

Tygress Too (Anthro Tigers FTM MTF)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Jessica is a young eco-conservationist and animal studies major. One day, while visiting the zoo and admiring the tigers, she feels dismayed at their lack of numbers. But little does she know there's another world where anthro tigers are even more extinct, and a magical being listening to her concerns is looking forward to turning this young woman into a masculine alpha male of an anthro tiger to help this other world.

Tygress Too

Jessica was always seen first for her beauty, a fact which often annoyed her. Certainly, she was quite the looker. She was short - around 5'4 - with long blonde hair and an hourglass figure. Nature and her mother had gifted her with above-average breasts which rode pert and high and full upon her chest, and no matter how hard she tried, she couldn't help but sway her hips a little as she walked. Another gift from her mother's line, and one that many men took to wolf-whistling at in public, assuming her to be 'showing off.' Sure, it didn't hurt with dating, but it meant that some people instantly assumed she was a dumb blonde type, even some of her friends.

All of this was a pain because Jessica was, in fact, a deeply passionate woman with a love for animals and eco-conservation. Both were literally dual parts of her college majors, and she planned to work in a conservation somewhere across the world when she was done, doing it tough for a good cause.

"I just don't see why you do it," Stephen said to her. "I mean, it's amazing stuff Jess, but it's also pretty full on. Are you sure it's a challenge you really want?"

She sighed in the presence of her friend. "Yeah, I do. I really want it. You have no idea. I've studied really hard for this."

Stephen nodded. "Yeah, I guess it just surprised me. I always thought you'd end up doing something different. I don't know, like modelling or something. Hell, you made an awesome receptionist for that GP clinic you worked at."

Jessica couldn't help but roll her eyes. Stephen meant well, he really did. If she was beautiful by female standards, then he was a perfect ten by male standards. Everyone assumed they would get together, and despite him not always understanding her, she really, really wanted that. And it wasn't just his chiselled jaw and cute red hair, or his muscle-bound body and confident swagger, or even the way he always gave her his full attention when she

spoke to him, like she was the only thing that mattered in the world. No, it was also because unlike so many other men that looked like him, had all the natural advantages like him, he was actually kind. He cared, deeply, and always checked up on her when she was neck-deep in studies and hadn't eaten for too long. The man was a godsend for delivering food packages, for instance! In many ways, she was the only person that saw the real him; the sensitive soul beneath the body of an alpha male.

She just wished he'd start seeing the real her beneath her beauty. She wanted to be with him, but he was only interested in women who - in his mind - weren't the typical goofy dumb blondes gallivanting about the world. And for all that he was a good man, he couldn't see past her looks and realise she wasn't anything like that. She was *daring*.

"I just hate to think of you out there in the world dealing with these deadly creatures and getting injured or something," Stephen said. "I wouldn't forgive myself if something like that happened to you and I didn't at least try to talk you out of it."

"I'm a big girl, Stephen."

"Literally not true," he said, smirking as he looked down at her. At 6'3, he was quite impressively tall.

"Fine, but you know what I mean. I keep telling you I can take care of myself. I'm not some sorority blonde."

"I mean, you *do* belong to a sorority, and you *are* blonde. Plus, you party all the time."

She blushed. He had her there. "Yeah, okay, sure. But I just mean that you're a damn good friend, but I feel like you always have this image in your head of the person I am, and my image is totally different. I'm passionate about animals, Stephen. It's not a passing fad or whatever."

He nodded. "Okay. I'm sorry. I guess I just never saw you as the 'take charge' sort of type, personally."

"That's the problem," she muttered to herself. She didn't say the next bit, which was, "and why I can't be with you, much as I crush on you hard. Because you can't see the *real* me."

"I'm just saying that I'd miss you a whole heap, Jess. Plus, you'd be hard-pressed to find a boyfriend out there, in totally new cultures and all that."

"I don't know, there's some pretty ignorant types here," she said meaningfully. "Look, I'm going to the zoo again to see the tigers. It calms me down. You can join me if you want."

Maybe then he'd see the real her, while she shared her passion about such creatures.

Stephen checked his watch. "I've got to return for a lecture but I won't be long. I can meet you there around twelve-thirty, say twelve-forty at the latest?"

"Keen for it," she said. "Trust me, Stephen. When you see what I'm like around those animals, *then* you'll understand."

He smirked. "Fair enough. I look forward to being surprised."

They hugged, and she spent a small longing moment wishing it could be more than a hug of friendship, and then parted. They went their separate ways for now: him back to campus, her to the local zoo.

The Great Cat God was proud of itself. It was a mighty being, one that could cross realities, and it liked to ensure that its presence was felt everywhere. Recently, on the world called Earth, tigers had been in grave danger. Thankfully, in part due to wonderful humans who cared, as well as the Great Cat God's own trickery, the numbers of tigers there were making a strong recovery. Even stronger, now that a couple of poachers were now doing 'their part' to ensure new cubs were born into the world. The Cat God grinned at the image of its work: no doubt the poacher and his spotter found their relationship very different now that they were tigers, with the spotter compelled to constantly mount the poacher's female body and get her with cubs. Of course, given how many tigers they had killed over the years, it only made sense to speed up the poacher's reproductive cycle a bit, and also 'bless' the new *her* with big, healthy litters. Oh, and a greatly expanded life expectancy, so she could be *expectant* with *life* for a good few centuries to come.

Yes, it was all in a day's work for the strange, often mischievous being. But while it took the time for an enjoyable cat nap - it was still a kind of cat, after all - it knew it had other responsibilities to take care of. Earth may be making a recovery, but the world of Tanarra was still of deep concern. Just a couple of years ago, the Great Cat God had transformed a willing human man into a gorgeous, and deeply fertile, anthro tigress. She had been shocked, but in the being's view she had *wished* to help tigers, she just didn't realise there were tigers on other worlds. But after a bit of adjustment in the world of anthro-animals that was Tanarra, she eventually met an absolute stud of a tiger named Richard, and Malcolm had embraced her new life now as Sabrina, a perpetually pregnant tigress who birthed new cubs into a world that had too few of them.

But there was, of course, a problem in that. It solved the tiger extinction problem on Tanarra for just one generation. What the Great Cat God needed was to repeat this little experiment with others, in order to foster enough varieties of tiger bloodlines that the species could safely interbreed in the next generation. And so it searched through different

worlds to find suitable candidates, ones that could make the right wish, at the right time. And as before, it found its perfect new vessel on Earth, in the form of a young woman named Jessica. She had made a wish, and the Great Cat God danced in the air invisibly towards her to fulfil it.

Jessica sighed at the sight of the gorgeous Bengal tigers in their enclosures.

"I wish I could find a way to help the tigers come back," she whispered.

It was at that point that a strange, celestial outline of what looked to be a giant cat suddenly glimmered in the air near here, its outline just visible, but its presence clearly felt. She went to scream, but halted, fascinated by what she was seeing. She looked about to tell if anyone else could see it, but she was alone. There was no one nearby. She was still waiting for Stephen to show up.

"Am I hallucinating?" she asked herself.

"Not at all," the creature replied in a deep, breathy voice. "I heard your wish, human. How would you like to help rebirth tigers into the world?"

Jessica stuttered for a moment, unable to believe what was before her. "Who are you? Is this a special effect?"

"Could a special effect do this?"

The cat leapt *through* her, its starry outline entering her body before exiting out the other side. She was instantly assailed by visions of hundreds of cats, tigers, lions, and numerous other feline varieties, all part of the collective essence that was this being.

"Oh my God! Holy shit! What are you?"

The creature purred in satisfaction at having its reality recognised. "I am the essence of cats and tigers and lions everywhere. A gestalt being, the spirit of cat kind. I am the Great Cat God, and it is lovely to meet you, Jessica."

"Should I - should I bow to you?"

It purred in amusement again. "Are you a cat?"

"Um, no, I guess not."

"Then no bowing is necessary. Besides, what cat cares about bowing? It cares only about respect. I am here, Jessica, because I offer you a great opportunity. It is few that have a heart of such passion for restoring tiger kind such as yourself. Indeed, tigers are my favourites of the big cats as well. I have the power to ensure that you can bring new tigers

into being where they are needed, to sire their race so that they will not only be safe from extinction, but flourish forever more. Would this be of interest to you?"

Jessica shook her head, letting her long blonde hair shift about. "This is crazy. Holy shit, this is crazy. You can actually do this? You can give me the power to restore the tiger populace?"

"I can, and I will, should you accept my permanent blessing."

"Are there any risks?"

"None but daring, and change."

She thought back to how Stephen had considered her earlier. He was so damned handsome, and kind, and yet the lout continued to underestimate her ability to stand on her own and actually be a force for change. He found it hard to look past, well, her looks.

"I agree," she said. "I want to help. Give me the blessing!"

The Great Cat God was silent a moment, and yet it radiated a quiet joy at how the proceedings had unfolded. "Very well. Hold still. This may feel strange, for a while."

Once more the strange celestial being leapt through Jessica, but this time her stomach wrenched. She gasped, bending over a little as her body seemed to shift. The tigers in the enclosure looked up at her with a degree of knowing that made her fear for what was happening next.

And then the changes began.

"Oh G-God! My legs!" she cried. They began to lengthen, muscle packing on, becoming powerful and defined. The muscles clicked and shifted, snapped painlessly in order to rearrange. She nearly stumbled over, only barely managing to catch herself on the enclosure rail. Her feet were swelling up inside her shoes, and she worked feverishly to pull them off, along with her increasingly torn socks. But what was inside them shocked her.

Tiger feet. Tiger claws. Orange, black, and white stripes of fur that were growing discomfitingly over her feet.

"What the - why am I g-growing tiger feet? UGH!"

Another alteration of bone, and suddenly she had the lifted digitigrade legs of a feline. More fur exploded into existence across her limbs, even on the palms of her hands. It itched something awful, and she took a moment to scratch it even as she tried to control her breathing. "What's h-happening to m-me!?"

"You can't tell?" the Cat God said. "You're becoming a tiger."

Her ears began to ascend, becoming thinner, pointed triangles atop her head. The sensation was unbearably alien, particularly once her hearing became twice as capable, forcing her to adjust.

"I don't want to be an animal!" she cried. She clutched her throat. Her voice sounded weirdly husky, though still recognisably hers.

"Don't worry, you won't become an animal. You aren't needed on this world, but in another reality called Tanarra, where animals evolved to be a lot more . . . upright. You'll still be able to talk and work and all those boring things, but you'll also be helping restore a *much* more endangered populace of tigers as well. Anthro-tigers, to be precise."

She swallowed, feeling her ribcage beginning to expand, as well as her tailbone extend. The latter jutted out from the waistband of her shorts, and began to spiral down, gathering fur as it went. She gave a loud 'EEP!' as it extended, a new limb forming that was already operating under its own 'mind.'

Jessica twisted, overwhelmed by what was happening. 'Ch-change me b-back!"

"I can't. It's permanent, remember? Don't worry, Malcolm felt much the same way before he turned completely, and he's happily popping out beautiful little cubs now."

"Wha - Malcolm!?! The funny guy who likes tigers even more than me? THAT'S what happened to him!?"

The strange being purred happily. "Oh yes, but don't worry, you'll do great work too, I just know it."

She was about to respond with something fierce - perhaps even violent, given that the retractable claws of her new paw-hands were coming in - but it was at that moment that the situation got even worse. Someone's voice called her name, and she recognised who it was.

"Jessica! Oh God, Jessica, what's happened to you!"

Stephen ran to her side, somehow unable to see the Cat God. He stopped short, staring in something approaching horror at her malformed legs, as well as the fur that had grown across her arms.

"Stephen!" she cried. "You have to help me! I'm - the Cat God - you can't see him?"

The spirit danced around the two of them playfully, but Stephen could clearly see nothing. "What are you talking about? What the hell is going on? I'll call an ambulance!"

He got out his phone, even as Jessica's face briefly stung, and a set of long whiskers began to protrude from her cheeks. Her hands became a full set of stripes paws, and her arms became much more muscular, her biceps swelling immensely.

"H-hurry! It's - unghh! - everything is changing! I'm turning into a human catgirl or s-something!"

The Cat God chuckled, sitting nearby. "Not a *catgirl*, per se. Oh, and I think we'll avoid any communication, for now. Wouldn't want my influence known, after all."

The creature flicked a paw, sending a small stream of magical sparks in Stephen's unknowing direction. The man that was Jessica's crush began waving his phone in the air in a panic.

"Euughh . . . what's happening? Hurry!"

"I have no reception! It just turned off!"

She glared at the spirit. "Turn it back on you bast-aAARRRHGGHH!!!"

She stepped backwards, and Stephen could only take in the sight of his friend's rib cage expanding rapidly. Her top shredded open, and for a brief moment he was treated to the sight of her rather impressive and now fully naked breasts. But then the fur that had covered her elsewhere spread over her chest.

"M-my tits! What are you d-doing to my tits!?"

They had begun shrinking, deflating like two balloons. Replacing them was hard, powerful muscle. The chest of not just a man, but one that was even more fit and impressive than Stephen himself, and he could be quite the gym nut at times.

"You won't need them," the Cat God said, "not in the role I intend for you. Remember, I said you would *sire* tigers, and it is not women that do the siring, aha."

She tried to figure out what he meant by that, but the pressure was all too much. More than that, there was an undercurrent of *power* too. Of pleasure. She tried to ignore it but as her body grew and her spine extended and her limbs lengthened and her muscles expanded and all of it continued to mount so damn quickly . . . she moaned.

"OOhhhhhh, Oh G-God!"

She grasped her face with her new paws, just in time to feel the bone structure start to rearrange. It pushed outwards, causing her face to extend. She gasped, opening her jaw wide right in Stephen's shocked face.

"Jess! Your face! Holy shit!"

"I KN000000WWW!!!"

She groaned as a snout pushed out, not too far, but far enough to certainly no longer appear human. Her nose turned rubbery and dark, her lips altered shape around her new jaw, and - perhaps most alien in sensation of all - her teeth reshaped in their gums, becoming sharp like that of a total predator's. Fur bloomed across her cheeks and the bridge of her nose, spreading all over. She blinked, and Stephen stuttered.

"Jess, even your eyes are changing! They're amber now!"

But she didn't have time to appreciate how they had changed, because other parts of her body were taking up attention. The rest of her fur came in, fully covering her body. Her

tail shot out yet further, until it was full length, whipping about in a slight panic and curling at the tip all on its own, as if by instinct.

"M-muscle! So m-much muscle! UNGH!"

Her voice lowered yet again, for reasons she could not yet understand. She wanted to curse the Cat God, force him or it or whatever to change her back, but words were lost to her as her body bulked up yet again. She clutched to Stephen for support, wishing she had found a way to fully communicate with him before all of this insanity. But then her body raised up even further in height, strong abs forming on her furred stomach, legs becoming those of a professional athlete's. To their shared astonishment, she was soon a little taller than Stephen, looming over him at an incredibly 6'5 feet in height. Her pants and shirt - the tattered remains of each, at least - exploded off of her into ripped pieces, and her bra and panties were not far behind. Soon she was standing naked

"Jess! You're massive! How do we undo this? What is the Cat God?"

"He's j-just there!"

She pointed with one claw, and at that point, the Cat God finally appeared before Stephen, who jumped what looked to be three full feet in the air.

"What the fuck!? What is that?"

"She made a deal with me," the celestial being said softly. "She made a wish to help the tigers come back, and so I have given her the power to do so on another world, where her efforts are much more needed. Indeed, I intend for her to sire many, many young cubs."

"S-sire?" he stuttered. "Like, as a man?"

"That's bingo, as you humans say!" the Cat God beamed. "And right on time too for the final part of your friend's transformation."

The radiant being gestured to Jessica, who was suddenly experiencing an unsettling pressure in her crotch. She squirmed on the spot, still adjusting to her new legs and feet, as something began to *sprout* inside of her.

"Oh God, oh no, oh God oh shit oh fuck it can't be it can't - MMHHPP!!"

Her eyes went wide, and she muffled herself from screaming as the pressure became an unbelievable *pleasure*. An arousing bliss rippled through her core and extended down to the new member that was undeniably growing out of her vagina. The skin sealed behind it, and a furry sheath containing her testes followed soon after. Stephen could not say a word: he was transfixed by the sight of a rapidly growing and very large feline member that was incredibly erect - and on his female friend's body.

"I can't help it!" she yelled, her voice now a booming growl that would be the rival to any alpha male. "My body is just aroused, okay? I can't explain it!"

"But you will *use* it," the Cat God mused, chuckling in its feline way. "Many times. All the best to the lucky girl. Now, off with you to Tanarra, where you can make the true difference to the tiger populace that you so wished for!"

The cat gestured in a strange way that caused a cascade of lights to shine down upon the masculinised Jessica.

"Good luck, *Alexander!*" the celestial being shouted.

And with that, the lights descended upon her. Stephen clung close, trying to hold onto his transformed and now very male friend, but she slipped through his fingers into infinity, a rainbow kaleidoscope of colour trailing through the air in her absence.

And then it was gone, and he was all alone.

Jessica seemed to fly through the air. She screamed, and was surprised to find that her body did not allow her to do that, so much as *roar* at the heavens. She tried to grip onto something - anything! - but there was nothing to hold onto but the black void between the rainbow emanations of light. She roared again, fearing she would die.

Suddenly the void of space lifted, and she was lying on her back in what looked like a barn of some kind. It was filled with great barrels of what had to be grain, she supposed. It was midday, just as it had been when she left, but to her dismay she saw, when looking over herself, that she was still a tiger-woman.

No, a tiger-*man*.

"What. The. Fuck. Was. That."

Jessica leapt to her feet, landing on them instantly.

"I guess cat's really do always land on their feet," she said, only to stop talking at the sound of her own voice. She still wasn't used to it. It was deep, coarse, *masculine* as all hell. A brass baritone that had a hint of barbarism and the wild to it, the coarse husky tiger-ness that would drive any woman wild. Except it was attached to a literal tiger-man's body. Though perhaps even then some women would go wild for it. She was, after all, a damn tall and muscular tiger-man, with broad shoulders, athletic legs, and incredibly buff arms.

"And a penis," he mused, still unable to believe it all. Alexander wasn't used to having a penis. The idea of one, especially one that belonged to a cat person, complete with the more animalistic sheathe, was just absurd. He could only be grateful that his new member wasn't the thorny, pointed thing that actual felines had, and seemed to just be a hairier version of a more humanoid penis.

"Thank God for small favours," he said, growling. "This is insane! I've turned into a freakin' freak!"

He flexed his arms in anger, and as if by a new instinct he scraped his claws down the side of the barn wall, causing deep scores in the wooden panelling. He pulled back after a minor struggle to extract them.

"Holy hell, that was powerful."

The action alone had felt unbelievably powerful, a kind of raw strength he'd never possessed as a human. It felt weirdly . . . good.

It was at that point that Alexander realised that not only was he thinking of himself as 'Alexander' instead of 'Jessica', but that he was thinking of himself with the male pronoun. He was thinking of himself as if he were a male tiger.

"Okay, okay," he growled in his low tone, "this is all kinds of whack. Cat God! Where are you!? Change me back already, dammit!" He swiped the air with his claws angrily, enraged at the trickster god's bargain and its results. With all the new testosterone flooding his veins, he felt a lot angrier than he should have been, at least were he still female. "Come out, you coward! You make me into a powerful tiger, how about I claw you to pieces, huh!?"

But alas, there was nothing, and the frustrated new tiger-man instead roared in anger to the barn's ceiling, before making his way out of the building. He needed to at least get his bearings, and find out where he was and where he was meant to be. He did so with a little trepidation, fearful of being spotted, but it was obvious that his testosterone was once more having an effect, because he grew impatient with checking to see no one was around, and instead he barrelled out of the barn into the light of day. His new ears picked up no one in the immediate vicinity, and his nostrils likewise. His eyes, on the other hand, did see a truck in the far distance, advancing down a low road towards him.

He was in farmland, by the looks of it. The horizon was slightly dusty, and the land low and flat. As far as he could see to his left were fields of various produce, mainly corn and grain. To his right were several silos, a mill, and several tractors and other heavy equipment. A building that could only be a quite large and cosy country home was about three hundred feet away. It had that rustic aesthetic that he loved.

"Is this *my* farm?" he said aloud to himself. "Or his?"

The vehicle was still some ways off, but approaching. Alexander looked around for places to hide, but instead so clothing that could only be for him: it was certainly large enough. A pair of jean overalls and a flannelette shirt built for a man of his size. At least, his current size. He quickly grabbed them and did his level best to put them on. They were fairly loose, so as not to annoy his fur, and he kept the shirt unbuttoned on the top where all that

white hair got quite thick, approximately where a man's chest hair would be. The last touch was a wide-brimmed hat with little holes for his ears to go through. It felt oddly . . . right, to put it on, so he did.

By that point the vehicle was drawing close, and Alexander was feeling nervous. Nervous, and almost hankering for a fight. He'd never felt the need to before, but with his massive strength, increased height, and new male perspective, it was hard not to want to fight *something*. Perhaps the Cat God was playing another trick to ruin his already crazy life.

"I'd better find a way back," he said. "I didn't mean *this* daring."

The car pulled to a gentle stop near him, and to Alexander's shock the figure that stepped out was not human either, nor tiger too. Instead, it was a *pig*. A female pig anthro, with large pink breasts outlining her shirt and a cute pig nose on her otherwise normal looking face.

"What the fuck?" Alexander said to himself.

"What's up with you, Alex?" the woman said, snorting a little. "You look like you been overdoing the work round these parts. How a guy like you manages to run all this I have no idea. Makes no sense."

"Um, do we know one another?" Alexander asked. The pig woman was so small. It was so weird to see a woman who was part-porcine. But the smallness struck him just as much. She couldn't be over 5'4, the same height Jessica had been. Now, as Alexander, he practically *loomed* over her. But despite being a creature that would have been first on the menu in the wild, the country-looking pig-woman just raised an eyebrow.

"Uh, this some game? Fine. Rosie Drape, nice to meet you. I only been your farming neighbour for the last four years, Alex. I practically *taught* you how to harvest your crops when you came out this way. That ring a bell?"

It didn't. Not at all. But evidently, somehow in this new world, Alex had an invented backstory where people knew him. "Uh, yes, yes it does. Sorry, I was just, uh, doing a bit."

"Real funny big. You conk your head?"

"I wish," he said, meaning it. "Then this would all be a dream."

"You got some place better to be, Alex? You still busted up about that tigress lady spotted in the city? I told you, she shacked up with that other tiger man - Ricardio or Richard or whatever - before anyone else could have claimed her. Not your fault there's so few of you. Who knows, maybe another one will drop from the sky and trip over you like she apparently did with that other guy?"

Alex couldn't make heads or tails of what she was talking about. There was a tigress in this world? But she was in the city, which was out . . . somewhere. But she'd basically run

into a tiger man straight away and apparently they were a thing now, and that this was rare? Was - was the tiger girl, this tigress, the one that the Cat God had spoken of? Malcolm? If so, it was shocking to hear.

"This tiger woman - what happened to her?" he asked.

"Popping out little cubs, I'm sorry to say," Rosie replied. She waved her hooved hands in a gesture of correction. "Not that that's a bad thing, mind! Just that obviously I know you been keen on finding your own wife. Sad thing, what happened to your kind. Only a few of you left. And as much as it's nice to have little tiger cubs in the world again, can't exactly do much for the next generation if there's only one set of parents around, right?"

"Yeah, right," Alex said, his thoughts turning more serious. So the Great Cat God had spoken the truth, in some way. This was a world of anthro-animal folk, like Rosie here. Like himself. But the tigers were wiped out, somehow. He decided to drop a testing question.

"It's too bad, what happened to my kind," he said, letting the comment sit.

Rosie nodded, snorting a little through her pig nose. "That it is, that it is. Real sad. Never seen a disease like it. I heard some say it was good that it only hurt tiger kind, and was less bad for others, but it's still a tragic thing."

Alex nodded, slowly putting it together. This world, he remembered, was called Tanarra, or something. He'd been transported to another world. Holy shit. That was crazy. Absolutely fucking crazy. And he was now a tiger person. And huge and muscular. And a goddamned *man* to boot.

"This is all a lot to take in," he growled.

"Still? I mean, it's been a couple of years, but sure. No tigresses popping in, then?"

He shook his head. "I - I don't even know how to answer that. Sorry, you've caught me at a bad time."

The pig snorted in laughter. "Evidently I have, because I ain't seen you so timid in quite a long while. You're normally all burly and take-charge and old school, but I guess we all have our off days, huh?"

"Y-yeah, I guess Rosie. I feel like I'm having an off life at the moment."

"Wanna talk about it, big guy?"

He shook his head. "No. I just need to figure it out. It's weird as shit."

"That's like," she said, nodding. There was a protracted silence, until Rosie perked up. "Anyway, I came to ask if I can steal that big harvester of yours, just for the afternoon. Mine done conked out, and in the final stretch too. I'll return it in mint condition after I've done that last stretch, and make you one of my beloved fish pies just the way I know you like 'em. How's that sound?"

Alex nearly didn't answer. He was too busy looking out onto the horizon. It was flat land, sure, but there was a small town he hadn't spotted that lay further west, on a slight hill. It had a little church, a couple of neighbourhoods, and even some stores and what looked like a bowling alley or something. Were there other anthro-animal people out there as well? Rat-people and possum-people and monkey-people and whatnot? Were there even human people? Hell, how could he even work to 'sire' new tiger cubs as the Great Cat God demanded if they didn't even have any female tigers to sire with! Not that he wanted that, even if it did make his tail curl a little.

"Hello? Earth to Alex?"

"Sorry," he said, snapping out of it. "Yeah, take the tractor, Rosie. Harvester, I mean. Take it as long as you want it. I think . . . I think I'll check out my house."

He walked off without another word. Rosie shrugged, and moved towards the harvester, while he headed to the house. He needed to get his life in order. He needed to find some way to contact the Great Cat God and demand a way back to his life. *Her* life as Jessica.

But most of all, he needed to figure out what was going on with this massive goddamn penis in between his legs. It was hard to ignore how just thinking about tigress ladies was making it become hard, erect, and *throbbing*.

"Oh God, I think I'm going to have to stroke it!" he growled as he made his way into the living room.

The thought of tigresses. Would they have one pair of breasts, or several? How would their hips look? Nice and fertile? How many cubs would they have? Could he get a tigress woman - if he ever found one - pregnant with litters like that Richard or Ricardio guy apparently did?

He barely paid attention to the layout of the house, just moved upstairs quickly, vaulting with his impressive new cat-like strength until he was in what must have been his room. It was cosy and comfortable, but that didn't really concern him. What did concern him was an infuriating need to strip off his clothing and feel his massive cock.

"Goddamn Rosie, whoever she is, talking about tigresses and breeding and cubs! I'm not even meant to be a man, or a tiger, or in this world, but now these stupid instincts are m-making me fucking turned on just thinking about mating!"

It was true. The very thought of spilling his seed - seed that had never yet been spilled at all - inside the fertile womb of one of his new kind was making his body primal, animalistic. His fur rippled in an unfamiliar fashion, and he bared his teeth menacingly at nothing in particular, pumping himself up as if he were actually trying to impress a mate.

"G-God, what did that weird spirit cat even do t-to me?" he groaned. There was no doubt about it, a set of powerful feline instincts had kicked in, and it was near-impossible to fight them. It almost made him wish there was a mate nearby that he could fuck. He didn't care if he'd have to take the male role in that moment. He just needed release.

Trembling, he reached out a paw to clutch his member. It was far bigger than he realised it was. Erect, it was whopping, easily eleven inches in length and impressively girthy. His testes were protected by that furry sheath, but they still felt tight, as if full of substance that needed to be expelled. It was an almost uncomfortable pressure mixed with the arousal.

"J-just need t-to . . ."

He gave in. It was only one more strange thing in a day of strange, bizarre, totally wrong things, after all. And besides, what girl hadn't wondered what it would be like to be a man with muscular body, tall height, and a big cock to swing around.

"Mhmmm, okay," her muttered, gripping it. He began to stroke it, up and down, up and down, relishing its sensitivity. He closed his eyes, trying not to notice that he was also a tiger-man, but his tail swished behind him, reminding at all times. More than that, he couldn't stop wondering what a female member of his new species would be like. Despite disliking men who only saw him for his looks when he was Jessica, he couldn't help now but think of a sexy, hourglass figured tigress with big, soft, furry titties and wide, cub-bearing hips. It was just instinct, and it drove him to start rubbing his cock up and down harder and faster.

"Yes, YES! God, that feels fucking good! Is - is this what all guys feel like? Sans the fur and stuff? Holy h-hell!"

He fell into silence, growling under his breath, snarling in satisfaction as he continued to masturbate. His length was huge, and it only gave him more to grip and take pleasure from. He stroked and rubbed and tugged his impressive manhood, drawing ever closer to that unimaginable climax that would have been impossible just half an hour earlier. The tigress in his mind danced luridly, naked and gorgeous, her flanks ripe for pawing, her tail flicker in a suggestive manner. He wanted to get her with a litter of cubs. It was instinct.

It was his new role.

"UUUGGGGHHHH!!!"

He exploded, the orgasm arriving not as the series of waves he was used to, but a sudden, massive earthquake, all rolled up into one. A surge of power and pressure erupted in his sheath, and he acted quickly, just barely managing to grab part of the top cover of his bedding and wrap it over his cock.

“AAahhhhhh,” he moaned, as it pumped and pumped what felt like gallons of his seed. He couldn’t believe how much there was: the Cat God had certainly made him one *virile* specimen of a tiger-man.

“J-Jesus, so much!”

One last ejaculation, and he was finally done. The corner of the bedding he’d grabbed was practically soaked in his alpha male cum. A weird surge of pride emanated from him as he cleaned himself off as best as he could. He hoped it was instinctual, but it was undeniable that there was a lot of raw power that came with that orgasm that didn’t exist for the female one. It made him genuinely curious what it would feel like with an actual tigress below him . . . but then his mind went blank.

It took some effort to get it back on track, in fact.

“Wow, guys aren’t kidding. Your brain really does just kind of turn off after cumming. I feel I should apologise to Ted after all these years. Of course, he’s in another whole reality, and I’m now a tiger dude who could easily beat him up.”

Alex sighed.

“What the hell am I going to do? Cat God? Any suggestions?”

But if that strange spirit was present, it wasn’t saying a word. Alexander would have to figure his whole life out from here, and exactly what it was like to be a tiger-man farmer in the land of Tanarra.

Stephen was beyond horrified. Somehow, his best friend, the woman he’d known for years, had been transformed into a big male tiger-man and swept off into another reality. One moment he’d been holding on to Jessica, and the next she was just gone. He looked at the so-called Great Cat God, its strange feline figure outlined by a pattern of stars and ethereal darkness, and did the only thing he could think of.

He tried to wrestle it to the ground and demand it give him answers.

It went as well as one could expect. The God didn’t even have to move; he moved through *it*.

“Nice try, human, but it takes more than brute force to catch a cat like me.”

Stephen leapt to his feet, growled, tried again. The spirit laughed, this time dancing to the side, but it decided to stay this time rather than bound away. For one, it was not without some empathy, and it could tell this man was greatly aggrieved at the loss of Jessica. After all, if Stephen had not cared deeply, he could not have breached the Cat God’s natural magic,

which obscured those it transformed from ordinary sight. But having overcome that meant something special: it meant there was a connection between the two of them, and such things could be honoured.

And of course, for two, the Great Cat God found the idea of further change a little bit amusing. So it purred happily at the prospects of another wish, though it would have to stage this one, which was not something it often liked to do. Like a cat, it toyed with its 'prey.'

"You won't get her back by fighting me, mortal."

Stephen breathed heavily, feeling humiliated and still-horrified.

"What did you do to her? Is she dead?"

"First of all, she is most certainly not a 'she' anymore. Her name isn't even Jessica. It's Alexander, now. And she isn't dead. Just . . . in a new place. One where tiger-people are very rare due to a disease wiping most of their kind out, but not so rare they are extinct. But they will be extinct, if enough breeding pairs are not around. A few years ago I took a young man's wish for there to be more tigers and made him Sabrina, a *deeply* fertile tigress who has produced many cubs in that world. But Alexander made a similar wish as Jessica, and so I kept the switch, making her a powerful alpha male to sire cubs."

"That's - that's horrifying."

The cat rolled its eyes. "Nonsense, it's wonderful. It just takes adjustment."

"She'll be all alone!" Stephen cried. "Helpless! Lost!"

"You think too little of her. I can sense such things. She was impressively daring, despite not quite knowing what she was getting into. I think she'll adjust - *he'll* adjust - faster than you think."

Stephen shook his head. "You don't know *her* like I do. She thinks these things. She's a wonderful person, but she'll need protecting."

"Is that so? And you would be willing to help her?"

"I'd be willing to do anything to get her back to me."

The Cat God grinned as it circled the man like a whirling constellation. It had this man in its paws. And perhaps it would teach him a good lesson about underestimated the women in his life. "Well, were you to wish it, I could help you in this. That is to say, wish to get her back to you, and I might grant it. Wishes have power in my presence."

Stephen was sceptical. "And what do you get out of it?"

"Let's just say I enjoy a couple."

"We're not a couple. I mean, I've thought about her that way a few times, but she didn't seem interested. And she doesn't seem - I don't normally go for women like her."

"Hm. Perhaps you do not know her. Nevertheless, it is your only chance. Do you want her back to you? Then wish it."

The man narrowed his eyes, but didn't see a choice. Had he been wrong about Jessica? Was she more intelligent and bold than he gave her credit for? She had such startling good looks, and was quite short, and perhaps those looks and that fragile stature had masked her capabilities. Perhaps he had been a fool. There was only one way to find out, anyway: by getting her back.

"Very well," he said, standing tall and stalwart as he could manage in the aftermath of such a strange and scary incident. "I wish I could get Jessica back to me."

The spirit jumped into the air several times in joy.

"Granted! Now hang on!"

"What do you mean - No! NO!!"

"Enjoy Tanarra. Don't worry, I haven't misled you too much. You'll get *him* back alright. And you'll get a suitably appropriate form for it as well, my dear *Constance!*"

But by that point, Stephen was already gone, and his form already changing.

Alexander chuckled as he lowered the cards onto the table.

"Three rhinos, ladies and gents, read 'em and weep."

Severus sighed, the crocodile-man throwing down his cards. Pete, who was a hedgehog-anthro, just sighed as he revealed a mere pair of kangaroos. Stacey the canine panted excitedly.

"Three hippos should beat that - oh, wait. That's in Royal Barn, isn't it?"

The others nodded sadly, but with good humour.

"Looks like you've got lady luck in your corner tonight, Alex," Rosie the pig-woman said. "Much better than a couple of months ago, I'd say. You'd practically forgotten the game then. And your farming. Had us all worried."

"I was playing the long game," he said, quickly improvising. And it does indeed look like I do have the luck," he said. "Tiger luck, who would have thought?"

He flashed his fine teeth in a mighty grin before beginning to shuffle the cards again. No doubt Severus would want a second shuffle himself, but it was good to take control and be the one quasi-in charge of the lot. It was, after all, part of his alpha male instincts.

"Let's have at least one more game and see if you guys can dethrone this cat then, huh?"

“Oh, I would like to skin that cat very much,” Peter said with a chuckle. “But I feel you may yet best me, my friend. Still, fortune favours the brave hog, as they say. Deal me in.”

Alex purred with delight, and began to do just that in the low light of the farming town’s relaxing bar.

The former female human had been a male tiger anthro for two entire months now, and in that time had become entirely accustomed to his new body. It hadn’t been easy: sure, life in Tanarra was recognisably similar to Earth in many ways, but it was still an entirely new world, with its own geography, cultural norms, clothing styles, and so on. Not to mention the obvious: the world was populated by anthro-animals for whom this was completely normal. Alexander was astonished in that first week particularly, when he’d met people who were anthro-skunks, possums, kangaroos, water buffalos, and even an ant-lady. A very pregnant ant-lady. It had all been exceedingly strange, and the weird part was that he was stared at just as often by some. He was, after all, one of the few tiger-men left in the world.

For a time, Alexander had tried everything to return. While he didn’t exactly have family as Jessica, he still had some friends, and more importantly an entire life he was missing. But the Great Cat God, if it was even present, failed to help him in any way, and the ever-practical Jess/Alex had to dig in his paws and try to adapt. It was the kind of challenge Stephen would have thought Jessica incapable of, but he aimed to prove his human friend wrong, even if they might not ever see one another again.

So after that first week, Alexander began to adjust. He visited the local town of Harth, and learned that a number of patrons and shop owners there were apparently his new buddies, which consisted of the lot he was playing cards with now. He dove into the role of farming: he had a lot of automated equipment, but it was still an honest trade that required strength and a certain kind of constitution. He simply had to pretend he’d dinged his head as Rosie had assumed he’d had when he needed to ask for help on obvious things. But he picked it up quickly, so quickly in fact that it was almost like his new brain was configured to do so, and soon he was farming corn and grain successfully.

That new brain also had other concerns, too. While Alexander became used to being a powerful tiger-man, his new mind revelled in said power and dominance. Where before he had been weak and small, now he was a strong and tall, and there came an immense satisfaction in working his farm while leaving his bare - well, furry - chest on display. He could lift logs with ease, scramble up the outside of the barn to make roof repairs with nothing but his claws to aid him, and generally loom over the people of Harth. In fact, he’d even stopped a mugging one unexpected night, his instincts taking over to make him leap across the street to easily knock down a squirrel-woman’s would-be assailant. In that moment, he had felt like a God. There was not other way to describe it. The agility of his body, the elegance of his movement, the predatorial instinct that guided him to do what was

right. It was as if all the things he'd attempted to be as Jessica, or was in a way that others failed to recognise, were now undeniable.

Since that moment, he began to slowly find himself appreciating his big tiger body. He went on early morning runs, leaping easily in great bounds, even clawing up the sides of his own buildings as part of his workout. He ate big meals to further develop his muscle, and enjoyed working out to achieve that end in the evening. His libido continued to be quite high, and it wasn't long before he'd found a site with various images of gorgeous tigresses from the past, as well as crafted images of tigresses, tales and stories of them, depictions in different styles, and so on. Whether or not he wanted it, tigresses were on his mind. He actually became frustrated for real that Sabrina, the tiger-woman who was constantly birthing heavy litters of cubs into the world in an outer neighbourhood of the big city, was already taken. She looked gorgeous in the photos he'd seen of her, with a pair of big impressive breasts and a huge round stomach bloated with cubs. It was exactly what he felt compelled to provide to a tigress.

Only there were none around.

It made him rather furious at the Great Cat God. Two months, and no ability to even sire cubs. Did he truly want them? He wasn't sure, but the biological drive was there, to be sure, and it was a maddening instinctive desire. The only way to cope with it was to masturbate repeatedly, sometimes more than once a day. And even that was a bit of an addiction: it was so easy to imagine his seed gushing towards a fertile tigress womb as he expended himself. He always roared as he finished, growling with his sharp teeth like the alpha male he now was.

Except, an alpha male needed a female to serve and to command. To be her lover and master, while at the same time pleasing her every need. It was a funny feeling he'd never experienced as a human woman, but as a tiger anthro, it was like he was destined to be the alpha of any relationship, and require a submissive partner who would readily accept and defer to his masculine triumph. Hell, he *reeked* of that masculinity. He just wished there was a woman to appreciate its powerful scent.

"You gonna raise or what?" came a voice. It was Severus, eyeing him in profile.

Alexander brought himself back down to reality, and checked his cards. Thinking about cute, sexy, fertile tigresses was such an easy trap to fall into. It was only becoming stronger, and sometimes he sort of 'faded out' for a few seconds just imagining it.

"Yes, I'll raise," he growled, re-establishing his imposing, yet friendly presence at the table. "I've got a reputation to uphold, after all. And I'd like to take home some nice winnings."

"Hoping to use it to entice a nice tigress into town?"

"If I did, I wouldn't let you know, Severus."

The crocodile, every bit as brusque as the Roman general for whom Alex associated his name, just shrugged. "Well, let's see if we can't face off again, and I can earn some money back."

They continued to play, but Alex continued to imagine a cute catgirl of a tigress, approaching his barn one day, ready to bear his cubs. Despite all the insanity of his new life, his instincts told him that *that* was the most important thing of all.

Stephen freaked out as he was transported into a new world. The zoo became a small town, the day became night, and his own clothes fell away, leaving him embarrassingly naked. The Cat God's laughter followed him, even as the changes began. He squirmed as fur burst through his skin, as his feet rearranged, as his ears shifted to the top of his head. He was in an alleyway of some kind, and was terrified of what was happening. He groaned, but managed to shift forward next to a great big trash container. He was about to cry for help when someone passed by the sidewalk at the end of the valley, not realising he was there. Stephen nearly screamed at the sight.

It was a cow woman. Literally, a bipedal anthro-cow woman, roughly twenty five or so in age from what he could tell. She wore what looked to be a dance club dress that was tight around her thick but cute form, yellow in colour. Four head-sized tits were clearly outlined against it, and it lowered just far enough to evidently contain what could only be an even bigger udder. Four teats were clearly visible against the fabric, and it jostled with her hooves steps. A ropey tail danced behind her, and she giggled at a friend's joke.

"Stoop! There's no way I'd go out with him!"

"Oh please," another voice said from behind her, "you'd totally go out with him. I saw the way he was staring at your udder, girl. The hot bulls wants to put a calf in you and make you one milky momma!"

"We'll, he'll have to put a ring around my horn first if he wants me! I may look damn good but I'm an old-fashioned girl."

"Ha! This is why deer-people are so much more fun. We get to ride whatever pair of antlers we want, when we want! None of that 'saving ourselves' nonsense."

More fur raced along Stephen's arms, and his nose began to alter, turning black and taking on that triangular shape of a feline's. But he couldn't cry for help, not with the strange creatures that were moving in sight of him. A deer woman followed the cow-girl, and she also wore a club dress, red in colour and showing her curves. She was slimmer, more waifish, with no antlers - she was a doe, after all. But just like the busty cowgirl, she was

bipedal and surprisingly humanoid. They left his sight, still chatting, but it made him reconsider calling for help. He was elsewhere.

“Ohhhhh G-God! S-stop! I didn’t w-want to become a tiger-man t-too!”

He clutched his stomach as it shrunk in a big, and then his waist as it contracted. Evidently, he was becoming a slim, agile tiger-man, at least by his estimate. His face pushed forward, bones altering shape in a discomfiting fashion. He stumbled to one side as his paws finished on his legs, his lower set of limbs developing a digitigrade stance that almost made him slip over entirely. Talons slid forth from them, and then again from his fingers, which were also remoulding to become more tiger-like paws.

“F-fuck! My tailbone! This is insane! Cat God! Take me b-back!”

But no one heard his plea. Instead, a long tiger tail exploded from his naked backside, becoming coated in those black, white, and orange stripes much as his ass now was as well. Soon the whole of him was furry, and his tail curled and twisted about of its own volition, reflecting the chaos of his mindstate.

“Shit, shit, shit! My organs are on fire! This is all wrong! I didn’t *want this!*”

He paused, even as his stomach did backflips, organs pushed aside to make room for an entirely new organ to join them. His voice had sounded off. No, not off. It had sounded *female*.

“No. No, there’s n-no way!”

But his voice continued to raise in octave, especially as he whimpered at the next round of changes. His hips cracked, expanding wider and wider until they were not just womanly in shape, but a set of absolute baby-makers. No, *cub-makers*.

“Ngghh! No! No way! No *Waaaayyyyy!*”

Again his voice cracked, his Adam’s apple disappearing beneath the fur and then shrinking away altogether. Even beneath said fur, his features seemed as if they were becoming more supple, softer, shaped in an increasingly womanly manner. His waist contracted a second time, hips jutting outwards yet further. He grabbed onto the waste disposal unit and just barely managed to avoid *howling* as his face took on a greater snout-like configuration, sharp predatorial teeth shaping into place. His tail slid forth, one vertebrae at a time, extending until it was over four feet long. It shifted about behind him, making him whimper.

“I didn’t ask for this! I wished to get her back to me! How does this - UGNH!!”

Another widening of the hips. Any further and they would start to look ridiculous! His ass rounded out too, becoming a little bouncy beneath his gorgeous new fur strip pattern. Long whispers pierced out from either side of his snout, and his eyes shifted, the darkness now easy to see through.

“Holy shit, this is crazy. I’m turning into a chick. I don’t want to have a damn pussy, you hear me, you *cosmic pussy!?* *I don’t want one!*”

But it didn’t matter what Stephen wanted. The magic was making it occur all the same. Slowly, the pressure reached his ribcage. Already reduced from its size, particularly with his shrunken shoulders, it now compacted even further, leaving him slimmer. His height reduced to an adorable 5’6. Not tiny, but a big change from his previous height. All of that he could deal with, however. It was the other pressure that worried him.

Two of them, in fact. Both centred on his chest, and slowly growing. Pushing.

“NNghh - no! NNOOO!!!”

He growled louder, his voice quite tiger-like *and* lady-like as two breasts formed into being. They expanded slowly but surely, the fur on his chest unable to hide their obvious growth. He covered them with his paws, but soon even that coverage could not hide them: they continued to surge forth until they were larger than any pair of tits he’d had the good fortune and charisma to hold. They went beyond Double-Ds, then spurt forth to beyond even E-cups. Soon, they were heavy, weighty, shockingly big F-cups.

And still they grew.

“I get it! Oh G-God, I get it! J-just stop fucking g-growing!”

They only stopped when each was the side of his own head, topped by obvious pink nipples that were almost totally erect with arousal. Holding them in the palm of his hands, they looked shockingly huge from above. The cleavage - furry cleavage, at that - they produced was phenomenal, and hid much of the further down changes as well. But it didn’t stop them from occurring.

“Oh! Ah! Ow! Off! RRR! What is th-that!?”

He felt below his huge new tits, only to shiver in unexpected and unwanted bliss. His paw had brushed a nipple. And another. And another. He could feel them, smaller than his breasts and without as much tissue within them, but obviously more tits that were incredibly sensitive.

“This is crazy. This is - oh shit. Oh f-fucking shit! Take me back to Earth, Cat God! I’m sorry, Jess, but I need to go - UUNNGGHH!!!”

He went briefly catatonic, huge boobs wobbled on his naked furred chest as his large penis withdrew into his body. His testicles followed, balls squeezing back up inside him painfully, though even that was followed by a wave of strange, unexpected pleasure. He cooed in a voice that sounds like an utter femme fatale’s, suggestive in sultry.

“Mmhm . . . why does it f-feel soooo - ahhh - niice!?”

And then the seal of skin was broken. The space between his thighs *gaped* open, a sensitive maw that burrowed deep into his body and connected to the new womb that had formed only minutes before. He doubled over, only managing to catch himself due to his new

reflexes, but he was beyond loud noises of pleasure or pain now. The former human simply opened his jaw wide and exhaled again and again, massive chest bouncing as he clutched his crotch.

Her crotch.

Even as he came to terms with this latest alteration, the mental changes swiftly followed. Stephen's brain buzzed as if a cloud of locusts had taken residence in it, eating away his current sense of manhood, his own pronouns, even his recognition of his own *name*. He knew he was Stephen. He knew he was a *he*. These things were obvious, and clear, and factual, and sensible, and had always been true.

But his more powerful instincts were another story.

No, *she* was a *she*. *Her* name was *Constance*. And she was a woman. One who had been a male human, but was now, inarguably so, a *tigress*.

"My mind! I'm not Constance, I'm Constance. I mean - oh fuck. This is crazy. I need to do something. But I'm totally naked."

As if by afterthought, a few articles of clothing did indeed materialise around the new tiger woman. A large black bra just barely managed to contain her well-endowed chest, lifting her boobs up to be somehow even more obvious. They rose and fell heavily with each breath, confronting Constance. Following that, a set of modified panties with a gap for a tail rippled into being, outlining her impressive backside. Lastly, a cute and showy minidress in bright pink manifested around her being. It did almost nothing to hide her boobs and everything to show them off, and also outlined her perfect hourglass figure and very fertile hips. It tops above mid-thigh, and was made of a strange material that thankfully wasn't uncomfortable against her fur at all. As with the panties, her tail fit through a slot, and curled in the air suggestively once more.

"This is crazy," she moaned, looking over herself. "Why do I look like some furry fantasy!?"

She tried to come to grips with it, but upon hearing another figure move through the alley behind her, decided to take a risk and head out into the street. If she looked like a local, sort of, couldn't she find some actual local to help her?

Her boobs jiggled the whole time, and her tail danced in the air behind her.

"Damn rain has started! I'm a fucking wet kitty!"

Once more there was a groan as Alexander hauled in the chips. He was feeling good, and while he wasn't tipsy (it took a *lot* more alcohol to achieve that effect for his strongman tiger body than it had for Jessica's), the alcohol definitely had him feeling relaxed and buoyant. As

always, that feeling of dominance and power surged through him, making him feel like he truly was the apex of the jungle, even if the 'jungle' in question was a cozy town bar with friends around the card table.

"Who's up for one last game?" he declared, grinning with his big canines on display. Severus threw down his cards, as did Pete, and Rosie, and Stacey.

"The cat wins today," the dog-girl sighed. "I'm all out of spending money. Anything else and I'm eating into the budget. I'll see you killers around. Want a rise, Rosie?"

"Sure thing."

"I'd extend the invitation to Pete, but . . ."

There was a moment of laughter from the table, including the hedgehog-man. By all accounts he'd left a bit of an 'impression' on the integrity of the passenger seat of the last person to give him a ride.

"I'm all good. I'll walk it off. Need to be presentable to the Mrs anyway. You enjoy counting your chips, Alexander."

"Gotta get home to my family too," Severus said. "Little Maximus won't go to sleep unless I'm there to read him a story, late as the hour is."

The group parted, leaving Alexander by himself at the table to count the money thrown in. The coinage of Tanarra was odd, but he was starting to get a sense of how it worked. Certainly, it was a lot more resilient than American dollars in make. But as much of a small joy it was to have a winning night at the card table, the fact that his friends were all leaving to see their families or wives or husbands brought a much greater sorrow. Once again he was reminded of how lonely he was in this new world. He had adjusted magnificently to this new world, and a lot of that he put down to the incredible 'take charge' instincts of his new body, as well as some of the mental changes. Sure, it was still odd to pee standing up, and to be able to move *through* crowds so easily, rather than have to dodge and dart through them, but there was an exhilaration in that. No one underestimated him here, as they had due to his female looks before.

But still, dreams of tigresses, of gorgeous female companions continued to dance through his dreams and daydreams. He had accepted for over a month now that he was a heterosexual male in this form: it only made sense, given the Great Cat God's apparent objective in changing him. But every day he searched for news of tigresses that were *not* the partly-famous Sabrina and her ever growing hordes of cubs. He read that she was pregnant currently with quintuplets on the local news, and it made him feel a rush of testosterone-fuelled anger that this 'Richard' should have so fertile a tigress and not him. And then he would subside, realise how crazy the thought was, and calm his still-yet-to-be-tamed alpha male instincts. But he couldn't calm them completely. The desire

to sire cubs was very real. There was just no tigress to make them with, and it drove him round the bend. Masturbation was regular, but it wasn't enough.

He was jolted from his morose thoughts by the appearance of Doug, the basset hound bartender who always looked sad, regardless of his actual temperament.

"Jesus, Doug."

"Who now?"

"Oh, ah, I mean, by the Sun."

"Strange tiger folk," the hound said with an old man's chuckle. "Strange indeed. There's someone who just stumbled in the back in all manner of fuss and worry that you might just want to see."

Alexander raised an eyebrow. "Don't tell me you need another unpaid bouncer to get drunk stallion out of the bar?"

"Not exactly," Doug said.

"A mare this time?"

"She's female, I'll tell you that. Very, very female. 'Bout the most female-looking female I've seen in a long, long time. Trust me, you'll be very interested in seeing her."

He gestured for Alexander to follow, and the tiger-man did, casting only a brief look back at his money. "Fine," he said, following Doug around back, "but this better not end with me picking up another black out drunk off the floor just because I'm one of the only ones strong enough to pick them up."

"Oh, trust me, she's slim. Well, except for in the right places. You have a look through here, and don't forget I was the one to introduce you before you think about patronising another tavern, y'hear?"

Alexander gave him a funny look, a little confused, but opened the door that the basset hound gestured to, and walked into the room on the other side, where a figure had its back turned to him, and was covered in a large rug to warm them, obscuring all of their features. Doug closed the door behind them to give them some privacy.

"Uh, hello there, miss? Can I help you?"

The figure turned, and Alexander's jaw gaped. Ensnared within the warm covering was a tigress. Her fur was similar to his, if a little whiter. She was short, but utterly gorgeous, with mesmerising blue eyes. She flung off the covering, equally shocked, and in doing so revealed a body that could not have been summoned in a hundred years of horny, libido-driven tiger-man dreams. She was wearing a slightly wet pink dress that looked like it was made to show off all her best features, particularly the two at her front. Beyond her cute tigress face, it was impossible to ignore the ripe furry globes on her chests, which were almost like volleyballs in size, and threatened to rip open the dress material of their own accord. Certainly, they were stretching it to the limit with each breath she took.

The rest of her was just as delectable. She had a cute, trim, yet athletic waist, and impressively wide hips, which made Alexander begin to go hard just at the sight of. It was easy to imagine them as the kind of hips that could bear cubs easily. And frequently. Her tail shifted behind her, curling seductively, as if beckoning him forward. Her entire figure did, but that was perhaps because she had one hip cocked to the side and was looking him up and down with 'come get me' eyes. That was, until she spoke.

"Jesus Christ, it's you! Jessica!"

Alexander blanched. "Wh-what are you talking about?"

But the woman was already striding forward, holding her large breasts in her top in a very strange and unlady-like manner. "It is! I saw you just half an hour ago! God, what the hell is this place? There's a cowgirl with an udder, and this basset hound dude found me, and I have tits. I'm sorry I didn't believe you, Jess. I was an idiot. I made a wish to help you as well but now I'm a fucking girl and my name is Constance! I'm Constance! I can't even say my real name, look: my real name is Constance and I'm from Harth. Grr! But I knew you would be nearby. You had to be!"

The realisation dawned on Alex as he realised who this was. The words 'Jesus Christ', unfamiliar to this place, was a tipoff, but so was a lot else. He stammered a moment, momentarily flustered not only by the beauty of this tigress, her sheer fertile curves, but also the knowledge that this was the man she'd long carried a torch for.

"Stephen?" he asked.

"Oh, thank God! It is you!"

To both their surprise, the tigress literally *leapt* into his arms. He caught her easily, and the two embraced, laughing a little crazily at the knowledge that they had found one another. Constance's perfect, ripe breasts flattened a little against Alexander's chest, and it made him feel that arousal once more. His large cock hardened in his trousers, threatening to rip the material it was so libidinous.

She seemed to realise, because she pushed herself back, grasping her own tail and petting it in a cute way.

"Sorry," he said. "It sort of . . . does that."

"Yeah, I remember mine doing that too. Except I don't have one anymore."

"You've got those big stonkin' tits instead," Alexander chuckled.

The new tigress groaned, grasping them and forcing them together to produce even more tantalising cleavage. "They're heavy! And I've got nipples down my belly. And this damn . . . fire. I can't explain it. I don't want to explain it."

The truth was, she was already feeling oddly warm in the presence of this alpha male, even knowing that he used to be Jessica, her small and cute friend. But now, her

female body was going into heat, and she was breathing more heavily just in the presence of him. He was so tall, it was unbelievable. And those muscles . . .

She snapped out of it, realising she was giving in to some new, crazy instinct.

“How did you get here?” Alexander asked, thankfully distracting her yet further from his incredible stature and raw, dominating presence.

Constance looked down at her still slightly-wet form in its overly tight and revealing dress. “Can - can I tell you about it elsewhere? I know you just got here, but -”

“Stephen, I’ve been here for *months*. Like, two whole months.”

“WHAT!?”

“Keep it down! Doug’s minding the bar, being a good friend. Let’s not distract him.”

But Constance wiped her furry forehead. “Two months? I only just arrived. Jesus, that damned Cat God sent me forward in time, or you backward, or time works differently here or something, I don’t know. I *literally* just turned into a cat lady-”

“Tiger lady,” Alexander corrected. “Trust me, actual cat ladies will take offence to that.”

Constance rolled her eyes. “This is crazy! I’ve got fur! And a damned pussy-”

“Also a little offensive in Tanarra.”

“Grrr, you know what I mean! Jessica, we need to get back. I’m meant to be a take-charge guy, tall and strong. I go to the gym! And you - you’re meant to be-”

“What? Small? Not taken seriously?”

Constance sighed. She placed her hands on her hips in a feminine fashion without even realising it. “That’s not what I meant.”

“I know. But . . . this place isn’t so bad. Look, we’ll talk about it in the car. I’ll drive us to my farm. You can stay as long you need. This world is pretty different. It even gave me a new name: Alexander.”

“Constance for me, as I said.”

The tiger-man grinned, and she couldn’t help but bite her lip lightly with her left canine at the sight of that beautiful smile.

“Well, lovely to re-meet you, Constance.”

“And you, Alexander.”

“Let me give a gorgeous lady a ride.”

She exhaled. “God, this sucks.”

On the short ride to Alexander’s farm, the two exchanged stories. Constance’s was a lot shorter, and yet somehow much more fraught with emotion than Alexander’s was. She didn’t

mean to, but having a lot more female hormones running through her meant that it was easy to get lost in the horror and fear she had felt for her friend, and her own shock at being transformed. By the time she described running around town in her minidress she was actually crying a little, much to her embarrassment. Luckily, her paw fur was pretty absorbent and did well to soak up her tears.

“It’s okay, Constance,” Alexander said, automatically falling into using her new name. “I remember how scary it was for me.”

“You didn’t get huge tits though,” she whined.

“Yeah, but I did get a huge something else.”

She halted. “H-huge? How huge?”

He chuckled in his low, masculine voice. “Pretty damn huge. Much huger than the guys I slept with as a girl, trust me. And pretty damn capable, given I’ve played around with it a bit. What? As if you haven’t felt up those big furry titties of yours?”

Constance looked away, embarrassed. “Well, tell me more of your story, at least. Not the bit where you’ve got a huge cock, thanks very much.”

She was, after all, trying very, very hard not to think about it.

Alexander began recounting the last two months of his life as a Tanarran. How he was good friends with Rosie, and had gradually figured his new life out, even come to like it. Hell, *love* it. Especially the strength and power he possessed, and how he was taken seriously and didn’t have his good looks seen as an impediment to his intelligence or ambition. And more than that, how his body had come to feel sort of ‘right’, despite the occasional hiccup.

“I guess part of it is the Great Cat God,” he said. “But I also just feel male, now. I really do. I’m getting good at being one of the guys, you know. To the point where . . .”

“Where?” Constance asked.

“Well, to the point where I’ve been pretty obsessed with finding a cute tigress to go out with. It’s hard not to look at you now and . . .”

He trailed off a second time, and this time Constance didn’t respond either. Both were clearly trying not to think too deeply about the other, and how obviously attractive their forms were. Constance felt overwhelmed. She’d just landed in this place, in a way-too-fertile looking tigress body, and now all eight of her nipples were throbbing intensely in the presence of her once-female friend. Every part of her new female instincts wanted to jump his bones.

“Well, here we are,” Alexander said.

She looked up. It was a rustic farmhouse, though incredibly spacious given that only Alexander lived here. It was quite attractive, really. The sort of place she’d liked as Stephen, too.

“Wow, this is actually really cool?”

“Right? At least the Cat God didn’t skimp on giving me a nice place.”

“Pah! I didn’t get one. Just a pink club dress which makes me look like a total slut.”

Alex closed his eyes, breathed, tried not to think dirty thoughts. “Come on in, I’ll show you around and then get you settled.”

He gave Constance the tour, showed her the various rooms, spare rooms, guest rooms (most of which were unnecessary) and then finally his room on the second floor. She regretted seeing it right away: with her increased sense of smell it was filled with the wonderfully manly musk that was driving her new female body crazy.

Thankfully, her stomach groaned. “God, I could use some food. Do you have food? I really feel like meat for some reason.”

He laughed, moving to the kitchen. “That’s because we’re carnivores, remember? No attacking Rosie, though. No, we all eat fish. Its non-sentient so it’s all good. I’ll whip something up for us.”

Constance took a seat by the kitchen - another spacious area with a nice double-table living room - and watched the tiger-man get to work. She was trying to get used to her big wobbling boobs, the sensitive stomach nipples, and even just her different way of walking and greater agility. There was nothing between her legs, strangest of all somehow, but at least the fur and the dress covered this shame.

Alexander, for his part, felt like showing off. He knew he shouldn’t toy with Constance, but her feminine scent also had the warmth of a woman’s heat in it. Literally: she was obviously in estrus, and it was like catnip to the tiger-man. All those nights masturbating to the thought of tigresses, and now one hotter than his imagination could ever conceive was before him, watching him intently. So he made sure to flex his muscles, flick his tail near her face, and generally speak in low, attractive tones before he served her up a meal of mixed fish broth.

Constance moaned in an accidentally sultry fashion as she ate it. She wasn’t used to her snout, so some of it spilled on her chest even as she ate.

“Sorry! Oh God, this is embarrassing.”

“Don’t be embarrassed. I still do it a bit, trust me. It takes a while.”

“Well, your soup lands on the floor, mine lands on these.”

She scrubbed at her chest, and Alexander got her a wet cloth. She cleaned it away, while he licked his lips at the sight of her jiggling chest. He could just see it, in his mind: that chest full of milk for their cubs.

“God, what am I thinking,” he said.

Another pause passed, while Constance looked at the table.

“I think I should go to bed,” she said curtly. Her nipples throbbed. Her pussy felt a little damp. “We can figure a way back tomorrow, or something. But that fucking Cat God has given me instincts, and it’s hard . . . to ignore them.”

“Me too,” Alexander admitted. “I’ll show you to your room.”

Constance couldn’t sleep. She tried to, she was tired after all. The day was insane. She was now not only a woman, but a damned *tigress*. What’s more, she *thought* of herself as a woman, too! But that wasn’t what was keeping her up, not really. No, it was the heat. The arousal. The lust. The estrus.

Her body was on fire, and no matter how many times she rubbed her thighs together, or even played with her feminine parts, nothing could quench it. She had moaned rather loudly into a pillow as she brought herself to a female climax, the sensation of her clitoris being rubbed too much to bear. But the fire returned, the burning need. She couldn’t stop thinking about Alexander and how incredibly hot he was now. He’d been fucking attractive as a woman, but Stephen had always looked past her, not recognising that she did indeed have all the qualities of confidence and intellect and resourcefulness he admired. But now *she* was the one who was the attractive female, and Jessica’s inner resolve was now evident on the outside too, with her hunky tiger body.

“No!” she said to herself. “I’m not thinking about that. I’m not going to be fucking him. I definitely don’t want a big tiger penis in my pussy. And I *definitely* don’t want to be bearing tiger cubs. No. OOhhhhhhh . . . but that sounds so fucking good right now.”

It did. It really did. The thought of being filled up, of filling her biological purpose. Of bringing new tigers into the world . . . it was hot as all hell.

“Goddamn that fucking Cat God,” she moaned to herself. She groped and squeezed her tits, rubbed her paws over her other nipples, and played with her tail. But it wasn’t enough. She needed another kind of relief. Finally, it was all too much.

She shot to her feet with feline ease and moved to the kitchen to get a glass of water, guided by her perfect cat’s eye vision. She was naked, it had felt right to be so in bed, but she didn’t think that mattered too much. Alexander would be asleep after all.

Alexander moved silently like a predator towards the kitchen. He needed a glass of water. He wasn’t able to sleep. His cock was driving him crazy, far too hard with arousal at the thought of Constance. He knew it was Stephen, and some demented part of him found that

even hotter. The notion that his former crush, the one that had always underestimated Jessica, no matter how well-meaning he could be, was now a sexy and fertile tigress in heat, was just too intoxicating to resist. He had already masturbated with his huge tiger dick once, but it was like his balls were filling up faster than he could empty them, and his method of coping - if it could even be called that - was only making him thirstier. So he went to the kitchen, trying not to wake Constance.

Only to find her already there, naked on the long-haired rug before the fireplace, rubbing her pussy and squeezing her breasts. Both could easily see each other in the dark thanks to their cat vision, which meant that he could also easily see her expression: a mix of humiliation, frustration, and just plain old arousal.

“Alex!” she shouted. “Don’t I-look! I just couldn’t help myself! This body is so horny!”

“Mine too,” he said. “I came to get a glass of water. I - I couldn’t stop thinking about you.”

“M-me either,” she moaned, still touching her womanhood. She couldn’t help herself. It felt too hot. Too sensitive. Too good.

“I can go,” Alexander said, though he didn’t want to. In truth, he wanted to get on the rug and mount her like the animal he now was, and show her just who was the dominant one now. So it was to his absolute delight that she shook her head hurriedly.

“No! Please d-don’t! I can’t stand it, Alex. This body, it’s so fucking horny. I’m a goddamned cat lady, and it’s all wrong, but maybe you can j-just feel me. Just a little.”

“Are you sure?”

“Please!”

Feeling somewhat victorious, Alex strode forward. He was equally naked, and Constance’s gaze was glued to his large, rigid cock. It was enormous, but far from intimidating her, it only made her animalistic mind wander to how it would *feel* inside her.

“J-just a little touching,” she purred. “Just to settle us. No further.”

“No further,” Alex agreed. He crouched down to the tigress, but was still much larger than her. How the tables had turned, and sexily so. “Would you like me to feel them?”

She nodded demurely. Some part of Constance recognised Alex’s authority. This former female who she’d once underestimated and seen as helpless due to her looks and stature, was now a powerful alpha male that she felt the need to defer to. She indicated again for him to caress her breasts, and this time Alexander did not hesitate. His large hands were still too small to contain her incredibly ample chest, but he took his time cupping her breasts, rubbing them, squeezing them. She elicited little gasps of bliss as he did so, and even longer moans as he began to play with her nipples.

“May I lick them?”

“Yes! Oh God, this so strange, but I fucking need it. Goddamn that Cat God.”

She pulled Alexander closer to her, and he responded by licking her nipples with his long cat tongue. They scraped against her most sensitive parts, causing all of her nipples to stiffen. "All of them, p-please!"

"Am I your alpha now, Constance?"

He had no idea where *that* that had come from, but the tigress nodded in desperation. "Yes! My alpha! P-please, just keep going. My body is on fire."

She squirmed as he lowered his snout, licked at the nipples along her belly.

"NMmhnn! OOhhhhhh! F-fuck! Oh G-God!"

"Feels good, does it?"

"Y-yes! Don't stop."

He didn't, continuing to please her female form. It was an addiction. He squeezed her breasts, pressed his snout into them, even bit and nibbled at her fur by instinct, which drove Constance further wild. Her pussy seeped with her juices, and she felt a slickness that needed to be filled. She realised only too late that she had made it all the worse for herself, but by that point it was too late. She *needed* the emptiness to go away, just as the long-lonely Alexander needed to fill her.

"Constance, I - I feel so fucking turned on by you."

"M-me too."

"You're gorgeous. A perfect tigress. I can't help it, Constance. I know you're Stephen, but my body, my instincts . . . I want to fuck you. I want to fill you with my seed. I want to *dominate* you."

"Oohhhhh," she moaned. "That sounds so fucking hot. What's wrong with us?"

"It's the wishes. I wished to make more tigers, and you wished to get me back. Well, you have me back now, and I'm ready to make some more tigers. I just need your permission. I want to *take* you, and fuck you till you bear all my cubs."

It was Constance's nightmare. Well, it should have been. But her mental changes made it sound not only the hottest thing ever, but something she *needed* to do, under her most animal, most primal instincts. Slowly, she spread her legs, providing access to her womanhood. "Quick, before I regret it."

But with the permission came a change in control. Alexander grabbed her, righted Constance so that she was on all fours, and he was behind her. Her tail was raised, giving access once again.

"I want to mount you," he growled in a low whisper that caused her to shiver.

"Oh God. Oh God."

"Shall I stop?"

"No! Just . . . be gentle. I've never - UHNN!!"

He entered her, but gently as she requested. The feeling was one of immense relief. He'd been waiting for this moment, and now it had arrived. Her slick passage accepted him, her tight walls squeezed onto his member. She trembled as he held her hips, pressed into her even further.

"Sooooooo b-biiiiiiig."

"I'm not even halfway in."

Her eyes bulged. She felt like she was being penetrated by a damn *log*. Only it wasn't painful, at least beyond an initial hurt. No, it was more pleasurable than anything she'd ever felt. He continued to slide his entire length into her, until he stopped just short of her cervix. The feeling was alien, yet incredible. She was utterly dominated, possessed by her alpha. It would have horrified Stephen, but the instincts the Cat God gave only left her feeling embarrassed, and totally submissive.

"S-start thrusting, please," she begged. "I want to feel it, my a-alpha."

"Me too," grunted Alex, and he did exactly that. He mounted her like the animals they now were, and slowly began to thrust faster and faster, invading his mate over and over, claiming her as his prize. It was more power than he'd ever felt, and he realised in the act that he now truly felt like a man, and never wanted to go back. Not if he got to have a submissive wife.

"I always wanted you, when you were Stephen and I that other person," he grunted, even as Constance cooed and moaned. "But I couldn't t-take that step. Not while you saw me as some small, helpless thing. But I'm n-not small and helpless now, am I, my mate?"

"OOhhh n-no! Not s-small at all! You're s-so big! Oh God, I can't stand it! I need you to cum in me! My body needs it!"

"Beg me," Alexander said, relishing the dominance he held.

"I need it, pleeeeaase! F-fuck me!"

"And fill you with my cubs?"

She hesitated, but only for a moment. Her desperation was that great. "Yes! Get me pregnant with your cubs. I can't believe I'm saying it, but I want it! This body craves it! *I crave it!*"

"Very well, my mate. My love. I'll give you what we both desire!"

Alexander gripped her hips and thrust one last time. Constance realised what she had said and begged for in a moment of terrified clarity, but it was too late: her tunnel was suddenly flood with Alexander's seed, and it gushed towards her waiting womb. She was immediately hit with a tremendous orgasm that left her reeling, crying out in agonised pleasure. Alexander roared like the dominant lying he now was.

He had claimed his mate.

They collapsed together onto the warmth of the carpet rug, both of them knowing that they had done the deed, and that Constance was pregnant.

“H-holy shit, I’m going to b-be . . .”

“Yes,” Alexander growled, moving to hold the smaller female. “Yes, you will be. And I shall be here to take care of you. We are finally together, my mate. It’ll take some time to get used to, but perhaps this was how we were always supposed to be.” He held her for a long time, victorious and happy, while Constance tried to fight her new feelings of contentment.

Just ten minutes later, though, both of their heats returned, and they were back at it again. The two tigers had the feeling that they would have a hard time keeping their claws off of each other. And by the third time she’d received Alexander’s seed, Constance had given up on caring, at least for now.

It was years and years and years later, and Constance and Alexander were well-accustomed to their new lives. After all, they had lived with them for a little over sixteen years now, and had long since accepted that they would be tiger-people for life. Constance had spent those years nearly perpetually pregnant, always full with huge litters. It had been utterly embarrassing at first, growing with child, her boobs growing even bigger with milk, and then finally the pain of delivering them.

All four of them.

But over time she became used to it, and her heat certainly didn’t let up anyway. She was resigned, a little embarrassed, but secretly excited to fill their large country house with children, and that they certainly did, year after year.

It was on this day that they had their monthly picnic with their good friends up on a nice country hill. Alexander carries the supplies, with several of his sons helping. After all, Constance was pregnant with *sextuplets*, and also feeding the previous five cubs she’d born the previous year. Her teats were all full of milk, but none so much as the great milkers on her chest. She blushed, thankful none could see her actual skin when she did so, as Alex helped her to the top of the hill.

“My goodness Constance, you’re glowing!” came a familiar voice.

“I feel like a whale,” she said to the man on the hill. The large tiger-man known as Richard. He was just as big as her husband, and very attractive too, but she was spoken for. And besides, he had his own tigress in the woman named Sabrina, who moved quickly to embrace Constance.

“Still can’t believe we’re tiger incubators, right?” she whispered secretively in her ear.

"I know, it's crazy. Sixteen years and I still remember what it was like being a human man. But these days I'm just full of cubs and milk. God, I'm a breeding machine!"

"You and me both, sister," Sabrina said with a chuckle, indicating her own full belly. She wasn't quite as far along as Constance, but apparently she had a litter of five there. Constance felt a weird pride at having a bigger litter this time around, even if Sabrina held the record at octuplets. They were indeed very, very fertile thanks to the Great Cat God.

They settled down to eat, and Alexander moved over to Richard.

"Congratulations on another successful litter to come!" he roared.

The other laughed. "You always say that, but then, I always say congratulations back! To think, all my life I thought my species would go extinct, and now here we are, in ever-growing numbers. I hear there are other couples breeding up a storm across the continent, too. Gives hope for our numbers, doesn't it?"

Alexander smiled, looking over at his once-male wife. She was now so delicate and submissive. She had opened the front of her dress while Sabrina moved a number of the cubs in the large pram to her teats. Richard then moved to his own wife, and helped her with the same. Alexander, quick to aid Constance, then made sure to place a pillow beneath her head and let her lie back on the picnic blanket. He attached the last couple of her cubs so that all her teats were occupied.

"Mhmmm, you're amazing," she purred.

"I'm not the one constantly doing the hard work," he said, kissing her forehead. He then rubbed her belly, proud of the work he'd done. Richard gave him a wink, and they left the two wives to chat as they nursed their babies and talked of their latest pregnancies.

"You were saying?" Alexander said.

"Ah, I was just saying that all this gives me hope of a future in Tanarra with more of our kind around."

"Hope for our kids, you mean," the alpha male tiger responded. He looked across the hill where the older kids from both families were playing, running, laughing and joking. But beneath the old tree, some of the older teens were circling one another, pairing off and talking. One boy to a girl. There was interest there. A bit of nervous flirting. It filled Alexander with fatherly pride to see. Once, he'd been an ordinary human woman wanting to bring tigers back into the world. And while it hadn't worked out exactly as planned, he'd achieved that in the end. He'd *sired* them.

"Yeah, it gives me a lot of hope," he said to himself.

The End