

A Good Read

Commission for Mephia

By

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The following contains: Human female to sphynx-taur TF, multi-breast growth, mind alterations.

Read at your own discretion.



Of course, it was on the top shelf. Everything that was important just had to be organized on the top shelf. Mephia blew her bangs in irritation before attempting to try and reach anyway. Her fingers wiggled and slapped but couldn't even come close to the shelf, much less the book she needed. Attempting to stand on tiptoes didn't improve the situation. Jumping ended up slamming her body against the lower shelves, causing much pain throughout her front side.

Only when all great ideas were exhausted or threatened her life did the young woman finally decide it might be worth finding some help. Looking around the rows of books failed to find a stepladder or even a chair. Figures she'd come to the one library that hid those away. She gave out an angry groan before stomping back down the many rows to the front desk.

"Oh, you got to be kidding!"

A front desk that was completely deserted. At least as far as staff went. Plenty of other people were going about their day enjoying books, browsing computers, and whatever else you go to libraries for. The only notice Mephia got of any kind was a sign boldly stating 'Due to staff shortages help is currently unavailable. We apologize for the inconvenience.' A bowl of candy with a plastic zombie hand sticking out of it offered an assortment of treats as compensation for people's patience.

Something Mephia was all too happy to accept, especially when she noticed someone had mixed in real Ferrero Rochette among the cheaper nameless brands of taffy. She wasted no time popping one of the fairly expensive nuggets into her mouth, straining hard against the desire to snatch a couple more for later. Old Halloween tradition that everyone only gets one candy.

"Mmph!?"

When Mephia bit into the chocolate her tongue was greeted with a rush of unexpected flavors. It wasn't like these candies to be filled with a flowery liquor. That should have raised at least one red flag, but she was still miffed there weren't any aids in sight. A security guard was talking to a mom and two kids by the entrance. She considered bugging him while swallowing her mouthful of sugar and decided against it. They were probably the only thing between this library and anarchy right now.

She grunted again and marched back into the library. If this was going to take a while she might as well collect some other books. Mephia only got a few steps before the tight squeeze of fabric around her butt forced her to stop again. Her pacing in place had wrung the skirt tight in the back. Staring straight ahead trying to act casual, she tugged at the hem to loosen things up. While successful, she couldn't shake the inkling

it still clung to her hips more than it should have. All the more reason she shouldn't be looting free candy bowls.

Keeping calm and facing forward she resumed her walk. This also made Mephia oblivious to the brown furry tail that slowly snaked out from under the back of her skirt. The new appendaged danced about behind her as it grew, not stopping until it was sweeping the fine carpet floor with a rich tuft on its tip.

"Now where was it?" she said to herself. "Ah! Here we go. G-section. Number seven-twenty-t... of fucking course!"

Getting down the row of books, Mephia narrowed the item number from memory easy. She could navigate this library blindfolded. Not that she understood why she felt that way. All the girl's emotions were back on rage mode to find her book sitting on the top shelf again. Despite the lesson not ten minutes ago, and still lacking any nearby aid, she got up on tiptoes to try reaching for it. This time her fingers came tantalizingly close to the shelf. Another couple of inches would make a young woman's life so much easier.

"WHOA!?"

Without any warning it was like a pair of hands had grabbed Mephia by the waist and gave her a boost. She grappled with the bookshelf using one hand, letting out a tiny squeal as her outstretched one grasped the target book easily. The growth was far from done. Her head only continued to rise higher in seconds until she was peeking out over the top shelf books for a fairly impressive view of the entire library.

More shocking was the feeling that her feet had never left the ground. It was like her midsection was being stretched easier than taffy. She took several deep breaths trying to steady her nerves. The three free hands she had left balanced on the shelves keeping her upright.

"Um..." Mephia blinked trying to process what her brain's nervous system was reporting in. She leaned back to glance down at her body and gave an even louder cry. Extending out of her elongated hips just below her belly weren't hands but paws. They were absolutely enormous animal pads tipped in razor sharp claws and attached to brown furry legs. "Did some nut drug my candy or what? Argh! H-Hey! Not my ass!"

The tight feeling in Mephia's skirt returned with a vengeance. She twisted with surprising ease on a second set of developing shoulders watching her rear rapidly stretch out the limits of its covering. With a loud rip her hips burst free, exposing a set of glutes thickened out with some unexpected firm muscles. Granted, the woman was more concerned about a fine pelt of golden fur covering everything below her waist. Not to mention the revelation she had a freakin tail.

Just as the thought of going for help came to mind, Mephia's hips gave out a harsh crack. Her almost prideful heart shape flattened into a more angular design, bringing with it the harsh pull of gravity. Unable to balance against the shelf with paws, she gave an animal mew as she flopped over into a balanced landing upon her new forelegs.

“Huh. I guess that’s a thing now.” Mephia blushed as she continued watching over one shoulder. Somehow, she had become attached at the waist to what looked like the full body of a cat. A very large cat, she noted as blue panties snapped off the expanding girth of her animal looking backside. Once human legs popped shorter, but thickened with tense jumping power. “No! Not my shoes too!”

Her pleas fell on deaf ears, assuming the power changing her had any. Mephia bent over trying to peer between her animal forepaws, down the length of a soft feline underbelly at her feet practically miles away. The new sneakers she’d spent over a month saving wage for were cramped around her toes before starting to bubble and swell like balloons. Leather creaked in protest while her toes ached underneath. They were puffing even larger than the base while the heels pulled into a high arch that lifted them out entirely.

When the claws popped out through the front, she knew it was hopeless. The front of her shoes exploded open with a loud pop, letting huge feline hind paws slam into the library floor in relief for their new freedom.

“I hope I can find the receipt for those,” Mephia said, hands absently feeling around the second shoulders her still human upper body were attached to. The fur was silky smooth, yet the muscle underneath was tighter, stronger than she ever remembered being. It was so surreal feeling two sets of lungs working when she breathed. Hell, she could swear hearing the second heart working down there. “Aah hah! Nyah!”

Another hard cramp caused Mephia to let out a very feline yowl of tension. The fluffy white bird wings that grew out the sides of her cat barrel would have almost been a majestic sight, were she not cramped between two bookshelves. Instead, their abrupt slamming into a hard surface rocked untold amounts of discomfort through fresh nerves, nearly making several books on the top shelves topple over.

Luckily, she was made of tougher stuff than that. Mephia shook her head clear and ran a hand over her long blond hair, brushing a fluffier ear that twitched on contact.

“Okay. Cool!” Mephia said sarcastically as both hands shot up to confirm she now had acutely pointed cat ears atop her head. “Any other surprises before this fever dream ends?”

Something shifted in Mephia’s human torso as if in response. She gave a timid mew looking down to watch, and feel, the swell of her mounds push further out against her shirt. Not just that. They were joined by a second mounting pressure that demanded even more shirt space just under the bloating tits. A quick feel with shaking hands confirmed another set of mounds stretching out the cotton just enough so their partial roundness was clearly defined.

“Right. Don’t mock cosmic forces? Leaving me bottomless as a cat thing was bad enough without a quadruple boob job.”

“Excuse me, miss?”

“What the he-GAH!”

The last thing Mephia was expecting after such a freaky transformation was some random dude to sneak up on her in the process. What she forgot was that she now had an extra six feet of winged cat to turn in a space about two feet wide. Slamming butt and face against opposing shelves wasn't nearly as embarrassing as the cascade of books that came raining down upon her. There wasn't even time to brace before a particularly large novel landed square between her folded ears. The last thing Mephia heard was something akin to the shattering of glass inside her head.

“Ah geez! Are you okay?”

The creature looked over at the teenage human girl at the book aisles entrance. Her eyes had become a sharp golden color with vertically slit pupils. They were first filled with dazed confusion, but as if regaining a sense of purpose, their entire body straightened up with an attempt at professional politeness. “It's just a little slip, my dear. How may I help you?”

“I'm looking for some reference books...”

The girl listed off titles that made the sphinx-taur grin rows of sharp teeth. She easily directed them to each aisle without so much as a pause on their ID numbers. Once that request had been taken care of, they set to work collecting the fallen books back to their shelves. Her feline lower body coiled around the tight space with a practice ease that hadn't been present minutes ago, rising onto her feral haunches to reach the upper shelves.

“Heh. Thank goodness I'm big for this job. Can't imagine how humans stand on two legs.” The sphinx woman giggled once her job was done. She padded back towards the front with a flicker of her wings. Hoping she hadn't kept some poor soul waiting at the front desk this whole time.

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Afterward

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