

# Tara: Tara's Research

Don't you hate it when you can't get a song out of your head? Or a weird formula?

## Part 1

What kind of compound has an atomic weight of 69? Seriously, I need to know. It's important!



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Story and  
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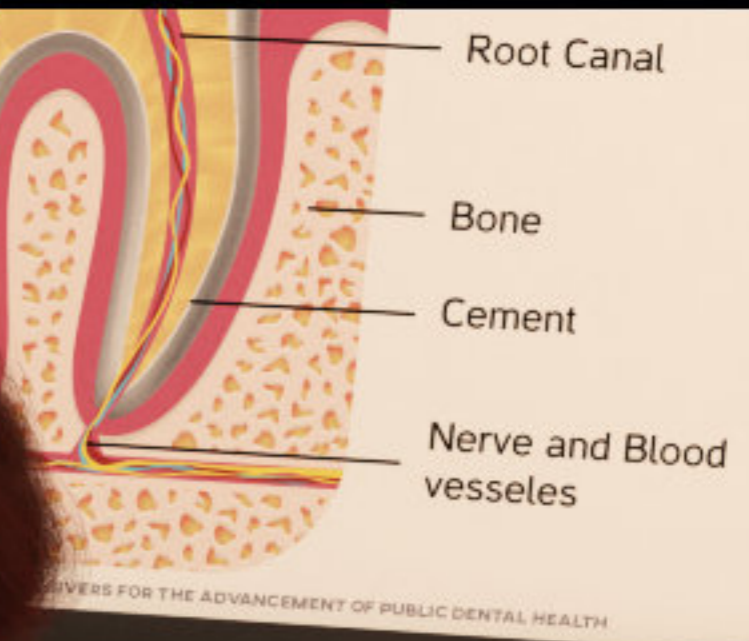
Oh!  
For crying  
out loud!

While Honey is having a ton of fun being covered in the special "honey" of the male executives, Tara is in her dentist's office working away on something. Though it seems that she is a little frustrated with whatever she is looking at on her laptop.

A woman with dark hair, wearing a light blue short-sleeved top and matching pants, is sitting on a green stool at a desk in a dental office. She is looking at a laptop screen that displays a colorful 3D molecular model. A speech bubble above her head contains text. In the background, there is a window with white blinds and a framed anatomical diagram of a tooth with labels. The desk also has a black office phone and a stack of papers.

What  
am I  
supposed to  
even do with this?  
This doesn't make  
any sense at  
all.

It appears that she is looking over some kind of chemical breakdown. There are parts of an atomic structure showing on her screen, but there is also something like DNA strands off to one side as well. Tara stares at it as if by pure will she can force it to make sense.



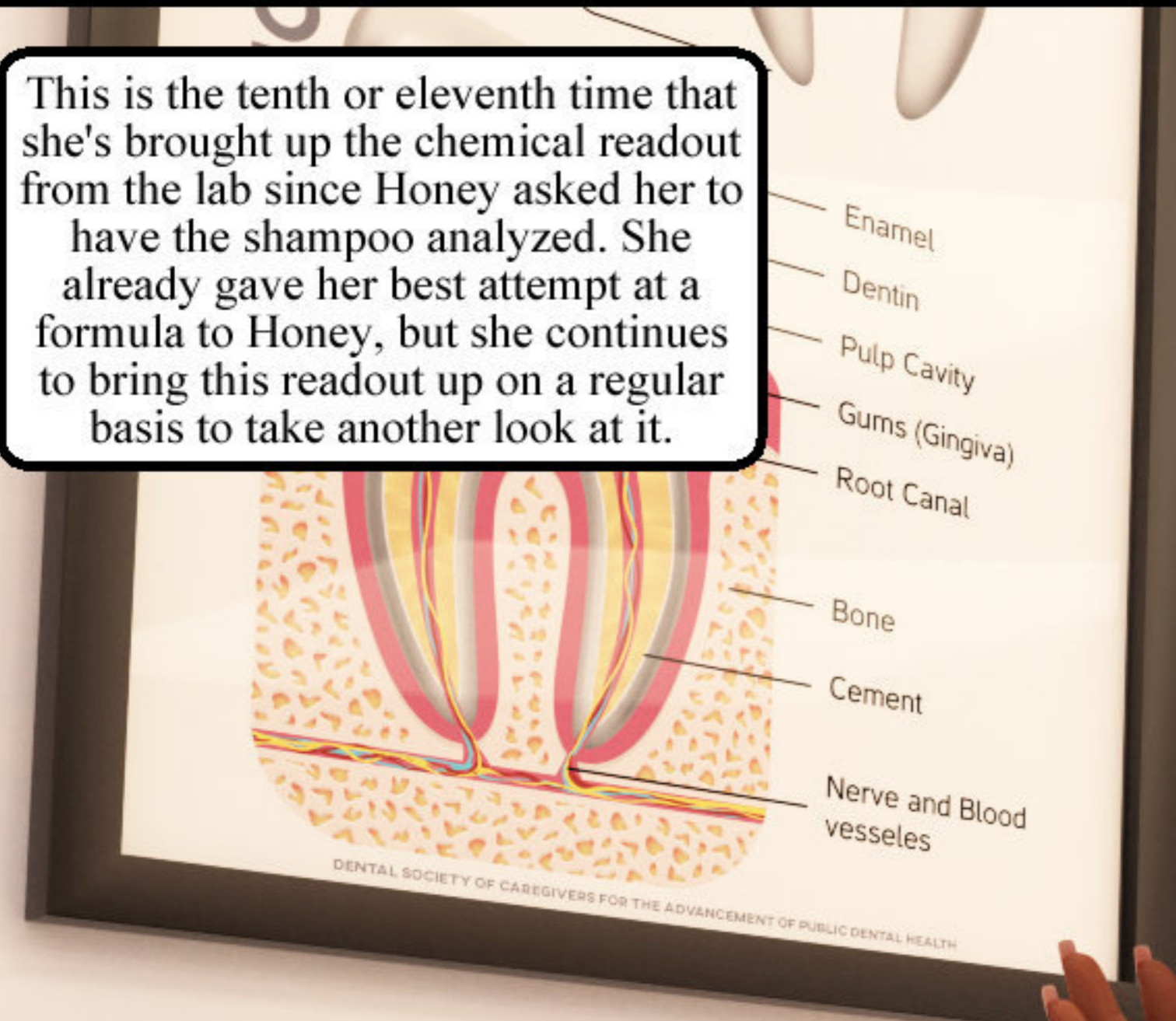
However, there are gaps in the makeup of the molecule and the DNA is unidentifiable. Tara stares at the screen in confusion. How can there be compounds, and especially DNA, that can't be identified by a modern lab? She feels like she's in some strange sci-fi movie or TV show.

This is the modern era. How can there be unidentified chemical compounds, and some indications of potential DNA?

That is not identifiable!? How is that possible?! It's not like we're in a movie or worse, some kind of comic!

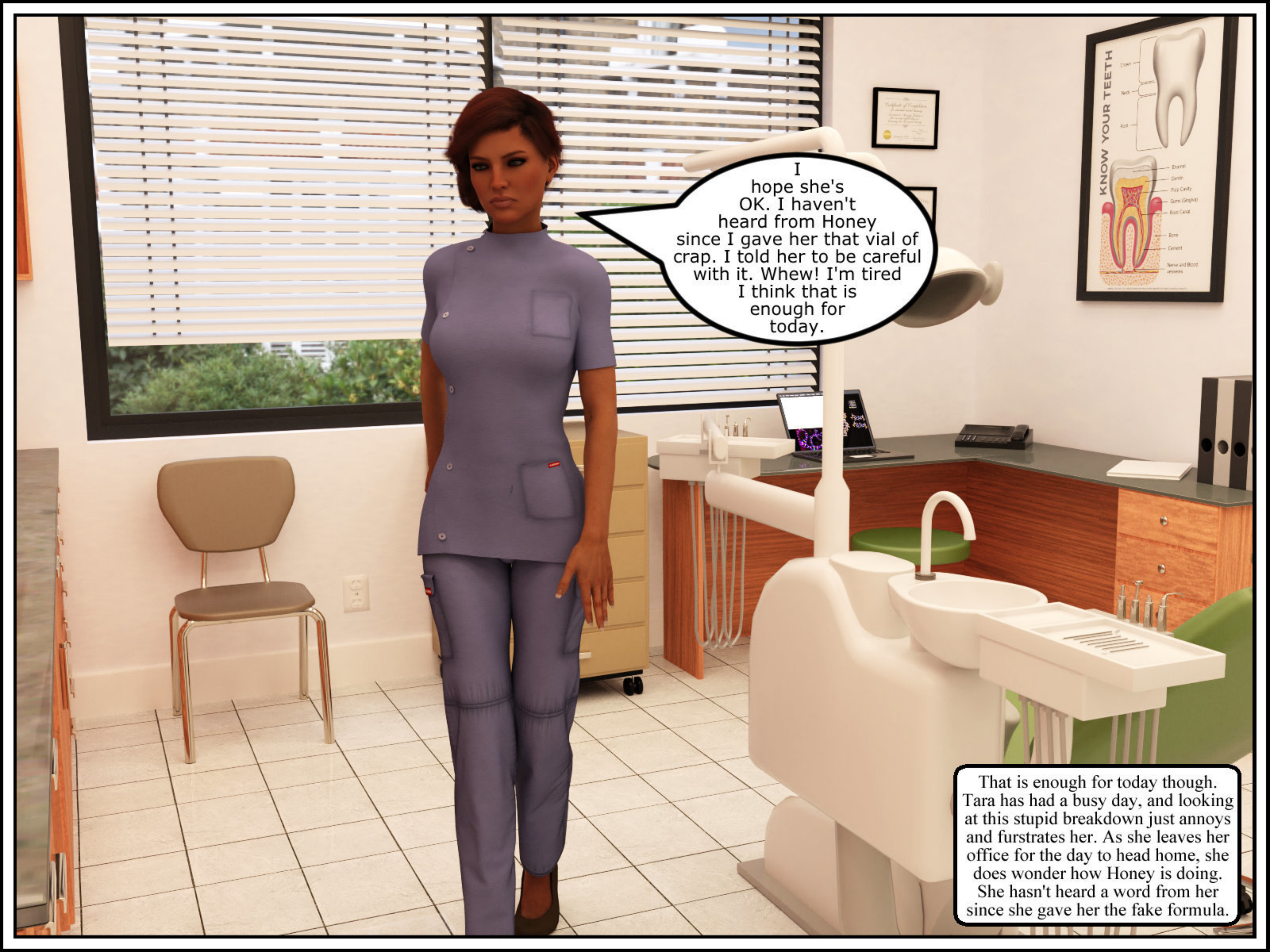


This is the tenth or eleventh time that she's brought up the chemical readout from the lab since Honey asked her to have the shampoo analyzed. She already gave her best attempt at a formula to Honey, but she continues to bring this readout up on a regular basis to take another look at it.



Ugh!  
I don't even know why I'm still looking at this. I gave Honey my best guess at this formula days ago.





I hope she's OK. I haven't heard from Honey since I gave her that vial of crap. I told her to be careful with it. Whew! I'm tired I think that is enough for today.

That is enough for today though. Tara has had a busy day, and looking at this stupid breakdown just annoys and furstrates her. As she leaves her office for the day to head home, she does wonder how Honey is doing. She hasn't heard a word from her since she gave her the fake formula.

A few days later...

What am I doing here? I just can't seem to get the mystery of that formula out of my head.

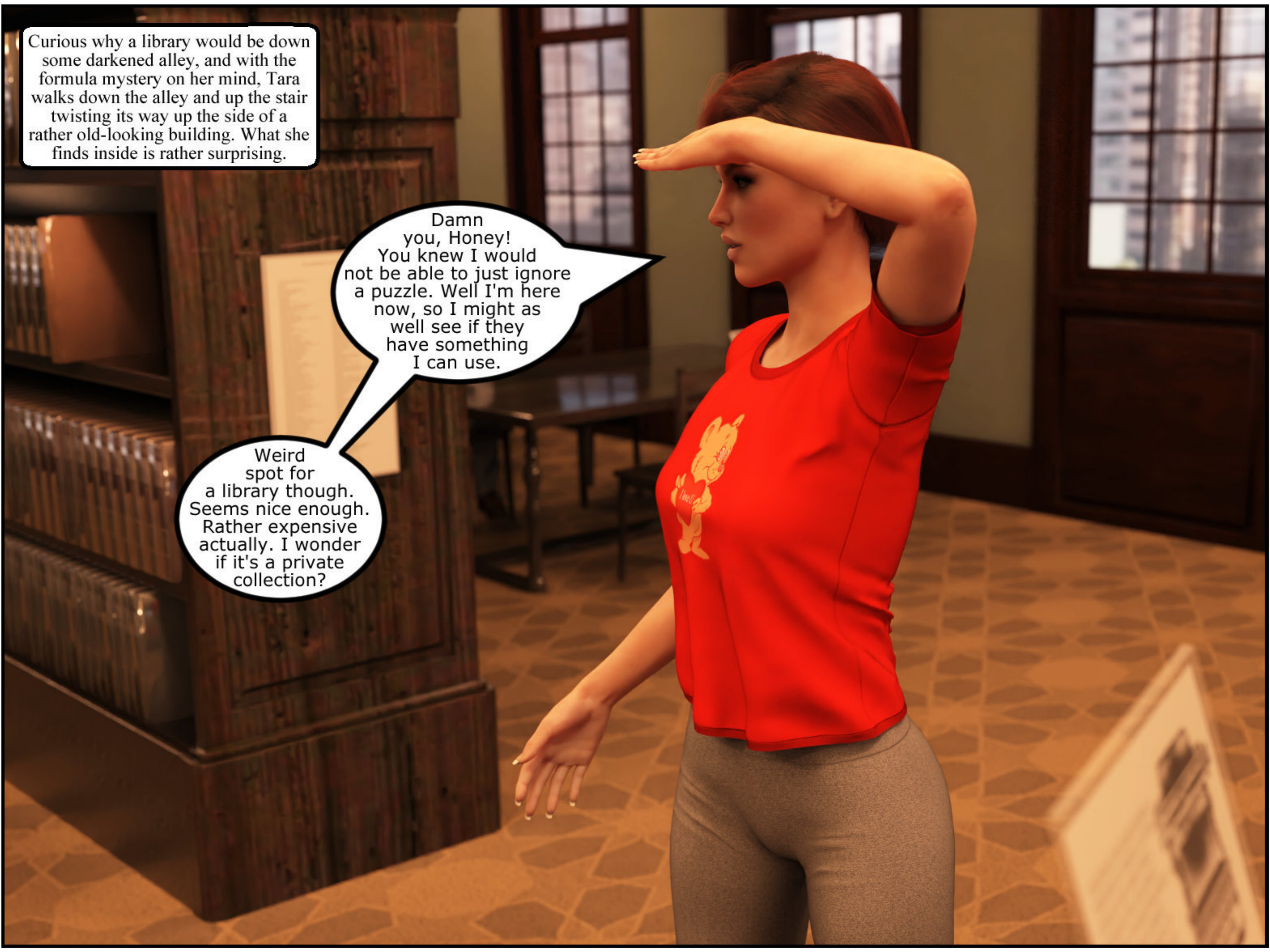
But Tara just can't seem to get the puzzle of this compound out of her head. A day or three later, she finds herself walking back to her car from her yoga class and she spies a sign pointing out a library. A library she did not know existed down this alley.



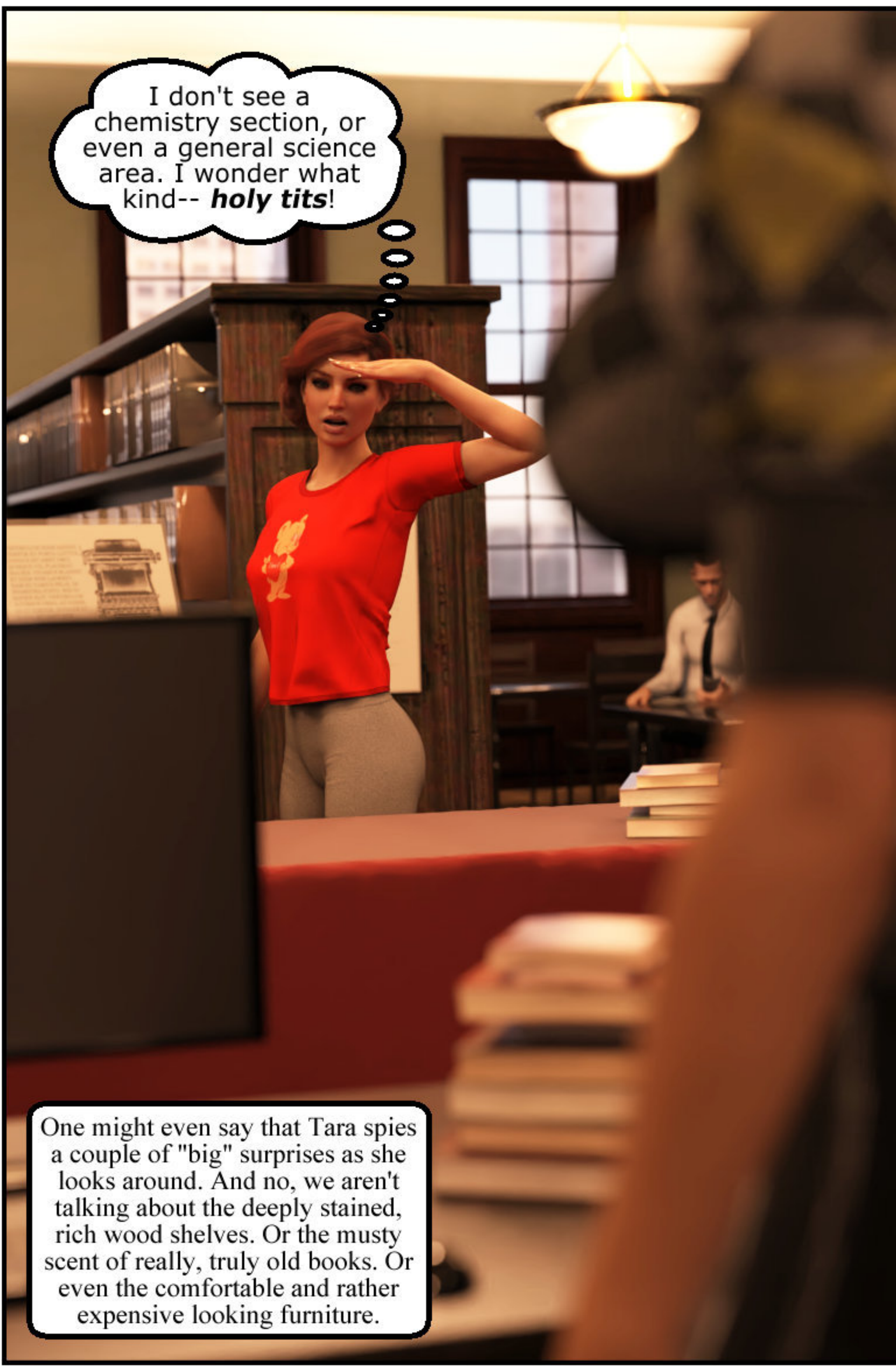
Curious why a library would be down some darkened alley, and with the formula mystery on her mind, Tara walks down the alley and up the stair twisting its way up the side of a rather old-looking building. What she finds inside is rather surprising.

Damn you, Honey! You knew I would not be able to just ignore a puzzle. Well I'm here now, so I might as well see if they have something I can use.

Weird spot for a library though. Seems nice enough. Rather expensive actually. I wonder if it's a private collection?





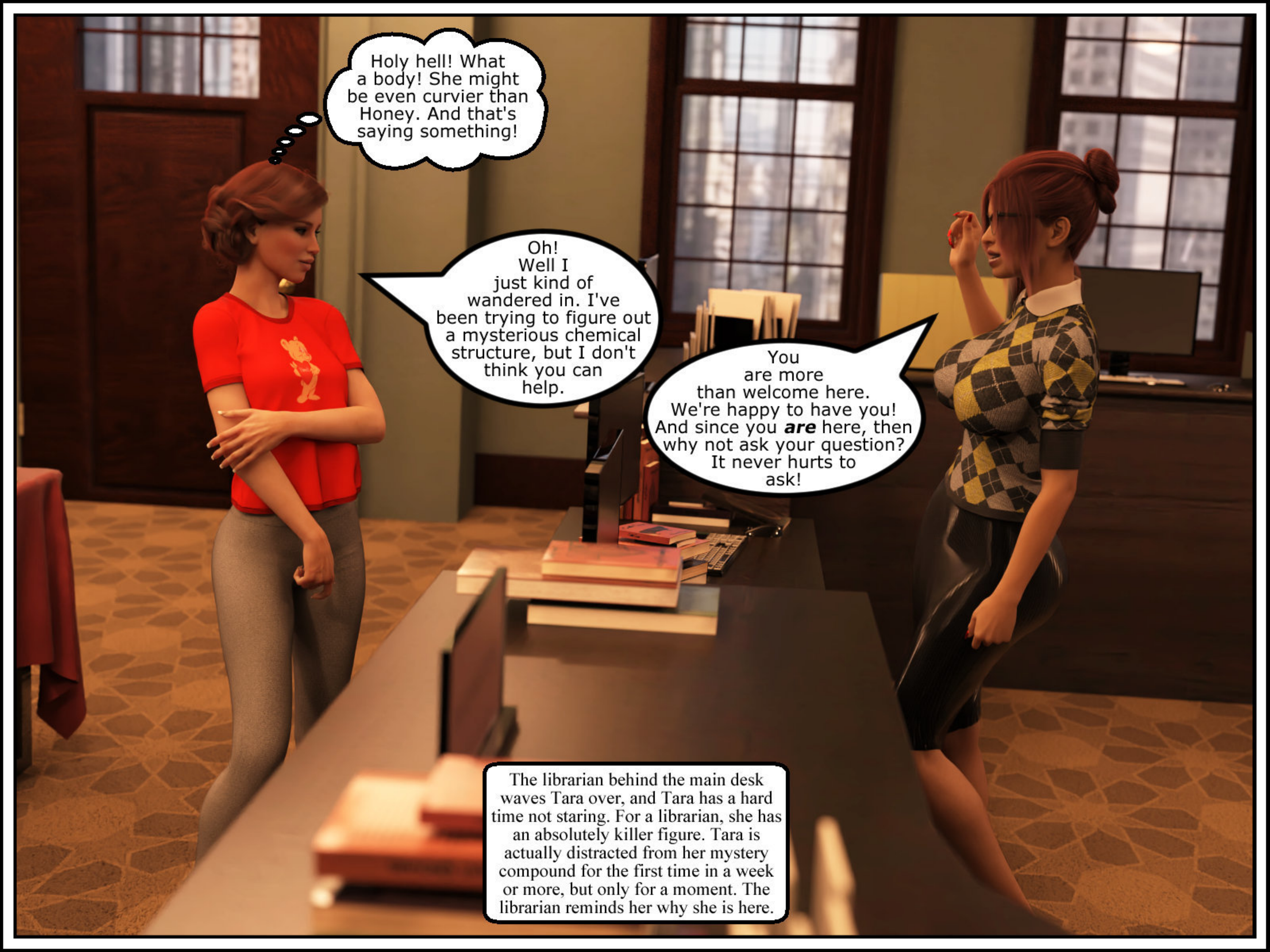


I don't see a chemistry section, or even a general science area. I wonder what kind-- **holy tits!**

One might even say that Tara spies a couple of "big" surprises as she looks around. And no, we aren't talking about the deeply stained, rich wood shelves. Or the musty scent of really, truly old books. Or even the comfortable and rather expensive looking furniture.



Good day to you. How may I help you, miss?




Holy hell! What a body! She might be even curvier than Honey. And that's saying something!


Oh! Well I just kind of wandered in. I've been trying to figure out a mysterious chemical structure, but I don't think you can help.

You are more than welcome here. We're happy to have you! And since you **are** here, then why not ask your question? It never hurts to ask!

The librarian behind the main desk waves Tara over, and Tara has a hard time not staring. For a librarian, she has an absolutely killer figure. Tara is actually distracted from her mystery compound for the first time in a week or more, but only for a moment. The librarian reminds her why she is here.



But the part that I really do not understand is the unidentifiable DNA. That seems really strange.



That is rather odd. Can I ask if the entire amalgamation is suspended in a synthetic or organic matrix?

Tara doesn't have anything to lose, so she takes the librarian's suggestion. She launches into a long and very detailed explanation of the chemical structure of the compound she is trying to unravel. She is surprised when the stacked lady behind the counter asks a very pertinent question, instead of her eyes rolling up into her head.



Huh. Well clearly she didn't trade in all of her brains for boobs.

I... I didn't even think of that. If it's just a matter of an organic wrapper interfering with the results...

I am glad that I could help. Also, I do believe we have some texts that you might find interesting.

Even some of Tara's closest friends, who are very intelligent women, can't follow Tara when she gets going on a really complex molecular structure. But this sexbomb of a librarian almost immediately pointed out something that Tara may have missed. Tara is even more surprised when she says that there may be a book that can help.

I was thinking she was in the wrong profession, but I think I may have misjudged her.

If you would be so kind as to follow me, then I can guide you to the volumes in question.

After you! More than happy to follow you just about anywhere. I mean... I meant to the books.

The librarian walks out from behind the counter, and Tara finds herself watching every delicious movement as she does so. She has a slight slip of the tongue as the librarian asks Tara to follow her so that she can show her to the texts that may be pertinent to her.




Right this way please. So you're a scientist? What kind of research are you doing?

Then again, she might make more money in porn or as a stripper with an ass like that!

No, not really. I'm a dentist actually, but a friend asked me to check out this odd shampoo for her.

The two of them head off through the library, and Tara can't seem to keep her eyes off of the librarian's ass. It is doing some really interesting things inside of that tight skirt she's wearing. Though Tara is no slouch either, in her hot and sexy yoga pants.



Oh!  
Really?  
I may have a  
passing familiarity  
with it myself. Now I  
am certain that you  
will find some of  
these volumes  
interesting.

So  
did you  
use the same  
shampoo? Is that  
why... you have  
such... nice  
hair?

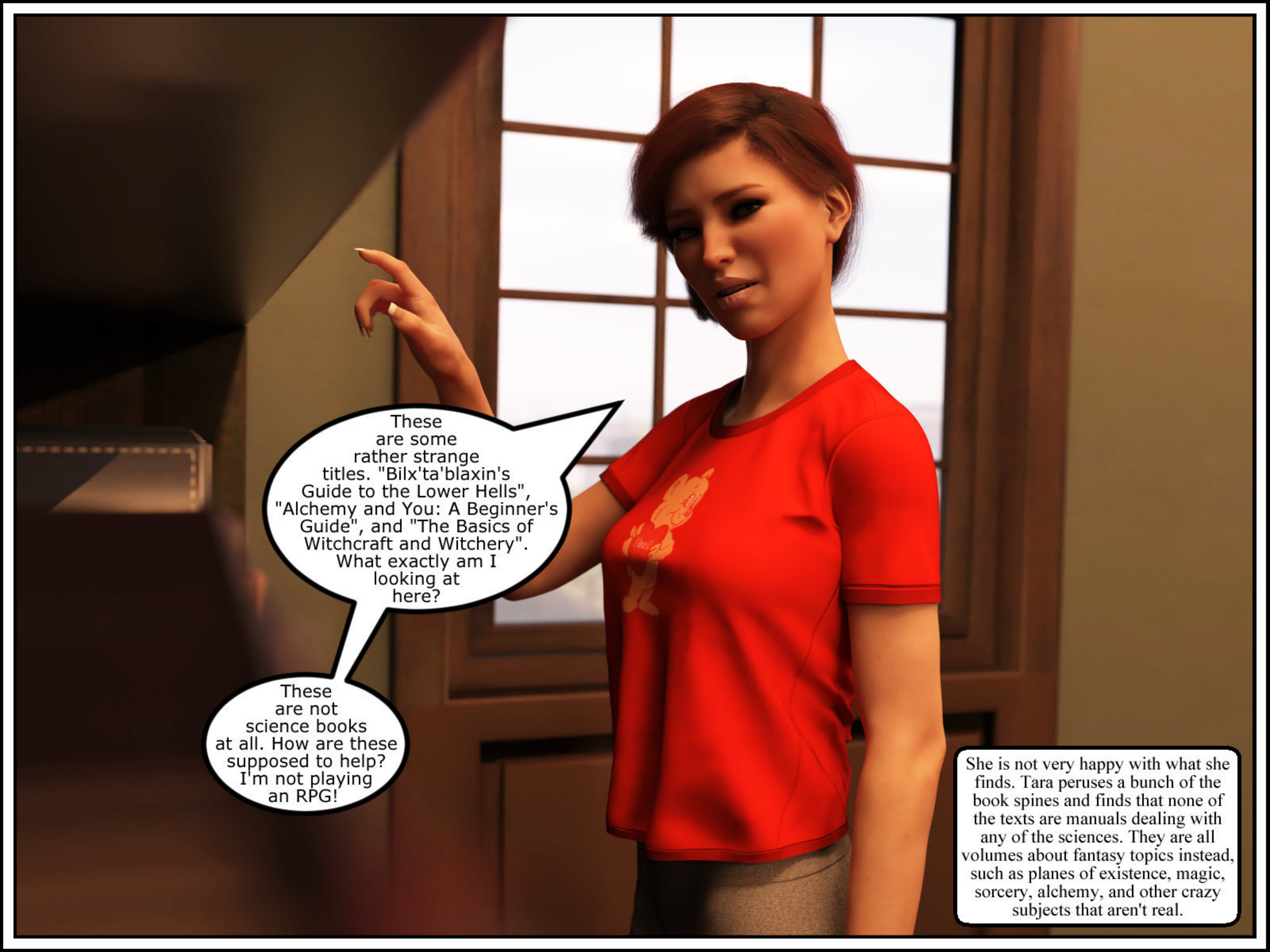
They continue to make their way through the library, and Tara reveals exactly what she is working on. She is surprised again when the librarian says that she knows about the shampoo. Tara naturally assumes that she's been a "victim" of it just like Honey.

So you think some of these may help me unravel the mystery of that shampoo? What do we have here?

Thank you! But no, I haven't used the shampoo. Here are the texts that I was mentioning to you.

But the curvaceous librarian denies having used the shampoo, which makes her stunning figure a bit of a mystery as well. Before Tara can try to ask her about it though, they reach the end of one of the aisles. The librarian points to the higher shelves, and Tara begins to check some of the titles.



A woman with short brown hair, wearing a red t-shirt with a yellow floral design, stands in a room with a large window. She is looking at a shelf of books. Her right hand is raised, pointing towards the books. The room is dimly lit, with light coming from the window behind her.

These are some rather strange titles. "Bilx'ta'blaxin's Guide to the Lower Hells", "Alchemy and You: A Beginner's Guide", and "The Basics of Witchcraft and Witchery". What exactly am I looking at here?

These are not science books at all. How are these supposed to help? I'm not playing an RPG!

She is not very happy with what she finds. Tara peruses a bunch of the book spines and finds that none of the texts are manuals dealing with any of the sciences. They are all volumes about fantasy topics instead, such as planes of existence, magic, sorcery, alchemy, and other crazy subjects that aren't real.



Trust me! Here, let me recommend one for you to read.

Gawd! Her scent! She smells fucking incredible. Is that her natural smell? Can't be!

Tara is a little annoyed, to say the least. She wonders if this is some kind of joke. She is about to whirl on the librarian, when she leans in close. She whispers quietly in Tara's ear, almost licking it. Tara gets a deep whiff of her scent, and her body reacts to it immediately.



And her tits! I can feel them pressing against me, and they feel fantastic! I can tell that they aren't fake too!



**Paink!**

I can hear her heartbeat and feel the heat of her delicious body, and it is so damn sexy!

**Paink!**

What is wrong with me? Sure, she's hot, but I'm around hot women all the time. I don't normally have these kinds of thoughts though. There's just something about her. I just want to do naughty things...

Tara finds herself lost in daydreams about the hot librarian. She can't seem to help herself. Fantasy after fantasy whirl through her head. They slowly but surely grow more naughty and lewd. Tara's nipples stay rock hard, and she licks her lips in arousal, as she enjoys the luscious dreams.



Miss?  
Hello? Miss?  
You're book is ready.



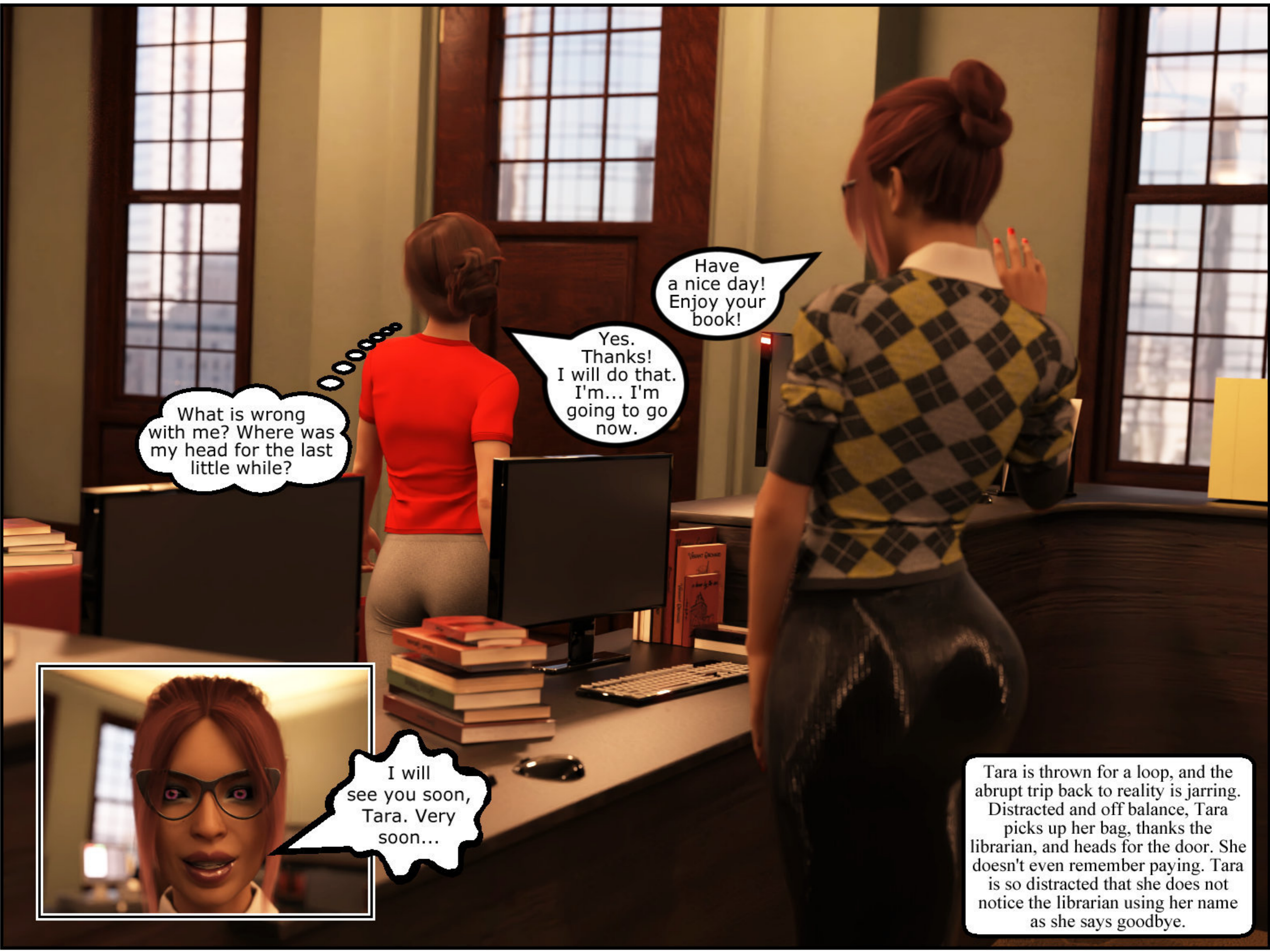


Here you are, Miss. All packed up and ready for you. Thank you for your purchase!

POOF!

Oh! Ummm... thank you for all of your help. I really appreciate it. You were great...

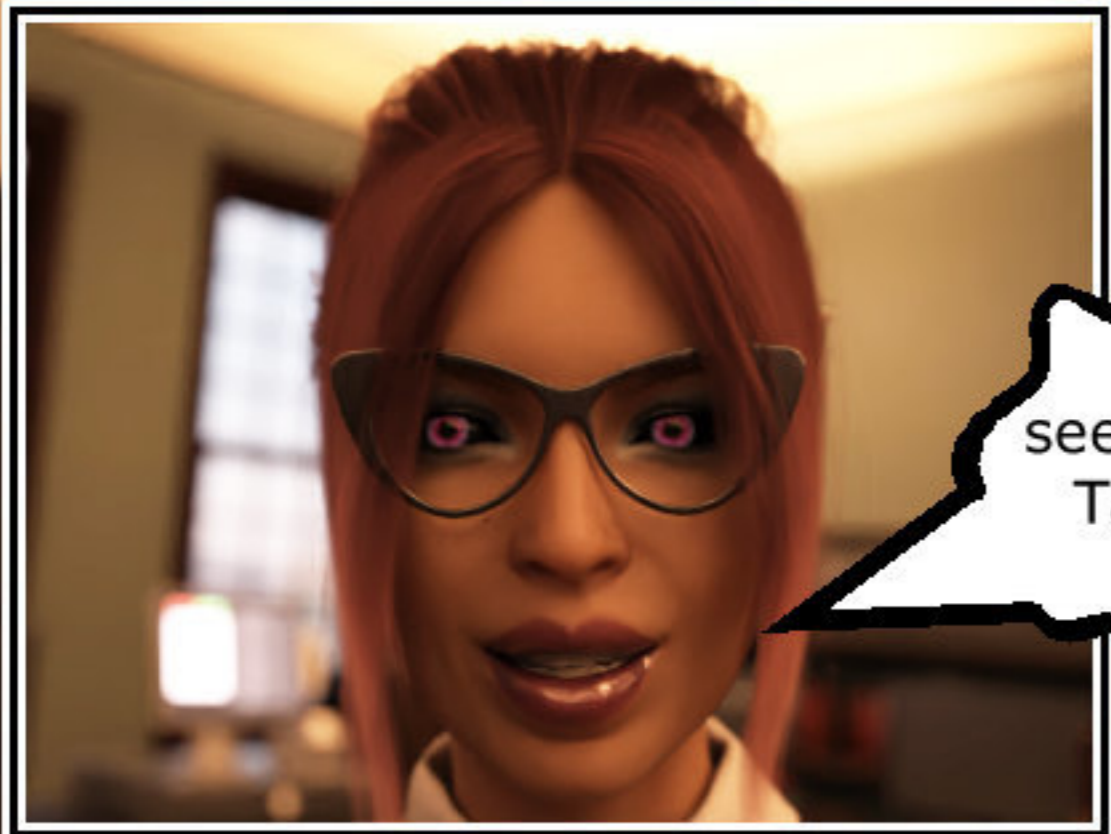
But the librarian's voice cuts through her fantasies, and she suddenly "wakes up". She finds herself at the checkout, and she has no idea how she got there. Tara doesn't remember walking back to the front, but there is the librarian standing behind the counter and her new book sitting there in a bag.



What is wrong with me? Where was my head for the last little while?

Yes. Thanks! I will do that. I'm... I'm going to go now.

Have a nice day! Enjoy your book!



I will see you soon, Tara. Very soon...

Tara is thrown for a loop, and the abrupt trip back to reality is jarring. Distracted and off balance, Tara picks up her bag, thanks the librarian, and heads for the door. She doesn't even remember paying. Tara is so distracted that she does not notice the librarian using her name as she says goodbye.

The story will  
continue in  
the next part.