



# A Trip Through -a Snakethroat Books Freebie- The Stacks

Saku

# “A Trip Through the Stacks”

by

VaguenessIncoming

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I stepped through the glass doors, past the anti-theft sensors, and into the library proper. A display on graphic novels welcomed me first of all, with its cardboard cutout of a book-themed superheroine challenging gangsters and costumed meanies by swinging onomatopoeias at them.

What really drew my attention, though, was her serpentine tail.

“Good morning! Can I help you?”

I looked over my shoulder. The voice had come from the front desk where, behind a wide flatscreen monitor, someone was smiling at me.

I approached her.

“I like it a lot.”

She looked at me with her amber eyes, confused for a moment, then smiled. The employee ID around her neck said Sheryl - Librarian. The computer screen’s glare reflected on her glasses; a colorful glow that was quickly replaced by spreadsheets when I approached.

“The cutout?” she asked, glancing at it. “I made it myself. I was good at arts and crafts back in school. It helped that it was supposed to look like a child’s effort, though.”

“Oh, it’s not so bad.”

“She was supposed to have legs, you know,” she said, leaning forward. “But I couldn’t be bothered. As is, I call it representation.”

The tip of a serpentine tail rested on the side of the counter, serving as a paperweight. She must have noticed me looking at it, because it swiftly disappeared behind the counter.

“But that’s neither here nor there. How can I help you today?”

I stared at her. What *was* I here for?

Then I remembered, and felt my cheeks burn.

Right, how to say this in a way that doesn’t make me look like a weirdo?

“Is there a niche erotica aisle?”

“Excuse me?”

*Fuck.*

“I mean, I’m doing a, hm, well, I’m researching..”

She stared at me in silence as I yammered on, until I gave up. As I started turning around to leave with my tail between my legs, however, she slid a piece of paper across the desk.

“You’ll need to fill out this form to access that kind of.. sensitive content,” she said.

I took the pen she gave me and filled out the blank spaces. Somehow, it didn’t feel right to give this woman my date of birth, full name, address, phone number, and email after blurting out that I wanted to look at her porn, but at this point, I was on autopilot. You could have given me anything and I would have signed it.

“And on the back, that’s our release form, please read that very carefully and--or you can just take it from my hand and sign it without even looking at it.”

I smiled awkwardly. “I’m sure it’s fine,” I said, but just to appease her, I glanced at the words. There were lots of them. The gist was if I didn’t follow the rules, there would be consequences. Fair enough, I thought--I didn’t particularly plan on getting kicked from the only library in town.

She checked the papers, nodded, and filed them away.

“This way,” she said.

She guided me behind the counter, past a small door, then a curtain. Back there, the air grew thicker, and the smell of antiseptic started mingling with the scent of yellowing paper. The hallway grew cramped, and I took the lead--there was only one way to go, anyway, and I figured that if I let her go first, I’d have to wait for her whole tail to drag across the corridor, and that thing was huge! Well, I hadn’t quite

gotten a good look at it, yet, but I figured it must have been huge. It's not like I wasn't spending a lot of my free time looking at pictures of lamia tails. And videos. And sometimes animat--

“We're here.”

I blinked. We had reached the end. She peeled back a burgundy curtain and gestured for me to step through. The room beyond was dimly-lit, well-ventilated; it held rows upon rows of wooden shelves.

“So what exactly are you looking for?”

My cheeks burned like wildfires.

“Vore.”

She raised an eyebrow.

“It's, uh, when--”

“I know,” she said.

Something about her smile shifted. It showed more fang than before. And her eyes--there was a glint of something in there, something that made my gut wrench. I took stock of my surroundings. Stuck in a cramped room with her. I could think of worse places to be, and still, for some reason, I didn't feel quite safe.

It occurred to me that I should break the silence.

“Well, do you have anything...?”

“Plenty of it! Vore is an interest of mine, actually. One could say I *devour* books about it.”

I chuckled. It felt like the right thing to do.

“Do you have any suggestions, then?”

“Well,” she said, rubbing her chin. “It's a varied genre, but I could give you a little vertical slice of the more well-regarded authors, and you could tell me if there's something that catches your eye. How does that sound?”

I nodded. At this point, I wanted to be anywhere but here, and yet,

I knew that if I left, the embarrassment would haunt me for the rest of my life.

Sheryl picked up a book from the shelf, ran a finger down its spine, examined the cover. “Do you like dragons?”

“I... I guess?”

“This is an anthology by an American author known only as Griffin.” She flicked through the pages. “Let’s see if I can find an excerpt... oh, here we go, how about this?”

She placed it in my hands, tapped her finger on the beginning of a new paragraph, and went back to scouring the shelves. While she did that, I started reading.

*The weight of her ass pins you down. A wave of pleasure courses through her. She shakes. She quivers. You collapse from exhaustion. Whatever you just did, it worked.*

*You wish it hadn’t. Now she’s on the move.*

*Her ass washes over you, pulling you in, and all you can feel are the ripples of her flesh around your body. You should be afraid, but you aren’t. The only thing you feel is hot, sticky lust crawling all over you.*

*“You’re liking this, aren’t you?” she coos.*

*You refuse to give her the satisfaction.*

**GLORP!**

*With a pull, she engulfs you. Her intestines contract around you, and your breaths echo through her chambers. You can barely move. What an idiot you were. You really thought you could please a dragon?*

*You close your eyes and hold your breath. You focus on what surrounds you, and discover new sounds and new sources of shame. The wet squelching of two fingers pumping her cunt. The quaking of her body all around you, fat bouncing, muscles trembling.*

*You also feel her finger, poking through muscle and fat, and stabbing right into your abdomen.*

*“Not so talkative now, are you? Or maybe I just can’t hear you over the sound*

*of my belly gurgling. It's okay, you'll reach it soon."*

*Bitch.*

*"You didn't last half as long as I'd hoped. I might have to find someone else to help me let out some steam. I guess your boyfriend's available now, huh?"*

*A shiver runs down your spine.*

*"What?" she asks. "You thought I didn't know? Don't worry. I'll make sure to tell him all the things you whispered in my ear when we were fucking. Before I send him your way, of course."*

*Get fucked.*

*It's what you would have said, if you could open your mouth, but the musky smell of her intestines hangs heavy all around, and you're not sure she would have heard you anyway.*

*Her bowels twist. Flesh wraps around you, massaging her fluids into your skin. You grunt. The friction is too much to bear. It washes over you in waves, in tempo with her fingerbanging, and it sends shivers of pleasure down your spine.*

*The top of your head hits something, and you stop. Somehow, you know that beyond it lies the stomach, and the end of your road.*

*Her intestines writhe underneath your feet, a pulsing mass that shifts and squelches with the same rippling motions that dragged you here. She relaxes, and you feel the weight of her fat bear down on you, sealing you. It sags on your chest, making it almost impossible to breathe.*

**SCHLURP!**

*She clenches again, causing the fleshy ring above your head to gape. The suction drags you into her stomach, and you gasp. It's roomier, but not by much.*

*And it smells like death in here.*

*"What do you think? Too intense, maybe? Or maybe you're not into butt stuff."*

*Sheryl's voice snapped me out of it. I realized I hadn't breathed in a while.*

*"Oh, no, I don't mind it. It's just that this is very..." I tried to look for the words. "Evocative."*