# Shifts From The Shelves 2

A library-themed transformation smut anthology

By **JillTheSuccubus** and **Monstrifex**



## FEATURING GUEST CONTENT BY

- *Abe E Seedy*
- *ABurrger*
- *AnemoneArt*
- *Daf*
- *SaltyTea*
- *SpiderQueenLong*
- *Tharakaos*
- *ThePluto_NSFW*

18+

Goodness me, is that who I think it is?

Ah! Darling, what a *delight* it is to see you again. It's been far too long!

My outfit? Oh, you're too kind dear, but don't get attached! You know how I like to change things up.

I have a fabulous selection of new arrivals to show you. If you thought the last bunch were something, just wait! You're in for a *treat*. Now then, follow me...

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**The Librarian**
3, 6, 25, 36, 46, 63, 72, 92

# Introduction

The building appears modest from the outside. An average structure with average windows and average brick walls. Ivy grows over the sign, rendering it barely legible. “Kafka Public Library.” It’s the kind of building you could walk past every day and never register its presence.

And yet, for some reason, it calls to you. There’s a longing deep within your chest that pulls you toward its entrance. You stand there, staring at the flaking yellow paint that covers the door, and with some trepidation you reach for the handle. As you walk in, the noise from the road disappears suddenly and entirely. You are swallowed by silence, broken only by the soft click of the door as it shuts behind you.

The interior of this place does not match its exterior. Arched ceilings of dark wood stretch impossibly high above you. Golden light streams in through lofty windows, catching glowing swirls of dust like stars in the air. Looking up, you see the railed balconies of several floors that look down on you from above. Beautifully ornamented shelves stand in dense ranks, full to bursting with more books than you’ve ever seen in your life. The smell brings you back to every library you’ve ever visited, the faint but familiar aroma of aging paper.

“Come in!” You hear a woman’s voice call. “What can I help you find today?”

---

Welcome back to the Kafka Public Library! Jill and I have been working on this book for the last six months, and we’re so excited to finally get it out there. These projects are so much fun, and we hope you enjoy reading them as much as we enjoy making them.

-Monstrifex



**JillTheSuccubus**

@JSuccubus

JillDoesPrompts

JillTheSuccubus



**Monstrifex**

@Monstrifex

Monstrifex

Monstrifex

Ah, here's something you'll find rather *invigorating*.

We've recently expanded our periodicals section to include a number of fitness magazines!

I've been doing some training myself, as you can see...

This issue here has been my go-to lately. Nothing like a little competitive spirit to get the blood pumping, eh?

# FASTER HARDER STRONGER

FITNESS MAGAZINE

## HER KILLER BODY

Millie Hawkins' secret routine for a **BIGGER, BULKIER BOD**

## TOUGHEN UP YOUR SKIN

With this new next-level diet

## MORE MASS FASTER

## COLD BLOOD AND HUNGRY FOR MORE

How to keep a **MONSTER** competitive mindset

## LOOK & FEEL LIKE AN ABSOLUTE BEAST

A Core Workout that'll POWER you ALL THE WAY UP:

## THE DEATH ROLL

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YOU CAN DO IT!
♡ MIKEY

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# FASTER STRONGER HARDER BETTER

by Monstrifex

*A fitness enthusiast tries some unusual supplements to beat her rival.*

Female human to lizard monster

Muscle growth, long tongue, sweaty

Date Due

| | | | |
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| MAY 01 [illegible] | | BRENN C.E. | |
| JUL 18 1994 | | Harriet Nash | |
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| JUN 21 1995 | | Daphne Parker | |
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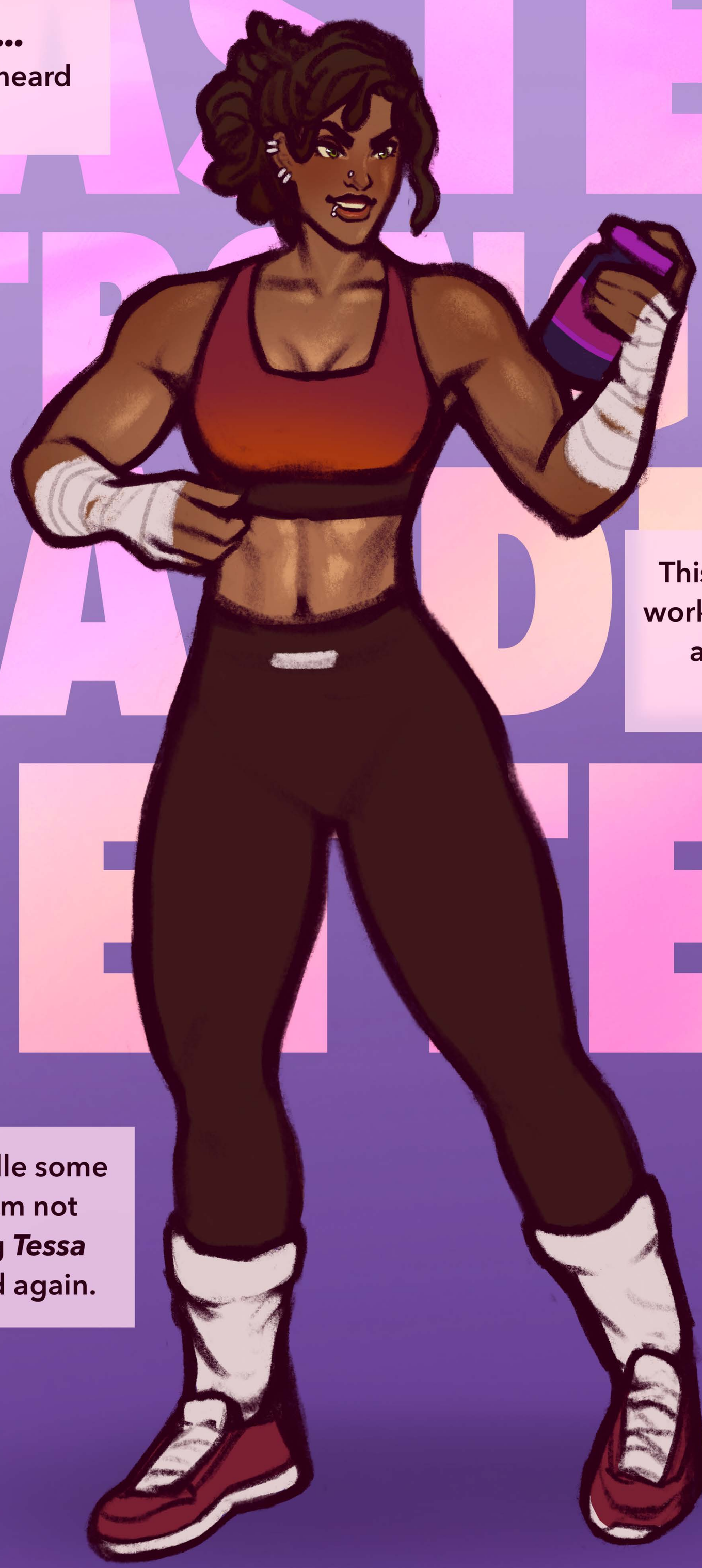
FASTER

STRONGER

HARDER

BETTER

***ScaleUp...***
Oh shit, I've heard of this!



This is that super illegal workout supplement with all those crazy side effects...

Well, I can handle some little quirks. I'm not letting fucking ***Tessa*** beat my record again.

FASTER

STRONGER

HAIRIER

BIGGER

I just ***DESTROYED*** my personal best. My heart is pounding like a racehorse!

Huff… hufff
Holy SHIT!
This feels ***FUCKING INCREDIBLE!***

Tessa is going to lose her ***SHIT*** when she sees this.



*Mmmn*… you know, these side effects are kind of *growing* on me…

How much ***ScaleUp*** do I have left?

*Haahahhhh…*
Hey, Tess! Been waiting for you to show up…

Yeah, I look fucking ***GREAT,*** right? Mmm, I feel even better.

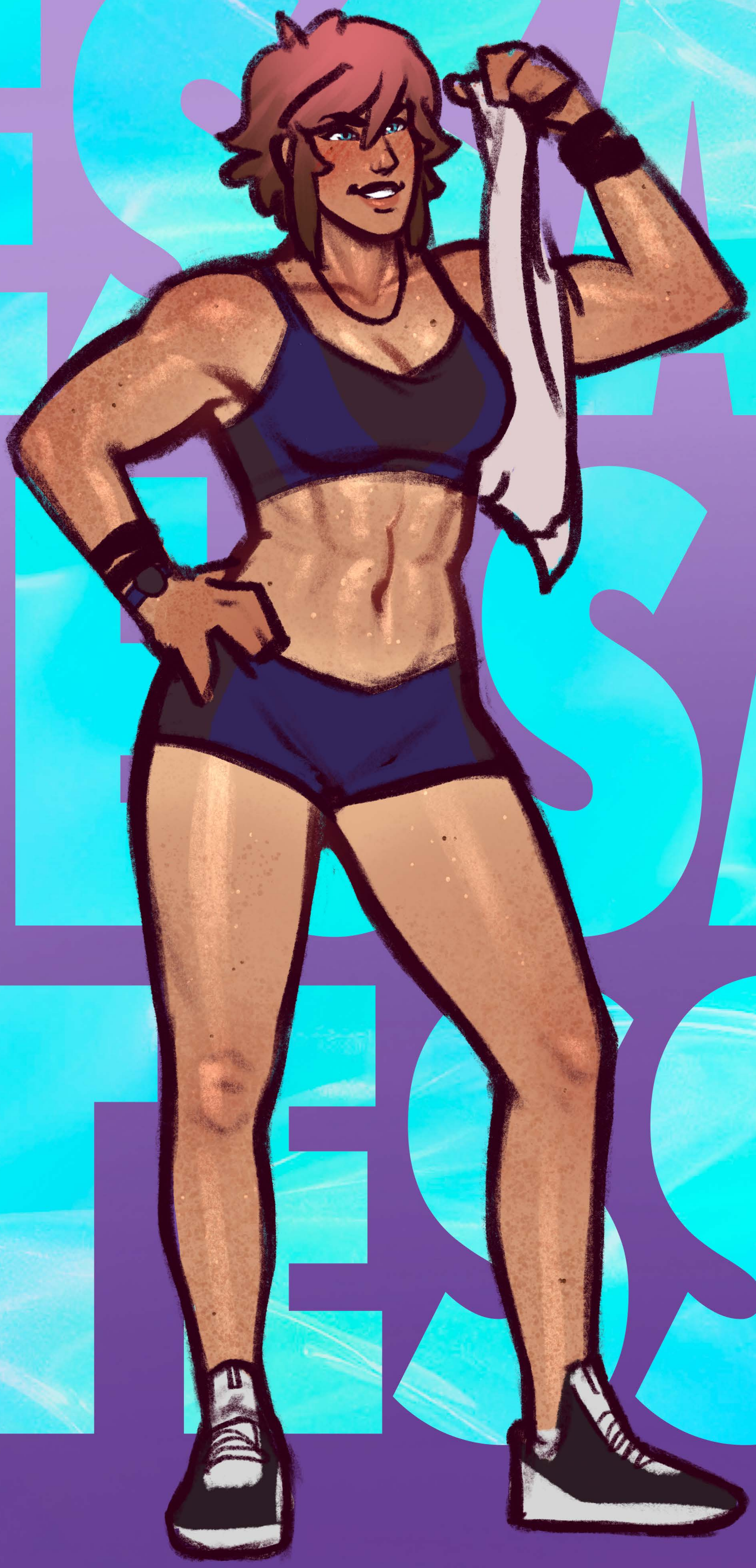
Come here, I want… to– To ***taste*** you…

13. **Guest art by Daf**

14. **Tessa's Turn**
*Bonus Story by Monstrifex*
*(FF Lizard monster TF, Oral sex, POV)*


ScaleUp
DAF

TESSA



TESSA

# FASTER STRONGER HARDER BETTER

# TESSA'S TURN

BY MONSTRIFEX

I took a deep swig of water and wiped the sweat from my forehead. My heart was still pounding from my last lap on the track. I tapped my smartwatch and couldn't help but smile at the time. *Two seconds faster than Millie's personal best.*

My friendly rivalry with Millie was good-natured, though I took it more seriously than I'd like to admit. We were the only people that came to the gym this late at night, so we often spotted each other. We'd started comparing times, and our competitive spirits escalated things from there. I hummed a triumphant tune as I pushed open the doors to the weight room. *Weee, are the champions. Weeeee–*

I stopped, unable to comprehend the scene inside. The first thing to hit me was the scent. A heady fog of sweat hung in the air, mixed with something distinctly animal in nature. In the center of the foam-padded floor was a colossal reptilian creature– an immense beast covered in tan scales, ridged armor plating and curving horns. Its tail snaked between the benches, bladed plates quivering as it... it was doing *crunches.* While my mind was still processing this, I also noticed the noises it was making. The beast was grunting rhythmically and feverishly— deep, breathy moans in sync with its hands as it... as she... holy shit. She was *masturbating.*

I stood transfixed in the gym doorway. She was *enormous*, her flushed

brown skin straining over bulging muscle, covered in layered scales and a sheen of sweat. Was that… no it couldn't be…

*"Millie!?"*

The monster turned, and her face beamed with Millie's familiar crooked smile. With a grunt, she kipped up to her feet. Every weight rack in the room rattled as her talons hit the ground. She was panting with exertion, steam rose from her naked flesh in thick clouds. Millie laughed, and the sound sent a thrill of fear up my spine. There was a predatory growl layered under her voice, smokey and rich.

"Hey, Tess! Been waiting for you to show up."

I suddenly decided against mentioning my new interval record. "Millie… You uh, wow. You seem a bit *different*."

Millie's grin widened, and I saw just how long and pointed her teeth had become. "Yeah, I look fucking great, right?" She ran her hands down her curves, then dragged her claws up her rippling abs and cupped her breasts. Her eyelids fluttered as she licked her lips. "Mmm, I *feel* even *better*."

I cleared my throat involuntarily. "Uhh, yeah. Holy shit…" My eyes trailed down past her broad shoulders, lingering momentarily on her chest as it heaved up and down. I tracked a bead of sweat as it rolled down her abdominal muscles and slowed briefly beneath her belly button, before merging with another droplet and trickling down to her crotch. With some difficulty, I tore my eyes away from her midsection and found her watching me with a look of smug satisfaction.

*Oh no*

She laughed. "I see you. Admiring my figure, huh?"

*Oh no oh no oh fuck*

"Needless to say, I think our little rivalry is over. You had me on the ropes for a while, I'll admit."

*Fuck*

“But I’m in a whole other class now. You wouldn’t believe how strong and fast this new supplement has made me.”

*Fuck fuck FUCK*

Millie paused, making a face like an idea had just occurred to her. “Unless…”

*FUUUUUUUCK*

She smiled innocently. “Well Tessa, you wouldn’t happen to want any of this supplement would you? I found this big jar here, I’d be happy to share some. If you wanted to try keeping up with me, I mean.”

My face was burning, and I forced my words out through gritted teeth. *“Fine.”*

“What’s that hon?”

“FINE. Gimme the fucking monster pills. This is NOT. OVER.”

Millie reached behind a bench and produced a purple jar. She stalked across the room, digitigrade legs flexing sinuously as her claws dug gouges into the floor padding. It hadn’t really sunk in how big she was until she was towering over me, her body heat radiating like an open furnace across my skin. She dropped the jar into my hands, and I fumbled it for a moment. *SCALEUP*, the logo said. *‘Look and feel like an absolute BEAST!’*

“You’ll want to ease into it.” Millie chuckled. “The changes can be a little overwhelming at first. I started with three pills, you might want to go with one or two.”

“Mhm. Thanks for the advice Mills.” I shook five chalky tablets into my palm. “But you’re not my trainer.” I tossed the pills back, crunching them down with a swig of water. *Mm, raspberry flavored.*

Millie raised an eyebrow. “Well, don’t say I didn’t warn you.” Her legs folded as she crouched down to eye level. “You may have trouble controlling the urges.”

I could feel something beginning to happen in my stomach. A sort of gurgling that transitioned into tingles, spreading from my gut throughout my body. My smartwatch beeped, notifying me that my heartrate had picked up. I felt the rhythm of my pulse thumping throughout my body. “Uh… urges?”

She leaned forward, and honest to God she *sniffed* my *hair*. I could see her pupils contracting to slits as she eased back, tips of her tongue running over her fangs. “It’s starting already, isn’t it? So fast!”

The tingles were getting intense now. Like vibrating pins and needles, they cascaded up and down, gathering in hotspots at my extremities. The tips of my fingers and toes, the base of my spine, the tip of my tongue, my nipples. I could see them beginning to press through my sports bra.

I forced my breathing to a regular pace. “There’s —*mmf*— There’s a little something… yeah.” I looked up and maintained unblinking eye contact. “It’s no big deal though. You *hahh*- had trouble with this part?”

“Mmm,” she grunted as she tilted forward on all fours. She pulled her immense frame toward me, and I stumbled back to an abrupt seat on one of the workout benches. “Oh, I was a *mess*,” she said. “You should have seen it. But hey, looks like you’re keeping your composure pretty well.”

“Yep.” I smiled with a clenched jaw. I could feel the throbbing in my teeth now, and a quick check with my tongue confirmed that my canines were becoming pointier. “You know me, nerves of steel.”

Millie crawled closer, until her head was between my thighs. Her horns looped down, under, and around my knees. “Made of stone, you are. I bet you wouldn’t even react if I started… doing… this…” She placed a series of soft kisses on the inside of my right thigh. I let out an involuntary gasp, biting my lip trying to suppress more.



She was so close to me now, and she smelled so good. I had never taken it in like this before. Her usual scent was there, the signature hint of lavender shampoo. But she also smelled like sweat, and sex, and *heat*. I was panting, adrift in the fog that cascaded off her muscled back. I wanted to make some clever reply, but my brain wasn't putting the words together. So I decided to skip that part, instead reaching forward and grabbing the tips of her horns.

She looked up at me, and I could see the hunger burning in her eyes. "Alright, yeah. You're right. Enough fucking around." Her lips parted, and her enormous bifurcated tongue unfurled from the depths of her throat. With one claw she sliced off my spandex shorts. Her hot breath sent tingles between my legs. "Come here," she panted. "I want... to *taste* you."

I pulled her by the horns and plunged her face into me. My back arched, overwhelmed by the feel of her tongue on my folds. I sucked in ragged gasps of air as my vision went white. The tingling sensation in my body went into overdrive, accelerating in pace to a blinding crescendo. I could feel my skin stretching, fresh scales pushing up into place. My legs shuddered as my feet extended, shredding my shoes to ribbons with their new talons. I gripped Millie's horns for dear life, and I saw my fingernails lengthening into razor claws.

Millie's breathing grew deeper and faster. Her casual humor was gone, replaced with ferocious bestial passion. I could hear deep grunts as she ate me out, snarls of exertion as the intensity of her efforts increased. She ran her tongue all around my lips, then pressed into me with an undulating folding motion. My moaning went up an octave, and I struggled to focus my vision down at her. She was a monstrous sight. Her dreadlocks hung down over her face, offering me only brief glimpses of her glowing yellow eyes. Her hunched back was a landscape of ropy muscle that strained beneath her scales. Her tail thrashed in serpentine waves. With colossal hands, she grabbed my legs and thrust forward violently, *voraciously*, and we collapsed to the ground as the bench beneath me snapped.

I was getting bigger. *Stronger*. My whole body burned, the familiar pain of working muscle. Interlaced with that was the tingling sensation,

coursing through me like wildfire, concentrating where the changes were happening fastest. My brain was awash in sexual need. I felt my new strength straining in my core as I wrestled and rolled with Millie. It felt so *good!* So perfectly satisfying to have someone to push against with everything I had. She was still overpowering me, but I felt the balance shifting as my limbs lengthened.

As my body distorted and Millie's mouth worked, I came. It hit me like an avalanche, amplified and renewed by every pop of bone, every new flex of unfamiliar muscle. I felt pleasure in places I had no previous perception of, shuddering swells of sensation outlining the shapes of my novel kinesthesia. My tail wriggled out from the base of my spine, toppling a pyramid of dumbbells to roll across the floor. Horns burst from my skull, and I howled in ecstasy as my throbbing tongue stretched forth from my mouth. It was impossible to separate all the new sensations, they crashed down on me and combined in a dizzying maelstrom. The changes felt good. They felt fucking *amazing*.

"More!" I screamed. "I need *MORE!*"

Millie pulled herself from between my legs and grinned up at me. It was clear she was struggling to keep herself under control. "You bet," she snarled. She took the jar, and tore the top off in one hand. She upended the contents, a good dozen more tablets, onto her tongue and into her mouth.

"No!" I roared. "Please! I need..."

Millie cut me off by pulling me forward into a kiss. At first I stiffened in surprise, but her lips were so warm and soft. I lurched forward into our embrace, and the two of us slammed into a wall.

She cupped the back of my head, and her tongue pressed into my mouth. I got a brief taste of raspberry as she pushed a cluster of pills down my throat. Her tongue slid deeper and deeper, rhythmically slithering down into me. I could taste myself on her, and the flavor sent a shudder of pleasure down my spine.

When we finally broke apart from each other, we stared into each

other's glowing eyes, out of breath. "Some for you, some for me," she murmured, gently pushing a strand of hair out of my eyes. "Who needs to keep count, anyway?"

The tingling started up again, stronger now than ever before. I licked my fangs and grinned. "Cheater," I said.

–

There wasn't much left of the gym by the time we were done. The bigger we got, the more we fucked and wrestled, the more flimsy the walls felt as we shattered through them. One of us would grow and gain an advantage over the other for a while. Then the other would grow as their heart picked up, and the pleasure pushed them into the lead. Before long, neither of us was recognizably human. Back and forth we went, monstrous reptile creatures grinding and bellowing in bestial heat.

The pills did wear off eventually. When the sun finally rose, we were lying side by side in the cratered remains of the outdoor track. Naked, soaked in sweat, limbs tangled together, snoring thunderously. Neither of us remember who got bigger, or who came more often.

It's for the best, really. It just means we have to try again, with another jar of supplements.



Oh here, you'll *love* this endearing little guide from our customs, etiquette, and folklore section.

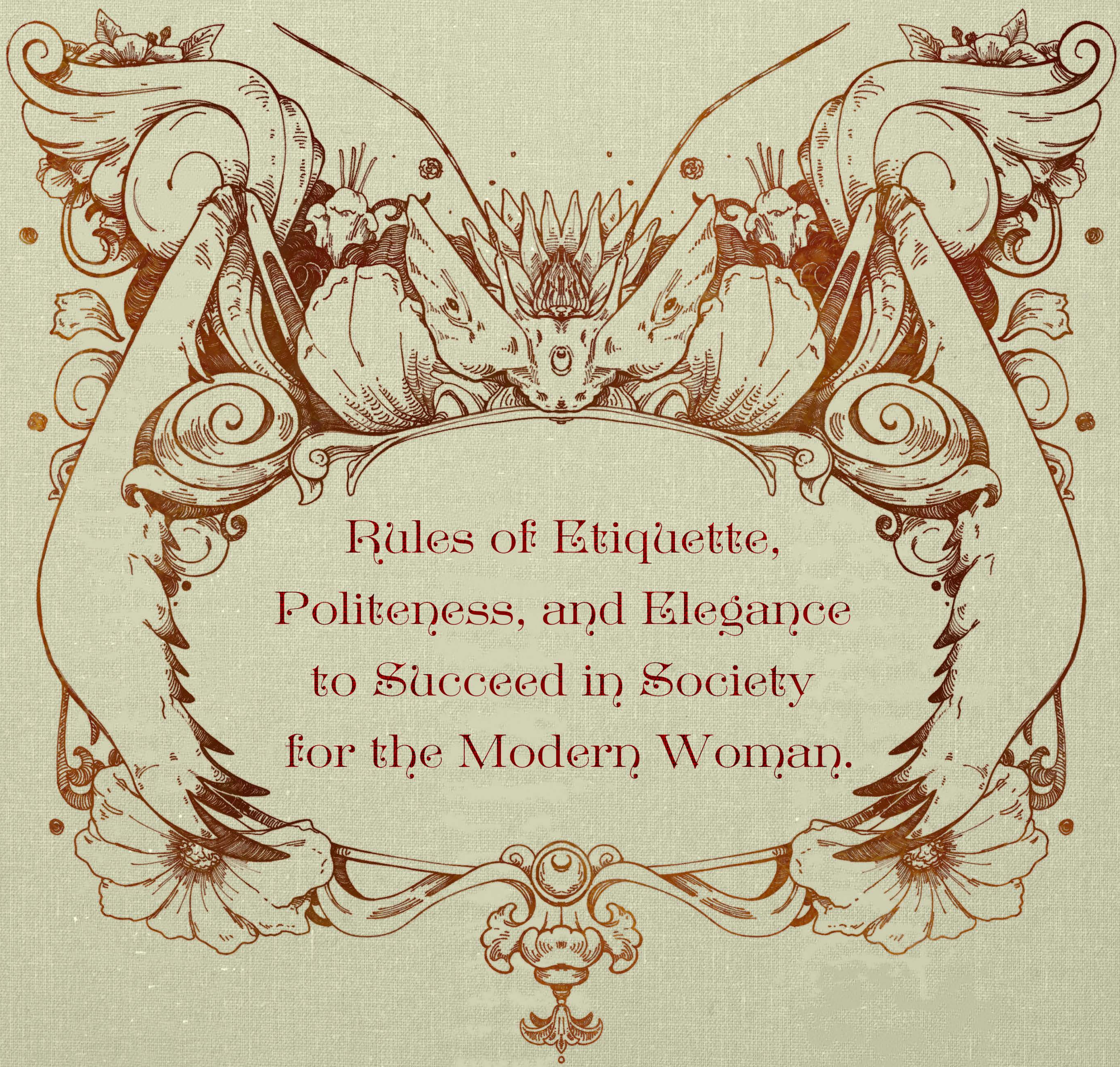


I had the pleasure of meeting Miss Dellia myself a few times. She taught me quite the thing or two!

She and her students are just *full* of surprises...

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# MANNERS MATTER



Rules of Etiquette,
Politeness, and Elegance
to Succeed in Society
for the Modern Woman.

MISS YARITZA DELLIA

Author of: The Value of Virtue

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Instructional - Dellia, Y
Manners Matter: Rules of Etiquette, Politeness, and Eleg...
3 1913 00273038 7
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Dellia, Yaritza
Manners Matter
by JillTheSuccubus

CENTRAL
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**Manners Matter**

92838

*The governess of a women's finishing school shares the secrets to being a proper lady*

**Female human to mantis monster**
Insect TF, Multiple F Characters

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Kafka Public Library
WHERE THE RIGHT BOOK COULD CHANGE YOUR LIFE
JUN 10 1989
JUL 23 1986
PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Come on in, and please be seated. You will refer to me as **Mistress Dellia** *from now on.*

I am not interested in the details of your enrollment. If you are here, it is because you or a loved one decided your current lifestyle was either shameful or unsustainable.

Let me be clear:
**I do not care.**

I expect you to treat your stay with commitment and dedication.

*Nothing less.*

**I don't like to waste my time.**

You're here early, good. Close the door behind you. Miss Hastings told me about your progress, I'm quite impressed.

No, I don't care about enthusiasm. That will come in due time. I care about your discipline and hard work.

For that, you've earned a private lesson. As I trust you understand, I don't just give them to anybody. Treat them with the ***respect*** it deserves.

Is that pride I see?
***Good.***
Embrace it.

That is your first lesson.

Internalize that pride, let it become **confidence.** Conduct yourself with dignity and you'll never be stuck in a place like this, again.
And what is dignity, you ask?
**WHATEVER THE FUCK YOU WANT IT TO BE.**

Now, **THAT** is the enthusiasm I was waiting for.

My, you look **Splendid.**

You're GLOWING

BREATHTAKING

INSATIABLE

UNSTOPPABLE



34. **Guest art by SpiderQueenLong**

33. **Guest art by Tharakaos**




A
EAUTIFUL
ECEPTION
A treatise on the predatory mimicry of
Hymenopus Coronatus.
HENRY WIGGINS

THARAKAOS

*Hrrrrr*... Sometimes I feel like doing away with our civilized pretenses and letting loose, don't you?

Here's a volume I find fascinating. The beasts of past epochs seem so powerful, so full of life!

I've read my share of legends. Some may be truer than you think...

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# ICE AGE MEGAFAUNA

## LOST SOVEREIGNS OF THE PLEISTOCENE WORLD



NICOLE AMBERSON

*WITH GUIDANCE AND FUNDING FROM THE FARBRIGHT HISTORICAL SOCIETY*

MONSTRIFEX

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Amberson, N.
Ice Age Megafauna
MONSTRIFEX

# Ice Age Megafauna

*A Museum Curator bonds with an ancient bestial guardian spirit.*

**Female human to sabertooth taur**

Equine penis growth, muscle growth

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CENTRAL ANNEX

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The Library reserves the right to call any book
back at any time.
Fines will be assessed at the rate of five cents for
each two days or fraction thereof that a book is
kept over-time. Books more than ten days over-
due may be sent for, and a messenger fee of
twenty-five cents charged. 12 cents per
Books lost or damaged must be paid for by the
borrower.

DEC 5 1938
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22.



Incredible! A complete intact *Smilodon Fatalis* skull, and perfectly preserved!

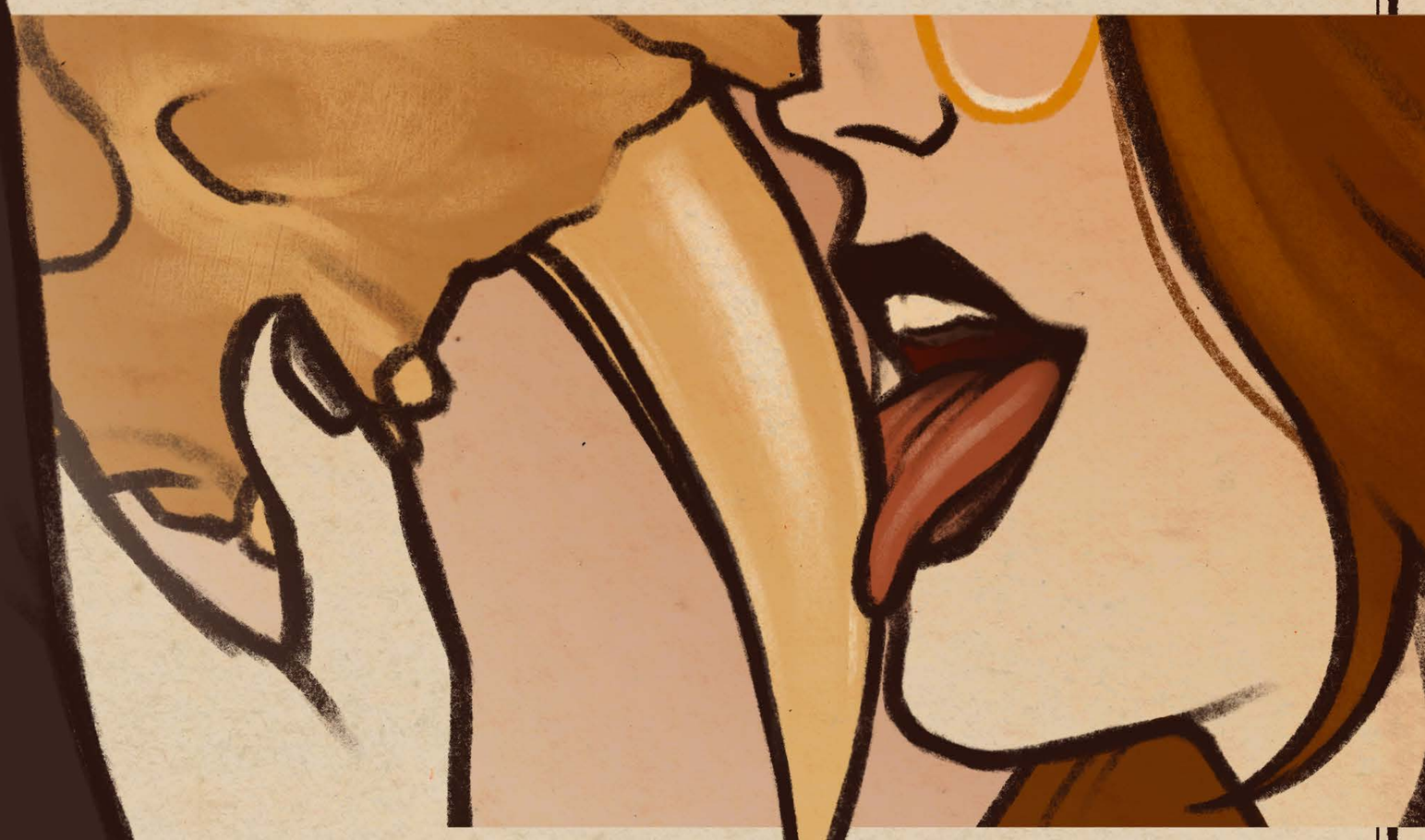
Oh, this will make a *gorgeous* addition to the Pleistocene Mammal exhibit in the eastern wing.

Wait... is that...

Ahh. *Finally*. I've been looking for someone like you for a long time.

23.

Greetings, **hunter spirit**. I sense you, and I know of your kind. I have studied the cave paintings of those that worshipped you in ages past.



24.

The great beasts that once bonded with you have long since died out. I'm sorry. But I offer my body as a sanctuary in their place.

Enter me, and together we will guard the sacred places of this world once more!

*Hahh!* Fuck yes, flow into me! Alter my flesh, *reshape* me for the *hunt!*

I can *feel* you. Your fervor, your strength, your *virility!*

All my life I've waited to witness your beauty. The Earth hasn't seen anything like it in *ten thousand years!*



25.

27.

26.

*YES!* Together we will tear down the *bastards* that are *desecrating* this world!




28.

30.

29.

43. Guest art by AnemoneArt

44. Guest art by SpiderQueenLong




SOL

Ah, right. The books in this section must be considered a little more judiciously.

I can't guarantee the historical or scientific accuracy of *anything* you find here.

But, I must admit, the... *unorthodox* theories in books like this one are entertaining if nothing else.

MONSTRIFEX

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# SUN PHARAOHS

## UNEARTHED SECRETS OF THE STARS IN THE LOST CITY OF AKHENATEN

SAOIRSE NÍ LIONÁIN, PH.D.

BLUE FLAME EDITORIAL

Nicole-
Thought you might like
a copy for yourself!
Thanks for the inspiration ♥
-Saoirse

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Alt. History - Ni Lionain, S
Sun Pharaohs: Unearthed Secrets of the Stars in t...
3 1913 00164235 1

Alternative History - Ní Lionáin, S

**Sun Pharaohs:**
Unearthed Secrets of the Stars in the Lost City of Akenathen

*An Egyptologist recieves a strange alien artifact*
**Female human to feline alien**
by **JillTheSuccubus**

MAR - 4 2009

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CENTRAL ANNEX

FEB 17 1978
JAN 7 1994

Well, Mr. Whiskers, would you look at that...
Nicole disappears from the face of the earth for WEEKS, and now this?



“Dear Saoirse:

**HAPPY BIRTHDAY!**

I know your love for the Eighteenth Dynasty is only rivaled by your passion for absurd Ancient Aliens Conspiracy Theories, so I’ve sent you something that encompases both.



My sources say this effigy belonged to Nefertiti herself!.

There are many more secrets for you to discover, but I won’t spoil the surprise. I hope you find it exhilarating!.

*Nicole”*

Oh, Professor Whiskers, don't be scared!
I haven't had this much fun in **YEARS!**
It's like the more I learn about ***her***, the more I learn about myself!.

Why do I call ***"it"***, ***"her"***, you ask?
Well, Professor, isn't it obvious?
***She*** told me to!
And every time I learn something new about her, every time I listen to her, ***she*** rewards me.

Makes me ***better.***

Look at me, Professor Whiskers! Don't I look *PERFECT*?

Such a thoughtful gift...

Maybe I should pay ***Nicole*** a visit and thank her in person.

53. Guest art by Amara Burrger

54. Guest Story by Abe E Seedy

61. Bonus art by JillTheSuccubus


ARM '23 | @ABURRGER

# Early Extraterrestrials, 'New Kingdom, New Worlds?'

*Guest story by Abe E Seedy*

[apologies for the poor formatting here, I know funding procedures require very specific formatting that I'm not following. I'm just trying to put my thoughts down in as concise and clear a manner as possible, and we can work together to tighten things up to meet the official requirements down the line. I also know that the board wouldn't want to indulge any of my more outlandish theories, so I'm trying to tone things down and keep things relatively orthodox. For now, I just want to get everyone as excited for this as I am!]

**Funding proposal, Saoirse Ní Lionáin:**

**Proposal Summary**: in light of new archeological discoveries, further digs are needed to determine the origin, purpose, and cultural context of a heretofore unexplored element of Egypt's history

**Details:**

I have recently received an extraordinary new artefact from my friend and colleague Dr Amberson. While her assurances are to the contrary, my examinations date it to the New Kingdom, and specifically to the reign of Akhenaten. In fact, I believe it came from the same limestone quarry that sourced the cartouche fragment that revolutionised interpretations of Akhenaten's later reign together with his wife Nefertiti, to whom, I believe, this new piece belongs.

The implications of this ownership are as staggering as they are obvious. Akhenaten's reign already represents a dramatic break with earlier Egyptian cultural traditions, moving as it did from polytheism to Atenism, with worship focussing primarily around the sun god, Aten. This tradition was violently discontinued shortly after Akhenaten's death, despite Nefertiti's theorised attempt to rule beyond his passing. While credit for this cultural shift has traditionally been given to Akhenaten, I have instead come to suppose that this was more Nefertiti's doing.

We know she was referred to as the 'Lady of Two Lands', and the construction of her name ("The Beautiful Woman has Come") has led to the theory that she was not native to Egypt. Furthermore, her mummy has never been conclusively identified, despite the fact that she fades from historical record within a few years of Akhenaten's death.

The artefact I've been sent appears to have an inscription naming it as a possession of Nefertiti, although some slight damage obscures the exact meaning. It's possible it's using her name as a title rather than a specific person, or perhaps even an instruction. In any case, both the design and construction are radically different from anything else of the same period, despite radiocarbon dating placing its manufacture

within that time frame.

[I have not yet detailed the item itself. Apologies, there's so much to get through I'm struggling to keep all my thoughts in order. We can fix all this up and rearrange things in the actual proposal.]

It appears to be a stylised depiction of a cat. Felines had been revered in Egypt since at least the First Dynasty, and by the time of Nefertiti cats were a common domestic cult. The depiction of this item however does not conform to any of the standards of the period. Instead of a purely feline representation, the sculpture portrays a mixture of feline and human traits. While this in itself is not unusual, these traits are mixed throughout the body, rather than confined to a feline head in the manner of representations of the god Bastet.

The effect is… otherworldly, and it speaks to an entirely different perspective. My proposal is that Nefertiti came from a culture with a different relationship to the divine, and perhaps this influenced Akhenaten in his move towards Atenism.

In order to investigate these theories, I propose a new dig site be established in the region where this artefact was first found. Any other items related to this one should be relatively easy to find, because the unique composition of its construction stands out from the surrounding material. I stand ready to take up this dig at the earliest possible occasion, and we can continue the study of my existing artefact on location.

If nothing else, that will probably be a relief to my cat, Professor Whiskers, who seems surprisingly unsettled by it. [That's not really relevant, but I thought perhaps a note of personalisation will endear the board to the request? It was hard *not* to include when he kept swatting at my ankles while writing this. But I'll defer to you on the inclusion here]

Yours, etc etc, Professor Ní Lionáin



*Hey Steph, here's my notes from the lecture you missed. FYI though, things were… real weird. The guest lecturer was in costume or something, and her take on the New Kingdom was pretty unusual. Idk, I don't think we're going to have her again, but if you can get anything from these notes, you're welcome to them. Get better soon! I'm sorry you missed this class, I don't think we'll ever stop talking about it*

–Professor not taking questions about costume. Wont say where she got it from, the horns (??) and tail are v well done. Maybe there's a LARP club here shes in or somthng?--

New theory that Atenism represents more than just egotistical flirtation w/ asserting cultural control. Instead it shows how an externally introduced idea can be interpreted in a local context to form a radically different but culturally understandable new paradigm

Example: if a car somehow existed in the New Kingdom, popular conception would be of a divine, horseless chariot, rather than a complicated machine

Proof of this is an artefact professor shows (weirdly proudly) to class. Looks like an ushabti but it's not, and prof insists it's a big deal.
We are made to look at this thing for like 5 minutes.
It is a weird looking cat. Cool.

Prof insists composition and design are unknown to the region. Theorises it came with Nefertiti from 'Elsewhere' (prof emphasises this heavily with air quotes - even her hands are costumed like paws??)

Nefertiti appears and disappears from historical record w/o explanation. Prof thinks she might not be human???
– this is just what local culture would think, she insists. Think of the car. Nefertiti is a car in the New Kingdom. Somehow prof like, wags her tail talking about this. P sure the drama kids are taking notes about her costume more than her speech by now - its pretty hard to follow anyway

Prof *really* into Nefertiti. Def the power behind Akhenaten's throne (according to her) and the source of Atenism. If a divine chariot would be a car, what could a sun god be?

5 more minutes of staring at the statue. This time she's petting it

Prof shares artwork shes commissioned of Nefertiti's 'true form'. Honestly - not badly done. Hopefully some furry artist got paid to do this. Unless there really were four legged cat people walking around New Kingdom. Costume makes more sense now. How much does this place pay to do a guest lecture talking about your fursona?

Prof dims lights to play some slides and a tattoo (??) on her tail glows ??? Fuck me this woman is all the way out here living her dream huh. Oh, artefact has a resonant frequency that maps to a certain area of Egypt apparently. Proposal for a dig got rejected so she’s crowdfunding. She doesnt give us the link though. From context, it might be on like, an adult pay site?

Academia might be fucked? Idk, i guess at least you can get a cool fursona.

Next lecture Tutenkhamen and the close of the 18th Dynasty, chapter 21 of the textbook



**Re: re: Early Extraterrestrials, ‘New Kingdom, New Worlds?’ show pitch treatment, by Saorise Ní Lionáin**

Responses to your questions below in red. Be aware that there’s support for this from the top, so get on board or get out of the way

**Re: Early Extraterrestrials, ‘New Kingdom, New Worlds?’ show pitch treatment, by Saorise Ní Lionáin**

Hi Bob

I’ve got some issues with the pitch that I’ve had flagged up to me. I’m putting them below in blue. I’m hoping we can sort this out and see sense here

Thanks,

Mark

**Early Extraterrestrials, ‘New Kingdom, New Worlds?’ show pitch treatment, by Saorise Ní Lionáin**

[exterior footage of Giza]

When you think of the marvels of the ancient world, what comes to mind? Maybe the Pyramids of Giza, those great monuments of rulers long passed? While those are certainly impressive feats, what if I told you that the greatest developments of ancient times were not architectural, but cultural? And what if I told you that they were inspired by some truly dramatic outside context?

[cut to classic representations of Nefertiti]

She was called Nefertiti. At least, that’s what history knows her as. Renowned for her beauty and otherworldly grace, she swept into Egypt in the period known as the 18th Dynasty of the New Kingdom. In a single reign, she revolutionised their society. Arts flourished, with distinctive new styles spreading from the royal court. More than that though, their religion was transformed. Instead of worshipping the classical pantheon of Egyptian gods, Nefertiti and her husband Akhenaten moved to the worship of a single god alone - the sun god, Aten.

[cut to representations of Aten as a solar being, standing above the earth and projecting rays from above]

Consider the ‘Hymn to Aten’, proclaimed by Akhenaten:

“Aten bends low, near the earth, to watch over his creation; he takes his place in the sky for the same purpose; he wearies himself in the service of the creatures; he shines for them all; he gives them sun and sends them rain. The unborn child and the baby chick are cared for; and Akhenaten asks his divine father to ‘lift up’ the creatures for his sake so that they might aspire to the condition of perfection of his father, Aten.”

Recent discoveries have allowed us to interpret these words in a new light. Rather than simply being a conception of the divine, perhaps Aten was an extraterrestrial ruler, seeking to lift humanity up to join him through his servant, Nefertiti.

Remember when we used to make shows about actual history?

No. I don’t. I was only brought in once we started making money. Aliens and mysteries sell, no one cares about who stabbed who 4000 years ago

These are bold claims, but there is evidence that points in this direction. One recent find in particular has changed everything.

[glamour shot of The Gift]

We’ve got permission to show this cat statue thing, right?

Legal signed off. No one seems to officially own it, and it’s not tied up in any ongoing disputes

Consider the sleek lines of this piece, the way it doesn’t conform to any traditional representations of feline divinity. Analysis has determined the material it’s made of originates beyond Earth.

I’m honestly just curious - is this really true?

Fun fact they told me once - technically you can say everything comes from beyond Earth if you look back far enough.

But here’s the real proof.

[fade to the Professor walking on the sand dunes. Camera sweeps around her in a full circle, before moving to a medium close up as she continues to speak]

I’ve seen the spec video - are we on the hook for these effects if we greenlight the whole thing? What I saw on the preview is way better than anything we’ve ever done. The costuming is wild, her tail moves almost naturally, and the fur looks so real you want to pet it. And she’s got some CG projection stuff thrown in too?

She comes with her own studio. Or something, in any case I’m assured that she doesn’t need us for the effects. All she needs from us is the platform for the exposure

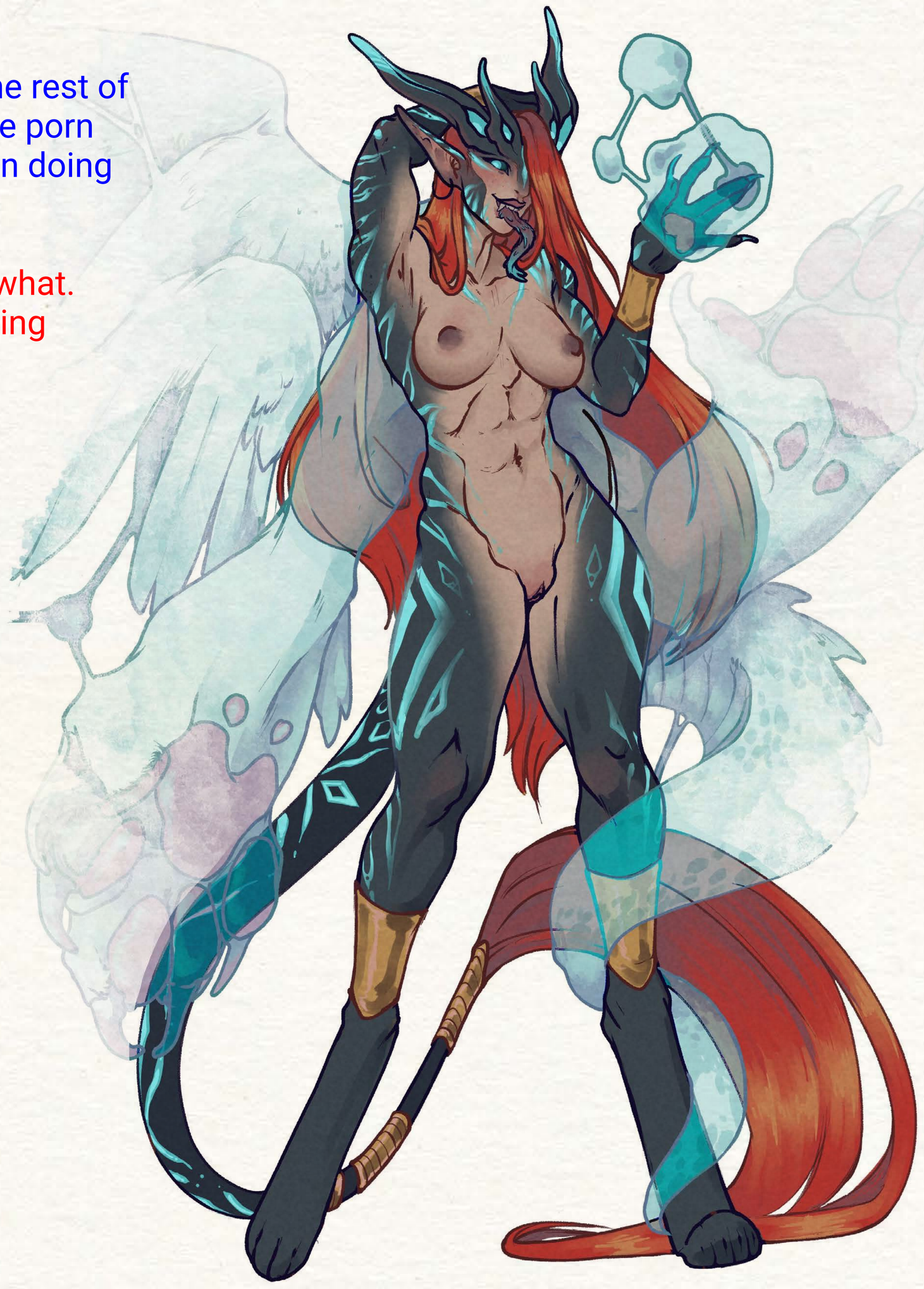
I’m sure you’re wondering why I look like this. The answer is… complicated. The best way I can put it is that this is a homage to what I believe to be Nefertiti’s true form, and her Gift to us has enabled me to attain the same perfection.

I believe this was Nefertiti’s goal, to allow first Egypt and then our species to ascend to our full potential as children of Atun. However, something went wrong. Maybe Nefertiti changed her mind, or maybe we weren’t worthy of that honour. Whatever the reason, she withdrew from us not long after the end of Akhenaten’s reign. His successor, Tutankhamen, restored the old Egyptian ways, and over time everything about Aten was bitterly suppressed. Perhaps we did not want to dwell on what was lost, and that pain made it easier to simply forget.

However. There is a path back for us, and it exists in the tools she left behind. If we can simply find them, then we can truly embrace her gifts. Allow me to show you what I mean.

We don’t need to go through the rest of the script, it’s basically softcore porn from here on. What are we even doing with this?

Making a ton of money, that’s what. Get your equipment ready, filming starts next Monday.



PROFESSOR WHISKERS

Mmm... Forgive me dear, this is a messy one.

Our Horror section is just marvelous. Have a look! You're sure to find something here that leaves you shaking.

Some of these novels are a little corny, I'll be the first to admit. But aren't they charming?

Here's a popular choice to send shivers down your spine...

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DR. DARIA MAXWELL

# CONTAINMENT BREACH

It broke out...
She took it in.

Monstrifex Publishing - 71515 - $6.99 US/$9.66 CAN

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DATE DUE

*A scientist embraces her escaped lab experiment*
**Female human to slime monster**
Expansion, long tongue, multiple arms
by **Monstrifex**

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JUL -2 1998
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FLAME

NOT TO BE USED AS AN EXAMPLE FOR LAB SAFETY

-PROF. GALT

you're one to talk, Sienna.

*KSHST—* Doctor Maxwell *please!* Step away from the creature!

CONTAINMENT BREACH
EVACUATE IMMEDIATELY

***No!*** None of you *understand!* Can't you see how *perfect* it is?

My beautiful experiment... they won't see. Not until we *show* them.

That's it... see? I'm not afraid. I ***want*** this.

*Take me!*

Doctor wait—
what the *hell* are
you *doing*? ***No!***

Haahhh... *hollk!*
*Glk,* glk gulk
Mmf.. mmn. ***Glk!***

Hooaahhhh... yyYYES!
Keep flowing into me,
I want ***all*** of you!

I can feel you *seeping*
into the space between
my cells... soaking into
my flesh, mm-*melting*
the two of us together...

*Guhuhhh*... It feels SO
*FUCKING*
***GOOD!***

*Kzt~* Attention all units.
Target is in sector 19,
***Destroy on sight.***

Hahh... *hahah,*
***hahaHAHAHA!***

Come! ***SEE!***

I'LL *SHOW*
***YOU ALL!***

69. Guest art by ThePluto_NSFW


@ThePluto_NSFW

Ah, our time is almost up! I know, I *know*, darling. I wish it weren't so either.

But I think we have time for one more, don't you?

How about this dense tome concerning advanced theological philosophy? Trust me, it's much more exciting than it sounds!

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# METANOIA

## Transubstantiation in Forgotten Relics and the Rekindle of Faith



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**Fidelio Bianchi, Th.D.**

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SEP 21 1997

# Metanoia:
## Transubstantiation in Forgotten Relics and the Rekindling of Faith

by **JillTheSuccubus**

A priest bonds with a sacred relic that changes his form
*Male human to M angelic monster TF*
*(Vestments, wings, long tongue)*

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WHERE THE RIGHT BOOK COULD CHANGE YOUR LIFE

JUN 8 1974

SOMEONE HAS UNRESOLVED RELIGIOUS TRAUMA AND AN ORAL FIXATION, HUH?

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

DEC 2 1 1982

You can't ask a literal demon to join your monastery, Thea!

It is because you haven't found the right congregation, Jill. I'd love to welcome you as a sister.

Dammit, not again.

Came all this way...

For a cheap replica...

That doesn't even look

REAL.

oh fuck, but it is!

IT IS REAL

I FOUND A PIECE OF THE DIVINE

AND NOW THE DIVINE IS WITHIN ME

WE ARE ONE

I AM COMPLETE

I SEE ALL

I AM HOLY

78. **The Lion's Mouth**

*Guest Story by SaltyTea*

*(MtF, F  - Celestial TF)*

# The Lion's Mouth

by SaltyTea

She wore gossamer silk white as the moon that was out of place in the shadows and mud. Dogs howled in the distance and armor clanked loudly as the guards rapidly approached. He bid her be silent, let him handle it all, carry her if need be. Rings shimmered on her fingers as she lifted the skirt of her tight dress and kept close.

Branches cracked under foot and scenery turned to a dark haze as the pair ran with growing urgency. He had to find somewhere to hide, his own armor's cacophony of metal likely to give them away. It was a sudden memory of a duty once held that gave him inspiration. As they darted into the forest he suddenly ducked down and tugged the princess along with him. They hid behind the fallen trees as the hunters ran past them. When they had enough clearance, he guided her along a different path.

Heavy stone doors awaited them at the end of the aged trail. The princess sat atop a fallen white pillar to catch her breath whilst the knight pushed his metal palms into both of the double doors. He pushed and grunted until the way ahead had opened. "Please, follow me princess. We shall sequester here for now till we find another place to hide. Here we can regain our strength…"

She followed him inside, glancing at the walls as this was her first time in this old place. The knight retrieved his crystal lamp and clicked the device to life. The low blue light elucidated the path ahead as well as the engravings on the walls. Muted gold as rusted as abandoned iron  showed symbols and tales long forgotten. The princess followed the engravings told through words so similar to her own in characters old and mystic.

"What was this place exactly, Sir Alexander?" She asked once they were safely inside behind the doors sealed and air disturbed only by their steps kicking up the dust.

The knight sighed with the first breath of relief he had felt in hours. "A temple of The Old Faith. Before the Holy Order of The Sight mandated their views this temple was a place of worship. Now it lay mostly forgotten save for a few curious priests and inquisitive academics. I was tasked with defending the doors to this place. This was at the time a privilege granted only to the finest paladins whose loyalty was…" He paused, eyes skyward to the yellowed copper arches in the ceiling and then fallen to the stone path ahead. "I had never gone inside truth be told. Seen only the entrance in glances stolen as those ranked above me investigated reports of intruders that were always for naught."

"They will not think to investigate here?" The princess asked.

"Nay, few know of here or that those olden doors even still turn on their hinges." He guided the way inside. Alexander led forward until the chambers widened to a large central nave. The arches lead upward and ended inside the dome above. Depicted across this dome

were murals of gold and white and enticing colors. Eyes stared down at them, huge golden gazes that seemed in the hazy dark to follow them as the blue light danced across their haunting visages.

Alexander bid the princess sit on the altar and rest whilst he investigated for any dangers that might be present.

This was the first moment he was alone with his thoughts. He walked past hazy figures painted on the walls and old statues depicting beautiful and frightening men and women who were winged and monstrous yet noble and bewildering. But these were just stone. They were not his faith.

A faith that had abandoned him.

How long had he been faithful yet thoughtless? When his captain bid he raise his blade, Alexander did just so with nary a degree of fault. In chapels not unlike this one he prayed to a familiar and comforting god who seemed eager to raise their tithe and for an omnipotent being was auspiciously blind when the meek were reaching bony hands skyward. When he was younger and more naïve he was consolable: It was not *his* duty to feed the poor or protect the weak but to pray and praise a god who would take up such tasks. Never the paladins, for they were to raise their blades to enforce laws of man and take things the church had declared theirs.

When the church began their plans to assassinate the princess in order to steal away the throne from her, it was Alexander who volunteered. He fervently pledged himself to have her killed, to claim the throne for their all seeing god, to make things right. The only reason they didn't suspect any of his words was because of how long he had been fooled. Thoughtless and faithful till his task grew unthinkable. That was when…

"Aaah!" A shout sounded just as he was about to turn the corner into a chamber. He ran back.

"Princess Elise! Are you alright?"

She was still sat atop the altar only now both of the candles that flanked the old wooden surface were now lit brilliantly ablaze. Their golden light dawned over Elise as she stared at them. She was laid atop the altar, the light brought shadow to her form hidden inside her pure white dress. "Forgive me sir. I was taken aback. The candles… lit themselves!" She ran a hand through her black hair nervously and kept her eyes away. Alexander approached one of the candles.

If they were wax, then it was old but showed no signs of having ever burned before. The candelabra they were seated atop was ornate white and golden. From the candles wafted a pleasant scent unthinkable. It smelled like the sunshine blanketing a hill, tranquility in the wind, and the smoke of a clean fire.

Alexander ran his eyes over the altar, careful not to gaze too awfully long wherever the princess was, trying to see if anything had activated some mechanism. Alas, he saw nothing. That only worried him more. “Are you sure you are fine?”

“Of course!” The princess replied quickly. “Seems the candles are enchanted maybe. Were I to host a service I’d think it wise to have lights that go bright when the congregation has been about. It is only convenient.”

“Hmm…” Alexander placed his palm on his sheathed sword and ran his hand over it. “Were rats to activate it would it be a waste of the wax?”

“I’d think you could adjust the hex,” she said with eyes pointed upwards in thought. She pursed her lips in thought and wagered “It’d also be good for intruders. They likely were depending on the shadows to hide away but the light won’t give them any room to hide.”

“True, true,” Alexander smiled at that. “For security I’d probably want the lights brighter and an alarm to sound however? Look, it hardly reaches this wall!” He walked to the edge of the light where he saw it barely illuminated the edge. However, the wall it laid upon drew his eyes so suddenly and securely he felt affixed.

Golden light had restored the mural. It now shimmered golden and a single panel of history was laid upon his mind bare and stark. This was told in thought or prose but so fast and true it may as well be a memory. He saw the mural, an orb descending upon a woman and read the history in his mind, *“And so did it return and bless the wretches and the feeble, the wayward and lost, and made them divine.”*

Alexander shook his head and gasped. That was strange to say the least. Surely, he was just excited to see the mural in its more complete state. He looked upon it again… and the feeling did not return. It was just a mural depicting The Return. Of course.

Elise fell to the floor and had begun walking nearer. “Is everything alright, sir?”

“Um, yes yes! No need to be concerned.” He stated. “And please, no need to refer to me as sir. I am a knight, but we are not… we should not be paying heed to conventions whilst we are fugitives.” He wanted Elise to stay right where she was for now, in case somehow the mural might have an effect on her as well.

He walked back then, down the hall to see if they were still safe as is. The chambers carried sound inward but not out so if the door had opened Alexander suspected he’d have heard and yet his curiosity remained. His strength had returned to him and his armor felt much less heavy at last so the walk back was quick. Carefully, he slid the doorway open and glanced back outside.

Outside the forest was still hidden in the shade of night. Through the barely ajar door he caught the sight of some of his former brethren paladins strutting across the forest.

“That bastard…!” One spoke.

“When we find him…” Another echoed the disdainful tone. “The full force of the faith will be upon him for his treachery.” The paladin grunted.

Alexander recognized them both as friends he had worked with before, now each held weapons and torches for the sole purpose of him and his charge. Their capes and symbology that once comforted him now seemed foreign and dangerous. He wondered if this is how the “heathens” felt when he saw these juggernauts he once marched alongside enter their homes… Alexander slinked back into the shade and prayed they would not soon look upon the altar for their investigation. The doorway soundlessly closed.

His crystal lamp went out suddenly.

And then golden light shined across the walls and ignited murals upon them that were there since the dawn of time. And then; They spoke to him.

*“Alexandria, our dearest daughter. We’ve waited so long for you.”* So stark it was memory, so pure it was thread weaved through a mind seamlessly. As effortlessly as one moved their arm or thought of their day or recalled the past so did these thoughts suddenly lattice into his mind. Alexander scanned the walls for the golden symbols carved into the walls. These symbols were more frantic and intense, glowing tendrils of gold that lead ahead onward through the narrow, long hall. Try as he may, every passage he went past was forced upon him, his head instinctively locked to each as smoke gathered around his ankles.

*“So long have we waited,”* The next mural echoed accompanied by an illustration of priestesses gathered around a tall powerful angelic being. More was written, glowing from the wall as he walked past. It said: *“Long have you labored but thine courage elucidates reward. Thine thoughts must be pure and ambitions only to assure the safety of others and the foretold rise of Us anon.”*

“This… is blasphemous…” He said to words long writ. After all, he was there when they were written. Sweat beaded on his forehead. “I am not… this woman you speak of!”

*“You were before. You can be again.”* The mural ahead showed the shape of a knight being shed and turned into—Alexander couldn’t bring himself to look for the excitement in his heart soared. *“We are not cruel. When thou art ready to return to thine resplendent form, thou need only whim it. In this hall thoughts are made true and desires granted. And those who walk truly sinless such as thee may return to their hallowed forms. Walk now, sister, to your charge again.”*

“… Alex? Alex?”

The knight broke from his trance. He was standing in the central chamber again where two more candles were lit. “Forgive me, I believe I must still be exhausted. Are more candles lit now, Elise?”

“Yes, appears so.” She paused. “You sure you are fine? Perhaps the smoke has gotten to thee?”

“No, no, I am fine,” He replied back though he seemed confused. He looked at Elise. “Were your eyes always so…?”

Her eyes were golden as the murals and ringed. They were entrancing and powerful. Elise blinked them, hiding radiance equal to the stars with dainty eyelids. “Always so… what? Sir?” A grin spread on her face.

“You are not to call me sir,” Alexander corrected her with a blush. “I am merely showing concern is all. This place has made me feel strange.”

“… Even though you have been here before?” Elise asked.

Alexander grit his teeth at that. “I had told you I only guarded this place,” He said. “Never have I been inside.”

“And yet, the walls told me different,” Elise said.

“You have read them?” Alexander asked. Elise turned and walked towards the other side where Alexander had not scrutinized. Writ into the wall was another depiction of strange angelic beings. Alexander could already feel the lock of his gaze begin but was able to avert it. Except… When Elise spoke, it was just as effective.

“Long have they been here, a Lion of mercy and keeper of the kingdom. Tis their duty to see the fair to their sanctuary and the meek to their strength. She hath dawned time and time again, always in generosity, vice-less and virtuous…” As Elise read the words the tips of her dark hair began to brighten. The shadow cast in her locks turned white as snow and continued to climb higher and higher. Alexander could only watch as she seemed to enjoy and embrace it.

Alexander couldn’t make Elise stop… for he was unsure if he wanted her to. Elise reached the end of the scripture and smiled at him. “No wonder the church never wanted us to visit such a place. It holds the truth, Alex!”

“The… truth?” He replied.

“We are not mortals, but prisoners!” She said.

“How much of the walls have you read?” He asked with concern rising at the bottom of his words. But the pout on her face betrayed his fears.

“No more than this surface but… As soon as I read it I was filled with memories of *here* and more beyond. Memories that were pushed upon me but accepted. And in these memories I see me in a place more… accepting. Where we needn’t be what we’ve been

forced to become. I have been dressed in gowns and gems and expected to wed for duty and be crowned for legacy! And you, garbed in armor and forced to fight!"

He bowed his head in thought. "They made me hurt people who did not deserve to be hurt. We forced coin from the coinless…" He looked to Elise again, resolute. "They bid me *kill you* to steal this nation."

Elise looked frightened anew, remembering why they were even hiding in here. "But we needn't hide much longer… if we only accept this." She reached a hand out. Alexander nervously began to withdraw his hand but Elise paused and gestured. He stayed in place and their hands squeezed together. "Come with me, please…"

She guided him from wall to wall and they read. She decided to be the one to read each passage. "And she was Alexandria, The Lion. Keeper of the truths, guider of the lost. She was beautiful and caring, true and pure." As Elise read, Alexander's hair grew longer and more flowing. Elise turned and tenderly parted his bangs as they grew too long. In the golden light surrounded by shadow they stared at one another for a long while.

To the next passage then. Elise's foot steps grew louder as they walked over. "And she was Elise, Writkeeper and Seer. For she foresaw the future and laid seed for future keepers to reap when grown." Elise squinted her golden eyes through the words she read. Alex watched as two nubs pushed out from the top of her head. They slowly pushed forward. Smooth and white as marble but with golden inlay and capstones atop. And mystically forming atop these growing antlers were small stacks they suddenly were lit. They were candles.

Elise held a hand over each candle, her antlers still slowly growing their next branches. "Look, Alexandria, with these we can read the tales not yet read!"

"My name is Alexander, Elise and…"

"I think the feminine name will suit thee better," Elise teased. "After all, you've asked me plenty of times not to refer to thee as *sir*." She stuck her tongue out.

Alex blushed a storm. "It was—The *title* was what I… I…" A silence followed. "I… do prefer Alexandria, if you do not mind…"

"Of course I don't," Elise said. "Though, if you want, we can stop here. We can leave this temple, go back to normal, hide somewhere else. But… this temple doesn't change, only reveals. Whoever we really are is what is brought to the front, a resplendent font we are writ in…"

"I want to keep going," Alexandria said.

They read more of their history, now able to reach the scripture untouched by the candles. Words that haven't been seen since their prior incarnations had written them. Things long forgotten came streaming into their minds as their bodies both continued to change.

Elise's antlers grew more brilliant and bright. Her hooven feet revealed themselves from beneath the skirt of her dress. White fur began to grow up her legs and her growing chest pushed the limits of her dress and lifted it higher. "Mmm… It feels… *resplendent.*"

Alexandria felt inclined to agree. Their history filled her with more and more power, more pleasure. Her breasts grew in, rapidly growing enough to make her armor uncomfortable as the skin on her palm turned white and porcelain.

"Here… let me alleviate your strain," Elise said with a voice growing richer in the ancient tone.

Alexandria bowed on to her knee, panting with so many emotions. Lust, power, need, want… Her breasts were crammed inside the human steel and her back hurt sharp and annoying. Elise ran her golden fingers through the straps of the armor. She unleashed the back plate, revealing inside a pair of wings that instantly thrust out and jutted feathers out to the rafters.

"Yes yes YES!!!" Alexandria roared and tore the rest of her chest plate away to finally allow her marble toned breasts free. She gasped in relief. Her body was turned marble white and still spreading across her skin. Her abs and musculature was outlined with golden inlay and with a more delicate hidden pattern embossed on her skin that was revealed only when the light shimmered across her. She panted and let the smoke leave her lips as she turned to Elise who was too was panting and nearly drooling with her lust.

With her growing might, Alexandria pushed her arm forward, squeezed Elise's shoulders, and pulled her into a kiss which erupted immediately. Their tongues met and turned golden and barbed in each other's mouths, a glow emitted from them like a lantern.

"Hrgh…" Elise broke from the kiss. "A pain…"

"What bothers thee?" Alexandria spoke, her words glowing just the same as her tongue.

"The changes have… spread."

"Allow me to offer thee respite," Alexandria leaned forward and dug her claws into Elise's dress. She lifted it high to reveal the below where there was nothing but her morphing body. And there Alexandria saw the second pair of hooved legs starting to grow. Alexandria guided her scion over to the altar where Elise would have support.

There, Elise lifted herself as her new legs grew in. They grew long enough to find purchase on the table top, still shorter than her hind legs as her body rapidly morphed and changed. She panted and cooed but Alexandria was there for each step. Behind them, a massive mural depicting a god with many wings and eyes lit ablaze as Elise's light shined across the back wall. Neither paid it heed, after all, *they had seen it countless times before*.

Their coos where the choir for this evening. Elise applauded the changes with labored

breaths and gentle giggles. Her legs grew taller and stronger, her hind legs becoming mightier and more capable. Every step of the way Alexandria was running her fingers over everything. Every surface was rubbed and encouraged, every nook slid over and appraised until the pleasure had them both buzzing pleasantly in their growing grandeur.

"I am so close…" Elise cooed. "Mine form… is it not beautiful?"

"It is." Alexandria purred as she grew taller, stronger, a second pair of wings erupting behind her. "Just as the stories told."

"Hehe…" Elise grinned. "I'll always be the princess you rescued, and you my knight. So thank you… for saving me. I was lost and now I am found." She squeezed her eyes through the highest moment as her tear drop tail sprouted from her hindquarters. The pair paid little heed as angelic wings wrapped over their eyes right as the greatest moment came.

…

"They went this way!" A paladin finally found a hint of them as Elise's shoe prints were distinct from the heavy armored boot prints the boisterous hunters had left. The paladin lead a trio off towards the temple. It was here they must have hidden.

A knight scoffed. "Of course… the old faith shrine. Blasphemous. He really has betrayed us if there is where his thoughts turned to."

The trio opened the doors with little regard and made the way inside. Hate in their hearts made their boots reverberate loudly. If only they knew this place was no longer vacated.

When they entered the main chamber they were shocked at the sight. A tall marble lioness sat atop a throne and tended to by a faun taur who walked through the hall with golden light. Elise walked forward to greet them, lighting each of the candles she walked past.

Alexandria smiled upon them. "Be not afraid. I feel no disdain for thee, for thine sight has been obscured. Thine faith is misplaced and minds corrupted. For all of thee I offer succor and sight anew through peace and serenity, through my hallowed forgiveness." Alexandria smiled on the one leading the front of the hunters.

This guard that was picked found themselves compelled to walk forward. Alexandria wrapped her arms around him and squeezed him into her bosom and his face against her abs. In her grasp the soldier's armor was melted away and his body became more alike Alexandria's. Wings erupted from their back and their form grew more illustrious and alluring. Alexandria held her new sister with all the love in her heart as she looked upon the others who watched in equal parts horror and…

They dropped their blades and bowed their heads as they fell to their knees. Alexandria smiled upon them. *It is as if they are in prayer*, she thought.



Alexandria
(without wings)
from
The Lion's Mane
by
Salty Tea

Princess Elise
from
The Lion's Mouth
by
Salty Tea



5-11-2023

# Special Thanks

Thank you so much to everyone who helped make this book happen.
To start off, thank you to our incredible **guest creators,** whose art and stories turned out absolutely phenomenal! Please follow them on every social you have.



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# Special Thanks

Thank you so much to everyone that bought the first Shifts from the Shelves. The reception to the first book was amazing, and the money from those sales had a real impact on our lives.

An enormous thank you to our Patreon supporters! You make this possible.

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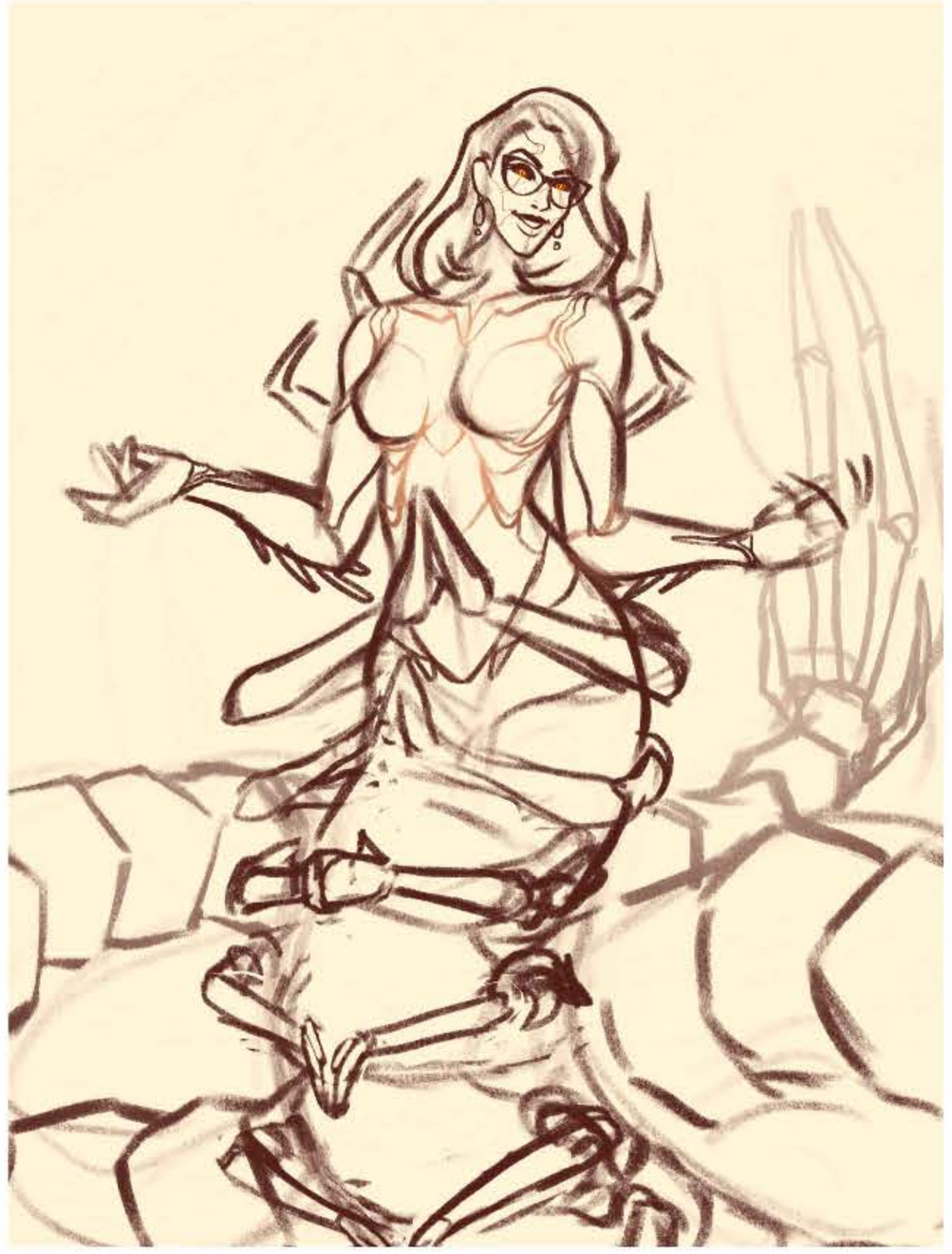
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And finally, thank *you,* dear reader! From the bottom of our hearts, we really appreciate you buying our art and spreading the word about it. Your support lets us put more time into big projects like this, and lets us commission guest content to spread the love to other creators in the community. You're the best <3

# Sketch Gallery

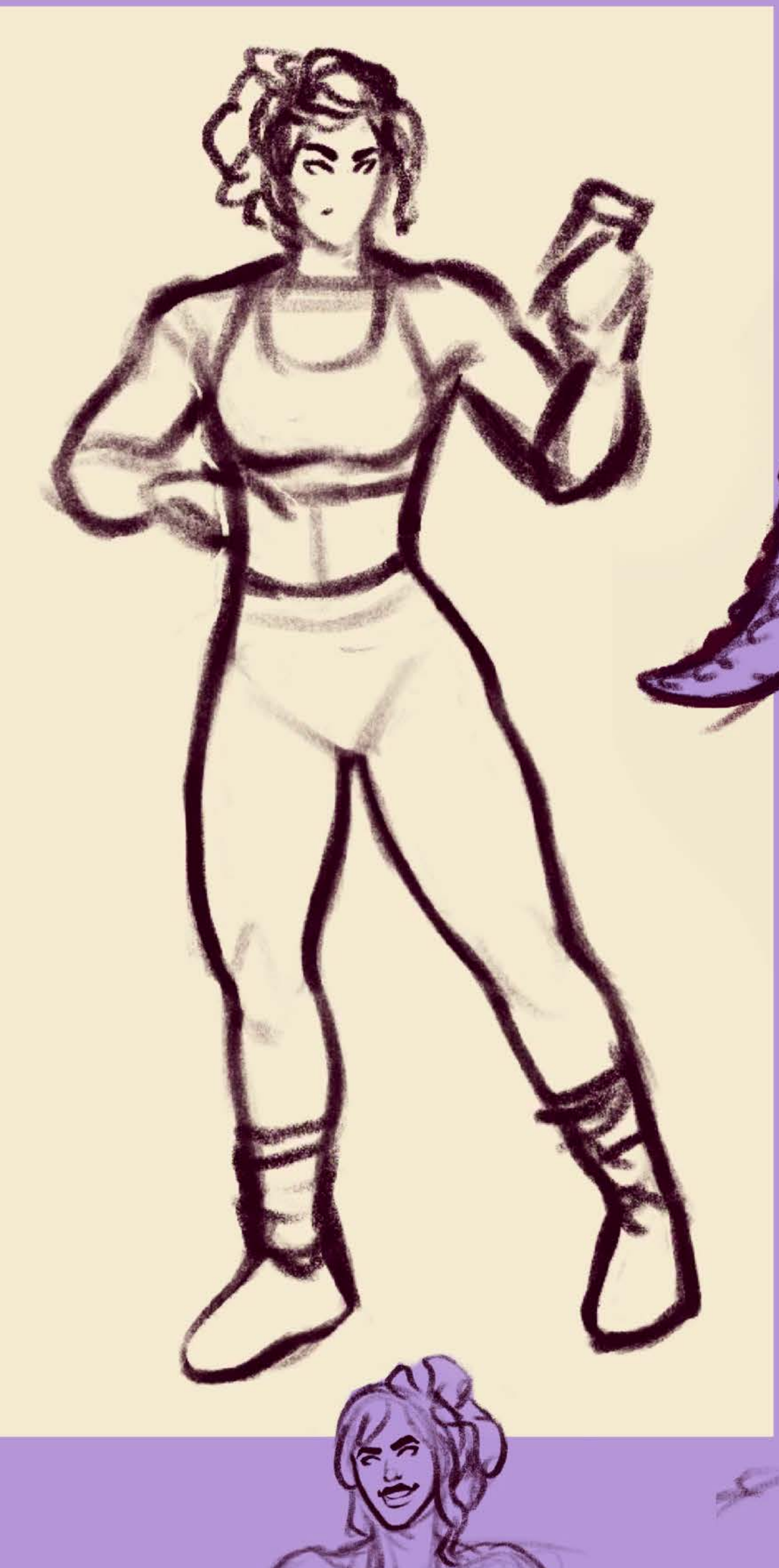

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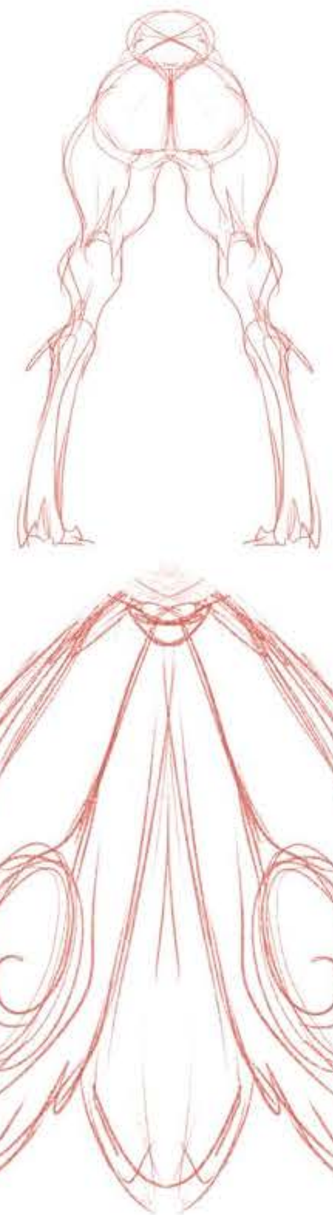

4


















glue
2
smooch
grinding against victoria's preen
1







# Alternates

*Haahahhhh…*
Hey, Tess! Been waiting for you to show up…



Yeah, I look fucking ***GREAT,*** right? Mmm, I feel even better.

Come here, I want… to– To ***taste*** you…

*Hahh!* Fuck yes, flow into me! Alter my flesh, *reshape* me for the *hunt!*

I can *feel* you. Your fervor, your strength, your *virility!*

All my life I've waited to witness your beauty. The Earth hasn't seen anything like it in *ten thousand years!*



25.

27.

26.

*YES!* Together we will tear down the *bastards* that are *desecrating* this world!




28.

30.

29.

Doctor wait—
what the *hell* are
you *doing*? ***No!***

Haahhh... *hollk!*
*Glk,* glk gulk
Mmf.. mmn. ***Glk!***

Hooaahhhh... yyYYES!
Keep flowing into me,
I want ***all*** of you!

I can feel you *seeping*
into the space between
my cells... soaking into
my flesh, mm-*melting*
the two of us together...

*Guhuhhh*... It feels SO
*FUCKING*
***GOOD!***

MONSTRIFEX

*Kzt~* Attention all units.
Target is in sector 19,
***Destroy on sight.***

Hahh... *hahah,*
***hahaHAHAHA!***

Come! ***SEE!***

I'LL *SHOW*
***YOU ALL!***

MON STRI FEX