

Broken Tattoo



Nod Nibs

The Broken Tattoo

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Copy edited by Masked Lioness

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“Okay, almost there,” Kelly grunted as she pulled herself onto the roof of the Old Main building. She tumbled over the concrete edge and hugged the flat surface, listening for any sign that someone might have seen her. The college campus wasn’t a safe place to sneak around after dark. On the campus paths her black yoga pants and black leather jacket wouldn’t be worth a second glance. Well the word KITTEN rendered in large fluorescent yellow block letters down her left leg might raise an eyebrow or two. However as long as no one saw her scaling the fire escapes nobody would be calling campus security.

The full moon came out from behind a cloud, bathing the roof in its soft light. It banished the shadows, not that there were many of them. The roof held a couple of refrigerator-sized AC units, a few spiral-like exhaust ports, and a box with a door that opened to the stairs into the building. Kelly smiled, perfect timing. After taking another moment to check that her laces were tied, Kelly walked to the other side of the roof and stared at the next building over. Thirty feet away, a shingled roof sloped. Decades older than the building she stood on, the Dean’s office’s original roof might have been thatch from the way the professors talked about it. From above, Kelly could clearly see the cameras that studded the gutters. They all pointed their black domes down. Runes surrounded the plastic housings to protect them against any aggressive hexes. Thanks to the discovery of a literal fraternity of hedge wizards last year, the administration had spent millions of dollars to protect this office from the students that paid for it.

While the symbols blocked any magic from being used on

the building, it did nothing to prevent Kelly from using magic on herself. Mentally, she picked a spot on the roof above a window. The peak would provide a good handhold. Unsnapping the cuff of her jacket, she pushed the sleeve up to her elbow, revealing her pale, unmarked skin to the moonlight. Kelly scowled at it. “Oh bloody fucking hell.” she sighed, undoing the front of her jacket and shrugging out of it, revealing her purple t-shirt. “Of all the nights you gotta go for a stroll.”

Kelly dropped the jacket onto the ground and pushed up the sleeve of her t-shirt. A line of dark ink encircled her arm right below the shoulder. Cursing again, she lifted her arm and there, on the inside of her bicep, a tattoo of a cougar lay on skin that clearly had not seen sunlight in half a decade. The cougar bent double with its hind legs splayed out, the illustration catching her midlick at her crotch. Her tail curling away so the viewer could clearly see a puckered asshole.

“Oh nice, that’s a real pretty picture.” Kelly rolled her eyes at the tattoo and when she looked back the illustration instead lapped at its toes. “I told you I need your help tonight. Would it kill you to spend an evening where you’re supposed to be!?”

After another blink, the mountain lion had a toe in her mouth, gnawing a claw, and broadcasting complete indifference. Kelly huffed, swearing for the umpteenth time this week to never buy captured spirits on eBay ever again. Jabbing a finger into the tattoo, she closed her eyes and concentrated, muttering the spell beneath her breath before filling her lungs. The cool of the magic flowed out over her skin, raising her flesh into goosebumps before

sinking deeper, penetrating first through her muscles and then into her bones.

Kelly wobbled, biting her lip to button up the moan of pleasure that bubbled within her. Her muscles tightened and swelled. A cool sensation worked into her joints as movements smoothed. Flush with power, Kelly took two steps forward and leaped. A grin lit her face as she flew across the gap. Her fingers curled like claws and caught the peak of the roof. Shimming toward the skylight felt effortless, her hands and feet finding the imperfections in the roof without conscious thought. All the skylights were usually alarmed of course, but she could fix that.

As Kelly's fingers curled around the edge of the skylight, the realization struck her that she stood on a sloped roof five stories up! The sight of the ground passing below her feet during her jump sprang to mind like a pouncing cat and her heart fled up into her ears. A breeze stirred her hair and she seized hold of the skylight as if in preparation for a gust of wind.

The gust never came. Kelly crouched there, swallowing hard, as she tried to coax her heart back down into her chest. She waited out the anxiety and felt her forehead prickle, heralding of the coming cold sweat.

"Stupid cat." She growled. The cougar spirit had withdrawn from her! Already! Why did the damn thing hate her? She'd paid good money for it and it seemed to get more stingy with its power after every use.

As if in answer, a prickling heat spread between her legs followed by a distinct slippery sensation as moisture crept down through her sex. Her imagination conjured

the sensation of fangs biting down on her neck, powerful forelegs wrapping around her torso, bearing her to the ground...

“No!” Kelly hissed. Still her nipples hardened as imaginary claws kneaded her small breasts. She gritted her teeth, “No. No!” On the third denial, the images finally ripped away from her mind with a snarl of pain. “Never.” She declared. “I’m not giving that up for you.” Virginity was a powerful thing in the spirit world, worth a boon to many of the newly emerged gods. Not something you gave to your very first servant.

A pinch of pain on her arm made her flinch. “OW!” She slapped at her arm and twisted it to examine the skin in the moonlight. The tattoo glared up at her, a spot of flesh swelling next to it. Kelly huffed. “Did you just BITE ME?” Her own volume surprising her, so she clapped her hand over her mouth and listened hard for a response. When nothing came she sighed with relief. “That’s it. As soon as I get done with this, I’m getting you removed. I don’t care how much it costs. I’ll tell Dad I’m getting sued or something.”

Speaking of Dad reminded Kelly of her mission. In order to get any money, she’d have to keep in his good graces. Which meant that D in economics had to go buh-bye. Who would have thought that an economics professor would refuse to take a bribe?

Grabbing the frame of the skylight, she tugged it upwards. It moved an inch and Kelly grinned. She owed the pixie nest on the roof of her dorm another pizza, even if the little buggers loved pineapple on it. The skylight didn’t open very far, but fortunately, Kelly wasn’t very big. She

took off her backpack, put it down on the roof next to her and peered into the office below. Not the dean's office, but his personal assistant's lay below, dark and quiet. A computer sat on the desk directly below her, ancient file cabinets lined the wall. Both the door to the hallway and to the dean's office were closed. Perfect.

Carefully laying down on her belly, Kelly wriggled herself feet first into the opening. This would be so much easier if the tattoo wasn't a stingy bitch, but Kelly figured she could handle the four-foot drop without supernatural aid. Her jeans snagged on a screw that protruded from its socket a bit, but a quick kick freed her.

Once her hips were inside, gravity took hold. Her hands, slick with sweat, began to slip over the rough roof tiles. Kelly hissed in pain as they made short work of her thin nails. As she slid down into the skylight, her feet flailed for the desk, but found nothing but air as she caught a glint on her arm. The mountain lion grinned toothily at her from the back of her hand.

“Don't you fucking dare.” Kelly hissed through gritted teeth.

The cat bit her, right between her thumb and forefinger. Pain seared through Kelly's hand and it snapped open as if burned. Her slide became a fall. With a shriek, Kelly smacked her head on the skylight as she fell past it. Her ass hit the edge of the desk and her bony spine ran over the corner like a stick over a washboard before cracking the base of her skull against its wooden surface. Falling forward she clutched at her head and moaned piteously as pain blossomed from every bone in her torso.

The muffled sound of boots pounding up stairs got Kelly

moving, even as she blinked back tears of pain. Crawling to safety under the desk, she noticed a new pain on her arm. A hiss escaped her when she saw the blood welling up from a strip of raw flesh that ran from her wrist to her knuckle. She must have caught her hand on that screw as she fell. Suppressing a whimper, Kelly curled up beneath the desk and sucked at the wound. Bleeding all over the place would get her busted for sure. Her stomach clenched as the metallic tang hit her tongue, but her mouth couldn't cover the entire wound and she felt escaped blood running down her wrist. Instinct seized hold and she lapped the rest of the red away with her tongue. As she found a rhythm, the hammering of her heart faded and her wide eyes narrowed. At least until the office door burst open, flooding the room with shining light.

“Freeze!” Someone shouted.

Kelly did, tongue plastered to her wrist. On the far wall, she could see the silhouette of a man framed in the door.

“Anyone in here?” The voice demanded. The shadow grew as he took a step into the room. His steps were soft on the carpet as he walked around the desk. Kelly bit her knuckle hard to control the scream that wanted to exit her mouth.

The guard walked over to the door of the Dean's office. Carefully he opened it and peered through the crack, flicking on the lights. He paused, giving Kelly ample time to study his lower half. His dress slacks fit a bit too well. The fabric strained against muscular thighs and calves. Maybe a work-study student? Her eyes traced the outline of his tight ass as he bent into the Dean's office. *He'd be*



a nice catch. Kelly mused before quickly appending, if he wasn't going to get me kicked out of school if he finds me.

“Hmpf. I swear this place is haunted sometimes.” The man grumbled, flicking off the light and turning around. Kelly’s breathing stopped as she imagined his eyes raking across her body. Instead, he walked briskly around the desk and exited the room, closing the door behind him.

Must have ruined his night vision, Kelly scoffed mentally. After determining that her hand had mostly stopped bleeding with a few careful laps, she crawled out from under the desk. Standing, she discovered that the slickness between her legs had returned. She dismissed it as an adrenaline high as she moved toward the door and cracked it open. Slipping through, she shivered as her breasts brushed up against the doorframe. Her nipples were rock hard, tenting her shirt despite the sports bra she wore. “Adrenaline,” she muttered and then adjusted herself before taking in the cavernous office before her. The room was dominated by a large landscape window that looked out onto the old college square. Bright street lamps lit the walkways that crisscrossed the green. They bathed everything facing the window in harsh yellow light while everything else remained steeped in a deep shadow. Kelly hesitated for a moment before moving into the room, reminding herself that as long as she didn’t turn on the lights, the glare prevented anyone from seeing into the office at night.

If the PA’s desk had been a battleship, the Dean’s was an aircraft carrier. It dominated the center of the room with its huge leather-backed chair towering over the four uncomfortable looking models that sat in a semicircle in front of it. A flat panel monitor sat to one side of the desk

with a keyboard and mouse dead center in front of the seat. Kelly crossed the room and flung herself down into the Dean's chair, running her hands over the rich leather and breathing in the musky scent of long-dead hides. It smelled of money and power. Even in this po-dunk college where Dad had banished her, that counted for something.

Kelly reached forward and thumbed the computer on. As the power supply whirred to life, she finally saw her injured hand and growled to the empty room. A strip of flesh nearly a quarter inch thick had been torn from knuckle to wrist across the back of her hand. But the wound itself hadn't made her lip curl. It was the fact that it neatly bisected the tattooed feline that made the sound of fifteen thousand dollars being flushed down the toilet in her brain. Tattoos were subtle ways to hide bound spirits, but a cut through the tattoo would release the spirit back into the ether. Kelly licked the still oozing blood off the wound with a snarl. "Fuck you cat. Fuck this school and fuck my grades!" She slumped back into the chair and eyed the screen.

The piece of shit computer was still running through the boot up sequence and her pussy pulsed with an urgent heat. "Fuck it." Kelly snapped open the button of her pants and slid her hand into her damp folds. A relieved gasp rose from her lips as her fingers finally parted her aching flesh. It had been sooooo long! Pleasure flooded up into her as she fluttered her fingertips across her pussy. Her other hand clamped down on her aching tits, amping up the volume of both her gasps and her pleasure. Through half-lidded eyes, Kelly watched the computer's log-on screen pop up and she moved to finish herself off, pressing up against her clit with a single finger.

An unexpected explosion of bliss hammered up through Kelly, throwing her against the back of the chair which tilted back. “Oh Gaw-.” Kelly’s voice died away to a whimper as the coming wave drew out all her strength, in anticipation of the crash. The orgasm hit like a lightning bolt, a split second of white-hot ecstasy and then it was over, leaving Kelly shaking with the afterglow as she felt hot fluid gush out of her pussy. I am definitely keeping that, she thought, pulling her sopping fingers from her pants and curling her broad tongue around each in sequence. Her sex still ached for more, but Kelly forced her legs closed, wincing as the wetness spread down the inside of her thighs. She’d always been a bit of a gusher but this was above and beyond.

Finish the job, she told herself and pulled back to the desk. Slipping a USB drive out of her pocket, she jammed it into a socket and then logged in as one of the numerous students on her shit list. A smirk appeared on her face when the computer logged in without a hitch. She started searching through the directories for her academic record. On a whim, she opened a program entitled *camera feeds* and opened it. A bank of monitors filled the desktop. In the upper right corner was Mr. Nice-ass Security Guard in living grayscale. He sat at the front desk staring down at a textbook. Kelly liked the curve of his neck and spent a moment admiring it as a new spot of heat began to kindle deep inside her.

Shaking herself, Kelly refocused and pulled her hand away from her sex where it had drifted while she hadn’t been paying attention. Opening a search window, she tried to type a few search terms on the keyboard but



mangled them on the first attempt. Kelly looked down at the keyboard and blinked. Her right hand didn't look right. It looked thick and swollen compared to her left. Something wavered in her mind. What were hands supposed to look like again? She lifted her hand from the keyboard, studying it. The stubby remains of the nails she had lost to the roofing tile had been pushed out by wicked claws that lengthened as she watched. A soft quiet crackle accompanied the shifting of her bones. The realization hit her with the force of a panicked horse. The tattooed mountain lion hadn't fled into the ether at all. *Shiiit!* She thought, *I really don't have the cash for an exorcism!*

She had to get out of here right now. Pushing herself upright pulled the fabric of her pant across her swollen pussy lips and the pleasure buckled her legs. Catching herself on the desk, her new claws bit through the wood finish. *I need help.* Kelly thought. Reaching down between her legs she sank four claws through the designer spandex. With a rowl of exertion, she tore the crotch out of her pants. A sigh of relief heaved from her lungs as her pussy's glistening lips met the cool air. Had she been paying attention she would have been shocked at both the size of her sex and the fact it was surrounded by sodden white fur. Instead, she stood there panting from the heat rising through her body, suffocating her thoughts.

I need... What did she need again? She turned, teetering on tiptoes and spotted the raised arm of the leather chair. "I need..." She growled to herself as she straddled the armrest and began to grind herself along its length. Whimpers of relief filled the room as the cool leather passed against her. She'd been in heat so very long. Pent up first that

crystal and then in ink. No relief at all. And now... and now she felt the spine of this human body lengthen with each luxurious stroke against this real thing between her legs.

Human memories sparked and jabbed out panicked thoughts, but she kept them at bay with sheer pleasure as her body began to shiver in tiny jolts of orgasm. She leaned forward and wrapped her still-mismatched arms around the back of the chair to directly expose her clit to the friction. Out of the corner of her eye, she could see her glorious tail lash behind her, nearly three feet long, coated in luxurious tawny fur and tipped with black. It wavered in and out of the harsh light of the square, dancing with the light and shadow. Real. Real as the pleasure that shot through her as this magic human button found a fold in the leather. The long strokes became a focused grinding as the sensation grew even stronger. She bit into the top of the chair, bracing herself for a tornado of pleasure. The black tip of her tail vibrated as it built inside her. The wood crackled as her lengthening jaw became stronger. Each short pulse of her hips drove a broadening arrow of fur up along her spine.

Yes! Yes! She mentally cried as her body began to seize, even as she knew it was too soon. She hadn't finished sculpting her body yet and pleasure was needed to make the flesh flow like clay. But it was time to cum. She needed this wave to crest, she couldn't take it any longer. Urgently she slammed her hips down onto the armrest and ground side to side. Her body spasmed as she came. The wood in her jaws snapped with a crack as the rush of pleasure swept her away. The leather muffled her long, drawn out yowl of bliss.

Slowly the torrent slowed to a trickle and strength



ebbed away. Kelly slipped bonelessly off the chair and laid there, arms and legs splayed out, feeling the air pass over her broad tongue. The sensation at once felt alien and completely right. Gently, she brought her hand up to probe at her small muzzle. Sweeping over her whiskers made her body shiver with delight. The leathery pads of her fingers found the edge of the fur right below her eyes and the changes that had just begun to reshape her ears. The line of battle. For the moment she existed between two souls. In the lull, she saw two sets of memories in her. Both the spoiled college princess and cougar desperate for life, for release. They weren't separate, they were both her. At the moment, that was fine.

The heat had calmed somewhat, flushed out by that massive orgasm, but she could still feel an ember deep inside and it would rekindle that flame in short order. Yet giving it precisely what it needed was impossible. As much as the idea of finding a massive male mountain lion and letting him rut into her appealed, this was still Pennsylvania. Wild mountain lions were hundreds of miles away. Still, the thought of his teeth at her back and his breath in her ears drove both hands back to her to loins. "Stop!" Kelly begged, realizing that she was Kelly again even as her fingers dived deep into herself. "Please stop! We'll get what you want."

Her fingers stopped moving.

"There are no cougars in the area. But there are lots of men. Hundreds. Ready and willing for love. But they won't love an animal. Put the body back-"

No! The thought ripped through Kelly mind like a bullet. Memories of sun-warmed fur, of her tail counterbalancing

her weight as she hung on to a fleeing deer, of grooming her worries away after a long stressful day. The thought of never again experiencing any of that filled her with horror. Shivering with revulsion, Kelly put her wet nose to the back of her still human hand and began to lap at it. At first the sandpaper tongue hurt, but as the few hairs there multiplied and thickened with every pass of her tongue the pain gave way to a gentle pulling sensation on her skin. Only once the fur had crept up her thickening fingers and claws erupt did she stop and admire her tongue work. Her hands now nearly matched. Once the fur hid all the wrinkled skin, they'd be pretty things. A definite improvement over weaponless human hands. Kelly understood. There would be no going back.

Her eyes lifted from her hands and looked at the monitor. The security guard with the nice buttocks now slumped at his desk, arms folded under his head. Kelly licked her chops as that ember within her caught. He'd do, he'd do as a first. But how does a freshly minted beast woman go about seducing a human without them running away?

As if in answer, the deep heat flared within her and she reached up to seized her breasts. With a strangled chirp, Kelly clutched at them and the flesh swelled against the palms of her hands. The cloth of her bra pressed painfully on her nipples as she ripped the fabric away. Not content with that, her clawed fingers seized hold of the darkening nipples and yanked on them with brutal force. Kelly yowled as pleasure rolled through her, her tail going bolt-straight out behind her. She pulled, stretching her breasts as fur blossomed between them. The plush whiteness spread

outward, engulfing the pale skin and spreading down over her belly where it met the fur creeping up from her crotch midway. A shudder passed down her spine and she released herself with a gasp, slumping back onto her heels, tail twitching with the aftershocks.

“Well, yes. That’s one way.” Kelly said, her voice purring out from her throat as she tentatively cupped her breasts. They were now far more than the small handful they had been and the fur made them appear even larger. Her nipples were thick, so dark that they were nearly black. A feral smile graced her darkened lips. She tilted her head back and let loose a wild call from deep in her lungs. It shook the window behind her. A captivating blend of a woman’s scream, a bark, and pure outright need. It felt good to scream it out. She knew she probably shouldn’t. Humans wouldn’t understand. She did it again, priding herself on the way it echoed around the room.

In the monitor room, the security guard lifted his head from his textbook. She called for him one last time. He rose with a frown on his face and reluctantly strode out of the frame. Kelly stood and tried to sort out how to do this. She could slake her lust on a captive, but it would be so much better if he climbed on her back. The room had been saturated with her scent - that would help - but she would need to handle this delicately. Arouse him before he even set eyes on her. Play the damsel.

Near the door sat a low display case with a large free-standing globe next to it. She pushed it aside and that gave her plenty of space to squeeze in next to the case, hiding her from any direct line of sight from the door. Her ears turned to listen to the stairs creak from deeper in the

building, softer still, heavy, reluctant footsteps. Her loins ached with each step.

Safely hidden, Kelly called out with a wild scream of lust. As it died away, she heard footsteps pound down the hall towards her. The door to the PA's office slammed against the wall and then, with barely a gap, the Dean's office door exploded inward.

"Got you!" The man declared charging into the room shoulder first. "You're in trouble-" his voice died away as he turned his head side to side before focusing on the mess she had made of the fancy chair. "Now?"

Kelly's tail twitched as if she were preparing to pounce. To her eyes, two great antlers stretched up from the sides of his head. Antlers invisible to mortal eyes and composed of spiritual power that emanated from a tattoo on his left shoulder blade. A tattoo not unlike the one she had been imprisoned in. She bared her teeth in a silent snarl. A part of her rejoiced as the possibility of having to kill him evaporated, thrilled with a better idea of what to do her prey.

Cocking his head, he brought up his flashlight and focused on the chair. The leather still shined with her fluids. *Smell it.* She mentally urged him, *get a good strong whiff.* Smoothly standing from her hiding place, Kelly silently crept over to the door and gave it a nudge. The well-oiled hinges moved without a sound. So did Kelly, her sneakers making no noise on the hardwood floor. She circled around to his back as he ponderously walked around the desk.

Click! The latch set and he whirled toward the door. Kelly sidestepped, using the distraction to close the distance. She stood a mere five feet away from him now. Any closer and he'd be able to hear her breathing.

He stared at the door for a long moment before shifting his flashlight back to the chair, focusing on the tooth and claw marks rather than the fluid. But she could see the scent taking hold of him. His breaths deepened and his hand strayed down to adjust his growing manhood. "I better..." He gave a small shake of his head. "I better call this in." Fumbling at his pocket, he pulled out a phone and started to enter the pin code.

Dancing forward, Kelly snatched the phone from his grasp and flung it into a corner of the room. "Better not." She chided. He spun. Kelly stepped closer, touching his nose with hers.

He froze, his eyes going so wide she could see the whites all the way around his brown irises. "Hello, Corey." She breathed in a whisper, recognizing him. He'd made a pass at her at a party weeks ago when she had been interested in preserving her virginity. He had a handsome face, almost a shame he wouldn't be keeping it.

"Gah!" He tried to step back and slipped, stumbling back against the chair, falling over the armrest and into the seat. "W-who are you?" He whimpered, the stink of fear wafting up from him. Any trace of his arousal had fled his scent. Was she really that scary? The thought brought a smile to her lips. Still, she'd have to help him conquer his fear.

"Ooo, the question game. I like that one." She purred, slinking closer. "Call me..." She thought for a moment, Kelly didn't exactly fit anymore. She remembered being Kelly, but certainly wasn't that spoiled rich girl anymore. Spoiled in other ways perhaps. "Sandra." She chuckled at herself, the cougar spirit hadn't improved her imagination, but

she liked the name all the same. A softer word, easier to say around her teeth. “My turn.” Sandra bent low, letting her breasts hang down in front of her. His eyes rooted in her cleavage. The deer in headlights expression softened as his lizard brain discovered the possibility that she had something on her mind other than eating him. “Do you find me attractive Corey?”

One hand half rose toward her and then settled back down. “Those are... very nice.” He conceded, his breath becoming shallow.

“Just nice?” She murred. In a sinuous motion, she straightened up, cupping her breasts before running her hands down her curves; guiding his eyes and smoothing the thick fur that surrounded her torso. She turned to give him a good view of her tail and swept it back and forth like a hypnotic pendulum. Looking back she caught him biting his lip and squirming uncomfortably.

“You’re very pretty.” It came out in a rush. He rolled off the chair and stumbled up to his feet. The movement was so clumsy, so deliciously inept, that Sandra couldn’t help herself.

Whirling on the balls of her feet she pounced, wrapping her arms around his torso. Already off balance, she drove him forward until she had his legs pinned against the desk. He was taller than her, but her tiptoe stance gave her the extra few inches needed to place her nose on the back of his neck and inhale. He smelled so good. His fear, his arousal and his vibrant youth mixed into a heady cocktail that made her tits hurt. “Never turn your back on a cat.” She chided him. Beneath his shirt, she could feel the pulse of the spirit trapped in his tattoo. Angry, resentful. She

touched it with her mind and found the spirit eager for any deal for its escape. Smiling, she rubbed her muzzle up and down the back of Corey's neck, marking him as hers. He shivered in her grasp and she pressed herself against him, letting him feel the rumble of her purr.

An audible swallow and he found his voice. "Right, I am afraid only one part of me remembered the "make yourself bigger" part." He laughed nervously. Notable he didn't ask her to let him go. He would be a good pet.

"Oh?" Sandra exclaimed with interest. She let her hand drift down and find the shaft that strained against the thin fabric of his dress slacks. He stiffened and made a little noise as she gripped him. "We have to finish the game. Three questions, Three answers. It's your turn."

"What are you?" He blurted out as her fingers began to knead his cock. His hips thrust out into her hand. She let her other hand fall away from his chest and placed it on his back, extended her claws to hover over the tattoo.

"A woman," she gave the back of his neck a long, slow lap from the base of his neck up into his hairline. It made him groan. "I'm also a cat." With a smile, she drove a single claw down into his flesh, straight through the tattoo. To her ears, the fizzle-pop of the breaking spell was simultaneous with his yelp.

He whirled around as she stepped back. Her tail coiled with her amusement at the hurt look on his face. "Did you just bite me?" he asked. She could already see the spirit of the stag surging into his body, the translucent antlers that had appeared in the dark when he first burst through the door reappeared, shining with power.

She gave him an innocent smile, which wasn't very

innocent with the inch-long canines. “No. I gave you a little scratch.”

“Why?” He asked, rolling his shoulder a bit.

“Nuh uh.” Sandra tick-tocking a finger. “That was your third question, it’s my turn.”

He blinked as he realized he’d been tricked out of a question. “That’s -”

“The game.” Sandra cut him off. “And I’m going easy on you. Come now. I get one more question and then-” she let her ears wilt, “you can leave if you like.” She stepped closer, head bowed. “What do I smell like?”

“What?” He boggled.

“Here, let me make it easy for you.” Another step and she pressed herself into his chest, leaning her weight into his. Purring, she rubbed her muzzle against him, snuggling up. His hands closed around her waist, fingers running through her fur. He seemed to be having trouble breathing and snorted. Sandra paused her ministrations to peer up at him. His nostrils were flaring larger with every breath. In his eyes, she could see two sparks of light: his spirit and the stag’s beginning to struggle with one another.

His fingers tightened on her back. “Soft. You’re so soft.” He said, voice distant and deep.

“Silly, that’s not what I smell like.” Circling her arms around his neck she pulled his face down and pressed it between her breasts. “Try again. Try to think about the words.”

“Uhhff.” He breathed out with an inarticulate groan. His hand slid down her back and gripped her buttocks, clinging to her as if he might collapse without them.

“Through your nose.” Sandra reminded him, pushing



THROUGH
YOUR
NOSE

AHHH

him deeper between her plush breasts. He obeyed, taking great heaving breaths as nubs of bone began to push up from the sides of his scalp. The skin strained at first to constrain the growth, but soon tore open to reveal white velvet-covered bone stretching upward with every inhalation. Sandra wrapped her fingers around the new antlers and drew a moan from the changing man. His nose had begun to press against her sternum. “Well?” She asked, thumb circling a nub as the antlers started to branch.

“It’s sooo much.” He bleated. “Too much, something’s happeening.” His shirt began to rip along the seams as it strained to contain his thickening neck.

“I think you need to be closer to the source.” With a firm hold on the antlers, she yanked him forward and he fell to his hands and knees. From above, his skull had tapered to a vaguely triangular shape tipped with a broad pink nose, the pigment fading from his skin. Wielding the velvet-covered bones like handlebars, Sandra positioned that nose within an inch of her damp loins.

He grunted in protest, but his nostrils flared, inhaling the dense mixture of human and feline arousal along with the heady mix of magical power that Sandra’s own transformation had shed into the air. His eyes rolled back into his head and Sandra watched his human spirit collapse under the wave of animal lust. His pupils expanded, pushing the whites of his eyes beyond his eyelids. Not dark like she expected but the pink of an albino. His breath came back out as a bellow accompanied by a crackled pop as his neck expanded in every way imaginable. It forced every button of his shirt to ping off one by one as his neck engulfed his shoulders. The change pushed against Sandra and

she had to slip a foot back to avoid toppling over as her arms strained against his weight. Instead, the foot and a half neck pushed his torso nearly upright. His hands, now freed, groped blindly at his pants. Blackening fingertips fumbled with his belt, trying to free the shaft that strained for release.

“No. Not yet.” Sandra struggled to hold him back. “Answer the question first.”

Nostrils flared again. A coat of fine white fur followed in the wake of the scent, starting on the bridge of his lengthening muzzle. It flowed over the top of his head, displacing his dark hair in a single wave and continuing down his massive neck, becoming shaggy and thick as his expanded lungs reach capacity. “Rrrrruuuuu-” he exhaled the tortured syllables as his head resumed its stretch. His ears began to flick as they pushed away from the skull. “Ruuuutttt!” he managed to say as his nose drove itself into Sandra’s sex.

Sandra opened her mouth to say something, but the words were lost to the abyss as his tongue darted inside of her. The sensation rippled up her body and forced a surprised chirp from her throat. The tip of his tongue had nearly touched that hot space deep within her. Before she could think of stopping herself, she thrust herself onto him. Impaling herself on his narrow muzzle, she sank midway before his tongue countered. It slipped back up into her, deeper than she thought possible, setting off sparks in her vision.

A scream of wild satisfaction tore out of her, the warm tendril of muscle lapped at the very root of her need. “Yes!” her voice caught between a cry and growl. As the

tongue continued to steal up into her, she let go of her hold on his head to clutch at her breasts. The legs of her pants, which had stubbornly clung to her until this point, began to rip along their seams as her legs thickened with fur and muscle. She came with nothing more than a barely audible squeak and a powerful clenching that forcefully expelled the buck's muzzle along with a splash of fluid. He fell onto the floor gasping for breath. Sandra crashed down in front him, tongue hanging out between her thin black lips.

He wiped his nose clean of the goo and snorted it clear. His eyes were filled with hungry lust. The front of his pants had torn open to the knees and he cradled a throbbing cock with a two-fingered hand.

“More,” Sandra panted. “Give me more.” Claws scraped over the hardwood floor until they found purchase and she scrambled up onto all fours. Her long tail gave a single lash that brushed the tip of his nose before lifting high into the air and bending over her back. Her legs thrust her hips up and the thick fur parted to reveal her glistening, drooling, swollen pussy. Deep inside, she burned with a hot and itchy sensation that she needed quenched, to sated. His tongue had given her a taste and now her entire body quivered for more.

With a feral bellow, he leaped forward and crashed down on top of her. It was an inelegant attack and his long neck made it impossible to bite the back of her neck like she wanted him to, but his weight mashed her tits into cold hardwood and the grip on her shoulders was like twin vises. She cried out as he drove his shaft into her with bruising force. She snarled and clawed at his neck,

but the curved blades only combed through the thick fur. Long fingers encircled her wrists and pinned her to the floor as he found his rhythm. His hips slammed his dick deep into her need.

With each thrust, she felt it penetrate deeper. She clenched around it, savoring each time it forced its way into her. It grew until it slammed into her very essence. Pleasure rushed through her like a river, forcing small mewling sounds from her.

“Harder.” She begged him. With a grunt he obliged, releasing her wrists and grabbing her shoulders for maximum leverage. White sparks in her vision accompanied every grunting thrust. Her body spasmed as an orgasm ripped through her once, twice, and then something shifted. The pleasure began to gather like a storm within her. Sandra bared her teeth and whimpered as the thrusts edged right up against pain.

A tremble began in her hands where her claws dug into the flooring. The fingers thickened further, the bridge of her palms widening until they resembled paws more than hands. Part of Sandra smiled as she watched. The other part screamed.

NO! Kelly pulled herself free of the being that called herself Sandra, *We’ve gone far enough!*

Cannot run on hands, The cougar answered.

A shuddering stroke plunged into Sandra, terminating the argument as both souls united in a silent scream, her insides stretching to their very limit. He held there, huge cock quivering. Her body began to shake from the tension. The storm inside her delivered lightning strikes, making individual muscles spasm. *Now, Now, Please.*

He blew. Erupting in a long bellow. The hot rush of being filled cause Sandra's storm to explode in a thunderclap of pain followed by a torrential downpour of pleasure. Her screaming call joined his bellow and the great window before them shook. A single crack appeared in the corner.

"Uuughhh." He groaned and fell as limp as a sack of potatoes on top of Sandra, his long cock still pumping hot semen into her womb.

A deep purr of satisfaction rolled through Sandra, the ravenous heat that she had endured for countless seasons had finally been extinguished. And neither sets of her memories recalled ever having sex like that.

And yet, despite the warm afterglow of a thorough ravaging suffusing her muscles, and the soreness she knew would be coming, she wasn't done. No desperate need drove her to shoulder him off her back. Just a simple want. A want of more. More pleasure. More him. A delightful shiver passed through her as his cock fell out of her with a light popping sound. A push, and he rolled onto his back with a sodden groan, cock jutting up from his pelvis, slowly retracting into a velvet sheath. From the waist down, that and the tennis-sized balls were the only parts that had changed. The transformation had started from the top of his body and had not even begun to reach his toes. The majestic head of a white stag anchored by a long neck and a chest that had barreled, becoming thick and deep. His arms were stuck rather awkwardly between legs and arms with each of the hoof-tipped fingers lengthened by a foot.

Sandra would fix that. In the wild she'd always been taken. The heat forced her to beg for it, need it. Kelly's memories showed her another way. In this world, in this

strange place where they existed, she could take him. This stag would normally be far too big for her to challenge unless she was absolutely desperate for prey. But now she wasn't interested in eating.. Oh no, Sandra had an inkling of far bigger plans roving through her mind. There was no going back for her or anyone else who had dared to trap a spirit in a tattoo.

Straddling his thighs, Sandra spent a moment curling and uncurling her fingers, practicing keeping the claws sheathed. Satisfied she wouldn't injure him unintentionally, she used her tongue to groom each digit until satiated. Then she closed a hand around the retreating tip, just before it could disappear into its sheath.

He woke with a barking cough, shoulders rolling side to side as he attempted to comprehend the source of the sensations. Sandra dragged the back of her knuckles over the tip of his cock and steadied it with her other hand. The stag lifted his head to peer at her with one eye. A quick squeeze around his girth and his head crashed back down with an exhausted bleat.

“Oh did you think we're done here? That I'd be finished with you after one wild rut? We made a deal stag. Remember?”

“N-n-nuh.” He grasped, his manhood pushing up through her fingers as it extended from its sheath.

“Sorry Corey. You don't get a say. Neither did Kelly.” Sandra bent and began to nibble around the base of the sheath, still working the tip of his cock with her fingers. The stag's hips bucked once, slamming him up into Sandra's sensitive nose. She shook her head to clear the stars and then rammed his hips to the floor, making sure he

felt the prick of her claws. His long arm swept up toward her and froze as she clamped her jaws over his shaft. Not hard enough to break the bone the member contained, but enough to remind him it could be broken. The limb fell, hoof nails clicking on the floor. Sandra rewarded his submission by softening her grip and running her teeth up his length.

“Huunnnhhh!” He groaned, body shivering. Sandra began to work on the tip in earnest, alternating between sucking and scraping her pointed teeth over his slit. The dank delicious stink of fear rose from his pores as the fur resumed marching down his torso. His fingers would raise towards her and drop. Sandra’s tail lashed in satisfaction as she balanced him between wild panic and pleasure. Only when his eyes rolled back in his head did she begin to work a paw up and down his length. As his mouth gaped open in a silent scream, Sandra released him. With a final down stroke of her hand, a stream of semen erupted, arching through the air and splattering across the windows as if an artist had swiped across it with a paint brush.

Every muscle in the stag’s body went limp, all except his cock which shined wetly in the dim light. He made a soft pleading bleat as he panted for breath.

Sandra looked down at the still pale-skinned thighs pinned beneath her. “Not done yet.” Stretching forward, she spread her hands, threading her fingers up through his bristly chest fur until she found his nipples. They were tiny nubs, entirely hidden under a dusky brown coat. Using his antlers, the stag managed to prop his head up to watch her with one pleading eye. His muzzle worked as if trying

to push out words, but Sandra began to roll his small nubs between her leathery fingertips. Then his eye closed and he began to pant.

“You love every moment of this.” Sandra said. He gave the tiniest of nods as she bent to lap at his nipple. After forcing a few soft bleats from him, she began to groom his fur. Slowly, teasingly she worked her tongue up through his chest fur while grinding her clit over the length of his cock. He squirmed as she lathered attention across his trachea and froze as she wrapped her jaws around the kill point. His pulse thundered beneath his skin as her teeth tightened around his windpipe. Sandra held him there, treasuring his submission, loving the way his manhood strained against her sex. Slowly, worshipfully, his long fingers curled around the breasts she had made for his eyes and squeezed. Her concentration slipped to the strength of the pleasure and she set herself to grinding against him. Her grip slowly released from his neck. She slid herself up the last inch of his cock and let out a satisfied gasp of relief as the head pushed into her.

“Mine,” She growled as she pushed herself back, raking her claws through his fur. He reached impossibly deep inside her, a penetration that sent sparks of ecstasy up her body. Bracing herself, she seized handfuls of his fur and skin before lifting herself up onto her toes. She levered her hips upwards until the cock inside her strained against the angle. Snarling in concentration, she began to piston herself up and down the length of his cock. Pleasure flooded up from her loins, stealing strength from her limbs. Something inside her screamed about the wrongness of the position. Her back ached for weight and claws.



Snarling, she persisted. This was her pleasure, not his. Her satisfaction mattered first.

Below her, the stag clung to her breasts; his hard hoof-like nails clamping down on her nipples. Up and down she lifted herself over the length of his cock. Grabbing it as tight as she could with her internal muscles as her thighs began to burn. Pain flared briefly before her sneakers tore under the stain of her lengthening feet, her toe claws finally biting into the wooden floor. Tail waving behind her, she found her new balance, lifted a hand away from his chest, and pressed a leathery pad onto her swollen clit. Pleasure became not a wave but a whirlwind within her, a place without beginning or end. Her teeth chattered as she arched her back, pulling her breasts from his clutches. His hands found new spots to torture just below her chest as a new set of breasts swelled beneath the first. With a savage twist of these new nipples, she let loose a feral scream, the whirlwind toppling within her and setting off a cascade of orgasmic muscle spasms. Her legs failed and she fell down onto the full length of his shaft. A bleat as loud as a lion's roar accompanied the stream of warmth that sprayed deep inside Sandra's body and flooded down every inch of her inner walls.

Sandra went still, breathing as the flame of her eternal heat finally extinguished; the buck's seed continuing to pump up into her. Slowly she ground herself down onto him, letting him feel the deep, satisfied purr that radiated through her core. Below her, his entire body had gone limp. "Don't get too comfortable." She whispered before running her tongue along his still exposed throat, making him shiver beneath her. "We have a lot of work to do."

He closed his eyes and nodded his agreement.

* * *

We interrupt your normal programming to report on a developing magical emergency at a local college. One of the magical Abominations suspected of being responsible for the disappearance of nearly 50 students turned itself in today saying he wanted to be a good boy and doesn't want anyone hurt. Shockingly this dog-like creature claims to be one of the missing students, partially at least. It claims to be the product of the merging of an animal spirit and a human soul. The creature explained that imprisoning spirits in specially made tattoos has become a common practice across campuses. The Magical Defense Agency released a stern statement condemning the victims for using unlicensed magic and a plea for anyone having any information on the shaman who created the Tattoos to come forward.

The remaining students or beings are thought to be hiding out in the state forest.

Chief Twisted Rivers of the Samspa tribe, said to be the creator of the Tattoo technique, is reportedly in talks with the MDA to possibly serve as a negotiator for the Abominations while they remain at large.