

Tygress (Anthro Tigress TFTG Preg)

By FoxFaceStories

An Anonymous Commission

Malcolm is an ordinary man who simply has a fascination and love for tigers. Saddened that there are not more in the world, he wishes he could be a fantasy land for them. A wandering magical being overhears his wish, and while it cannot help him create tigers in this world, it can certainly find him a place in another, where anthro tigers are desperately in need of replenishment.

Tygress

“Tyger Tyger burning bright; In the forests of the night; What immortal hand or eye, Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?”

The beautiful bengal tiger with its great orange-white-black pattern lifted its head to the strange man reciting poetry to it, yawned, then lowered its head. Malcolm sighed, shrugging his shoulders. He hadn't expected the tiger to have heard William Blake, but some strange part of him had hoped for *some* kind of reaction. After all, he visited the city zoo at least once a week to see these beautiful beasts, but their malaise was sadly clear. They were domesticated creatures, used to their confines, and unable to be released back into the wild.

“I wish there could be more of you,” he said, staring longingly at the great beast lounging on the grass of its enclosure. “I wish there could be an entire fantasyland for you to shore up your numbers once again. I even wish I could help.”

Another sigh, another shrug. Malcolm had no idea why he often said things like that. In truth, it was just a way for him to feel better about the most sad subject that was tiger populations. Oh sure, they were bouncing back, but nowhere near enough. Bengal tigers were still threatened, and where they had once numbered in the tens of thousands, now they barely scraped by in the remaining wildernesses afforded them. It was a well known fact that the place with the greatest number of tigers in the world was the one he was standing in: Florida. Home of exotic creatures, and almost zero regulation. The only good thing about such lax laws was that they had allowed him to see his first tiger when he was a little boy, awakening an obsession with the noble creatures that lasted all the way to his present early twenties. Even more than sharks and bears, which he also liked, the apex predator nature of the tiger was something he respected greatly. Their sleek movements, their low growl, their ability to be loyal and fierce at once, and slip back into the jungle silently, it was like they

were a creature of legend. There was a reason he constantly donated to tiger preservation causes, but in his view, it was never enough.

“I really do wish I could help with that,” he muttered under his breath, “but I’m just one man. And I’d give even that up if it meant helping you guys out.”

He was only a man. A perfectly average one, really. 5’9 in height and with chestnut brown hair that he kept reasonably short. He worked as a graphic designer, which also allowed him to draw his favourite animal from time to time, but the business of taking commissions left him little time to indulge in romance.

“Well, wishes are pointless. I’ll come visit you again next week.”

He turned to go, and the tiger in the enclosure only gave a wide yawn at his exit, before continuing to relax.

“Yeah, you relax, big kitty. I’ve got to go back to my boring, tigerless life.”

Unbeknownst to Malcolm, there was indeed a creature nearby that was listening to his words, and it was *not* a tiger, not exactly. A tiger spirit, perhaps, would be a better way of describing it, though even that descriptor lacked a certain elegance to describe one so great as this being. It resided in places like this, across numerous worlds where cats small and large congregated, and it too had its favourite creature in the orange-black-white tiger types.

‘Hmmm, perhaps he is the one to serve the purpose I need,’ it thought to itself, following the human man invisibly. Malcolm turned to look behind his shoulder, feeling as if something was watching him, but the being was barely in this dimension at all, and only the merest flicker, like a trick of the light, gave it away. Malcolm did not even notice that.

The being followed the human, interested in him. It too had watched the tigers, saddened at this world’s lack of care for them. Where tigers flourished elsewhere, here they were sadly depleted. For most humans it was a sad spectacle, but this man had actually *wished* to help tigerkind, even wishing to give up his form if necessary to do so. It had been a fickle wish, the being knew, but a wish held a great power in the presence of one such as it.

Of one such as the Great Cat God.

‘Yes, he will serve my purpose nicely. And he has wished for it of his own free will, the most important part of all. But should he become a tiger in this world, and aid in their reproduction? Hmm . . .’

The being considered it. Certainly, tigers could use additional help here, but in truth they *were* recovering, however slowly. Meanwhile, there was another world . . .

'And besides, his soul is kind. To reduce him to a mere animal would be too cruel. No, if he wishes to aid tigers, then there are others closer to his own self that he may aid. Besides, aha, I do enjoy a little bit of mischief.'

After all, while it was a great unknowable being that had travelled many realities across the infinite cosmos, it was also, at heart, still a cat. And cats do like the unexpected.

The Great Cat God hovered closer to Malcolm, and landed on its four paws to begin circling around him. Slowly, as the man entered an empty area of the zoo park, it made itself more visible, allowing its bright green eyes to shine mysteriously, as if it were an apparition.

Malcolm's jaw dropped. "Oh my God! What are you? Help! He-"

The being silenced his ability to speak, drawing nearer. "Quiet, human. One called Malcolm. I come bearing a blessing. I am the Great Cat God, patron of cats everywhere, and most of all my beloved tigers."

Malcolm's eyes bulged, unbelieving what he was hearing, but the beast continued.

"I have heard your pleas and wishes to help tiger kind, and such wishes hold mighty power that I can grant."

The young man withered before this strange being. It radiated a strange energy that could only be supernatural.

"P-powers?"

"Yes, great powers" it said, drawing ever closer, so that a warm breath, ancient and powerful, fell upon his cheek. "I can grant you your wish, to help tiger kind. It shall not be *those* tigers, perhaps not even tigers as you recognise them. But as you well know, there are other kinds of tigers that are far more in need of survival, whose numbers need to be strengthened. I could bestow such a power upon you."

As nervous as he was, Malcolm was immediately hooked by the being's words. His heart raced with excitement. "Yes! Yes! If what you say is true, then I'll gladly take it. Holy shit, I can't believe this. Is this actually real?"

The being smirked, not that Malcolm could witness the expression. It had most certainly found the one it sought. The one that could help this *other* world.

"Indeed, I am real. The Great Cat God does not often visit this plane, but I was drawn by your presence, human, a natural servant and lover of cats and tigers. Do you truly agree to aid in their restoration as a species, even if this takes a form that will require adjustment?"

But Malcolm, whose life had largely consisted of boredom and drudgery for much of his mostly-lonely existence, was already entranced by the prospect. To actually help tigers, to let them flourish in the land! He'd give up anything to make that possibility a true reality.

"Yes, please! If you really are real, then I ask you make my wishes come true, Great Cat God."

The being licked its small snout, grinned mischievously, though not with malice.

“Very well then, Malcolm. You have a great future ahead of you as a mother of cubs.”

Malcolm was so filled with excitement that he almost didn't catch that last part. His beaming expression faltered. “W-wait - did you just say ‘mother of cubs’?”

But it was too late. Already the strange celestial outline of the Great Cat God was leaping and dancing and jumping around Malcolm, before finally leaping *through* him. The young man was briefly hit by a wave of confused nausea as the world around him *rippled*. For just a moment, he saw a metropolis of people around him instead of a zoo. Only they weren't, strictly speaking, *people*. They were shaped broadly like them, but they looked a mix between monkeys and people. No, rhinos and people. No, over there was a croc-human, and a shark-human - perhaps they were not human at all! He'd heard of the concept of 'anthros' from dark corners of the internet, but he'd never imagined he'd see a reality of such beings come to life, walking the streets as if they were a real life Disney film.

“Oh my God! Oh my God!”

His own reality thankfully asserted itself, and for the briefest moment he paused, thankful that whatever strangeness he had seen was gone. That was, until suddenly a surge of strange pressure cascaded over his skin.

“What the - OOHhhh!!”

He clutched his stomach as organs rearranged. Something was growing there, pushing them aside and making room.

“Nnmghh . . . ahhhh - oh God! What's happening t-to me!? Great C-Cat God? Where are youuuuuuuuuOOOHHH!!!”

Malcolm nearly fell to the ground, only managing to stop himself from falling due to unnaturally quick reflexes, ones he'd never before possessed. His hands caught the ground, but even as they did, a sharp pain ran through them. In front of his horrified eyes, his fingernails extended, becoming sharper and curved like a set of claws. Hair like fur burst from his hand, extending over those same fingers and in the palm of his hand. It was orange, with black and white stripes near those unnatural talons.

“Nhnngh - what the f-fuck!? EUGH!!”

His shoes ripped apart in response to a painful set of extensions from his feet. His jeans ripped slightly as well at the cuff, and as he turned to look at the damage he saw that his feet too were tiger-like, though they had become digitigrade: now matter how hard he tried, he couldn't set his actual heel upon the ground and get back to standing. Instead, his longer 'claws' held his height.

“Whoa!” he shouted as he stood, briefly whipping his arms about in the air. It was like walking in heels, but for some reason it felt just right, even if his balance was missing something. But he didn't have time to figure it out, because before he could even try to run away his entire body itched terribly. He stumbled against a nearby park bench, and fell into it

as he hurriedly scratched at his body. It was so bad that he had to remove his shirt, and even his jeans. He was a freak, the Great Cat Lord was altering him, but despite the fearful humiliation of possibly being seen, the itching was too powerful to ignore. He stripped down to his underwear and continued to scratch away, only to pause as something began to push out from under the skin.

“Oh G-God! Wh-what Neeooooowwww!!”

He clasped his throat, shocked at the strangely cat-like sound that had escaped it. As he did so, the pressure beneath the surface of his skin changed entirely. Suddenly, starting at his belly but quickly spreading elsewhere, tiger-patterned fur erupted. He gasped, unable to even comment as a thick coating of incredibly beautiful Bengal tiger fur invaded across his body. He rubbed it with his altered hands, amazed at how real it was. He tried to pull it away in a panic, only to growl strangely in pain at the very real sensation of body hair being pulled.

“F-fur!? I’m growing freaking tiger fur!? Eughhhh . . .”

Soon it extended over his face, where it became much shorter and finer, as well as down over his limbs. Even his backside was covered in that same fur, leaving him with gorgeous tiger stripes just like those of the beasts back in the enclosure. As his rear finished, a new pressure expanded, strange and terrible and rising, rising, *rising* in power until it was clear something was going to happen. When it came, it caused him to leap from his seat. It came just in time as his ass swelled, and something else extended from his strained spine.

“Woah! WOAH! Woah woah woah woah WOAH!”

It was all he could repeat as, bursting through the back of his jeans, a long furry tail extended. He groaned in a mix of pain, discomfort, and surprising pleasure as it reached its apex, nearly three feet long in total, so that it almost brushed against the ground behind him. It curled in agitation, swishing about like a cat’s, tipped by a black bit of fur, while the rest had the usual Bengal stripe pattern and colour.

“Oh my God, I’ve got a tail! I’ve got a freakin’ tail!”

He had always loved tiger’s tails, but he never imagined he would *have* one. Unfortunately for Malcolm, the changes were only just beginning though. He writhed in mixed agony and unwanted bliss as his waist contracted in, as his hips flared wider and wider. He couldn’t understand it: why was he developing these features if he was so obviously getting turned into a tiger? But all he could do was hold his hips, trying to keep them in as they became more like a very womanly individual’s set of birthing hips.

“Ah - ahhh - t-too much! Getting t-too damn m-muuuch!”

But that was nothing compared to what was happening to his chest and face. Already pressure was spreading to his skull. His ears moved upwards, thinning and becoming triangular and soft, a tiger’s ears atop his head. His teeth cracked and sharpened, particularly his canines, all while his eyes became far better at seeing. He blinked,

momentarily feeling a strong stinging sensation in those eyes, and suddenly he could easily pick out details in his surroundings he never could have imagined seeing.

“Cat’s eyes,” he marvelled, but it was a brief respite of wonder, before his jaw began to jut forward. “NGHH! AAGGHH!!!”

Despite his cries, no one seemed to come to his aid, and no one was in sight either, even given his new hunter’s eyes. A strange pooling of flesh began in his chest as well, confounding him as his jaw pushed outwards to become a short snout. His nose swelled, taking on that triangular shape of a cat’s nose, and big white whiskers extended from either side of that snout. He squealed, though it came more as a high-pitched roar.

“What the hell!?” he cried, but his voice was higher than it should have been. “C-Cat God! Change me back! Please!?”

He grasped his naked chest, only to pull his hands - paws? - back again. The flesh was beginning to balloon. To swell outward. And his nipples were incredibly sensitive, getting bigger and fatter and more feminine by the second.

“No - there’s no way - but that other world - MHMHM!!!”

Suddenly, as if understanding that he had put two and two together, his body furthered its changes. Two furry breasts erupted into being, expanding outwards, surging forth, first as little A-cups, then modest B’s, then sizable C’s, then full D’s, and then beyond to very large, full, and *heavy* E-cups, at least at a guess! They certainly looked even larger as he gaped down at them.

“What the hell!? Tits - I have TITS!?”

They overflowed his paw-hands, and the kneading of the soft furry flesh only made him drool with a surprising amount of pleasure. His nipples were huge and perfectly pink, and as he accidentally brushed one of them it caused another cascading effect of pleasure.

“Whyyyyyy - NGH!”

He gripped his manhood, and in his terror realised that the terrible feeling he’d just experienced signalled one final change. The new tiger-looking man with a womanly figure and fine set of tits could see where the next transformation was headed, and tried to beat it. He ripped his underwear - quite literally in a panic using his new claws - and quickly seized his genitals, careful of his talons. But it was too late, and there was nothing to be done anyway. His dick and balls pulled upwards into his flesh, emitting a horrid sound like soup being slurped loudly.

“NNoooooeeee!!!” he cried, his voice going even higher, until it sounded like that of a rather husky woman’s. Attractive even, in a sort of Golden Age Hollywood actress way.

“M-my dick!”

The last of it pulled into him, a dreadful *PLOP* accompanying the withdrawal of each of his testicles. They left behind a feminine slit, and in moments a tunnel opened from his

new womb all the way to his finishing vagina. As the air was let in to his new womanhood, a pulse of unbelievable bliss came over him.

“OH. MY. GOOOOOD!!!”

He - or rather *she* now - cried out in utter ecstasy, gripping her breasts with one forearm which only led to her sensitive nipples rubbing against the flesh, producing more pleasure. Her other hand shredded at the park bench, scratching at the post like a pleased cat, which in a way she utterly was. As if in afterthought, her muscles enhanced a little, becoming more robust than she'd ever had them as a human male, now looking like a fit anthro woman.

It took a long moment for her to come down from that bliss, by which time her tunnel was very wet, an utterly alien sensation to this new anthro-tigress. She stood, nearly falling over on her digitigrade feet, until her tail snapped out automatically, giving her an instinctual counterbalance.

“Woah! Oh shit, this is gonna take some getting used to.” She shook her head, which set her furry breasts wobbling a little. Another alien sensation. “What am I saying? I need to change back! This is crazy! Cat God, where are you?”

The Great Cat God heard her new husky tigress voice, and appeared before her, grinning like the Cheshire Cat.

“Ahh, so you understand now, dear Malcolm! Though your name is not Malcolm anymore, given such sweet curves. No, I think you shall be . . . Sabrina.”

Instantly, as if a curse or spell or hex had been laid upon the former human male, his identity shifted. She knew he was Malcolm. She knew it in her bones. But those bones had changed, and now they recognised a new name, one that felt somehow far more fitting. *She* was Sabrina.

“My name too? What have you done to me!? I'm a freak!”

But the Great Cat God just purred in delight. “Not at all. Well, you're a freak here, but you won't be where you're going.”

“What do you mean? How can I possibly help tigers just because I'm stuck in the body of a weird tiger lady?”

Another purr of enjoyment. “Quite easily. I told you, remember, that you would not be helping tigers *here*, in this plane, but rather in a plane of existence where they are even rarer.”

The new tigress' eyes widened. She looked down at the white fluffy fur around her naked breasts, over her shoulder at her dancing tail. “That world, the one I saw. It was real.”

“It was. And that's where you'll be going. Though, of course, you'll need to be better attired!”

With a flick of the Cat God's paw, Sabrina found herself suddenly wearing a cute green dress that likely matched her eyes, if she looked anything like the Bengal tiger in the enclosure she'd just visited. It hugged her breasts nicely, and looked to be a summer dress that swirled about her ankles while still conforming nicely to her upper body. It had no sleeves, revealing her muscular yet womanly arms. It dipped low to reveal furry cleavage. To her own astonishment, she found herself warm in her altered cheeks.

"Why do I find this cute?" she asked. She'd be blushing, if she were still capable of it.

"Because I have given you the instincts of an anthro-tigress, which is more than just the power to hunt, to compete, to protect and rear your future young, but also to be very, very attractive to your future mate."

"M-my future mate? I don't - oh God, you don't mean -"

She left the sentence dangling, hoping that the Great Cat God would not confirm it. But the silvery outline of its ghost-like ethereal form nodded in a teasing manner. "Oh yes. You wished to replenish tiger kind, and so you shall do so on this other world, which is called Tanarra. You shall help up their numbers using your own, deeply *fertile* body. Due to a disease, most tiger kind is wiped out there, but now you shall appear there, with a particular quest to find a virile tiger male - one of the few remaining - and be his loyal companion, birthing his many, many cubs. Many."

Sabrina gulped. Despite her shock and horror, her body felt strangely turned on by the prospect of birthing litters. No doubt this was one of the instincts the being had implanted that it just spoke of. "H-how many?"

A sharp-toothed grin. "Many. Let's just say you'll have decades of fertile years ahead of you, and that tigresses in this Tanarra, just like here, can give birth to litters. You're going to be a very fecund, very *reproductive* tigress who will spend almost all her days pregnant with her alpha male's adorable little cubs, feeding them with her breasts."

She bit her lip, only to yelp a little. Her new, sharper teeth were not meant for such an act. "That's - that's impossible. You've got to change me back!"

The being just shrugged. "You made your wish, and accepted it. Don't worry, this is just a shock. You *love* tigers, and soon you'll be *loved by* a tiger, and love that too. I have been a little bit of a trickster god, it's true, but I am also a good judge of character, Sabrina. You *do* want this. You just need to realise it. For now, just remember one thing."

Sabrina shook her head, not used to how much her little snout with its whiskers took up her peripheral vision. "No, please. Isn't there some other way that -"

"Just remember he works in construction! Site manager, if you can believe it! Consider it your quest to find him!"

Before she could even say a word in response, even ask for more information on Tanarra, or what else she could do, or if she could be a male tiger at least, the great being

flicked his paw and summoned a radiant lightshow. Streaks of starlight burst through the reality around her, and Sabrina felt her own form and surrounding air begin to ripple, preluding not just a peek into that earlier fantasy land, but an actual teleportation to it. She gaped as, just for a moment, a married couple emerged from the trees of the path ahead with two children in tow. They locked their gaze on the naked tigress' form, astonished.

"Uh, help!" Sabrina called, not knowing what to say.

And then, with a flash, she was hurled to that other world, crying in her new female voice all the way.

Sabrina landed on her rump, her big furry boobs wobbling. She grunted in annoyance, but was quick to leap to her digitigrade feet. And it was a leap, because her new form was agile as all hell. Her tail straightened out, preventing her from tipping over by providing that necessary counterbalance.

"Holy hell!" she cried.

She was in an apartment. A very ordinary apartment, in many ways. Kind of similar to her own in the city.

"Wait a hell of a moment, this *is* my apartment! Only it's slightly off!"

Slightly off in this case meant it now had numerous photos on display, all of which now displayed her as a gorgeous looking tigress. She couldn't help but be impressed by the figure in those photos, and more than a little surprised to see one in which she wore a bikini - though evidently her opinion towards the water was not good, judging from her expression.

"Oh my God, I'm actually really hot. Geez, it's so weird to say, but I really do look like a total bombshell of a tigress."

She moved to the mirror, passing a large scratching post that was evidently another major change to her new life. She felt a strange need to use it, but managed to resist it. For now. Instead, she found a full length mirror to inspect herself.

"Wow. Okay, this is crazy. Holy crap. I *am* an anthro-tigress."

There was no other way to describe her. Sabrina, no longer Malcolm, was utterly mesmerising. She removed her dress, struggling a little against her fur for a moment, then gasped again. She was more than just mesmerising. She was *perfect*. She combined all the best traits of a human woman and a powerful tiger. She had full breasts, a tight but muscular core, and wide, fertile hips. Her thighs were thick, also well-muscled, while her calves and cat-like pawed feet looked ready to spring into action. Her patterning was classical, her many stripes making her look like a queen of the jungle and forest. And her face was halfway between a woman's and a tiger's, the snout shorter than that of a full cat, while also still

pronounced. Moreover, she had a set of cute whiskers, ears atop her head, and her fur was only slightly longer at the back, giving the impression of a sort of hairstyle that would be fitting for a woman like her.

“I can’t believe it,” she said. “I’m a tigress.”

She knew she should hate it. Certainly it was insane. But a small and growing part of her was simply in awe. She’d never asked to be a woman, or to lose her name, but Sabrina couldn’t help but admire that she literally *was* part-tiger now, literally possessing the qualities of the creature she had adored her whole life.

“It’s - it’s crazy. It’s incredible! It’s - I can’t stay like this! No way am I having tiger babies or whatever!”

The thought of getting pregnant, it was enough for her to settle her left paw over her stomach, which caused her to wince in surprise. It was sensitive for some reason! She removed her paw, and looked closer at her stomach in the mirror. Her E-cup breasts were in the way when she tried to look down.

“No way - more nipples!?”

There were six more, to be precise. Six large feminine nipples that were a little hidden by her fur. They weren’t full breasts like her ‘upper pair’ were, though they did have a slight roundness to them, like barely discernible A-cups that nevertheless had some fatty tissue within. As they were located in perfect rows, it was easy to see them as just part of her abs, which they were in a way, sitting on top of them.

“For litters,” she said, mouth agape. “Holy shit, if that Cat God had made me stay in my reality, but kept me for this job . . .”

The thought of being turned into a full tigress, no longer bipedal, or capable of speech, came over her. At least in *this* form she was still an anthropoid creature.

“But still, finding a tiger mate . . . having his babies.”

Her nipples stiffened at the very idea, and a slight tingling began in her womanly loins. Her instincts rose, a deep need to be fulfilled coming over her. She bottled it, pushed it back down and away.

“Nope! Not thinking of that! I thought I was going to be given the power to regrow their habitats, or be in charge of a mating program.”

Mating. The word alone made her shiver. She nearly bit her lip before remembering her early mistake. Instead, she lowered her hand to her private parts. Careful not to extend her claws, she rubbed at the folds there, thinking of that word: *mating*.

“OHhhh . . . f-fuck. Oohhhh that f-feels strange. Strange but n-nice!”

She licked her snout, her tongue longer than expected, as she began to play with her clit. She could just imagine it: being pumped full of little tiger babies, adorable cubs that

would grow in her belly. All while she had a gorgeous, sexy male tiger mate who would fuck her everyday and - "OOHHH!!!"

She erupted into orgasm, a feeling stirred more powerfully by the way she kneaded her big, sensitive furry tits with her spare hand. She'd hovered her other over her clit, not realising just how insatiably sensitive it was, and it caused electric shocks of pure ecstasy to fire across her form like a series of synapses. The whole experience had been less than two minutes. She'd been a tigress less than ten.

"What - what's wrong with me? Am I in heat? Oh shit, did that damn Cat God leave me in *heat!*? And will it ever go away!?"

She had the frightening suspicion that the answer could well be 'no.' After all, he - or it - had told her that her body would be frighteningly fertile and fecund, capable of bearing big litters. What if she was in some sort of permanent estrus?

"I think - I think I've made a mistake. Cat God!? Can you hear me? I think I've made a mistake!"

For a moment, she thought the strange deity that had so recently changed her might appear, but instead she was jolted by the sound of her apartment door banging. In fact, it jolted her so much that she leapt like a cat up onto the wall and clung to it, claws on her hands and feet extended, sticking into the wall itself.

"Okay, I'm *really* quite strong," she marvelled. It took a moment to extricate herself, during which the door kept on knocking.

"Sabrina! Are you in there? I know you are! Open up!"

In a fearful hurry, she pulled herself from the wall, accidentally ripping some of the wallpaper in the process. She scrambled like a cat to get it off her claws, and then to hurriedly put the dress back on. She had to fit her tits to the dresses' cups, and they were pushed upwards like ripe cantaloupes.

"Damn, I feel good looking like this. It's so weird!"

But she made her way to the door and pulled it open. She managed to avoid looking too astonished when a female gazelle anthro stood on the other side, slightly shorter but more than cranky enough to 'loom' over Sabrina regardless.

"Sabrina! Good of you to finally open up to your *landlord.*"

"Oh, um, hi."

"Don't give me that!" the gazelle woman snapped. She pushed past the astonished Sabrina, her horns nearly impaling her but for her quick cat-like reflexes to dodge.

"My word, this place is a mess! I knew it, I just *knew* that renting out to a tigress was a mistake! No wonder your kind are practically gone, can't live in civilisation at all! Simply *can't!*"

Sabrina was taken aback. In fact, she felt angry. She'd just been turned into a damned tigress woman, and now this gazelle bitch was making fun of her as if she'd always been such!

"Hey now, I'm not used to all this -"

"And the wallpaper! Damage! You'll have to pay for that. Did you even know your rental payments are overdue? Unacceptable! You've got two weeks to clear out, unless you can shore up the money. Not that I imagine you can, since I hear tell you're *still* unemployed. What - hoping to find a nice male tiger to shack up with? I don't think there are any in the city, I'm afraid my dear."

Sabrina balled her clawed fists, trying to avoid extending those talons. "There is! At least I'm sure there is! He works, er, in construction. Not that I even care about a handsome - I mean, an anthro male tiger anyway!"

The gazelle landlord turned, regarded her with a piercing gaze. "Dearie, what on Tanarra is an 'anthro'? Is this some strange forgotten tiger terminology? If so, I won't be having it. Like I said, there's a reason you've all died out. Even as old as I am, I'll probably live to see the end of your kind, judging from how they -"

She rambled on and on, and to her own surprise, Sabrina felt a savage fierceness rise in her chest. She had always been a mellow, singular person in her own life, but having her tigress nature attacked and mocked was simply too much. She may not have wanted, strictly speaking, to become an anthro tiger, but tigers were still very dear to her, and gazelles weren't nearly as impressive! Hell, they were meant to be prey!

The gazelle landlord froze, suddenly looking nervous. "S-Sabrina. Please put those teeth and claws away. I - I am your landlord, you know! I won't have any intimidation!"

Sabrina realised what she was doing, and hurriedly closed her mouth and retracted her claws. She gave a nervous laugh. "He, he, instinct," she said weakly, shrugging.

The gazelle calmed, stroked her horns as if by some obsessive compulsive tic, then retreated to the door. "If you're going to behave like that, you aggressive, savage brute of a tiger, then you can have twenty four hours. Twenty four hours to get your rent to me, or you're out on the street where whatever's left of your kind belongs!"

She slammed the door shut, leaving Sabrina alone. The new woman in a new body with new fur and new claws and a whole new terrifying world simply stood there, not knowing what to do.

"He works in construction," she said to herself. A lightbulb turned on in her head. She was definitely not going to let any tiger impregnate her, but if she could find another of her kind, one that could take her in, she wouldn't have to worry about getting a job in this weird

place straight away. She pulled up the blind of one of her apartment windows, eager to see the city she was in.

And then her heart fell.

It was enormous. It was like New York City. It stretched out to the horizon, millions of anthropoid creatures scuttling about, a zoo of people-shaped beasts all making their way. The distance was filled with skyscrapers and cranes and all manner of construction work.

"Finding a needle in a haystack," she whispered to herself. "Goddamn you, Cat God. Can't you give me another clue for this ridiculous quest!"

But there was no answer, just the honking of car horns and the sight of several bird women in professional suits flying past her window.

"Well, I better get started," she mumbled in her sexy husky voice. "Oh else I'll be a street cat soon enough."

Wherever Sabrina went in the big city - apparently it was called New Enclos - she received stares of all kinds. Some were simply of genuine interest and curiosity, such as the oddly adorable rhino children stomping past with their oversized parents, pointing at her and saying 'wooww!'

But other stares were not as kind. A number of sheepish women - literally sheepish - studiously avoided her as she passed, and at least one male horse folk passing by harrumphed in her direction, like a herbivore glad to see the backside of a retreating predator. Others were kinder. There was a monkey man doing street art for a veritable mishmash of a crowd who dragged her into the centre of the circle, sized her up, and then with alarming alacrity painted her likeness in stylised form upon the wall.

"Behold everyone! A beautiful tigress! Let us hope their kind is restored to us!"

She blushed - well, she felt red in her cheeks at least, despite the fur obscuring it - and quickly retreated, only to have to race around the block using her tigress speed due to the clearly lustful stares of a group of male construction workers: all elephant anthros, all honking with their trunks at her ass and tits.

"Nice pair!" one shouted, practically *blared* courtesy of their trunk. "I may be just an elephantine sort of fella, but I hear a tigress earns her stripes in the bedroom, if you know what I mean!"

"Yeah, total freak in the sheets! A real tigress inside and out!" another shouted.

She bore her teeth and claws at that last one, once more gaining a reserve of anger and ferocity she didn't know she had.

"Woah! Lady, I didn't mean to offend!" one of them called. "Some of my best friends are tigresses!"

"Yeah, sure," she said. "Don't get on my bad side, dude. You have *no* idea the kind of bad hair day I'm having."

"Sure, sure! No problem!"

She stalked off, her cute green dress flowing around her bare digitigrade feet, her furry breasts bobbing gently in her top. As she left, she could hear the loud elephant man whisper to his buddy: "geez, makes you glad that they got his by that disease. Can you imagine having a broad like that on every corner?"

"Sure Darren. I just imagine your ex-wife."

"Ah, shaddup!"

Strangely, the interaction made Sabrina purr a little in amusement. That was certainly an odd new response for her, but the inherent humour still made sense to the former male. As strange as this place was, with its numerous kinds of anthropoid people - including even a cute snake lady giving out pamphlets on the street - it was also remarkably similar to her own world in a lot of ways. Sure, the style of things looked a bit different, and some anthro people got around a bit different or had different clothing for their various parts, but it was effectively a functioning city with roads and crossings, traffic lights and heavy traffic to go with it.

"I can do this," she muttered to herself, taking solace in that fact. "It's just an ordinary city. And I'm a cat . . . person. A sexy tigress. God, this would be so cool if I knew it was temporary, and I wasn't turned into a freakin' woman." She sighed. "This dress feels pretty showy. It would be better if these ridiculous hips weren't always swaying!"

She grimaced at their sensual motion, but was unable to stop it. Her new tail only accentuated it, but she didn't hold it against that particular appendage as much. Sure, it was weird to suddenly have a fifth limb, but the tail was the coolest part about this whole thing.

"Find a construction worker who looks like me," she said. She took a deep breath, very aware that her bust proceeded to strain her dress with the effort, causing a seam to give way somewhere, and a nearby possum teen to gap at the sight.

"Eyes are up here, and stripes are down there," she said automatically as she passed him. "God, what on earth am I doing? I didn't even *have* stripes over an hour ago!"

She continued to prowl the city, overwhelmed by its bustling streets and numerous anthro kind. Large advertisements on television revealed shampoo ads for sloth people,

expensive suits for wolf and fox folk, and stylised feather gel for owl women to 'spruce their feathers.' It was astonishing, and a number of times she was nearly knocked over by pedestrians as she explored. Thankfully, her new big cat reflexes continually saved her, as well as her surprising strength. It was clearly enough to intimidate others, though some teen girl hippos also took photos of her with their phones, giggling and chatting excitedly about the 'super cute tigress' they just spotted. It left Sabrina with mixed feelings.

The search across the city turned to hours. Sabrina wasn't really sure what she was doing - the Great Cat God had left such vague instructions, and moreover she was just struggling to get a lay of the local land and its customs, how different anthros treated each other, and so on. Fortunately, her tigress body had boundless reserves of energy, a stark contrast to the more plodding pace of Malcolm. She'd never been an unfit human, but never felt capable of speed as she was now, and occasionally she gave in to that urge, running down city blocks to various construction sights and asking the local rhinos (evidently a tradesmen sort) if there were any tigers like her. The answers, sadly, were almost entirely in the negative.

That was, until the late afternoon, when fruitless searching and the last of the coins from the purse she'd taken from her apartment provided one last possible clue.

"Oh yeah, I'm pretty sure I've seen a guy with stripes like yours on the East Burrough," a squawky pigeon woman said. She was surprisingly cute, with her little beak, bright blue eyes, and little petite feathered body. But Sabrina was soon realising that women - even human ones she thought of occasionally in her head - held no attraction to her anymore. The thought of an alpha male tiger, on the other hand . . .

"Thank you so much!" Sabrina said, casting that thought aside yet again. "Can you tell me how to reach it from here?"

"Oh, it's a long while! About twenty blocks, I'm sorry to say. But if you follow this road . . ."

She gave her directions several times so Sabrina wouldn't forget it, and then the new tigress was off. It was as if suddenly, knowing there was a possibility of finding another like her, that a quest marker from a video game turned on for her. She instantly knew the general direction she had to go, as if guided by destiny, or the Great Cat God.

"Tyger, tyger, burning bright!" she exclaimed as she ran. She was a short distance runner, much like tigers themselves, but she was even able to go to all fours, which evidently was not a total social faux pas: a number of frog men and women did the same on the other side of the street.

"Need to find a hot male tiger - I mean just a male tiger! I mean just a tiger!"

She continued forward, reassuring herself that this wasn't about the tingling in her loins, or her increasing need to mate, or the excitement she suddenly felt at the prospect of seeing and even feeling a male of her new kind. No, this was just about finding a more permanent residence, perhaps even pleading with her fellow tiger folk, in order to get a bearing on her new life.

Nothing more.

She continued on the long path towards where perhaps the last male tiger in the city was located. At least, she hoped he was the last male tiger. The thought of there being a *choice* making her feel funny in ways that the former male didn't quite appreciate, yet couldn't stop thinking about.

The East Burrough was a thriving hub of construction, enough to instantly dim Sabrina's hopes. She was pinning a lot on at least finding some security with another supposedly rare member of her kind, and from their hatching some plan or researching some way to escape back her world, and hopefully her former body.

"Excuse me, have you seen a male tiger? Looks like me, I think, only a man?"

"Excuse me, can I just ask you a question? I'm looking for a male tiger!"

"Hello, have you seen a tiger who works in construction around here?"

She asked the questions to whomever she hoped could give her answers, even nearby construction workers. But alas, none seemed able to provide her with much aid. With a grimace on her feline face, she strode about, trying to get the attention of various foreman's putting up new skyscrapers or business lots. One was a male giraffe, and too tall to even hear her from afar.

"Damn herbivores," she muttered to herself. "Wish I could turn you into a steak in this world."

Judging from the number of fish and seafood shops and restaurants about, this particular world of anthros had long since solved their issue of who could eat what, instead of who could eat *whom*. The sight of delicious tuna in a windowsill made her mouth water in excitement, and her fur raised in excitement, ruffling in an usual manner.

"God, I could go for some food, if I weren't apparently so damn broke."

She needed to find this male tiger, and it made her hurry all the more. Losing patience, she made a rash decision that she never would have made as Malcolm: to cross over *in* to a construction site and appeal to the workers directly until they gave her the

information she wanted. With a flick of her tail, she decided upon that course of action. After all, the street boys working the traffic clearly didn't know a thing.

"Hey, you can't go in here!" one rhino called as she entered the tall site of construction for what looked to be a future hotel.

"I'm looking for a tiger who works construction! You find him, I'll leave!"

She barged forth, and soon to her surprise a number of figures were chasing after her. But she was a tigress, and unless there was an anthro-cheetah nearby, she was quicker and more agile than their bulky bodies, especially since a number of them were overweight. She shouted out for who she was looking for, all while someone nearby called out.

"You can't go in there! Stop!"

"I'll stop when I'm good and -"

She froze. The hair on her skin raised, aware that something was about to hit her. She looked up and gasped at the sight of a heavy load of equipment descending speedily towards her via a pulley. She knew in that moment why she couldn't go in. It was a hazard site!

"Shit!" she said. Her instincts took over, and she jumped out of the way, but the large load was too big, and it came close to hitting her. It would have hit her, in fact. Crushed her. Were it not for a powerful body that pushed her to the side and collapsed against her.

"Got you!" the figure said, landing atop her and covering her from the resulting explosion of dust. "You foolish woman, what do you think you're - you're - you're . . ."

Sabrina opened her eyes. She was on her back, and the man who had saved her was atop her, his hands on either side of her body, hovering over her form. The light of the afternoon sun illuminated him brilliantly; his orange-black-white stripes, his fierce blue eyes, his powerful muscles and manly jawline. He was the male tiger she'd been looking for, and he was beyond handsome.

He was *marvellous*. Handsome. Powerful. Hot as hell. Her nipples stiffened, her new tigress pussy moistening in a powerful arousal. It was like just being *near* this very male tiger was making her horny. She swallowed. It was *very* hard to not think about making babies while in the presence of this man.

"You're a tiger," he finally said. "Like me. I thought I was the only one in the city. The only one anywhere near here."

She gulped again, trying to even think of what to say. Though he couldn't be any older than perhaps twenty five, his voice was a deep baritone, with a richness to it that spoke of molasses.

"Are you okay?" he continued. "Can you hear me?"

His eyes briefly wandered to her chest, where a prodigious amount of furry cleavage was showing through her slightly ripped summer dress. Her tail swayed nervously from her left hip.

"I'm - yes! I'm okay! More than okay!" she finally spluttered.

"Who are you? What are you doing here?"

"I'm - I'm Sabrina. I'm a tigress. You're a male tiger."

He grinned slightly. God, what a handsome grin it was, enough to get her new female engine going even more.

"Uh, yes, I'm well aware. It's good to meet you Sabrina. I'm Richard."

She nearly chuckled at that. Richard the Lionheart. It wasn't a tiger, but it wasn't far off in the big cat variety. But her nervousness before his intoxicatingly male form overrode that impulse.

"It's - wow - it's very nice to m-meet you Richard. I was looking for you. I heard there was another tiger working in construction, so I set out this morning and . . ."

His furry eyebrows shot up. "And you came to find me. Wow. How long have you been in the city?"

"Not long," she answered honestly. "I'm about to be kicked out due to rent problems. I thought if I could find another tiger - I wasn't sure if I'd even find one, but . . ."

The words died away as they stared at one another a little longer. He glanced over her form, still positioned over her, and it made her body shiver in anticipation of sex, despite their surrounding context. It was only when a whistle blew nearby, signalling the end of the working day for the construction boys, that both realised that they'd been looking over each other's forms for nearly two minutes. Richard shot to his feet just as Sabrina had that very morning. Standing erect, she could see not only how muscular and powerful he was, but his own thicker tail swirling about behind him. Somehow, she instinctively recognised it was a sign of interest in her, just like the much, well, *pressing* issue in his pants that he was clearly hoping she wouldn't notice, but was finding it difficult to look away from.

"I'm sorry!" he said. "I didn't mean to crowd you. But you could have been killed!"

"Thanks for saving me," she said, jumping to her own feet. Her boobs bounced, and she still wasn't used to that feeling, or having them gazed at by a very attractive male of her new species, either.

"Well, a beautiful woman like yourself deserved to be saved," he said, putting on the charm again. "Look, I'm off work now. I can't believe you ran in here. I'll need to escort you off the premises anyway before security is called. But if what you say is true, maybe I could help you out. For tonight at least. Since you need a place to stay and all."

Sabrina nodded readily. Finally, it had worked out. She had at least some temporary guard against being a homeless kitty on the streets. She rushed to his side and hugged his muscular body, pressing her face against his orange-fluro top.

“Thank you! Thank you! I’m so grateful. I have no idea where to go otherwise.”

Hesitantly, he hugged her back, his strong chest rising and falling with his breath. Her own nipples pressed against the cups of her dress, yearning to rub against his fur and skin. God, this damn body was aroused in his presence.

“That’s okay,” he said. “We tigers got to stick together, right? There’s far too few of us left.”

“Far, far too few,” she said. “I wish there was more.”

But then, those were the words that had gotten her into this mess in the first place.

Richard didn’t live in the city, as it turned out. He was on the outskirts, in a nearby town that was nevertheless quite ‘country’, given it was forty minutes away from the city sprawl itself. It made for a longer ride than expected in his car, and that meant sharing a presence with his intoxicating masculinity. Sabrina had decided that she was right: thanks to the damned Great Cat God, her body was most certainly in a powerful and continual estrus. Occasionally, Richard even sniffed the air, smiled, and tried to adjust himself. Clearly, judging from the way his cock was straining against his work trousers (much as he tried and failed to hide it), he was damned turned on by her too.

They chatted as he drove, talking about all sorts of things. Sabrina was well aware she probably came across as super naive, given how little she knew of Tanarra and other areas of the world, or of her own life. From what she could tell of her apartment that morning though, her life wasn’t too far from her own as a human male, only she didn’t have an obsession with tigers in the same way. No, she had an obsession with tiger *cubs*, and how cute they were. Still, it meant she could bluff her history to him, because it was similar enough to her own past: her parents had died when she was younger, leaving her with little inheritance given their poverty, and so she had strived in education to find a path there, but had never been greatly social. Richard nodded, listened with interest.

“I understand what you’ve been through. The infection wiped out my folks too, may the Sun shine its valiant rays upon them. I got into construction because I was good at it, and the others trust me in running the site when the overseer has other duties. It’s a good living, and a nice profit, but I can’t say I’ve ever really felt like I had company. I’ve always felt alone.”

Sabrina nodded. Hesitantly, she reached out a hand and placed it on his powerful thigh, comforting him. He placed a hand on hers.

"Still, we live and move on, and apparently meet cute tigresses."

"I am not cute."

"Oh, I'm sorry to say you're very cute. I've not done a good job of hiding my reaction on that front. But then, you're the first tigress I've met in years, and the only one near my age, I think."

"I'm twenty two."

"Twenty five, myself. So, you like tiger cubs, did you say?"

She blushed, only not really thanks to her fur. Still, she looked away. Once more that warmth was returning. "Yeah, all my life. I've loved tigers. I mean, cubs. Obviously, I'm a tigress already. But I think the, uh, cubs, are such beautiful creatures. So noble and gorgeous."

Richard smiled, looked at her in that fascinated way. "Do you have any ambition to make any of your own, if you don't mind my asking?"

The new tigress grabbed her tail and stroked it nervously. It was surprisingly quite a good way to soothe her nervousness at being thrust into this strange role and conversation.

"N-not exactly. I mean, I've been told I'd be quite good at it."

"I bet you would. If you'll permit me a little flirting, your hips are unbelievable."

"Oh, uh, thanks. I guess they are pretty nice."

"Much more than pretty. But I'm making you uncomfortable."

"N-no. Not at all."

He waved a paw as he turned a corner. "No, I'm being an asshole. I see a real cute tigress for the first time and I'm suddenly raining down compliments about her body, when you came to *me* asking for help and a place to stay. It's not a good look, and I -"

"No!" she exclaimed, louder than she'd meant to. It was enough for him to briefly look her way before he returned his focus to the road. "I mean, no. It's really not a big deal. It's - it's nice. No one has ever talked about me that way."

His fur rippled with pride. "Well, I mean every word then."

She licked her lips at his form. "You . . . I'm not good at this. You're pretty good looking too. I mean, I was surprised. You're very, very handsome, you know."

He waved another paw as they reached his little town. "Oh, you're just saying that because you're in heat."

She would have died of embarrassment if she could have. She was right!

"I - I mean, I guess I am, but -"

"Don't be embarrassed. I remember Da telling me a tiger can always smell a tigress in heat. It's certainly got me in a fuss right now. Don't worry, I'm not an idiot. You'll have your own space. I've got a lovely spare room you can use and I'll be at the other end of the house. We'll be able to avoid driving each other mad while still working out how to get you back on those lovely feet of yours."

He pulled into the garage and got out of the car. He opened her door and let her through to his house. Sabrina had gone silent. Was estrus that normal in this world that it could be discussed openly? Evidently, anthros in Tanarra simply had to work around and deal with such issues of libido and lust. Still, his manly scent invaded her more sensitive nostrils, making it difficult to ignore.

"Welcome to my humble abode, Sabrina," he said.

He gave her the quick tour. It was not a bad place, really. Apparently he'd snapped it up in a smart deal and was still paying it off, but it had two spare bedrooms and a hobby room too, as well as his own master bedroom. It had fixer upper elements, but was far better than she'd had that morning, or indeed as a human man.

"Your place is amazing," she marvelled.

"Thanks," he beamed. "I'll show you to your room. We can organise you some clothes as well, since you don't have anything else."

She sagged, realising she'd left it all behind. "Yeah, that would be great."

"And I'll do what I can to find you a good employment agency. After all, a cat always lands on her feet, right?"

She nodded, feeling more comforted by the moment by his presence.

"And if you need anything, especially food -"

"Fish!" she cried. "I'd love fish, if possible. I can cook it. I'm actually a really good cook."

It was true. She'd lived on her own a long time, and that kind of living either produced someone who *only* heated pre-made meals, or got *really* into making food for themselves. Thankfully, she was the latter.

"Well, okay then!" he said jovially. "I won't lie, I'm not the best cook. Been living on my own too long."

"Amateur," she said playfully, sliding past him. Without even meaning to, her tail curled across his waist suggestively. She looked away and went straight to the kitchen before he got any ideas.

"Can I help?"

"I'll figure it out! Your kitchen looks pretty easy to sort out. You just rest your feet up and I'll get working on it all."

"Ha!" he laughed. "You'll make a tiger one very happy husband one day."

It was a joke, but once more the rather exciting image popped into her head, driven forth by her instincts, her new body, and the feminine hormones rushing through her tigress body. An image of her plump with cubs, no longer being alone, but instead helping bring a resurgence of tiger kind as a gorgeous and deeply pregnant tigress wife. And this time, she imagined *Richard* as the tiger husband. She giggled in an embarrassed fashion, before setting to work.

As she began to put together a delightful fish pasta, Richard watched her in amazement. She could feel his eyes upon her, and before she even knew what she was doing, she was starting to put herself in a variety of rather . . . suggestive poses. She let her dress show more of her furred cleavage, and tightened it so that the outline of her full E-cups were easily displayed. She swayed her hips rather obviously as she cooked, bending over to open and close the oven at regular intervals as she prepared some fish bites on the side. It had the effect of letting her wonderfully curvy ass stretch the back of her dress, her tail lifting up to give him a good view.

"Holy cowperson," Richard said, astonished.

She turned, a little more demurely than intended, and fluttered her eyes at him. "What is it?"

"Nothing. It's just - I'm sorry, I have to say it. You really do look gorgeous."

"I bet you say that to all the tigress girls."

"Only the ones as beautiful as you, and that's a sample size of one, Sabrina."

She grinned, canines bared rather adorably, before turning back to the meal. Her mind was on fire with lust. She could barely believe what she was doing. Over and over the thought pervaded her: what the hell am I doing? Why am I flirting with this guy? *I'm* meant to be a guy, but this pussy's *pussy* is fucking *aching* to have him.

At that particular thought, she squeaked.

"This is all that Cat God's fault," she mumbled to herself. "I'm meant to be a straight guy, not some furry tigress who's in fucking heat for a guy I've only just met."

But he was a kind man, and a deeply handsome one too. And despite her overly familiar command for him to rest up, like he was her husband and she his submissive, sexy wife, he instead got up and sorted out her mattress and bed for the night, making sure the sheets were fresh, and organising with a friend for her stuff to be picked up from her

apartment and brought here. It was really very sweet. Almost romantic. Like a first date that was entirely unintentional, and yet simmered every closer towards something *passionate*.

It came as a relief when the food was ready. She served it up with ease, urging Richard to take a seat. She even retrieved a beer from the fridge for him, before getting a glass of water for herself and sitting opposite to her. She sat there, fidgeting with her tail, oddly nervous as to how he would enjoy it. The tiger man took a bite, and froze.

"Is it that bad?" she ventured to ask.

"It's - it's amazing! By the Sun, how did you cook this so well? You're an artist!"

She grinned sheepishly. "I've always been good at cooking."

"Good? I'll say! This is *great!*"

He gulped down further bites, washing them down with a cool drink of beer.

"I can comfortably say your meals are something else, Sabrina. By the Sun, would you be willing to make another tomorrow, if you choose to stay around? I'll happily foot the bill for your time and effort."

She giggled. "No need for that. I'm happy to do it, actually. I just need to get used to all this fur, and not having my ingredients stain it."

He raised an eyebrow, but otherwise took the comment as normal. Soon, the two of them were laying into the food, and she was grateful for her own skill too: she really was ravenous. Of course, being opposite this well-muscled male tiger anthro only served to give her the sight of him tearing into his food like a predator. Like an alpha male of the animal kingdom. And it was triggering animal impulses in her. She tried to push them down again, but this time her primal heat wasn't having it. Once they'd finished and rinsed down the food with further drink, there was a moment of satisfied silence, and they withdrew to the warmth of the living room, where Richard had set the fireplace going. Its dancing flames bathed the room in gorgeous tones of flickering orange and yellow, illuminating his best features. The silence returned as they sat on the couch together, the unbearable tension of their mutual attraction becoming greater by the second. Finally, Sabrina broke against it, and spoke.

"Do you want children?" she asked him. The question had been on her snout before she'd even realised what she was asking.

He paused. "Why do you ask?"

"It's just . . . it's hard to explain, but there's so few tigers where I come from. Here too, really."

"All across Tanarra."

"And beyond," she said mysteriously. "And I made a vow, to do anything to help bring back their numbers. Anything."

"Really?" he asked, moving a little closer. Her more sensitive nostrils took in his divine, manly musk.

Sabrina nodded. "And . . . it's crazy, but my wish was sort of granted, I guess. But I'm still sort of nervous to go through with it, even though my body just freakin' craves it. I can't make up my mind, and even after meeting you and then you being so sweet and kind and sexy, it's like I can't decide whether to run to my room or . . ."

Richard shifted further towards her on the couch, looming over her in a powerfully dominating way. Her nipples throbbed, all eight of them, but the two atop her big breasts most of all.

"Or what?" he asked, though it was clear he knew the answer.

"Or give in," Sabrina breathed. "Give in to this want, and let that wish come true, even if it's so sudden. Even if it means my life will change forever. Even if it means staying here for good."

Things were moving so fast, and yet the more she teased at what her instincts were telling her to become, the more they rewarded her with that tingle of satisfaction. That drive to become this man's sexy tigress wife, and bear his cubs. Her heart beat faster and faster, and her breath quickened. Her tail shifted slowly from side to side, curling towards him, as if beckoning him even closer.

"I'd like you to stay, Sabrina," he said. "For the night. Maybe longer. As long as you want."

She took a sharp intake of breath. He was so fucking close. His fur looked so soft, its pattern so vibrant.

"I w-want that," she stuttered.

Another shift closer, so that he now was pressing against her, her left breasts squashed slightly by his muscles beneath his casual top.

"And I think you want me," he said. "Don't you?"

There was no resisting him. Sabrina had searched him out, travelled with him with the intent of having a place to stay, of hopefully changing back. But now, in this moment, she realised the folly of it all. Her wet tunnel needed to be filled by this man. She needed to be fucked, to be *mounted and mated* like the gorgeous momma tiger she was now destined to be. The Great Cat God had set her on this path, but the excruciating arousal of her body in the presence of this alpha tiger would be what finally sent her over the edge. She didn't even try to hold back anymore. Her defences were shattered, and the raging inferno of lust within her made her happy that they were shattered.

"Yes!" she cried, pressing her body further against his, "I want that. Oh, God, I want that."

"God?" he asked, confused.

"I mean, er, by the Sun! I want that! I want y-you! I can't f-freakin' fight it."

He nipped her neck playfully, causing her to purr with pleasure. "That's the heat in you."

"Mmhm - n-no! Not just the heat! I want this! I want to make tigers! I want to help them - and I know, somehow, that you're the one to do it. I c-can't explain it. It sounds so strange, but I - ahh - feel it!"

He grasped her breasts in his paws, kneading them beneath the dress, then helping her pull that very same dress off. Her large chest wobbled heavily, her furry rack looking absolutely stacked to her view, and likely to his. Her nipples were distended, practically throbbing with desire to be ministered to.

"Sun, you're perfect," Richard marvelled. "I feel the same way too, Sabrina. I can't explain it, either. It's just like - like we're *meant* to be together! I've wanted a long time to meet a female of my own kind, a tigress who would not only love me, and be attracted to me, but would bear my cubs. And then, suddenly, you arrive right at my workplace, the most beautiful tigress I ever could have imagined, with such wide cub-bearing hips and full feeding breasts. And ever since the first moment I saw you just earlier today I've wanted to mount you. To fill you with my young."

She moaned in utter, unbelieving arousal. Every word he was saying filled her body with yet further need.

"Oohhhh . . . that s-sounds sooo good. I don't know why, it's all so crazy. But I want that so bad."

He kissed her, his snout against hers, his hot breath against her face. "Then let's make it a reality Sabrina. Let us save tiger kind, together."

Any final resistance snapped away. She was submissive to him, yielding to the pleasures he promised, and the promise of being filled with his cubs. The idea of getting pregnant, with little furry cubs no less, was utterly foreign to her, and yet it made no difference to the need that her womb was transmitting to her brain. She simply *had* to be fucked, *had* to have his seed to take root inside her, *had* to have his litter. And have it NOW.

"Mount me," she whispered. It was barely audible, but with his excellent cat's hearing, the male anthro tiger obviously heard it all, because in moment's he was removing every article of his clothing even as she removed what remained of hers. He kissed and bit and nipped at her, never drawing blood, but clearly showing an aggressive control of the

intercourse. Which suited her just fine! Particularly given that he was running his paws across her form, making her moan seductively as he displayed his strength and dominance.

"You are such a fine tigress," Richard said, growling in anticipation of the act to come. "I've wanted this from the moment I pushed you out of the way."

"Mhmm . . . I wanted it too. I just tried to deny it!"

"But not for long."

He grasped her breasts, caressing their firm yet supple flesh. They had flattened only slightly as she was pushed to her back, but were no less jiggly. She whimpered as he stroked their most sensitive parts, particularly as he squeezed and pulled her nipples lightly, sending little jabs of pleasure to her core. She cried out, panting, as he squeezed her furry ass, ran his paws across her hips. From a great furry sheath, an enormous cock slowly slid forth. Her eyes widened at the sight of it. It was long, and thick, and bestial. And it was *huge*. She briefly trembled, wondering how it could ever fit inside her. But her curiosity, like that of any cat, was too strong to resist.

"In m-me," she groaned. "Put it in me already, I can't stand it!"

"Not here," he said, speaking as if it were an order. "On the bed. I want you *scnt* upon it."

It was, somehow, the sexiest words she'd ever heard spoken. With one great heft, the tiger man lifted her up, hauling her to the bedroom, slung across her shoulder as if she were a conquest. As polite and kind and sweet as he had been before, it was clear that he was the alpha when it came to sex, and wanted her to know.

"So f-fucking hot," she moaned as he set her down. He turned her, kissing at her neck, and his strong arms encircled her body so that he could grasp and grope and squeeze her bountiful breasts once more. The various nipples along her belly tingled. To her delight, he did not neglect these either, stroking them with such passion and care that she was certain he had done this before, though likely not with a tigress.

"You are a goddess," he growled. "I have never seen such beauty, Sabrina. I want you more than I have wanted anything. Did you truly mean it before, about bearing my cubs?"

She nodded meekly, lost in pleasure, barely able to make out his words.

"I d-do. I wasn't s-sure. But meeting you, f-feeling you. I want you to mount me like your mate. I want to get pregnant with your babies. I want to bring the tigers back, with you."

Another ravishing series of kisses, a loving stroke of her tail. "I had a strange feeling meeting you, Sabrina, as if this was meant to be. Now I know it's true. Let's make cubs together."

With that, he carefully positioned her so that she was against the bed, her ass stuck up into the air, her tail waving in excitement. Her large breasts were slightly off the surface of the bed, allowing Richard, with his greater height, to reach and play with them. But her own bulging feminine sex, she knew, was open to him to take her from behind. Like a submissive mate. Like an animal in heat.

"Ohhhhhhh yessssss," she moaned, relishing that thought alone. "Do it! Put your cubs in me! Make me pregnant with your litters!"

"I think I love you already, Sabrina," he said. And then before she could reply, he entered her. Sabrina took a sharp intake of breathe as his thorny cock parted her folds. It was, thankfully, not the painful experience of what earth-cats like, far more like human sexual matters, in fact. But it meant that she was being truly penetrated. She gave a low, husky growl as his cock slid deeper and deeper, parting her wet walls. Sabrina had never before imagined what it would be like to be filled in this way, and it was truly alien in sensation. But good. Truly good.

"NNghhhh! S-so big!"

"So I've been told. I'm nearly all the way there."

"N-nearly!?"

Another thrust, and he entered all the way, nearly causing her to collapse from a premature orgasm. But she rallied, feeling the fullness of his cock within her. In that very moment, she felt joy in her submissiveness, in being taken by her alpha. Her male mate. She wanted him to fuck her like the anthro animal she now was. He did exactly that mere moments later.

He thrust, fucking her from behind, taking her like the dominant male he was. She pushed her hips back against him, already addicted to his huge cock, allowing it to slide ever more deeply into her moist pussy, before sliding back out almost the entire way, before ramming all the way back in again. She whimpered, groaned, moaned, and cried out.

"Yesss! Oh, God - I mean, Sun! - Yes! This f-feels so f-fucking good! I can't b-believe I never wanted - ahhh! - this!"

"I've been single f-far too long, Sabrina. You are extraordinary. I'm t-trying not to c-come too soon."

She shook her head, shaking with ecstasy as he cupped her dangling breasts and pinched her fat, sensitive nipples. He slid in again, and her tail wiped against his face, writhing in pleasure.

"Just c-come! I c-can't stand it! I need you to c-come inside me and make me p-pregnant with your cubs!"

“By the son, I want you p-pregnant!”

More thrusting, more pleasure. The pair rose and rose, and soon it truly was unbearable for Sabrina. She'd not experienced much in the way of sex, but as the previously dominant partner she'd had no idea how much better it was to be the submissive one, fucked like she belonged to her mate. Like she was *owned* by him. That image appeared in her head again, of her being a beautiful wife to this tiger man, always pregnant with his young, always cooking him meals, always raising their children and attending to him in bed, and it drove her wild.

“I n-need that f-future! I want it! I w-want my w-wisht to come t-truuuuuuuee!
NNGHHH! OHHHHHHH!!!”

Her body exploded. An orgasm swept through her from her pussy to her breasts, from the ends of her fingers all the way to the tips of her toes. She briefly went silent, until a loud tiger growl escaped from her throat. It was quickly paired by Richard's: his body seized against her backside, his huge cock stiffened within her, throbbed a little, then shot its seed deep into her womb. It spurted again and again, expelling more of his hot, sticky, wonderfully life-giving substance than she could have thought his balls could have handled. Just the experience of it caused another orgasm to rip through her, then a third, then a final fourth and fifth, which were like the aftershocks of a mighty earthquake to her.

Finally, she collapsed upon the bed, him still standing, still with his huge dick inside her pussy, but the two of them panting heavily. After a time, he slid out of her, eliciting a whimpering gasp from the former human male. Richard flopped onto the bed beside her, and easily pulled her against him, so that she was the little spoon to his mighty alpha male big spoon. They purred together, their tails intertwining romantically, both of them savouring the afterevent of their coupling. Some of his semen leaked onto the fur between her legs, so she crossed them, willing as much of his seed to stay inside her as possible.

After all, the Great Cat God had left her mightily fertile, and it would be a shame not to finally admit that she was embracing this new life, right?

“You enjoyed that, my tigress?” Richard asked.

She nestled against him, rubbing her peachy and furry ass against his crotch.

“Mhmmm, more than you could have imagined.”

“Do you think it will take? Do you think you'll be . . .”

She grinned, turned a little to nudge her wet nose lovingly against his. “I know it sounds crazy, but . . . yes. It will take. I think it's taking right now. Don't ask me how I know. I think I'm just a very, very fertile tigress. A good thing, too.”

“Oh?” he remarked, cupping her breast with his paw.

"Well, you're going to give me a lot of litters, I suspect. Big ones, too. Again, don't ask me how I know, but I just feel it: I'm incredibly fertile, and if you really want to make cubs with me, I suspect I'll be pregnant more often than not."

His dick stiffened a little against her, and she rubbed her ass against it, savouring the feeling.

"And you want that life?"

"Mhmm, I do. It's my destiny, I think."

"We'll have to get married, in that case. Pretty quickly, if you really are pregnant."

"Of course," she replied, running high and embracing her new future. "I'll have to be your tigress wife. It's only proper. I can raise our many, many kids while you support us, and between us we can play one part in returning our kind."

"By the Sun, where did you come from to give me such a wonderful future?"

She turned, shifted so that she could press her furry chest against his, kissing him lovingly. "I just dropped in, I guess. Made the right wish. And now, it's time to make them all come true."

She stroked his cock with her paw, and it hardened further.

"I thought you said our mating had already succeeded?"

She grinned mischievously, staring into his bright blue eyes.

"I did. But it doesn't hurt to try again, does it? And besides, if I'm to be your submissive little wife, then I think my future husband should show me just how much he loves me like that."

In just a few minutes, they were going at it all over again. And if the first time didn't get her pregnant, then the second time definitely did.

And the third. And the fourth. And the fifth.

And so on and so forth, for many, many days afterwards.

Sabrina's face lit up as her husband returned from work. As always, he looked very ruggedly handsome, his fur ruffled and slightly matted with dust, his muscles prominently displayed from a good day of running the construction site. He in turn beamed.

"My darling wife! You look radiant!"

She chuckled from the carpeted floor, where she was laying on her side. "Good to know, because I *feel* like a whale at the moment. I swear this batch are all for sports, they're kicking up a storm inside me!"

She gestured to her bloated belly, which was openly on display. She was topless, wearing only a set of shorts for the warm weather but otherwise naked. She was huge, and the reason for that was because they had recently been shocked to learn that she was pregnant with not triplets or even quadruplets, but *quintuplets*. A litter of five little cubs, squirming and writhing within her, just two months away from being born. It had left her belly positively enormous, dominating her figure, and her breasts were beyond E-cups now, being perpetually full F-cups that were perpetually full of milk. The nipples along her belly were the same. While they didn't produce the amount of milk her breasts did, their nipples were likewise large and ready to receive hungry mouths.

Which they did. Constantly, including at that very moment.

"I'd get up," she said with a smirk, "only I'm a little tied down by the young'uns.

Sabrina gestured to the eight adorable cubs of varying ages who were all attached to her at that moment, one on each of her eight nipples, with an older pair feeding from her chest. She felt a bit like a sow sometimes, lying on her side so that her excessive amount of babies could suckle at her, extracting the milk they needed, even as her body was heated by the internal furnace that was her womb, always making more.

Richard drew close, leaned down to kiss her passionately.

"You are an amazing mother," he said. "It never fails to amaze me what your body is capable of."

"Yeah, it's a milking station."

"It's a temple of life."

She looked away, trying not to smile too much. Her pregnancy hormones always made her emotional, in the best of ways.

"Okay kids, that's enough feeding anyway. Don't you hear your dad's voice? Kids! Young ones! Dad is home!"

"DAD! DAD!!"

Numerous other cubs that were elsewhere around the house came streaming out of their rooms towards their father.

"Get him!" Sabrina laughed, indicating that if *she* was having to be covered in kids, *he* should get a taste too. Richard made a mock gasp of horror as their eldest children play-pushed him to the ground and began swarming him. He 'fought' them off, holding them up in the air one by one, but in the end he lay defeated, covered by them just as she was. He reached out a hand even as Gail and Marcus began demanding lifts, and placed it on a spare patch of her belly, where the last of their cubs were suckling away.

“So amazing,” he said. “I never thought I’d ever see so many of my kind again, and now my gorgeous wife can’t stop making them.”

“I don’t *want* to stop making them,” she replied, placing her hand on his. “It’s hard work, I’m constantly tired, and I swear I’ve got gallons of milk coming out of me some days, but I wouldn’t give it up for the world. I got my wish, my wonderful husband.”

It was true. While there had been initial confusions and occasional struggles at realising that she had truly consigned herself to a life of breeding anthro tiger cubs into the world, in the end she was truly satisfied by her life. She was a housewife - how could she not be, with so many kids around to feed? - and loved it dearly. Every day she made meals for her husband, took care of her babies, cleaned and cared for the house. And, of course, continued to grow their litters inside her belly.

It was her fourth pregnancy in as many years. Not even quite four full years, in fact. The Great Cat God had not been lying when it had told her that she would be hyper fertile and capable of getting very fecund. That first night had indeed done the deed, getting her pregnant immediately. The pair, once she began experiencing sore boobs and tiredness and morning sickness just a month later, had decided on a quick marriage. They had fallen for each other, and Sabrina loved his carefree nature that contrasted his masculine dominance in the bedroom. It made her want to be his pregnant, submissive housewife for life, and she had been devoted to that goal ever since. In fact, being a tigress who didn’t need shoes, she often made the little joke to herself that she was often ‘barefoot, pregnant, and in the kitchen.’

Of course, getting pregnant with triplets came as a shock. She knew the word ‘litter’ had its connotations, and thankfully anthro-tigresses didn’t make as many babies in one go as, say, a house cat would. Indeed, her pregnancies seemed to match those of earth tigers for the most part. But still, it was a confronting thing to have not one or even two lives, but *three* growing within her. She bloated up quickly, as did her breasts, but while adjusting to what would prove to be a continual state for her had its challenges, Richard was there for her. He was gallant and caring, and made it clear that as her maternal curves set in, she was even more sexy to him now while pregnant with their little cubs. It made for a lot of tail-curling sex, that was for sure.

In the end, she’d give birth. It made her thankful for her baby-making hips, because while it had its struggles and pains, they were relatively ‘easy’ births, though she’d smack her husband on the tail if he ever claimed as such. Her milk came in quickly, and ever since that day she’d been breastfeeding her adorable cubs. Gail and Marcus and Julia, were their

names. Two girls and a boy. She was happy to know that she would not be outnumbered as a woman in the family.

The next pregnancy came less than two months later. Her body healed remarkably quickly, enough so that she could go running again as long as her big furry boobs were well-supported. It was a great way to lose her hairy belly pudge, and enjoy her cat-like reflexes and enhanced agility. She'd continued to keep what muscles she could maintain during pregnancy, lifting weights and doing her squats. After all, Richard did so *love* her cute female muscles, especially how they contrasted with her hyperfeminine, feline form. But alas, it was not to last: her body craved pregnancy too much, and she fell back into estrus seemingly at the drop of a hat. One night she was putting the kids to bed, making up dinner for her husband, and falling exhaustively to sleep alongside him, and the next she was doing all that with an immense impatience, drinking in his scent and needing more than anything to be fucked full of Richard's cubs all over again.

"Mhmmm m-more! I need more cubs! I want to be full with your seed again, husband! Give me more cubs! PLEASE!!"

"If you insist," he said with a grin. "I want to see you full with a litter all over again."

He fucked her, this time her on her back, scratching his lightly with her claws, as he thrust his cock into her hungry pussy. They continued to be just as ravenous for each other for the next week or two, by which point her pregnancy was just an obvious assumption at that point. And it was. Another set of triplets arrived nine months later. Then a pair of quads. And now, bloated and full of cubs and feeling tired and exhausted and *utterly blessed* to be so bountiful with life, she was pregnant with quintuplets.

"Okay, okay," she said, detaching her last little cub - Ruby - onto the carpet carefully. "Time to get up and make the family dinner. Maybe my husband can help his incredibly pregnant wife to her feet? I can't exactly jump to them, now."

"As you wish," he said, "though I do love the sight of you on the floor."

She blew him a kiss. "Later," she promised, whispering as he drew near. "We can practice for the next lot."

With his incredible strength, he easily lifted her, an act that made her shiver in pleasure. She held his arm a few seconds longer than necessary.

"Just admiring," she noted, before kissing him on the lips. "I love how big and strong and *manly* my husband is."

"And he loves his wife in every way," he replied, holding her belly, though his glance fell on her very full chest.

"Later as well," she winked. "I'm still a bit full there, and I need my man to sort his submissive babymama out."

"FOOD! WE WANT FOOD!"

The cry came, predictably, from Marcus and Gail, who were thick as thieves and grinning with mischievousness.

Sabrina rolled her eyes. "Duty calls! Thank Go - the Sun that we got a bigger house, huh? The dinner tables alone . . ."

"I'll take care of the little ones," Richard said, bundling up several of the now-sleeping babies.

Sabrina waddled to the kitchen, and began preparing a large meal. With a smirk, she realised fully half of it would probably go to her. After all, she was eating for six. Her tail flicked happily behind her as she began to work away, now more than used to being this submissive anthro tigress. She stroked her belly as several of her cubs kicked within, and it made her giggle.

"Calm down in there! Mama will feed you too, don't worry!"

It was just wonderful to be bearing this burden. To be not just helping restore tigers - even if they were anthro tigers - to the world, but to actually be the one blessed with birthing them. After a brief rocky start, she now thanked the Great Cat God everyday for what it had done for her. She made a silent promise each night, in the hopes the being was listening, that she would birth as many cubs as truly possible before her fertility ended. She had a feeling that number would be very high indeed, but she was more than mentally ready for it. Especially since Richard was only making more and more these days as he rose in his construction company, and also because he was such a magnificent father.

And lover, she thought with another giggle. Her womanhood tingled with arousal, but she ignored it. Food first, then babies to bed, then a whole lot of loving pregnancy sex. The man certainly knew his way around a pregnant tigress' body. The old poem came back to her, back when she'd been an ordinary, lonely human man who never could have dreamed of this world and current life. With a bit of amusement, she thought of the new lyrics that would better describe her new existence.

"Tygress, Tygress, burning bright; serving up the dinner tonight; what immortal hand or eye; could dare frame thy blissful fecundity?"

Jessica loved visiting the zoo. The tigers always made her a little sad though. The college student was well into her degree on animal studies and eco-conservatism, but the knowledge that these noble beasts had so few numbers remaining saddened her. Yes, they were recovering, but were they fast enough? She sighed, gazing at those gorgeous Bengals, wishing she could do something to help them.

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

She couldn't know it, but the Great Cat God was listening nearby. It had watched Sabrina silently in that other world, greatly pleased by her efforts and gravity, but another problem had been raised. She was birthing so many cubs that when they came of age, they'd have no other tigers or tigresses to mate with themselves! Not wanting to end up with a world of bachelor tigers and tigresses that simply died out again, the powerful being had returned to where it had found Malcolm, and waited patiently for another who might also add to the renewal of anthro tigers in that other world.

And now, it had found someone. Someone who could help bear a similar burden to Sabrina, though perhaps from the other end. There was a lovely young tigress across the continent in Tanarra, largely unknown, and she was of childbearing age. And now, this Jessica wished aloud to be able to help? The mischievous god grinned. She *would* help. She would help far more than she knew, though it doubted the human female realised that once she agreed to help, she wouldn't just be aiding the renewal of tigers, but instead *siring* them in the land of Tanarra.

With that grin still on its celestial features, it appeared before Jessica as she walked away from the enclosure.

“I heard your wish, human. How would you like to help rebirth tigers into the world?”

The End