

Shifts From The Shelves

A library-themed transformation smut anthology
By **JillTheSuccubus** and **Monstrifex**

TEA LOVER'S COMPANION
HUMANS & NATURE
CORPUS DESIDERIUM

ASHLIGHT'S TURN
PALEONTOLOGY 101
HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS



FEATURING GUEST ART BY
Angrboda • Faogwolf • Michelødy
Roshea_TF • SpiderQueenLong

18+

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4, 11, 18, 29, 36, 48

Introduction

There are a million totally different subcultures and kinks within the transformation community. But despite that variety, one fairly consistent throughline I've heard is the concept of "*TF awakenings*." These are moments when an uninitiated viewer becomes fascinated with some instance of transformation in media, only to realize later that it was the early stages of their TF fetish. These awakenings usually happen in books, movies, or TV shows since transformation generally isn't something you're exposed to in the real world.

I have multiple distinct memories of awakenings like these happening at libraries, book fairs, comic shops and book stores. It could have been a werewolf illustration in a scary story collection, or the cover of an Animorphs book, or a strange twist ending of a Goosebumps chapter. Each time, these fixations either contributed to or hinted at an eventual fetish for TF.

The settings of those experiences were a big influence on *Shifts from the Shelves*. Jill suggested collaborating on a series of smaller transformation

sequences, and I suggested tying them together with the librarian character she had designed for day 4 of Vivid Shadows 2020. Framing all of these sequences as books in a library helped us connect concepts that otherwise have a ton of fun variety.

We hope you enjoy what we've come up with! We've put a ton of time and thought into all of these stories, and we're extremely proud of the result. If you do like it, let us know on social media! Your feedback and engagement helps us decide what kind of projects to work on next.

Now then, lower your voice and keep your library card handy, because it's time for the tour to begin!

- Monstrifex



JillTheSuccubus



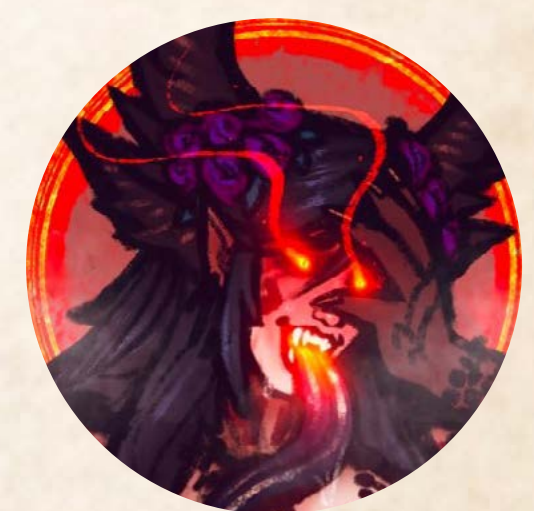
[@JSuccubus](https://twitter.com/JSuccubus)



[JillDoesPrompts](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCJillDoesPrompts)



[JillTheSuccubus](https://www.instagram.com/JillTheSuccubus)



Monstrifex



[@Monstrifex](https://twitter.com/Monstrifex)



[Monstrifex](https://www.youtube.com/channel/UCMonstrifex)



[Monstrifex](https://www.instagram.com/Monstrifex)



Good evening, dearest reader. Please come in, don't be shy! Welcome to the Kafka Public Library.

I'll be your hostess and librarian tonight! Stay close by, this place is always changing things around.

To start us off, perhaps you'd be interested in our comics section?

Ah, here, let's begin with one of my favorites...



\$1.75 US
\$2.25 CAN
25
APRIL
UK £1.05

DISAPPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

NOVEMBER 8 TURN

STARRING ASHLIGHT,
THE ANTIPLASMA
WIELDING ANTI-HEROINE!

FEX



KAFKA PUBLIC LIBRARY



ALRIGHT TEAM... NOW THAT WE'VE
DEFEATED DR. DIABOLICAL AND TAKEN
HER POWER AMPLIFICATION CRYSTAL,
WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO WITH IT?

DESTROY IT? ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR
MIND?! THINK OF WHAT WE COULD
ACCOMPLISH WITH THIS!



NO.

NO, I'M FINISHED TAKING ORDERS
FROM YOU. I'VE BEEN PLAYING ALONG
WITH YOUR LITTLE HERO GAMES FOR
LONG ENOUGH. FROM NOW ON, I DO
THINGS MY WAY. STARTING WITH *THIS!*

HAAAAAH!

GNNF, FFFUCK! HOLY SHIT, IT'S
SO INTENSE! I CAN FEEL MY
POWERS SURGING, STRONGER
THAN I'VE EVER FELT BEFORE!

HHRUUUUUHH

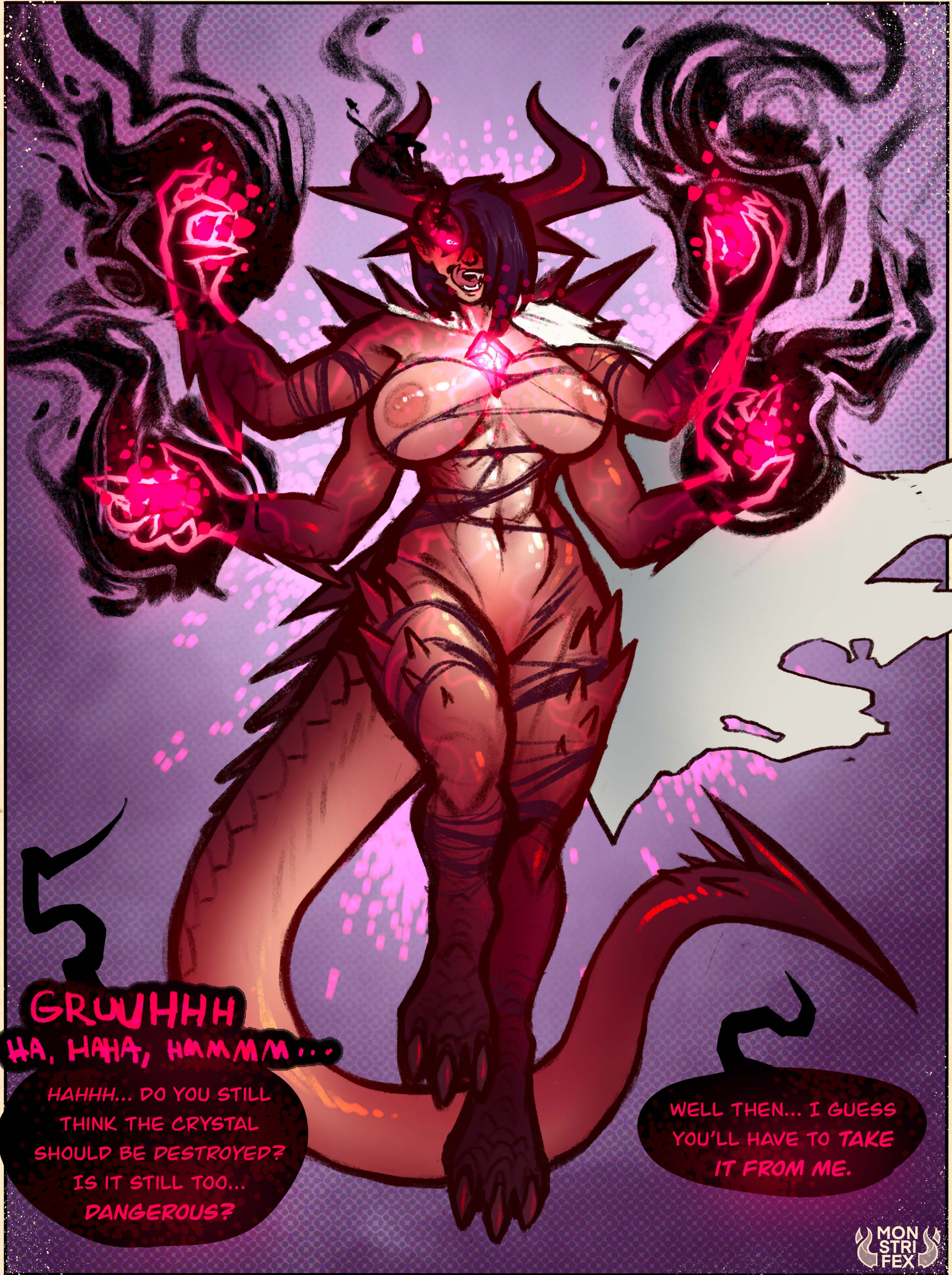


GAAAHHH, HAHA, HAHAHAHA!

IT FEELS GOOD... IT FEELS SO
FUCKING GOOD!

MORE! MOOOORE!

YEEEEESSS!



GRUUHHH
HA, HAHA, HMMMM...

HAHHH... DO YOU STILL
THINK THE CRYSTAL
SHOULD BE DESTROYED?
IS IT STILL TOO...
DANGEROUS?

WELL THEN... I GUESS
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE
IT FROM ME.



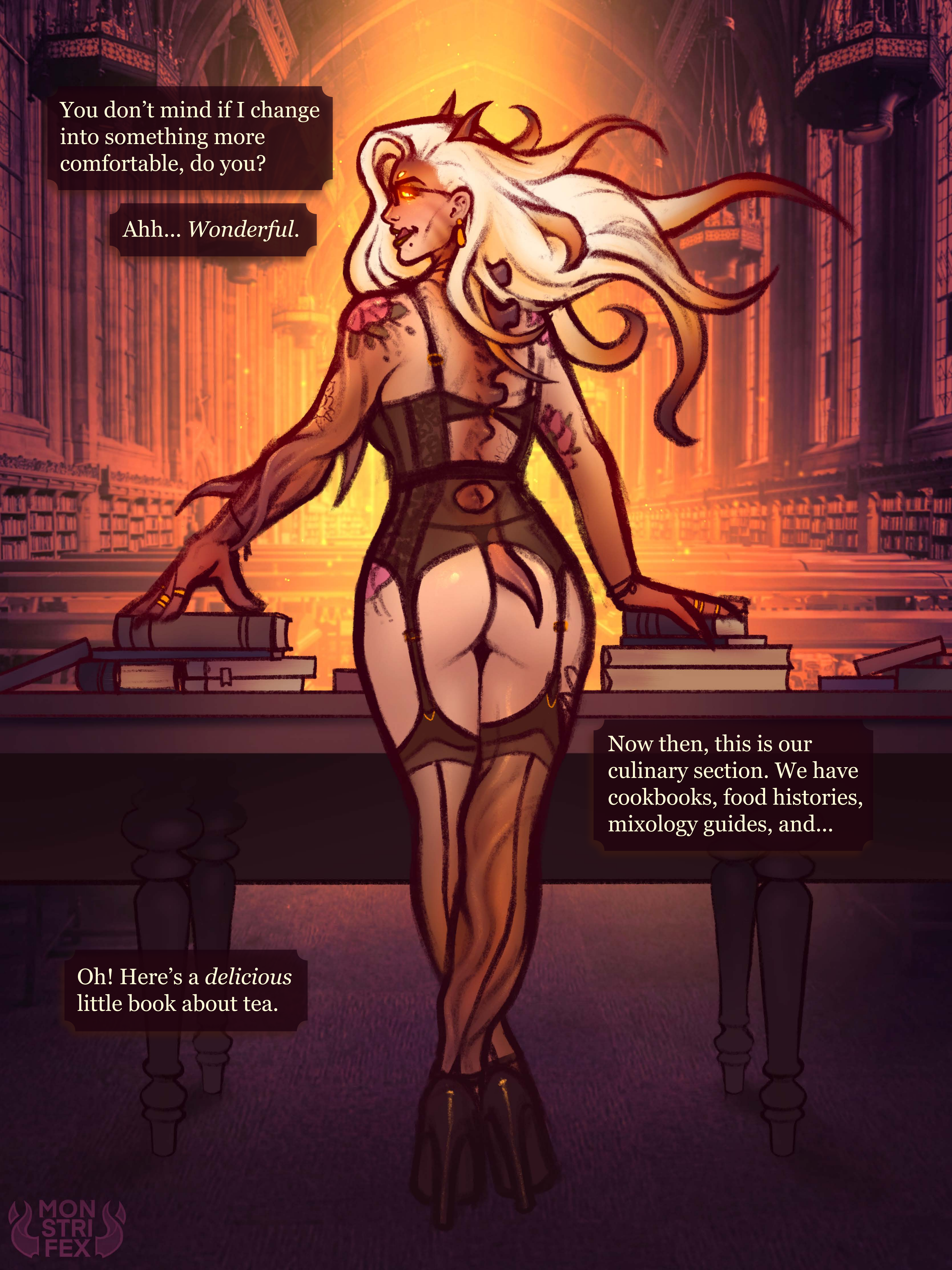


COME ON!
TAKE IT!

DESTROY IT? ARE YOU
MIND?! THINK OF WHAT
COMPLI...

TAKE IT
FROM ME!
I DARE YOU!

SHIT, IT'S
FEEL MY
PONGER
GROVE!



You don't mind if I change
into something more
comfortable, do you?

Ahh... *Wonderful.*

Now then, this is our
culinary section. We have
cookbooks, food histories,
mixology guides, and...

Oh! Here's a *delicious*
little book about tea.

Kill the Succubus

The
Tea
Lover's
Companion

The ultimate guide to
brewing & enjoying Tea

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★ 00100 ★

I BET THAT EVERY SINGLE PERSON ALIVE HAS A FAVORITE DRINK

If you're reading this book, tea is probably one of yours.

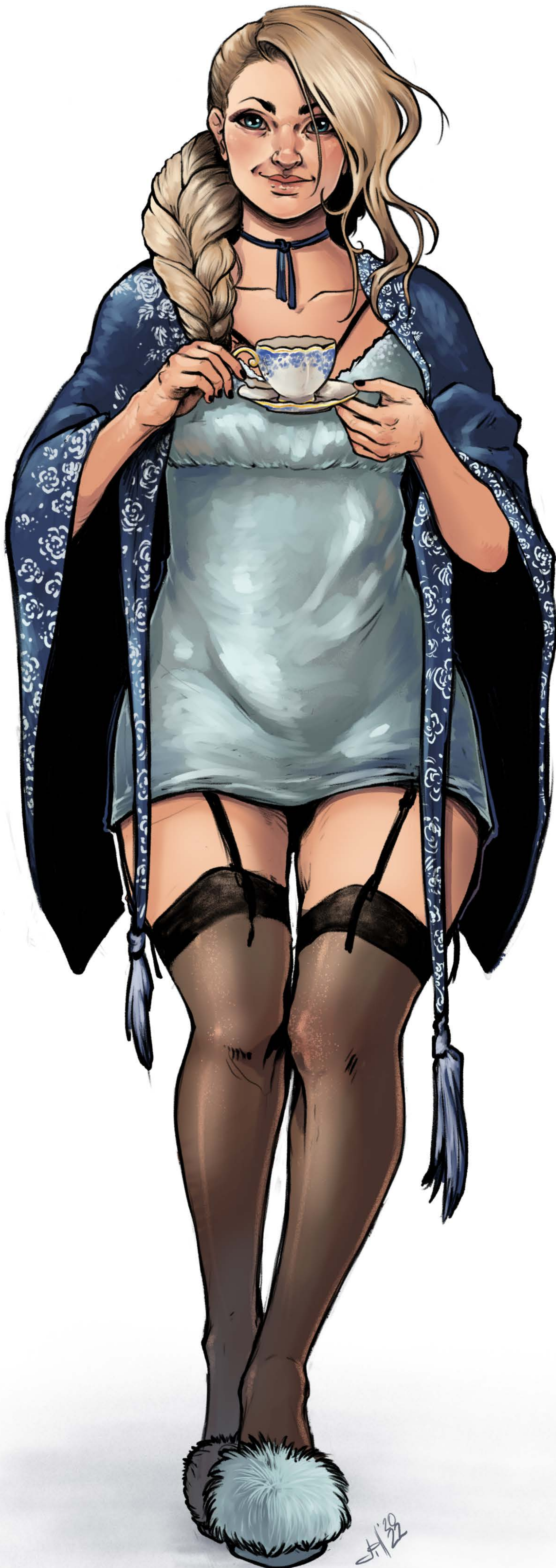
There is a certain, undeniable comfort in a hot cup of tea—which might be cliché to say, but clichés exist for good reason! For me, there is nothing better than a fresh brew in the morning, sipped quietly by myself on the porch.

It's like a protective bubble that gives me the strength I need to face whatever the world throws at me.

“GIVE ME A PLACE TO STAND,
AND WITH A LEVER I WILL MOVE
THE WHOLE WORLD.”
GIVE ME A CUP OF TEA AND
I WILL CONQUER IT.

Everyone knows how to brew tea: hot water, leaves, time. But if you *really* love tea, then you know all about the leaves' origins, the right time and temperature, even the difference between ceramic, glass and clay! And if you don't know those things, there are plenty of books that can teach you.

But that's not what this book is about. What this book wants to do is to redefine your relationship with tea—to resignify something so simple into something magical—and in the process help you improve your mindfulness and your relationship with yourself.





FIRST, YOU NEED TO GET YOURSELF A TEA PET, IT'S A GAME CHANGER.

And you know what? It has been fucking amazing, if you pardon my French. I got mine without any expectations—I wasn't looking for good luck or blessings, just a silent (but extremely cute) companion to my morning tea. And for months, that's just what they were.

I started offering them my first brew, out of a desire to symbolically share something that I have treasured as mine for so long.

THE INTENT OF SHARING SOMETHING THAT I TREASURED WAS WHAT MADE MY OFFERING BOTH TRUE AND WELCOME.

So it became a ritual. I shared, with no exceptions and no excuses. I offered what was precious, and the more I gave, the more they gave me back.

Soon, my tea and my offerings were no longer about only mental clarity or peace. (Not to minimize the importance of either!) But I started to see visible, tangible ways in which their blessings continued to find me worthy.

AND NOW I AM COMPLETE!

I am theirs, just as they are mine.
We find comfort in each other.
and we treasure the

offerings

of

those

who

want

to

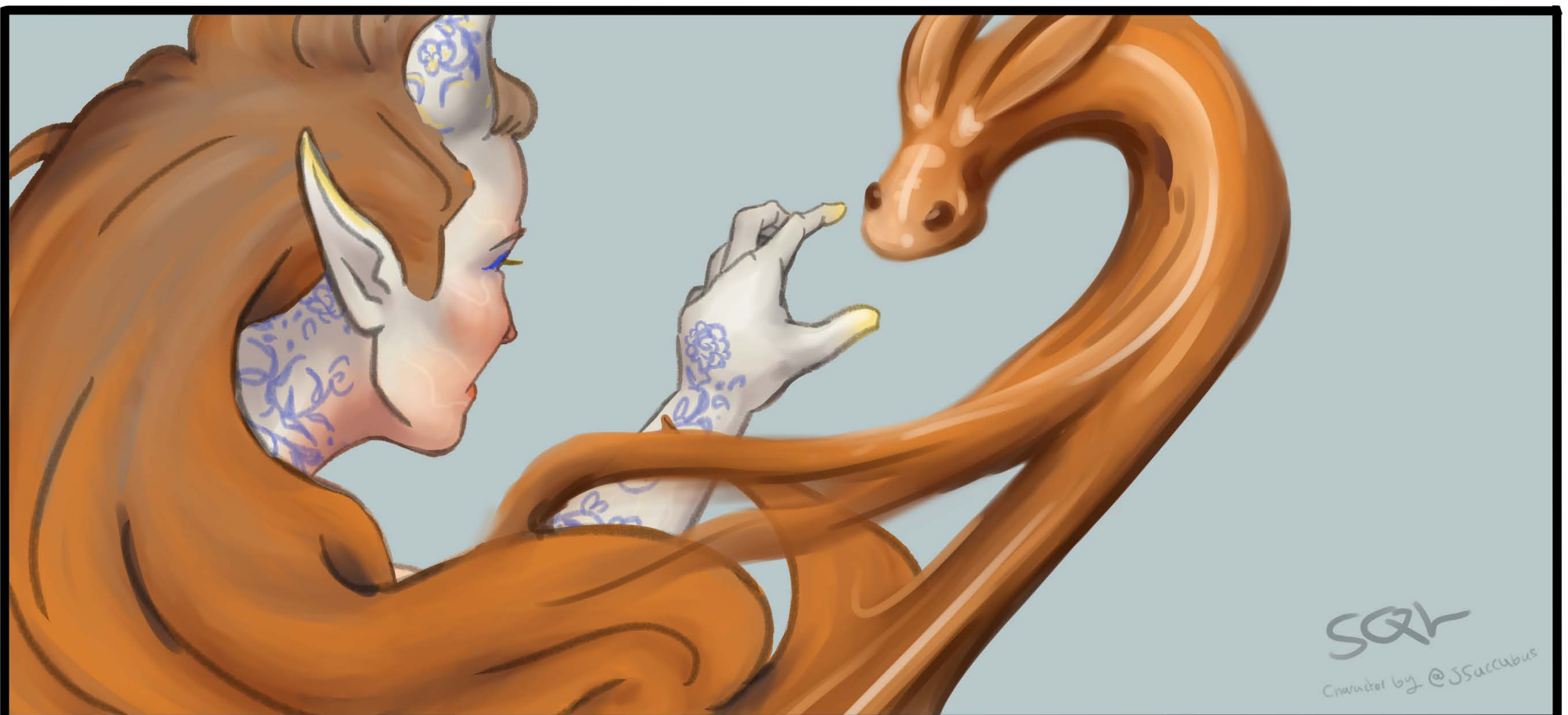
be

RE-


BORN



Recipe: Treat with Love







Mmmm, yes this feels
much better, thank you
dear.

Perhaps you're
looking for something
scientific?

Our biology section has
a delightful selection of
peer-reviewed journals
and textbooks.

That thick one there is a
fascinating exploration
of genetic vertebrate
paleontology.

Give it a look, perhaps
you'll learn something...

SEVENTH EDITION

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CU02071681

Paleontology 101

Roger E. Ecksford, Amber Matthews,
and April Ellis



Edited by Dirk Norris and Juno Rasiczsky



Is this recording? Ah, hello!

My name is April Ellis, I'm a paleontological student at the Crawford Arctic Research Station for Biological Inquiry. I've been working with a sample of dinosaur nerve tissue that we found miraculously preserved in a deep-freeze specimen's vertebrae. Initial attempts to revitalize the tissue have been fruitless, but I've made a breakthrough!

By implanting the cells in my own lower spinal column and exposing them to neural stimulants, they've begun to see a return of function!

Height ~164cm

Hair artificially dyed

Subject made no recordings prior to tissue implant, but a lack of visible changes renders this an acceptable baseline

Not only that, but they've started converting the cells immediately around them for greater compatibility!

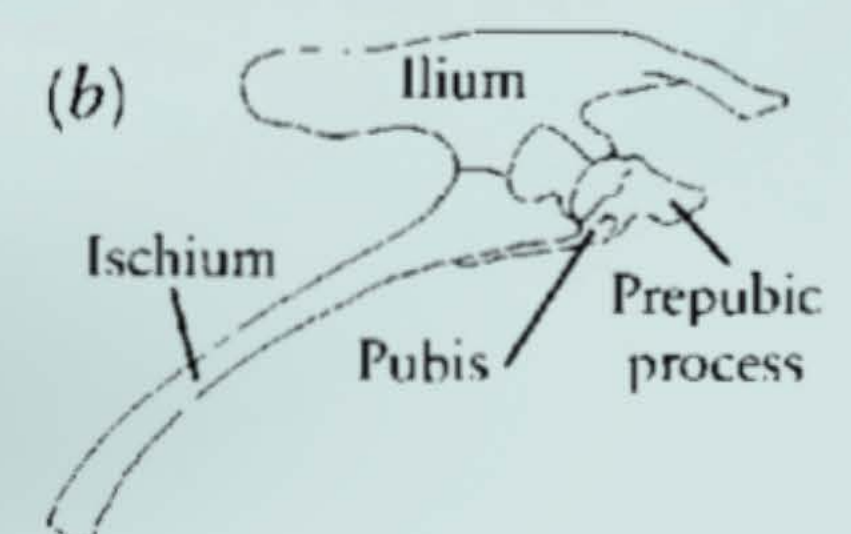
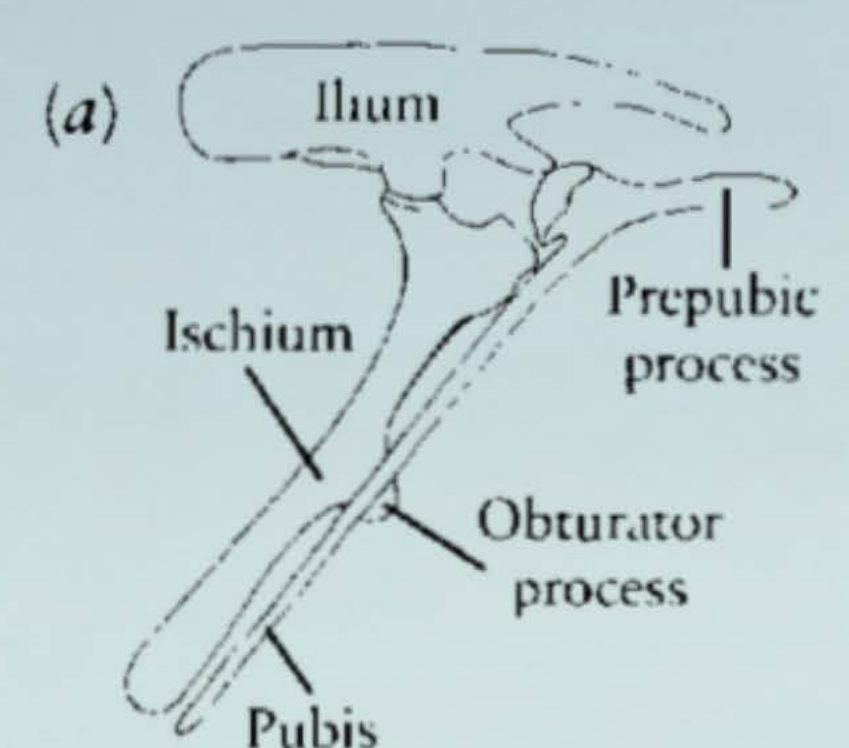
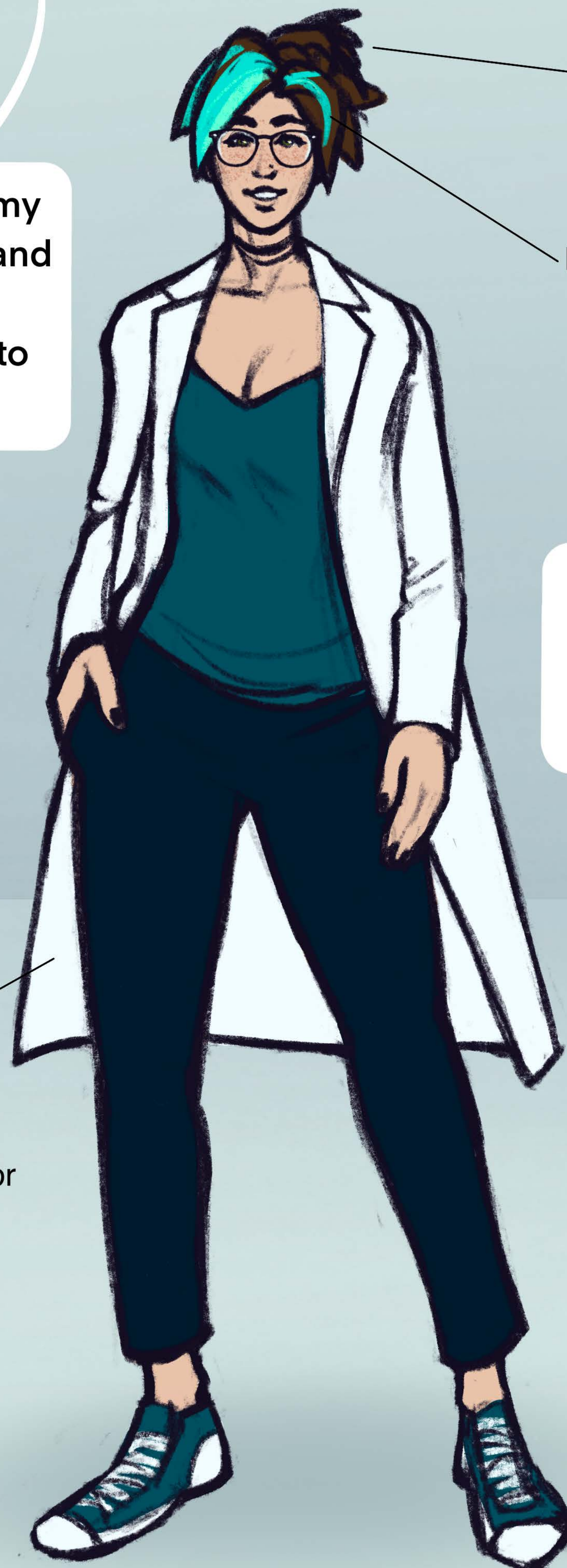
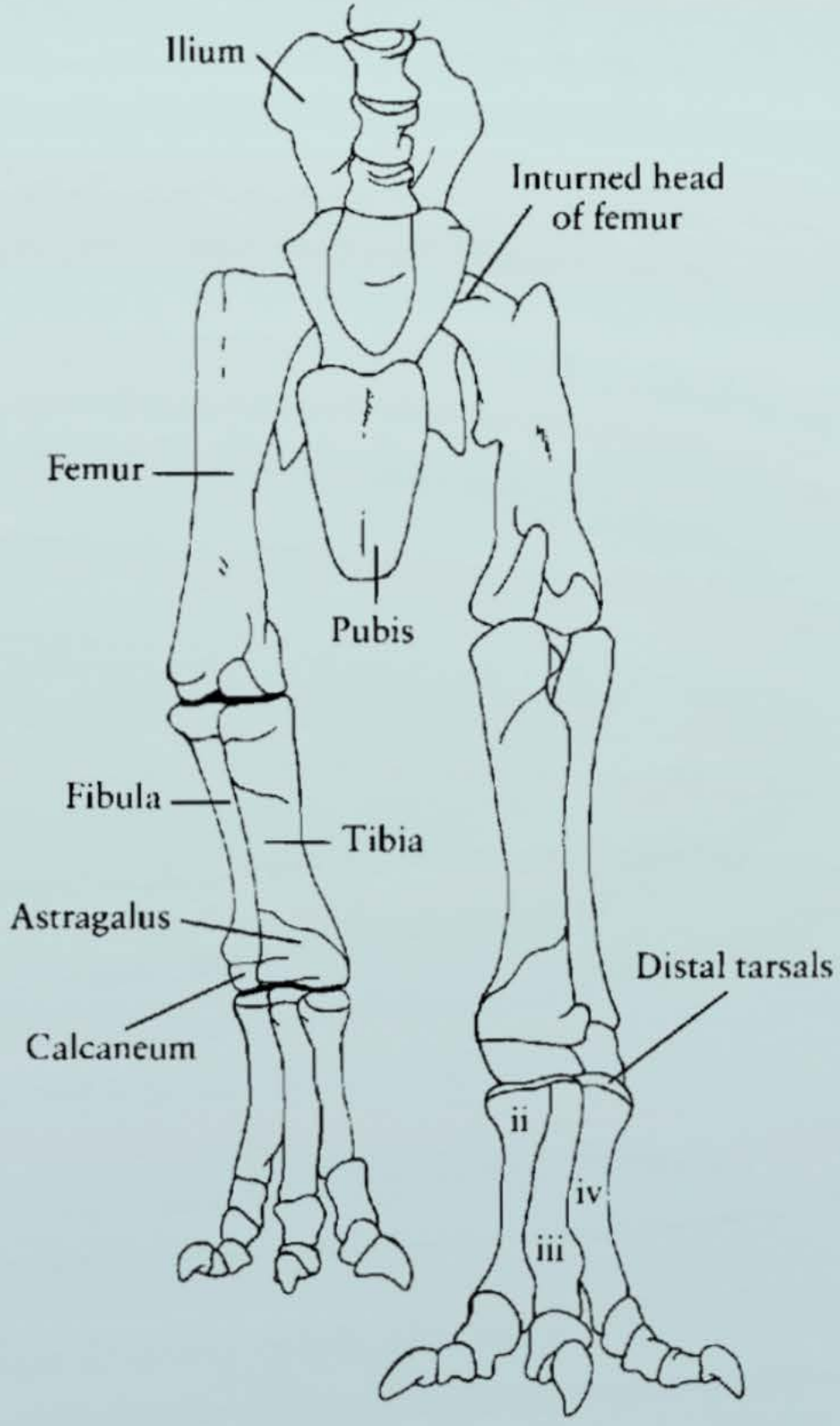


Figure 6.1. Ellis Incident. Subject's original unaltered appearance immediately following nerve transplant.

It's likely that I've overstepped the bounds of safe scientific practice here. The proper thing would be to stop exposing the tissue implant to neural stimulants, but... I can't bring myself to stop the experiment. I'm learning so much, and it feels... *unnff*. The conversion process itself is very *pleasurable*.



Height ~183cm

Iris color and pupil shape have changed

Even talking about it makes me... *ahh*...
Fuck, I just can't help myself.

Feathers appear to match hair dye, either coincidental or possibly indicative of Galtian self-image enforcement.

Stripes indicate tall grass camouflage

Hypersensitive hemipenes

Large tail used for balance

Figure 6.2. Ellis Incident. Subject's lower body has converted. Subject experiences increased arousal.

Chap. 14 | Genetic Vertebrate Paleontology | 248



Figure 6.3. Ellis Incident. Conversion has cascaded out of control, mutating subject into large hybrid form.

AHHHHN--

SOME P-PARTS OF THE
CONVERSION PROCESS...

ARE A L-LITTLE MORE
DISTRACTING
THAN OTHERS...





SQL

Paleontology 101 - Conversion Log

A Transformation Vignette

By Monstrifex



Research Log 01 - A. Ellis, Station 72

14:31:22 - 03/27/2022

Auto transcription

Is this recording? Ah, hello!

Research log, day one.

My name is April Ellis, I'm a paleontological student at the *Crawford Arctic Research Station for Biological Inquiry*. I've been working with a sample of dinosaur nerve tissue that we found miraculously preserved in a deep-freeze specimen's vertebrae. Initial attempts to revitalize the tissue have been fruitless. But despite my limited resources, I've made a breakthrough!

By implanting the cells in my own lower spinal column and exposing them to neural stimulants, they've begun to see a return of function! Not only that, but they've started converting the cells immediately around them for greater compatibility!

With continued application of neural stimulants, we may be able to grow the sample enough to learn incredible new information about the source organism. To think, my body might be the site a scientific discovery of this magnitude... It's thrilling to say the least.



Research Log 02 - A. Ellis, Station 72

16:45:57 - 03/28/2022

Auto transcription

Research log, day two.

My analysis indicates that the tissue sample has continued to flourish and grow in my spine! To my surprise, I'm beginning to experience some minor side effects. The skin surrounding the area on my lower back has begun to discolor slightly, and the texture has become more leathery and tough. This would suggest that the cell conversion has extended beyond my central nervous system and into the surrounding organs. I'm overjoyed! The amount of new data points we'll be able to collect from the affected areas is spectacular.

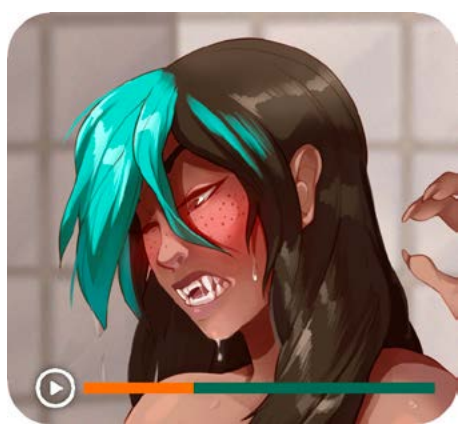
Some of the other side effects are of a more peculiar nature. I've noticed

some mental changes, new cravings for food with high protein content. I've exhausted the station's supply of meat, so I've set some of our bio-printers to the task of growing hyper-nutrient-dense steaks. I've also started craving other... *carnal* activities.

Okay April, no need to hide it, this is for science.

My sex organs appear to be undergoing some changes. The most notable change is to my clitoral glans, which has laterally bifurcated into two distinct heads. They've become increasingly swollen, and *extremely* sensitive.

I will continue to monitor these changes, and collect measurements for my report.



Research Log 03 - A. Ellis, Station 72

08:12:31 - 03/29/2022

Auto transcription

Research log, day three!

I apologize for the slight reverb, I'm recording this from the station shower. I would have waited, but I'm-*mMmf!* Excuse me, I'm seeing active visible changes as we speak. They started as I was cleaning myself, so I turned off the water and started the log.

The changes are becoming more and more dramatic! I'm seeing an increase in muscle fiber density that's improving my strength and stamina. My skin is growing scales originating from the implantation site at my lower back. My teeth have sharpened and lengthened, as too have my claws—excuse me, my fingernails and toenails.

The most pressing change, *nnggf*, the reason for the hasty report, is the development in my genital region. My twin clitoral glandes are lengthening, throbbing and growing before my eyes. I'd place their current length at about ten centimeters and... *Hahh!*

Mmf, excuse me... I...

Ahhhhhn—

Some p-parts of the conversion process... are a l-little more *distracting* than others...

I'll return when I've regained some of my c — *mmnn...* my *composure*.



Research Log 04 - A. Ellis, Station 72

20:14:42 - 03/30/2022

Auto transcription

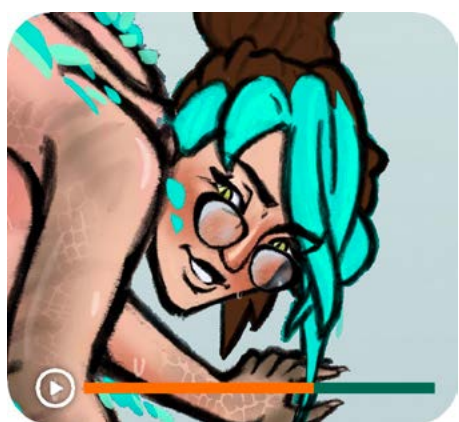
Research log, day... four? I think it's four.

As you can see, with prolonged stimulant exposure the tissue sample has continued to convert more of my anatomy to resemble its genetic antecedent. The changes have spread far beyond my spinal column and into my lower limbs. Hmm... It's likely that I've overstepped the bounds of safe scientific practice here. The proper thing would be to stop exposing the tissue to neural stimulants, but I can't bring myself to stop the experiment. I'm learning so much, and it feels... *ahem*. The conversion process itself is very pleasurable.

One particularly notable development has been the continued growth of my new dinosaur genitalia. I can hypothesize that dinosaurs, or at least this species of dinosaur, took great pleasure in procreation. The dual penises feel... *mff*... amazing. And I experience waves of arousal with alarming frequency.

Even talking about it makes me... *ahh*...

Computer, *unff*! end recording please! *Aahn*—



Research Log 05 - A. Ellis, Station 72

03:01:36 - 04/02/2022

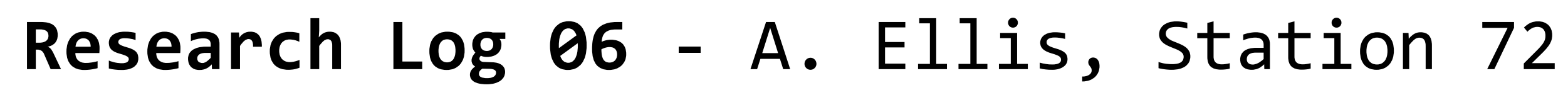
Auto transcription

Research log, day... *unff*. Day seven.

The changes are spreading further, and the lust is getting stronger. I can't even look at myself without getting hard. I can't tell if it's some instinct to repopulate, or if it's all just me. Like I've wanted this all along and... guhh, *haahhhhhnnnn*

God, the sensation of running my hands along both hemipenes at the same time... it's like nothing I've ever experienced. I can't even describe it, it's like there are waves of electricity running through my whole body. All of me, my talons, my tail... They feel more like me than my human form ever did. I'm so much more now.

I feel phenomenal. God, I don't want the conversion to stop.




Auto transcription

I ran out of neural stimulants. Just kept using them, more and more and more.

It doesn't matter now. The changes are self-sustaining. My body just keeps growing... Ffuuuckk I LOOOVE this. I feel so good...

Gruhh, *hnnnf!* I'm calling this experiment a success. A huge fucking success.

All internal communications are confidential and owned by Crawford Biotechnologies LLC.



*Rrrrrnnn, why yes,
this is a new form!*

I tend to shift from
section to section.
Do try to keep up,
darling.

Anyway, welcome to our
mythological studies
section! Here we have a
bewitching little account
on the legacy of Yokai
folklore in Japanese art
history. I think you'll just
adore it.



Humans & Nature

Artistic Explorations
of Encounters Between
Man and the Magical

Jill Flores

Blue Flame Books





**FIG. 1 WOMAN
WITH FRUIT I
DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION, 2022**

This illustration pays homage to the Japanese woodcarving technique known as "ukiyo-e," which flourished during the Edo period (1603-1867). Ukiyo-e, literally "pictures of the floating world," often chose hedonistic or even erotic subject matter; this triptych is no exception.

In the first panel of of this sequence, we are introduced to "Mikey," an attractive woman in athletic garb. Mikey's pose, although intentionally selected to showcase her "thicc ass," also reveals the surprise and curiosity with which she meets strangely fruit on what might be a run in the local park. The shape of the fruit presages the subject matter of the second and third panels, and forms a throughline that unites the triptych.

FIG. 2 WOMAN
WITH FRUIT II
DIGITAL ILLUSTRATION, 2022



The second panel of 'Woman With Fruit' depicts Mikey mid-transformation, the half-eaten fruit at her feet the obvious trigger for her physical—and apparently mental—changes.

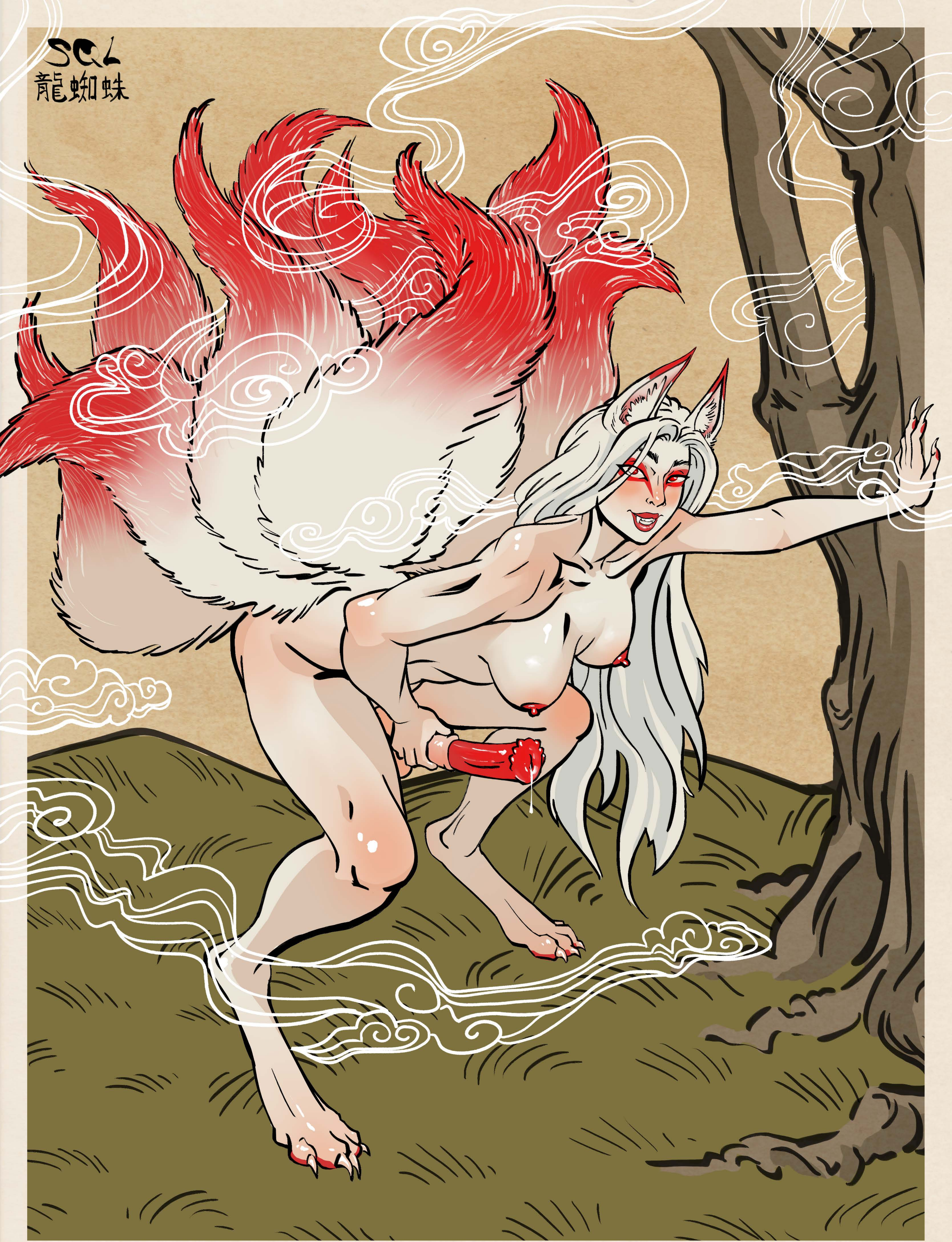
The subject is lost to pleasure, caressing both her breasts and an enlarged clit.

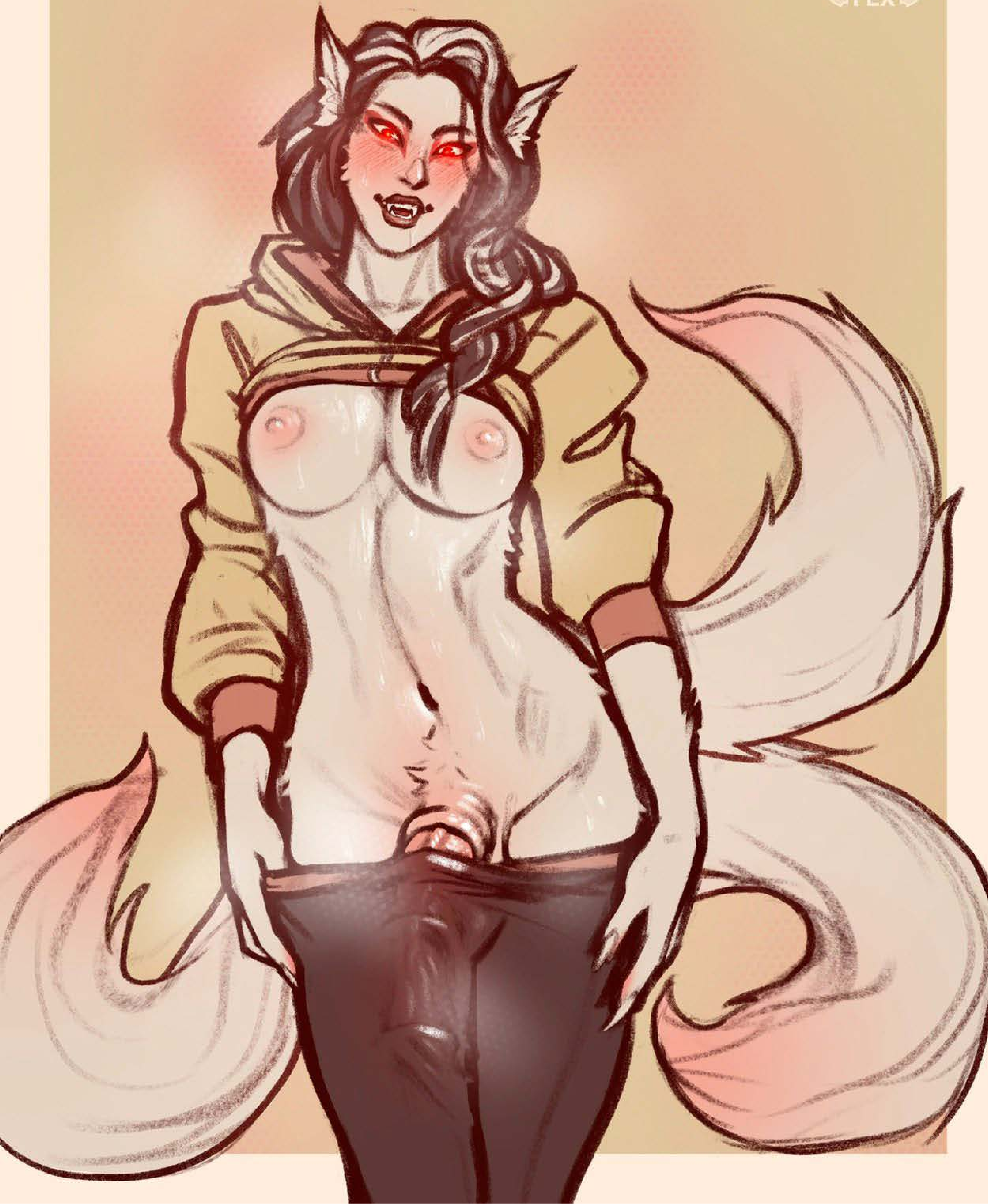
The title of the triptych is believed to be a pun: by the third and final panel of the sequence (Fig. 3, reverse page), Mikey's clitoris has grown into a girthy horse cock, commonly represented by an eggplant fruit in emojis.


YOU KNOW
I CAN SEE YOU STARING
RIGHT?
DON'T LEAVE ME
WAITING



SQL
龍蜘蛛





A woman with long, flowing blonde hair and large, curved yellow goat horns stands in a dark, dense forest. She is wearing a brown tunic with dark spots and a white undergarment. She has a serious expression and is looking directly at the viewer. The forest is filled with gnarled tree trunks and hanging vines, creating a mysterious and slightly ominous atmosphere.

If you're looking
to sink your teeth
into an engrossing
novel, we have
all the fiction you
could ask for!

Here, just take
a look in our
mystery section!
Riddles and
intrigue on every
page.

You simply *must* check
out this next one. Thrills,
romance, and oh...

just the most *exquisite*
plot twist.

Rita J. Sazerac

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A bone-chilling tale of
monsters and mystery

HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS



Ahhh... starting to put the pieces together, are we darling?

A private eye really should know better than to trust a pretty face.

Mhmhmm aww, you still look so confused!

Of course it was me, dear. It was **all** me. **All** along.

Here, perhaps a **demonstration** will make you understand.



Hahhhh...
You're about to see who I
really am, dearest.



All the rest, it's an...
affectation. Like a favorite
outfit I wear around town.

It used to be me... **gruuhh**
But not anymore.

I clean up pretty nice,
wouldn't you say? I
certainly had **you** fooled,
mhmhmm, haha,
HAHAHAHA!

HAHAHA... YOUR FACE!
You weren't this **SHY**
when we **MADE LOVE**
LAST NIGHT!

You still **WANT** me,
DON'T YOU? I can smell
your desire... What is it
you always say? **YOU**
CAN'T HIDE FROM THE
TRUTH, DETECTIVE!

LOOK AT ME, DARLING.

LOOK AT ME!


NOBODY WILL BELIEVE
YOU, DETECTIVE!

GRRRRR

HUMP

AH!

Artwork © Roshea
Twitter: @Roshea_TF
Furaffinity.net/user/RosheaTFreak
PATREON.com/Roshea_TF



Grrruuuhh... Mmm, remind me. What's the expression? "A little **HAIR OF THE DOG** that **BIT YOU**," right?

HAHAHAHAHAHA
Hnnffff... I **LIKE** that.

HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS

A transformation vignette
by **Monstrifex**

Smoke hung in the air like an unanswered question. Between the blotchy wallpaper and the liquor-stained floorboards, the poker room couldn't accurately be described as "nice." But Donovan owed me a favor, so for the time being this space in the back of his bar was mine. The faint music of a jazz combo leaked under the door, distant and a little sad. I stretched, twine running through my fingers as I looped it around the tack pinning a balding man's mug-shot to the wall.

"That one's kind of handsome," Rita mused from behind me.

I scoffed and shot a glance over my shoulder. Rita stood close enough that I could smell her perfume. She was watching me map my thoughts on the wall with casual amusement, her dark eyes skimming lightly over the collection of newspaper clippings and photographs.

"Maybe he was. But he's not looking so good anymore." I uncapped a pen and drew a large red X over his face. "Handyman Wharton was a real piece of work. But no one deserves to die like that. These murders... in all my years of investigating, I've never seen anything like them."

"Mmm, sounds to me like he had it coming," she breathed as she leaned her chin on my shoulder. Rita was beautiful in a way that made it hard to think straight. She had wavy hair that fell like a black curtain on one side of her face, eyelids and lips done up in a matching smoky coal. Tonight she wore a cocktail dress that poured smoothly down her curves. The thin fabric left very little to the imagination.

Rita and I had crossed paths in a couple chance encounters over the last couple weeks. She had a habit of turning up just as things were getting interesting, and making just about everything a little more complicated. For some reason she seemed to take a shine to me. We'd started spending nights

HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS

together, and she proved as enthusiastic between the sheets as she was on the dance floor. Maybe more so.

“I’m getting close,” I murmured softly. “All these bodies—there’s a pattern here. Crime barons, crooked cops... someone is making a power play for this city’s underworld. Whoever they are, they can’t hide from the truth.”

Rita slid off my back and glided over to the card table where she’d left her lighter. She sat, one leg crossed over the other, and took a long drag from the mouthpiece of her cigarette holder.

“I like watching you think, Detective. It’s like watching an old car struggle up a steep road.”

“This car still has some miles left in it,” I chuckled. “See here—Wharton was a regular at the Glass Eye. You remember, where we met at the craps table. And here, if my sources are right, Wharton was smuggling ammo for the Pinstripe gang. They’re based out of Turnstile, where you took me to see that boxing match. Hell, if I didn’t know any better Rita I’d say...”

Something cold ran down my spine. Old instincts flared to life, telling me I’d just stumbled into something big. My eyes flitted from headline to headshot, arcs of twine adding up in an intricate equation. My thoughts clicked like a typewriter, checking hunch against evidence, step-by-step. It was impossible but... the data points aligned. How could...

“Ahhh... starting to put the pieces together, are we, darling?” Rita’s voice found me from far away, as if I was at the bottom of a well. I turned to face her, limbs numb.

“You...”

She smiled, white teeth flashing in the smoky gloom. “Of course it was me, dear. It was *all* me. *All along*.”

“But... the bodies. They were torn apart. How did you...”

She laughed in that pitying little way she did when she knew something I didn’t. The melodic sound of it almost made me want to laugh with her.

“Mhmhmm aww, you still look so confused! Don’t worry sweet thing, this one is above your pay grade.” She stood with a little flourish, like

HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS

a magician's assistant. "Here. Perhaps a *demonstration* will make you understand."

A part of my mind, not sure which, suddenly sounded alarm bells. An instinct to run pumped through me, made my heart beat fast and my perception sharpen. Rita was just standing there, but some awareness deep in my hindbrain was screaming danger. Predator. *Flee*.

I gritted my teeth. Not yet. Not when I was so close to the answer.

A shiver ran across Rita's pale skin, starting at her back and working out to her limbs. I could see her hair stand on end. She stretched, luxuriating in the movement. Her lips parted, and a long sigh streamed from her throat like a release of pressurized air. "Hahhhh... You're about to see who I really am, dearest."

A quiet snapping noise, then another. Dozens of meaty clicks inside her like the sound of dislocating joints. Rita pitched forward, bending double in a violent motion that knocked the card table behind her slamming to the floor. She gasped, lurching upright with an ecstatic grin on her face. Her eyes! They had changed, darker around the edges and brighter in the middle. Her pupils reflected light like burning headlights. I couldn't look away.

"All the rest, it's an... affectation. Like a favorite dress that I wear around town."

Her elbow-length gloves were starting to tear. I could see dark fur through the rips, black claws cutting neatly through the satin fingertips. She groaned, and I could hear the timbre of her voice roughening. Something cracked in her legs. Her feet shifted, pushing her taller inch by inch as they extended into long sinewy paws.

Her dress clung tightly to her curves as her frame broadened. The cloth strained, her collar line deepening as the flesh of her shoulders and chest rippled with new bulk. I could see her nipples pressing through the black cloth, erect with sensation.

She gestured to the dress, to her glittering necklace and sheer stockings.

"This, all these pretty things. It used to be me... **Gruuhh.**" Her voice faltered as an involuntary growl rattled through her. She smiled sweetly, regaining her

HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS

composure. “But not anymore.”

The fabric gave with a loud tearing noise as a large tail, black and shaggy, thrust out behind her. She took a few balancing steps forward, then reached up to brush the hair out of her face with one clawed hand. Her breathing was coming deep and heavy now, hot fog mingling with smoke in curls around her smile.

“Don’t get me wrong, darling. I do love our little song-and-dances. Being the stunning vision on your arm is a treat! But the real me can’t dazzle a cocktail party in quite the same way.”

She grimaced, and I could see her teeth lengthening into interlocking fangs. Fur crept down her face, pressing in at the edges of her cheeks and trailing down her nose.

She blinked and stared deep into me with those burning eyes. “I clean up pretty nice, wouldn’t you say? I certainly had you fooled!” She cackled with a wild abandon that approached madness.

Her shaking laughter choked off into gasps as she convulsed with another surge of growth. The wet sounds of her bones rearranging were almost drowned out by the noise of her widening hips and shoulders finally tearing her dress to ribbons. I could just see her face masked in shadow, distorting and stretching as her mouth extended into a snout full of pointed lupine teeth. Rivulets of saliva dripped from her black lips.

I stumbled away instinctively, felt the pins of my map wall dig into my back. Stray clues drifted to the floor like leaves. I could feel my cheeks burning hot as I tried to look away, but I couldn’t pull my eyes from her nakedness as it was torn free before me.

Between gasping breaths, she laughed violently. “YOUR FACE!” she snarled, muzzle curling into a feral grin. “You weren’t this *SHY* when we *MADE LOVE LAST NIGHT!*”

She was right, of course. I had seen every inch of her in our evenings together. But there was something about seeing her this way—it was rawer, deeper, more intimate and carnal. I was enraptured with a fascination that had never possessed me during our previous dalliances. I couldn’t understand

HOWLS IN THE HEIGHTS

it. I was hopelessly lost in the rhythm of her shifting flesh. Why? The scene before me was horrific, so why was I feeling this way?

“You’re... I just... I...” I stammered, struggling to put words in order.

“You still WANT me, DON’T YOU?” She was shouting now. “I can smell your desire... What is it you always say? YOU CAN’T HIDE FROM THE *TRUTH*, DETECTIVE!”

That was it. I was more attracted to her now than I ever had been before. What was wrong with me? Why did my heart feel like it was about to pound its way out of my chest? I shut my eyes, turning away with a strangled cry.

“I don’t understand! Please... I can’t, I don’t...”

“LOOK AT ME, DARLING.”

I blinked toward her, seeing only blurred glimpses. I saw the fur bristling from muscle-laden thighs, the tattered sweat-soaked remnants of her dress stretched over her rippling abdominals. God, parts of her were still so human. She wasn’t an animal or a person - she was something monstrous in-between. She was a terrifying beast, but she was still recognizably... her.


“***LOOK AT ME!***” she roared, and the room shook. I cried out, and opened my eyes to behold her entirely.

She was beautiful.

She was so beautiful it hurt.

I stepped toward her, and fell into her arms as she embraced me. We fell together to a gasping heap on the floor. We began anew, pressing ourselves into one another with bestial fervor.

The case would have to go on a little bit longer.

A full-page illustration of a succubus with long, flowing, pinkish-red hair and multiple tails. She has pale skin, pointed ears, and wears glasses with glowing orange eyes. She is holding a dark blue book in her left hand and pointing with her right index finger. She is standing in a library with tall wooden bookshelves filled with books. The lighting is warm and slightly dim, with some dust or sparkles in the air. There are three text boxes overlaid on the image.

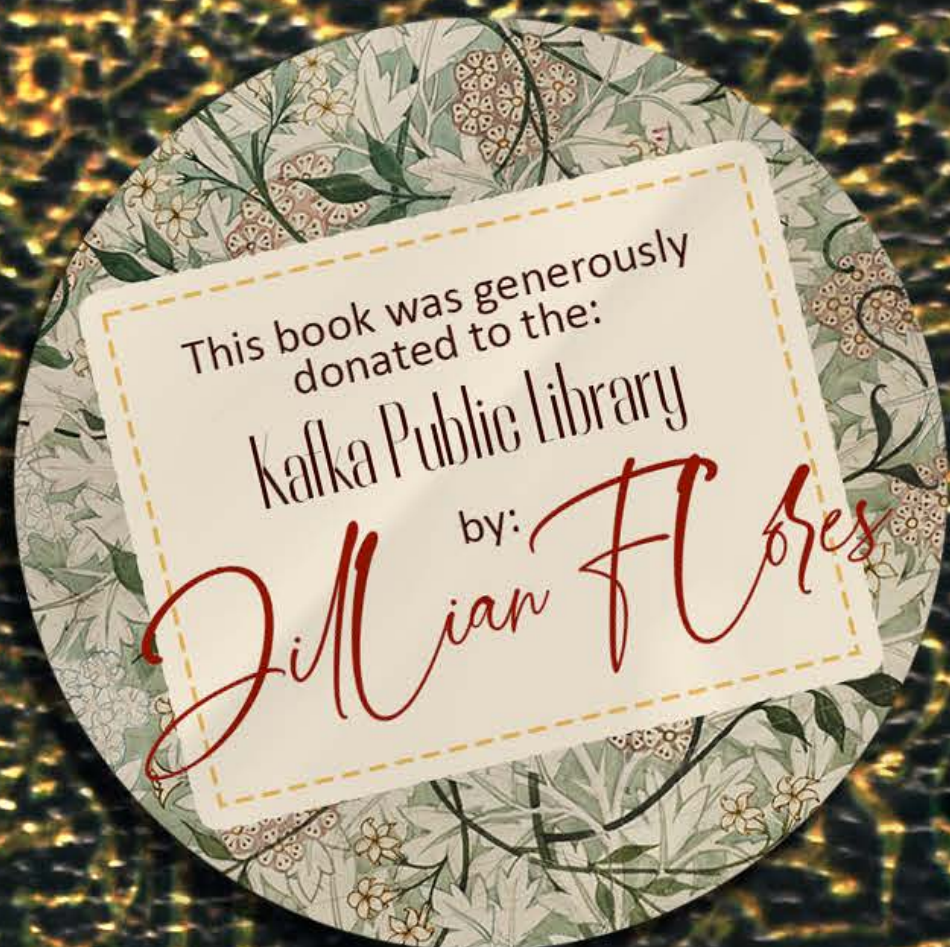
Ah, I see you've found our section on modern western religions!

Sadly, we've almost reached the end of tonight's tour.

Can I tempt you with one more little volume?



Here, these revelations collected by an obscure order of heretical nuns are simply *divine*.



The Official
MEMBERSHIP
and
CHURCH RECORD

of the Ordained Sisterhood
of Corpus Desiderium





My first month as a novice at the convent of the Sisterhood of Corpus Desiderium has been boring, but not as bad as I hoped. I thought the nuns would be just a bunch of stuck up ladies in penguin costumes, but they're actually open-minded and welcoming.

I've spent most of my time here getting to know everyone, and the routine, chores and all. I reeeaaally miss the internet, but sister Uarah suggested to keep a journal, to keep myself entertained.

She's also impressed by my passion for reading and says that I'll be ready for more advanced books soon.

The ones I've been reading emphasize the divinity of the human body, and goes into a lot, and I mean a lot of detail, about how to take care of it and even feel more pleasure from it! Definitely not what my Aunt had in mind, I'm sure.

I still think the outfit is a little silly, and I'm still looking forward to the end of my failed noviciate. But if I'm learning how to better 'show devotion to the divinity of Corpus Desiderium', who am I to say no?

Thea

Oh!

the wonders that one can see when one's eyes are finally open. I *see* the love of my sisters', the softness of their lips, the *sharpness* of their fangs... the slick iridescence of their long, *dexterous* tails...

and All the things I can feel!!!

I can feel my sister's warmth when I caress them... their *nipples* stiffen then I suck on them. I can feel their bodies *shiver* when I pleasure them...their *throbbing cocks* inside of me...

And I can feel myself *changing!*

my body is pulsating with

Desire, with *pleasure,*

becoming more

godly every time I worship its

divinity... its power!

Thea



Behold!
and wonder!

Behold the divine power
that emanates from our
holp bodies!!

Behold and worship
ME!



Thea

Holp Sister of Corpus Desiderium



Special Thanks

An enormous thank you to everyone that helped us put this project together. Your help makes these weird projects possible, and for that we're grateful. Shoutout our guest artists, whose additions to the book turned out phenomenal:



Angrboda



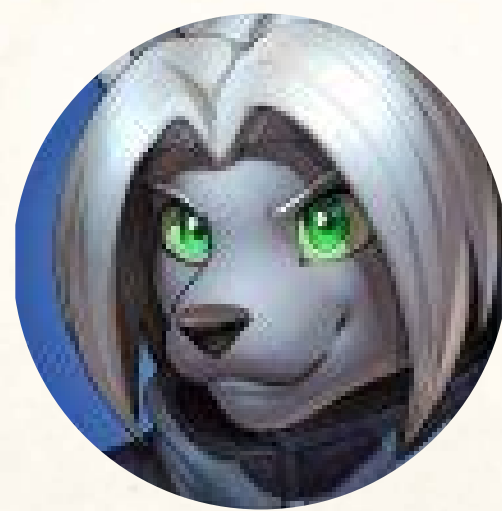
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Thank you to [@DeviLacroix](#) and [@PenAndPaperLion](#) for their generous help editing the stories and other written sections!

Thanks to Unsplash.com and its contributors for the royalty free stock photos used in the production of this book.

Special Thanks

Thank you to all of our patrons! The money you pledge (in addition to helping us survive) lets us commission guest artists and purchase assets to make more high-quality art for your enjoyment.

JillTheSuccubus

60000
aabsurdity
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Teabree
Tentacle Tiedling
That thing in the
attic
TheDarkLord
Tokalla
Valka Blackwell
Vivianne
Vyruem
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Boone Fluett
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Brooke Austin
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EzriDax
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GioSpy
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GrimGrove
Guardian of Mythos
Habitat
Han
Hawk Haines
HellishHurricane
Henry
Hexzerro
hey its me jop
HurraWirLebenNoch
Huw Elliott
Hydeang
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Ivrione Moonshadow
J
J. D. Rhyder
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rik
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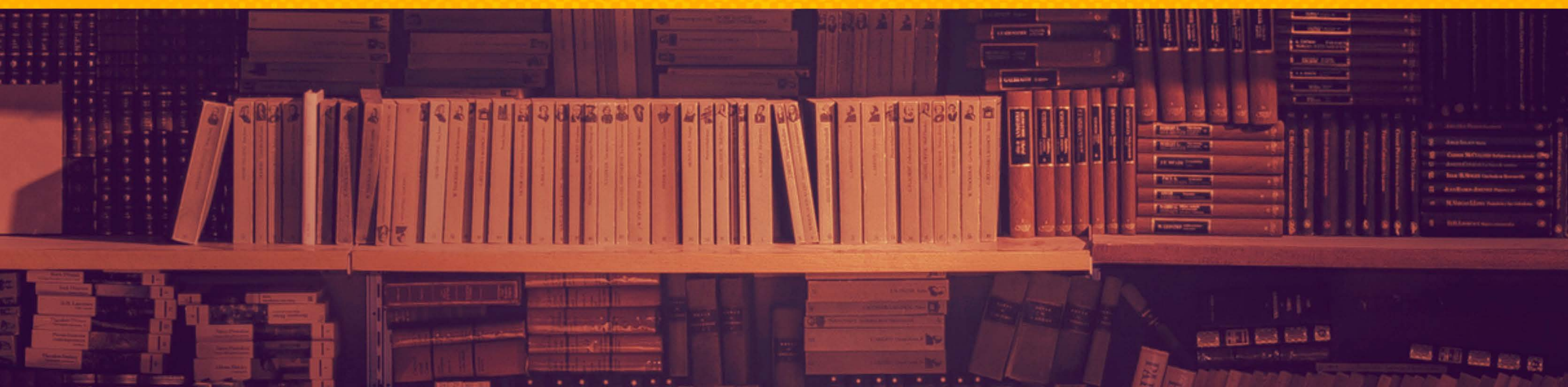
Monstrifex

sam smith
Sarmhan
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SDC
Shadowen_Marlfox
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spiderroos
StarDevourer
Stephen Butka
Steven Gibbs
strelok23
Taya
Teabree
Tentacle Tiedling
tfProxy
That thing in the attic
The Other Czar
TheDarkLord
Thomas Hiscox
tinpin
tito
Tokalla
Tyler
unded
Urmmux
Valka Blackwell
Var Gunbard
Venom2230
Victoria
Whyrl
Will Shipley
Woodsie13
Xurnami
z
Z-ray
Zomkay
zoombini

And finally, thank you dear reader! We really appreciate you buying this book and spreading the word about it. We couldn't do any of this without you.



Alternates
AND
Sketch Gallery



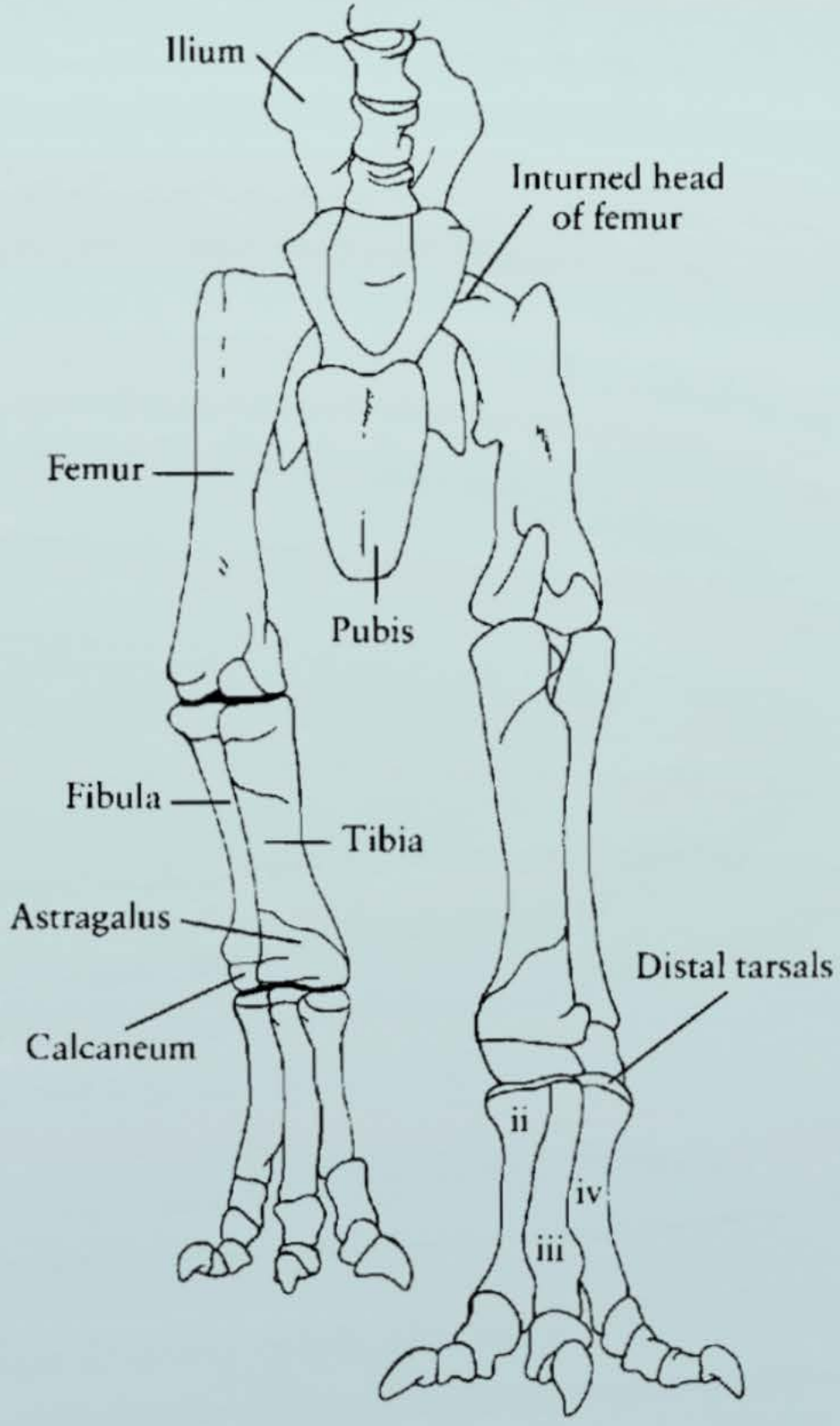


GRUUHHH
HA, HAHA, HMMMM...

HAHHH... DO YOU STILL
THINK THE CRYSTAL
SHOULD BE DESTROYED?
IS IT STILL TOO...
DANGEROUS?

WELL THEN... I GUESS
YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE
IT FROM ME.

It's likely that I've overstepped the bounds of safe scientific practice here. The proper thing would be to stop exposing the tissue implant to neural stimulants, but... I can't bring myself to stop the experiment. I'm learning so much, and it feels... *unnff*. The conversion process itself is very *pleasurable*.



Height ~183cm

Iris color and pupil shape have changed

Even talking about it makes me... *ahh*...
Fuck, I just can't help myself.

Feathers appear to match hair dye, either coincidental or possibly indicative of Galtian self-image enforcement.

Stripes indicate tall grass camouflage

Hypersensitive hemipenes

Large tail used for balance





Hahhhh...
You're about to see who I
really am, dearest.

I clean up pretty nice,
wouldn't you say? I
certainly had **you** fooled,
mhmhmm, haha,
HAHAHAHA!

All the rest, it's an...
affectation. Like a favorite
outfit I wear around town.

It used to be me... *gruuhh*
But not anymore.

HAHAHA... YOUR FACE!
You weren't this **SHY**
when we **MADE LOVE**
LAST NIGHT!

You still **WANT** me,
DON'T YOU? I can smell
your desire... What is it
you always say? **YOU**
CAN'T HIDE FROM THE
TRUTH, DETECTIVE!

LOOK AT ME, DARLING:
LOOK AT ME!



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TRUTH, DETECTIVE!

LOOK AT ME, DARLING:
LOOK AT ME!





Grrruuuhh... Mmm, remind me. What's the expression? "A little **HAIR OF THE DOG** that **BIT YOU**," right?

HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
Hnnffff... I **LIKE** that.



Behold!
and wonder!

Behold the divine power
that emanates from our
holp bodies!!

Behold and worship
ME!



Thea

Holp Sister of Corpus Desiderium

Behold!
and wonder!

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