closing around a puffy nipple that seemed far too large for them. Nicole's eyes closed in blissful pleasure. At the other girl's urging, she lifted her hips and let her cargo pants slide off and fall to the floor. She wasn't wearing any panties either, and already there was a damp spot on the chair where her arousal had soaked through her pants. Bimbo lifted the smaller girl's legs up over the arms of the chair, spreading her tiny pussy.

"Wow, you're so wet." The blonde chirped as she slid one finger slowly over Nicole's slick lips. "It must feel so good."

"It doooooes," Nicole moaned, the nipple popping out of her mouth with a thin string of saliva still connecting it to her lips. She pressed her breasts together and stretched her mouth wide to take both nipples in her mouth at the same time. Her hands squished and rubbed her huge boobs, her moans muffled.

Bimbo swept her blonde hair back with one hand so it wouldn't get into her face and leaned in close. The tip of her tongue flicked delicately over the other girl's tiny clit, making her squirm and thrash in the chair. But the blonde's manicured hands kept a firm grip on her ankles, holding Nicole's legs in place over the arms of the chair so she had free access to that dripping slit.

Lips slick and shiny from the petite girl's arousal, Bimbo pulled Nicole's head away from her nipples and kissed her, passing the taste of her pussy with dueling tongues

and wet, sliding lips, crushing their breasts between them. Bimbo's shirt had been pushed up at some point over her modest rack and she wasn't wearing a bra either. Her now much smaller breasts were almost lost in Nicole's huge tits.

"Oh please, touch my nipples," Nicole begged, squishing her breasts between her arms as if offering them up. Her friend cupped her own breasts and leaned in to slowly rub her small, hard little nipples against those newly large, soft ones. They flicked back and forth until both girls were writhing, arousal dripping down their naked thighs—

A tap on his shoulder woke Viktor from his daydream and he jerked sharply upright in his chair. It jostled his glasses askew and he muttered an apology as he pushed them back into place. His vision focused and his mouth went dry when he saw Nicole standing in front of him in her World of Warcraft shirt. He swallowed and licked his lips, then realized he was staring at her chest, which was still disappointingly flat.

"Sorry to bother you, but I can't reach a book I need. Could you help me?" She smiled and his heart thudded painfully in his chest.

"Y-yeah, of course. Which one?" He pushed himself to his feet as she pointed out which book she needed, only belatedly realizing that his cargo pants did nothing to hide the massive tent he was pitching. He pulled the book down and noticed her eyes flick down to his crotch, then back up to his face. Viktor blushed furiously.

"Thanks." Her face was unreadable as she turned to go. He slumped back into his chair. A minute later, a spat of laughter made him look up. He caught the blonde looking at him, still giggling. Nicole smacked her arm, but Viktor knew when he was the one being laughed at. But his damn boner wouldn't go down!

Carefully he stood and grabbed his backpack, holding his book and bag at roughly crotch level as he sidled out of the study area. He heard a renewed spat of laughter and a lough shushing follow his exit. He wandered the shelves blindly, avoiding people whenever he heard them to try and find somewhere private to wait for his body to calm down.

After a few unsuccessful detours, he found his way to the basement archives. Hardly anyone came down there so he finally felt like he could drop his stuff in one of the dusty chairs and sit down, willing his erection to subside. He was completely humiliated. So much for ever having a chance with that girl. His dick jumped at the thought of her and he scowled. How could he still be turned on by her? Shouldn't he be angry because she shared his humiliation with her friend?

Now that bimbo was easy to be mad at. Sure she was gorgeous, but she was obviously a shallow airhead. Probably a slut too, he sneered, ignoring the part she'd played in his so recent fantasy. Now Nicole, she obviously had her head on straight. None of this fussing with hair and make-up and heels, just a good brain and a cute face.

He groaned and buried his face in his hands. He couldn't get her out of his head!

"That looks like a little soldier who hasn't seen any action in a while," a tiny voice chimed over his shoulder cheerfully. He twisted, looking around wildly to find the source. First, he saw nothing. Then something flashed past his face in a blur. Viktor yelped and

scrambled to his feet, his flailing knocking over a nearby stack of books. He coughed, wheezing through the resulting dust cloud, eyes squeezed shut.

He opened his eyes again and this time stared, slack jawed. A tiny Barbie doll-sized woman hovered in front of him, pretty gossamer wings buzzing in the air behind her. His first thought was Tinker Bell. Besides the wings and blonde hair, though, this faerie was nothing like the cartoon version. Her body would have been at home in any man's wet dream, huge breasts barely contained inside of a tight tube top and tiny shorts showing just a little cheek, as if her curvaceous ass couldn't quite be contained.

Wait, what was he thinking? He shook his head, hard. Faeries didn't exist! He closed his eyes, but when he blinked them open again she was still hovering there, now only inches from his face.

"What... what the hell?!" He stammered, eyes wide. He had to be hallucinating. His heart was racing—could he have been drugged? His mind raced, trying to come up with a rational explanation for what his eyes told him he was seeing.

"Boo!" She giggled. Startled out of his shock, Viktor yelped and stumbled backwards. He tripped over his backpack and fell into the chair he'd abandoned just a minute ago, blinking madly. But it—she—whatever it was, was gone. Systematically, he reached up and pulled off his glasses, rubbing them on the edge of his t-shirt.

Someone must have smoked some strong shrooms down here if the fumes alone could make him hallucinate. That had to be it. He shook his head and slid his glass back into places, settling the lenses into place like armor. Clearly he was just horny and had suffered a hallucination from lingering fumes. Or something. Or maybe he was going crazy.

When the faerie didn't reappear though, he thought it was more likely some random episode. It did smell really musty down here. He restacked the books he'd knocked over and found the one he'd picked up earlier, flipping through it. At the very least he could read until the two girls left and his ever-present boner went down. Hopefully it would keep his mind off things. He couldn't keep still though, glancing over his shoulder. He kept thinking he saw things just at the edge of his vision, but whenever he turned there was nothing there.

He hadn't gotten more than a paragraph in when he heard footsteps on the old stairs. He scrambled for his backpack, pulling it into his lap to help hide his still pitched tent. He saw Sarah's long skirt and buttoned up blouse and sighed in mild relief. At least it wasn't one of the girls he was trying to avoid.

"Oh hi again, Sarah..." He trailed off a little as he got a better look at her face. Behind her neat, wire-framed glasses, her brown eyes were vacant. His eyes involuntarily drifted down, noting that a few more buttons of her blouse had somehow come undone, showing the top edge of a lacy camisole and a modest swell of cleavage hidden just beneath.

And snuggled right there in between, humongous breasts resting on top of the edge of lace, was the faerie! Her face was split with a huge grin, her blonde hair arrayed

around her and shining against Sarah's pale skin. Her wings, somehow, managed to keep from getting squished behind her and instead seemed to draw his attention to the soft tops of Sarah's breasts, only just visible. This isn't real, he told himself firmly. Maybe he'd fallen asleep over his book. He pinched himself and yelped. That hurt!

"Look here, little soldier, I brought you a present!" She cheered, suddenly thrusting herself out of Sarah's cleavage, hovering in the air over her shoulder instead. Her sudden exit caused the girl's breasts to bounce softly and Viktor swallowed, his throat suddenly dry.

"Be a good girly and show him the goods." The faerie buzzed down and her hand cracked across Sarah's ass with a surprisingly loud smack. "Tits against the book case!"

Viktor could only watch, dumbstruck, as Sarah turned and leaned against one of the bookcases, her chest pressed against the spines of dusty old volumes, her hands braced on the shelves. Her back arched and her legs straightened, the long skirt sweeping over the smooth curve of her rump.

"Sarah, wait, what're you doing?!" Clearly she was being controlled or something, Viktor thought wildly. "What are you doing to her?"

"Oh, nothing you won't both enjoy." The faerie teased. She looked over the presented Sarah for a moment, crossing her arms under her breasts and pushing them into her face, nuzzling the huge mounds thoughtfully. "No, no, this just won't do."

Tsking under her breath, she waved one of her hands. Sarah's long skirt began to shrink and fold in on itself until she was wearing just a tiny pleated skirt that framed her round ass perfectly, showing off the white lace thong she wore underneath. "Ooh, who knew she had such a naughty side underneath all those clothes! And now a last little kick—"

Sarah's skin rapidly flushed and as Viktor watched the crotch of her panties darkened with moisture. "Oooh," she moaned, one of her hands sliding off the shelf and caressing her breasts through her shirt. She wiggled her ass and arched her back again, eyes half-lidded. Her cheek pressed against the shelves so she could free both her hands, the second one sneaking down, fingers sliding under the edge of her panties.

"Uh-uh, none of that honey. Hands on the shelf!" The faerie's command rang out like a shot and immediately Sarah groaned and put her hands back on the shelf. She looked back over her shoulder at Viktor.

"Oh Viktor, please. I've been waiting for this for so long." She pouted, her hips gyrating as though she could grind herself against the air. The faerie flitted over to his shoulder, perching there as she tugged his ear and pointed towards the presented Sarah, a bit like a livestock auctioneer showing off his stock.

"Look at that, all nice and wrapped up for you. Sorry I didn't have a bow. Put that little soldier to work. Well, not so little I suppose." She giggled, leaning over to peer between her legs down the length of his body towards his hard, throbbing shaft as it fought against the constraints of his pants. Viktor shook his head violently, blushing in

embarrassment. He covered himself with both hands, trying not to look at Sarah. Her moaning and writhing made it awfully hard. If all of this was an illusion, it certainly felt very real to him, but he knew it wasn't right.

"You think I would—what kind of sick and twisted creature are you?!" Viktor spluttered. "This is... this is wrong! You're controlling her. It would be absolutely immoral, perverse. Absolutely not. I'll have no part of this. You let her go this instant!"

Her wings buzzed angrily. "How dare you! After I go through all this effort to do such a nice thing. Shows what I get for trying to be nice." Her voice rose to a high pitched shriek. "Perverse and immoral? I'll show you what you're missing you low-brow slug!"

She flung her hands at him and he thought he felt something hit his face like a puff of glitter. He shook his head but an instant later the feeling was gone. His erection throbbed painfully, straining the fabric of his pants. Heat suffused his body. Sarah's moan drew his attention back to her posing body. Viktor licked his lips. She was shifting her weight from foot to foot, trying to rub her thighs together to relieve her lust.

Viktor groaned and bit his lip. She looked so hot and so needy.

"Please Viktor, oh please fuck me." The dirty words should have shocked him, but all it did was make his heart beat faster. He could almost feel the blood rushing through his body, most of it settling between his legs. An indecent thought slipped in, a vision of him bent over her, his cock pounding into her waiting pussy. That drove him over the edge and his mind was crushed under a wave of pure lust.

He tore his pants open to free himself, dropping them around his knees. He stumbled to Sarah, folding his body over hers with a grunt. The sound of her head smacking against the shelf and her eager squeals only excited him further. His hands grappled and tore at her panties until they suddenly just weren't there anymore.

Digging his fingers into her hips, Viktor thrust, and animal growl reverberating in his throat. Her dripping wet folds were too much for his aching erection. His long denied release exploded, spilling his cum into her on the first thrust that buried him to the hilt in her silky tunnel. She whimpered and humped her hips back against him encouragingly.

If he had been in his right mind, he'd have been horrified at how quickly his release came. Instead, he felt his dick rising again. Distantly he could hear a high pitched voice rising above their moans and grunts, almost as if cheering them on. His shaft certainly seemed to like the outside encouragement.

Feeling Viktor swelling inside her again, Sarah renewed her gyrations. "Oh yeah, fuck me!" she squealed excitedly. Viktor grabbed the top of her camisole and tore it open, the remaining buttons on her blouse exploding out of the way. She was wearing a delicate lace demi-bra underneath, but in a heartbeat it was gone. Her breasts hung swollen and pendulous from her chest, swinging hard into the book case with every thrust.

They more than filled his hands and he reveled in the texture of the soft flush and the hard nipples rubbing against his palms. His fingers found the sensitive nibs. He tugged and squeezed and twisted until she shrieked and clamped down around him.

Her body bucked and it was all he could do to hold on. He couldn't hold back with her spasming around his shaft and came hard on the heels of her orgasm.

As they sank to the floor, his shaft tingled and jerked, not even going fully soft before he was horny and ready to go again. Sarah lay in a heap, cum trickling from between the folds of her pussy. Her blouse had fallen half off her shoulders and the loose fabric was trapped under her body, partly pinning her arms. Viktor grabbed one of her long, shapely legs and pushed her knee up to her shoulder as he drove back into her.

She was so wet now from both their orgasms that every one of his thrusts squelched in and out of her and a small pool of their combined fluids was collecting under her ass. The trails of liquid made her ass shine in the dim library light.

Her breasts bounced on her chest right in front of his eyes, too tempting for him to resist. His free hand caught one of the jiggling melons, brutally kneading and squeezing, feeling the flesh bulge between his fingers. Her eyes rolled back in her head as she screamed and bucked up against him, her sensitive body brought over the edge again. Relentlessly he lowered his mouth to her other tit, catching the nipple in his teeth. He nibbled and sucked, drawing out her orgasm with the sharp pressure of his teeth and fingers and the constant drilling of his hard cock.

He came again and again, but each time he was immediately ready to go again. He couldn't bring himself to stop even when Sarah stopped meeting his strokes with as much strength and her moaning softened to quiet mewls. She pawed at him languidly and whined if he so much as stopped for a breath. Sweat slicked their skin, making their bodies slide against each other hotly. He buried his face in her breasts.

He rolled her on her chest and pounded her from behind. The broad smack of his hand on her ass almost surprised him but the pleasure fogged any possibility of coherent thought. "That's right slut, you like it rough like this. You're begging for it," he taunted in a voice that was strangely harsh and sinister, and really didn't sound like him at all.

"Oh yesssss," she hissed, drool dribbling down her chin onto the carpet. Her glasses were still hanging on by one ear but were otherwise twisted off. Her face was slack with bliss, lips swollen and gaping open to avoid impeding the pants and moans and mewls that he drove from her body. "Just like that, harder. Use me like a cheap whore. I'm such a slut." She panted out, her voice throaty and hoarse from screaming.

It sounded wrong for Sarah—prim, proper Sarah—to be saying things like that. It was obscene and it turned him on that much more. He buried a hand in her hair and pulled her head back hard, using it as a handle to pull her body back against him. He shifted his hips a little, changed the angle and saw stars as he sank just that tiny bit deeper. She gasped and writhed. It was impossible to tell whether she was trying to get away or grind back harder though. He wasn't giving her a choice.

He could feel his balls throbbing, the telltale sign of yet another orgasm. He shouldn't have had so much in him and yet here he was. He could tell now that Sarah was close too, her body twitching from the sensitivity of too many climaxes too close

together. Relentlessly he shoved his free hand under her body and clumsily fumbled for her clit, rubbing it as she screamed and thrashed.

She was totally in his control, totally helpless under the waves of pleasure he was causing. Him! A feral grin split his face as he hammed her sopping pussy and roared his own orgasm. He ground deep into her, feeling spurt after spurt pulse through his dick in time to the beating of his heart. She convulsed around him, her body milking him of every drop. Time lost meaning as the orgasm went on and on until she was limp underneath him and his own vision turned blurry and spotted with stars.

By the time he finally stopped cumming, he was ready to beg for mercy. He panted, completely exhausted, only aware of the overwhelming heat that was building between his and Sarah's bodies. This wasn't sexual but raw physical, making him suddenly aware of how sticky and sweaty he was.

Then the realization of what had just happened struck him.

Viktor pushed himself away from Sarah, gasping out an apology. The girl simply lay there though, eyes closed and an ecstatic smile on her unconscious face. Shame warred with fear. He had to get out before she woke up and realized what had happened. He scrambled for his clothes. The zipper on his pants was ripped out along one side and the neck of his t-shirt was torn somehow, but he put them on anyway. He wasn't even sure what had happened to his boxers. For that matter, he couldn't see Sarah's underwear anywhere even though he distinctly remembered it on her.

"Now, wasn't that satisfying? I'll say, you certainly gave it to her better than I thought you would." Fantasia fluttered over to sit on his shoulder, but he shook his head violently, nearly dislodging her. This was insane.

"Shitshitshit," he muttered desperately as he grabbed his backpack, standing indecisively for a moment looking between Sarah's naked body and the stairs. He felt like he should cover her of something, but there was nothing here in the archives to do that with. It was probably late though, and few patrons came down here.

She'll be fine until she wakes up, he counselled himself, holding his backpack by the handle in front of the ruined crotch of his pants. Maybe no one would notice. He hurried up the stairs and out of the archives, the faerie just behind him, her high voice carrying back down the long stair.

"Oooh come on, no need to be like that. You know you liked it."

Sarah sighed and stirred just enough to ease the crick in her back, but didn't quite come back to full awareness, still passed out in the afterglow. The shelf she and Viktor had trysted against was leaning back on one of its fellows like a drunken slob. All the books but one were knocked over and displaced. A faint purple glow traced its title.

"Tome of Faeries."

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About the author:

Jaycee Knight is the creator of the Bloomin' Faeries! universe, a world where whimsical creatures (faeries!) cause sexual mayhem in the lives of humans they encounter. You can find out more about them by visiting the website:

<http://www.bloomingfaeries.com>

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