

Learning to be a Lioness (Man to Anthro Lionesses TG Preg)

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Cade is an adventurous and spontaneous young man in search of adventure. While exploring the savannas of Africa, he stumbles upon a hidden civilisation of lion-folk. Unfortunately for Cade, they don't want their secret out. They don't plan to kill him, however in fact, they'd much rather he helped increase their numbers. Of course, Cade doesn't quite realise he wouldn't be playing the man's role in this scenario until it's too late.

Learning to be a Lioness

It was appropriate I'm in Africa, Cade thought. After all, my name is Cade Sphinx. I've already seen the real things in Egypt, and now I can see the lions they were inspired by out here on the plains.

Cade stared out across the great savannah, admiring the plains beyond. They were vibrant places, far more colourful and varied than he'd imagined they would be, and utterly teeming with life. The twenty-one year old had always loved nature and wildlife, and so when he'd come into a bit of spare cash when a distant relative passed away, he leapt at the chance to finally go exploring the world as he'd always wanted. Some of his friends thought he was being far too spontaneous. Others had poorer estimations.

"Cade, no offence, but you'll be taken advantage of. I love you man, but you're a total nerd and way too kind-hearted to be wandering around by yourself in countries where bribery is the norm and dangerous poachers exist."

Well, shows what they knew! I've had nothing but good experiences! Mind, I shouldn't be ungrateful. They were just looking out for me.

He cringed a bit, thinking about how maybe his friends *had* been a little right. There was that incident with the bridge guard back in Cairo where he didn't realise he had to pay up some extra cash. Oh, and more than one individual had warned him that travelling the savanna solo - even if you managed to get the permit - was not a good idea. But he'd hired the jeep anyway, wanting to be one with nature and not be tethered to a guide who would ruin the ambience.

"And it's so worth it," he said to himself, admiring the view before him. Wild herds of zebra moved across the plain, and hippos drank and bathed themselves in the cool waters of the swollen river that ran through the warm land. In the distance, he could even see big cats - lions - resting in the sun, unwilling to hunt for now, but certainly projecting all the power that the kings and queens of the natural landscape were deserving of.

“Just amazing,” he said. Part of Cade felt he should have taken a camera, but that would defeat the point. He didn’t even have his regular phone, just a cheap burner. When he wanted to get away, he *really* wanted to get away. It wasn’t worth being half-assed about it, and besides, this was the kind of adventure that would leave him blooming with creativity when he returned home. He liked to paint scenes and write short stories in his spare time, and this kind of new experience would flood him with the necessary ideas to keep going.

Not to mention, it’s leaving me pretty fit.

Despite being quite the arty nerd, he was a full six feet in height, and his adventures had left him with a lithe yet athletic build. He scratched at his dirty blonde hair, casting his blue eyes across the horizon to where the savanna thickened into a jungle space, complete with rocky formations and walls.

“Well, I *have* to check *that* out,” he said to himself. He wandered back to his jeep and consulted his map briefly.

Hmm. I’m already way, way far off course. I was perhaps a bit too spontaneous in going this far out. If I get in trouble, they’ll never find me in a million years. Perhaps I should.

. .

He looked back to that jungle-filled cleft in the rock at the edge of the horizon. There was something strange about it, something enticing. It reminded him of old adventure films with action archaeologists, where danger and treasure and knowledge awaited. He could feel that there was something to find over there, even if just a place to be fully surrounded by nature, away even from the jeep.

But it could be dangerous. Perhaps I could come back tomorrow and . . . nah! I need to see.

Besides, he always had been a little spontaneous.

Up close, the rocky formations were much larger than he had assumed. They stretched out like mighty sunbaked walls, red rock that had lain there for thousands of years or longer. In many ways, Cade Sphinx felt like he was looking up at a great castle, the entrance before him leading to a grand interior. He had no idea what was on the other side other than thick jungle, and the walls - far reaching as these vertical rocks were - obscured just how wide and vast said jungle would be.

“Exactly how I like it, all mysterious,” he said aloud. He hefted his backpack and began trekking up to the entrance, which was a vast natural arch of the same red rock. He’d hoped to park the jeep up here, but he’d had to actually leave it over a mile away from where he was now on account of the cracked ground and fields of boulders he hadn’t noticed from

a distance earlier. As such, all he had with him was some good, his burner phone, a torch and water bottle, as well as light camping gear. Very light.

Even if I don't stay here long, this should be all worth it.

That was his thought as he entered into the jungle beyond. The sight that greeted him was intense and colourful; a vibrant green space that seemed to teem with life. Birds made their love songs and wild pigs and antelope scurried from his presence. The grass was thick, and he couldn't see very far ahead before the trees clustered. With just a minor bit of trepidation, Cade pressed on. He wanted to discover. He wanted to find something transformative.

He had no idea just how transformative his experience was about to become.

Cade began to suspect he was being watched after two hours of exploration. He had travelled deep into this nestled jungle sight, and been absolutely astounded by the numerous caves, natural enclosures, and hidden passages and chasms that existed within it. The jungle itself wasn't altogether large, though it would still take over a day to traverse if it were mere flat land, from what he could gather. But the geography of the sites made it four or even five times as large as what an eagle eye view would show. Enormous trees linked in great chains while rugged mountain passes provided entire ecosystems unto themselves. Deep lakes teemed with fish, with numerous mammals and lizards gathered around them. And, because this was still in a savannah, there were also impressive dry stretches with flowing golden grass and great herds upon them. It was beautiful, that was certain, but Cade had that uncanny feeling following him, telling him that he was not alone. It was the silence at times, the unnatural rustle in the trees at others. More than once he actually stepped past a posed animal carcass, largely uneaten, and had the unfounded sense that it been placed there to ward him or someone else off.

Don't be stupid Cade. No one's trying to scare you off. You're just not used to being so totally isolated. Keep going, and see what you see.

He admired more of the birds in the trees, keeping positive as he continued on.

And then he found something astonishing.

"No way," he said, dropping his backpack so he could run ahead. "That's impossible."

There was a civilisation right before him, built into the bedrock of the reddened caves and linking up to the trees. There was no modern technology in view, but there were crude shade cloths, cooking pots over dying fires, cave paintings and tree symbols, along with what looked to be a collection of spears and bows and arrows. There were even idols of a

kind, carved from stone with nearby semi-complex tools. they resembled great lion heads, and indeed lion symbology was everywhere, from the paintings to the runic inscriptions to the warrior masks hanging from solid posts.

“There's some kind of tribal or lost civilisation out here,” Cade said, scratching his dirty blond hair. “But then, where are they?”

He was quickly given an answer, though it was not one he ever could have guessed.

What the fuck - are those costumes? No, they're . . . oh God, this can't be happening!

Cade screamed. He had always been fairly brave - one had to in order to travel a huge swathe of the world alone - but there was no other logical reaction. Emerging from the treelines like mythic creatures of the past was an enormous pride of lions. At least, that's what he thought they were at first, until he realised they were *walking on two legs and wearing crude clothing*. Indeed, like ancient shamans they bore trinkets and necklaces and worn bone from conquests and kills. They carried clubs and sharpened weapons and spear, and they moved as humans did, albeit with stances that were far, far more predatorial.

“Oh God, please don't kill me!” he cried, holding up his hands. Cade tried to make himself small, a task that was fairly easy: the lion-men had vast bulk and incredible muscle. They possessed the same colouring of the fur as the regular lion prides of the savannah, but their faces were a little more humanoid: less broad and more typical for a bipedal body, but just as dangerous in the maw. Their manes were braided and tied to various bones and trinkets also, giving them a fearsome tribal appearance. Their hands were part way between humanoid digits and lion's paws, but one thing was clear: they had *claws*. Sharp ones that would make them deadly even without their weapons, and the same was true of their feet as well, which had a more digitigrade stance.

“I - I didn't mean to trespass!” Cade exclaimed, backing up. He was surrounded, and more and more of the lion-men were appearing from the trees, the caves, and the grasslands beyond. Not just lion-men either, but lion-women too. They were more lithe, without manes just like lionesses, and he couldn't help but notice that they possessed a line of several pairs of breasts down their torso, numbering eight. The upper pairs were more like regular human breasts in size, albeit lightly furred, while the lower ones were barely distended, identifiable only by the dark nipples. Even among the insanity and horror of this situation, it caught Cade's curiosity.

The things you focus on when you're about to die, he thought, as the great leader of the lion-men lurched forward. He was fearsome, with a scar over one eye that had just managed to leave it usable. He levelled his spear against Cade's throat at the very moment he backed against the red rock wall. There was nowhere to go.

“P-please,” he begged, feeling pathetic and regretful at this venture. “I'm not threat.”

The lion man opened his jaw and summoned forth a series of strange, guttural roars. This was fascinating to Cade for two reasons: one, it sounded like language, and two, the lion was gesturing for him to enter the cave beside him. Still quaking with fear, he followed the instructions, though he hoped it would mean he wouldn't be killed. Perhaps there was a test? Perhaps he was being escorted away?

Perhaps I'll survive this yet and come away with stories to tell.

There would be no such luck, of course, not that he knew that yet. Instead, the lionfolk leader pushed him forward into the cave, where various crude sconces were lit to allow him to see. The lions themselves bickered and argued, roaring back and forth in their crude-sounding tongue.

Why do I have the distinct sense that they're arguing about what to do with me?

Indeed, several pointing figures were clearly more interested in killing him and being done with it, but the lion leader somehow turned out to be his protector; he roared loudly, scaring back some of his tribal members, and settling the argument with words that Cade could not understand. Instead, he pointed at a cave mural on the wall, one depicting a lion leader surrounded by several lionesses, and the next image showing cubs, and the next showing great hunters. A number of lions murmured agreement at this, especially once the great pride chief indicated to one last mural; that of a green crystal or shard.

"What is that? Is this something you need to touch? Something you want me to find? I'm Cade. Cade Sphinx. Please, can you try to speak with me?"

The tribal chief had no time for this however, and instead shoved Cade forward. The entire tribe - which number perhaps one hundred to one hundred and fifty or so, poured into a large cave chamber deep in the rock. A great statue of a lion dominated the rear, a huge maw within which was contained a great green crystal that filled the chamber with an unnatural illumination of the same colour. Many of the lionfolk bowed low as they entered it, while others bellowed and roared their respect. Cade tried to do the same to indicate he was sympathetic to their culture, but they paid him no heed. Instead, he was directed to the centre of the chamber while the entire tribe took up positions around the edge. Some small lion cubs flitted about their lioness mothers' feet, staring at Cade as if *he* were the strange one, making mewling sounds to themselves. Others were even smaller, feeding from their mothers' many breasts. But apart from the very young, all eyes were upon Cade and the tribal chief, who stepped up to the dais and took the grand crystal in both hands.

The entire room bowed, silent. Cade shivered in fear.

What is happening? Is he going to kill me? Is this some freaky lion cult? Oh God oh fuck I'm going to die!

But instead of killing him, the tribal leader let his spear fall to the ground, carrying the crystal in his hands to stand before Cade. He held the glowing object aloft, and after a grand pause preceded a mighty roar, he then began to speak. No, not speak . . .

He's chanting. He's chanting a phrase. Is this some kind of ritual? Why?

Cade soon found out. The previously dark cave walls began to light up with numerous inscriptions and murals, the light of the crystal working what could only be magic upon them. Suddenly there were crude images of bipedal lionesses, of harems serving their male masters . . . or perhaps not masters, given that other images showed lionesses hunting, dividing spoils, gathering in groups and banishing male members. They clearly had social organisations much like ordinary animalistic lion prides, and this briefly fascinated Cade. That was, until he felt the stirring of change as the crystal's light fell upon him.

"Nghhhh!" Cade cried out, falling to his knees. The light was radiating out into his body, somehow focusing into his very being. He grunted, trying to figure out what was happening, when suddenly his clothing began to tear apart. His body swelled, his already-athletic frame growing further as muscle began to ripple through his form.

"F-fuck! This f-feels - what are you d-doing to m-me?"

"We are granting you a blessing and a curse," said the tribal chief in his low, masculine voice.

Cade gritted his teeth. His hands were changing. Something was happening to his feet as well. His skin itched like crazy. But the fact that he could now, somehow, understand the lion person's voice staggered him the most. The sounds had not changed. It was still a series of guttural grunts, roars, and clacking of sharp teeth.

But now I can understand it. What the h-hell? NGH!!

More changing. His tendons were on fire, his form arching without him meaning to. His clothing ripped, and as if this were simply part of the ceremony, two lion-folk in rough, shaman-like robes stepped forward and tore his shirt and trousers from his body, removing his underwear with a faint trace of amusement on their half-humanoid, half-lion faces.

"No! What are you d-doing to m-me!?" he cried, but at that point Cade fell to all fours as the itching became all too terrible. He scratched at his skin, naked before the circular crowd who had begun chanting.

"Let the change begin! Let the hairless one become one of us! Let the enemies of the tribe give to the tribe! Let the outsiders add to our numbers again and again and again!"

"I don't understand! Ohhhh! Eurggh!"

The itching reached a breaking point, and suddenly new hair *burst* from his skin in great patches. It surged forth, getting thicker and thicker until it could only be described as *fur*, the same thickness and tan colour as the lionfolk surrounding him. It spread around his lower stomach, darkened a little at his sides, and continued to course down his back. His

thighs became covered over, and at the same time said thighs *swelled*, gaining muscle mass that even the athletic Cade had never possessed. He held up his hands before his face and gasped in horror as they trembled, changing shape right down to their very bone structure. Talons slid from thickening digits, his fingers no longer possessing nails but instead the claws of a big cat. The same changes were starting to happen to his toes, and at that point even the terrified young man could easily tell what was happening, especially from the chants of the crowd and words of their leader, who was currently saying: *"The transformation is nigh! The transformation is nigh!"*

I'm becoming one of them, he thought with a panic. *They're making me a lion folk. Oh God, oh fuck! I've got to get out of here!*

He ran, springing to his feet to escape the circle. No one made a move to stop him, and they didn't need to, because even as he tried to burst away in a sprint the light of the crystal emanated an even brighter green, making it the only visible colour in the whole chamber. Cade's stomach lurched as something began to shift his organs around. His member, naked to the world, pulled inward, making him stumble from the sheer discomfort. Finally, his legs gave out as the bones suddenly gave a loud *CRACK*. He landed on his butt and shifted to see what was happening, only to be confronted with his lower legs taking on that slight digitigrade formation that the lion folk had: toes upon the ground, highly arched feet for running, longer calves that bent further back, like cat's feet. Claws slid out from his toes, causing him to grunt.

It was a more . . . feminine grunt than he'd imagined it would be.

For a moment, Cade paid that little mind, trying to stagger to his changed legs once more, trying to ignore the building pressure above his rear and at the end of his spine where a tail was most likely about to form.

But then other pressure made themselves known.

"There is no point running, my mate," the lion chief proclaimed, holding his arms wide as the tribal circle kept chanting. *"You have trespassed on our grounds. The punishment is either death, or joining the tribe. I have selected the latter, and so you must join us. You are to be my mate. My lioness."*

"What are you talking about?" Cade said, his voice getting higher, albeit raspier too. His facial features began to slide, his nose pushing forward, his teeth sharpening. "I didn't - ahhh - mean to trespass! I was just exploring! I'm just a human!"

"You are an outsider, but worry not. Soon you will be one of our number. And most beautiful too. I can already see the face you will soon wear."

Cade tried to scramble back as the lionfolk approached. His bone structure continued to alter, and soon his face had a full blown snout. It was not as pronounced as a full lion's of course, but just as proportionate as the rest of the lionfolk around him. His ears migrated to

the top of his head, and he moaned as he was forced to experience the alien sensation of them flattening and becoming triangular. Whiskers slid out from either side of his newly distended jaw also.

“Nghhh! Mhmmm! S-stop this! *Please stop this!*”

The lion people briefly *did* stop, but only to hear Cade’s words.

What the hell? I just spoke in their language? How did I speak in their - wait, I’m thinking in their language too!

The grunts, growls, roars, and clacking of teeth all made sense now. It was the *only* thing that made sense. In mere seconds, his original English had been stolen away and replaced.

“Give it back!” he demanded. “I am not going to be . . . to be . . . oh God, nnggh! Euugh! Ah - ah - aaaaaaahhh!!”

In a most undignified fashion, Cade stumbled back against a wall and slid down against it. His fur coating was complete, covering his face and ears and ass. But more changes were coming, and they were sending him completely over the edge. His tail burst from his backside, almost *exploding* out it was so fast. He roared - actually *roared* as it extended, new vertebrae forming second by second as hair sprouted along its length. It scythed and waved through the air almost sensually, and Cade was ashamed to admit how weirdly good it had felt to grow it, particularly as it was quite long, reaching almost to the ground. But that was not the last of the changes.

A series of pressures expanded along Cade’s chest, his nipples tensing even as new points formed in even rows below them. At the same time his member began a full retreat. He grasped at it, spreading his legs wide in an embarrassed pose for all the lionfolk to see. The lion chief advanced, feasting his wild eyes on Cade’s form as the young man’s genitals changed completely. His cock and balls melted back into his body, causing him to go almost catatonic with a mix of discomfort and unwanted, yet unbridled *pleasure*.

Ohhhhhhh why does it f-feel s-so goooooood!?

He lowered his fingers, finding it oddly instinctive to be able to recall his claws, and touched the area that had changed. He was cursed and rewarded with an opening, a slit, a wet warmth.

No!

“No!” he cried, echoing his thoughts. “I can’t be - no!”

But his blooming breasts were about to disagree with him. Poor Cade writhed against the wall and ground, tail flickering left and right as his chest began to push outwards. The pressure was terrible, but as it was released he was practically hit with female orgasms. It was impossible not to knead and feel and grope his new breasts as they expanded, causing further waves of unwanted pleasure and stimulating yet further growth.

“Ohhhhhh,” he moaned. “Y-yes - no! Nooooo! Ahhhh!!”

It was heaven and hell at once, and it only became more so as he lowered his new paws to feel the lower bumps begin to expand. New nipples were forming there too, followed by that same familiar pressure. They too expanded, rows of breasts forming even as his upper ones reached an impressively busty size. They were heavy and full on his chest, bigger than any pair of breasts he’d personally had the pleasure of touching or even seeing, and each subsequent row was smaller in size, ending in the fourth pair which were parallel to his bellybutton and ‘only’ B-cups in size - which meant the uppermost pair had to be F-cups at least.

The changes ended with one final alteration. Whether it was from shock or a genuine mental transformation, Cade could no longer think of himself as a man. As he stared at his lioness body with its rows of buxom teats and its obvious womanhood, along with his own lack of mane, there was no doubting what he was now.

What *she* was now.

A woman. A female. A *lioness*.

“You’ve made me-” she started.

“Into a perfect lioness,” the chief replied, his voice now easily understandable. He reached out a paw and for a moment she tried to shy away, but then it became clear he was intending to lift her to her feet. For some reason she couldn’t explain, she allowed him to help her. His musk was intense, manly. It reminded her of her still-dripping new pussy, something she didn’t want to think about at all. Evidently he liked her scent as well, for he sniffed the air deeply, exhaling slowly.

“Yes, a perfect mate,” he said in his rumble. “Do you not see her now, my people? Is she not worthy to become one of us now that she shares our form, our language, and our ways?”

“Does she share our ways, O Chief?” one called from the side. “Does she have the instinct?”

The lion chief turned to examine who had spoken, and seemed to nod thoughtfully.

Instinct? What instinct? God, why do I feel so damn hot? Is it something in the air? All these nipples are killing me with how stiff they are. It’s taking all my energy not to t-touch them. How has this happened? I’m a goddamn lioness-woman. I’ve got eight breasts! This can’t be real!

But it was, and there was no place she could run without being considered a freak. An eight-breasted lioness woman with tail and ears and everything.

And sharp teeth. And a sharp sense of smell. Why does he smell so good? Why am I breathing so heavily?

She was having difficulty not looking at the lion chief. He was large, rippling with muscle. An apex predator. A protector.

A protector? Where did that thought come from?

The lion chief turned back after whatever silent debate he was having with the other lion. He focused his gaze upon Cade, and the new lioness shrunk a little before it, nervous and . . . warm. Her tail flicked suggestively without her intending it to.

“Wh-what are you looking at? What are you going to do to me?”

The lion chief smiled. “You are one of us now. You are a lioness. A hunter. A gatherer. And I am your chief. You have two options, lioness. You can take a new name, join our tribe, accept your role in swelling our ranks. Or you can be cast out, where you will not survive. The outside world is hostile to our kind. This hidden land is our safe haven, protected by our Gods.”

Cade considered this. It was no choice at all. She would be a freak. She would be hunted, especially in this country. Moreover, if she agreed to stay with the tribe she could always find a way to change back later; discover the nature of the crystal, which was by that point losing its lustre, replaced by the standard light of the torches the lions were carrying. It revealed her own lovely lioness form to them, and many of the males were looking at her in an odd way, one that made her feel far more exposed.

There’s only one choice. I can always find a way back later. For now, I just have to get along. See this as an adventure. A strange, humiliating adventure in a body that is far, far too warm. God, I need to touch these nipples. Mmhmm . . . so strange.

She did so without even meaning to, sliding her paws over her bountiful set of busts. The lion chief smiled at this, drawing closer, his musk even more manly and powerful and *protective* than before. He placed a large paw on her shoulder, and it felt divine. Far too divine. As if it were by instinct, rather than what her reaction should have been.

“Will you join the tribe?” he asked, voice low but encouraging.

In that moment, Cade felt the draw of that instinct. The push and pull of it. It was as overpowering as his scent, as his dominating figure. It made her want to *submit*. In fact, it felt only natural to.

“I will join the t-tribe, great chief,” she uttered, bowing to him slightly.

“Good. My name is Jakur. What is your name?”

“C-Cade,” she said, her breath tight. “Cade Sphinx.” Her breasts were so damn needy. Her pussy was starting to leak fluid down to the fur of her thighs.

“An auspicious name. From now on it shall be Cala Sphinx. Do you understand?”

“I - I understand.”

“And you shall be mine.”

“Uh . . .”

“And you shall add to the number of our tribe.”

“What - what do you mean?” she asked, though the flush of her body was sending all the signals to tell her *exactly* what that meant.

The lion chief Jakur seemed to find humour in her confusion, for he smirked, baring his magnificent teeth. He lowered his powers to run over her figure, and one of them traced over her breasts, sliding over her nipples and causing her to exhale in quiet ecstasy.

“You will understand soon, Cala Sphinx,” he replied. “You will learn to be a lioness. And here is your first instruction.”

He pulled her suddenly, almost *possessively* towards her, and bit her neck softly, lapping at her ears and grasping her buttocks. Cala yelped, but her body was already giving itself over to this powerful chief, desiring him more than anything. It was all wrong - she knew that intellectually - but her new lioness instincts were far more powerful in this moment, and her shock allowed him to take control. He grabbed the back of her neck and pressed his face against hers. It wasn't exactly a kiss, but something very much like it, his tongue licking hers, his whiskers brushing too. Their tails briefly intertwined, forming a miniature battle that he naturally won. He pulled her away from the wall, carrying her with ease to the centre of the chamber, right before the rest of the tribe.

Oh God, he's going to fuck me. He's going to f-fuck me right in front of all these people. And . . . I want it. God help me, I want it so bad! How did I get to this point? Why didn't I listen to my f-friends? Damn it, but I want him inside me so f-fucking much!

Cade's spontaneous nature had led to this moment. He never could have imagined it, but then he wasn't a *he* anymore. The new lioness was subjected to her mate placing his face right into her many breasts. He licked at them, causing her to growl and roar with pleasure. She felt like an animal in the best way, and when she was placed upon the warm earth it felt right to copulate there. She spread her legs instinctively, and soon the lion man was upon her, drawing her pleasure to greater heights as he licked and groped her many teats. The crowd cheered and chanted, but in this moment all that mattered was having her brains fucked out by the lion chief. The magic had left her achingly lustful, her libido far greater than even her teenage days of puberty.

“P-please, f-fuck me!” she roared, snarling at her mate. “Do it already! I can't wait any longer! I need it, God help me!”

“There are only the lion gods here, once-outsider,” Jakur said, positioning his enormous cock against her entrance now that it was out of its furry sheath. “And they will be pleased by your addition to the tribe, and all the additions you will continue to give.”

What does he mean by - MMHMHM!!!

He entered her, and her entire world changed. Her entire perspective. All else fell away as the new animal woman experienced the incredibly, yet utterly foreign, sensation of

having her new tunnel filled, and filled mightily at that. His size was incredible, stretching the very walls of her new vagina, and it was only thanks to how wet and ready she was for him that she could take it. She clawed at his back, thrashing in shock and bliss.

“S-so big! So d-damn big!”

“You wish for me to stop?” he teased.

“N-no! Don’t f-fucking stop! I can’t - the crystal - it’s made m-me like this!”

“Mhm, the first such transformation in many years. It is said that it makes the most ideal lionesses. Perfect for pleasing and adding to the tribe.”

She purred as he entered further. It was penetration. It was domination. It was being put into the ultimate submission, accepting this lover as her ruler. She clung to him with all her might until finally his cock stopped just before what she suspected was the entrance to her womb. She trembled, gasping.

And then he began to *thrust*.

Whatever pleasure Cala had just experienced from the initial entrance was readily eclipsed by the rough act of sex that followed. Jakur fucked her like the animal she now was, thrusting into her again and again, until she stopped thinking of it as ‘sex’ and more akin to ‘mounting’, a word that now seemed all the more pleasing to her lioness mind. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head as she was taken - yes, *taken* - by her mate. His cock ploughed into her wet depths again and again, his claws gripping her expertly, eliciting on the slightest of pain. But even the pain made the act all the more bestial, which in turn made it all the more arousing.

I can’t s-stop it. I d-don’t want to - this is so h-humiliating but - I need it! This lioness body needs it!

He pawed at her breasts, continuing to lap at her hard nipples. It gave her such an intensity of feeling that her tail writhed back and forth, unable to contain her own shameful excitement. She wanted to not be lost in this moment, to break free and be a human man again. But she was helpless to the pleasure, and even more than that she was unable and unwanting to tear away from her submissive role. To submit herself to this powerful lion mate just felt too right, even as her male ego burned with shattered pride. And so she bucked, greeting his thrusts with ever rising passion, letting him taste and lick and touch her wobbling rows of breasts.

“Yessss, you are a fertile one,” Jaruk roared. “I can smell it. I can *taste* it. You will bear many great litters for the tribe.”

“B-bear . . . litters? Oh . . . oh nghhhh!!”

The realisation hit her with full force. For just a moment, she nearly scrambled backwards, but she forgot to disengage her claws, and by the next single thrust she was addicted once more to being fucked - *mounted* - by her lion mate.

Shit, I'm going to get pregnant. I'm going to get knocked up. He's going to knock me up with freakin' cubs. Ohhhhhh, it shouldn't feel so goddamn hot. This was j-just meant to be sightseeing. I'm not meant to b-become a mother lioness with c-cubs!

But as much as she railed against it, her destiny was arriving all the same. Jaruk was getting ever more fearsome with his thrusts, ploughing ever more excitedly. And she too was upon the cliff edge of pleasure, about to fall into the climax of bliss.

"You have to s-stop! I can't get -"

Jaruk roared. His immense lion cock throbbed within her, pressing against her sensitive walls. It was all too much, and she too was sent flying over that edge and into orgasm, a whole sea of them, in fact. She roared with her mate, the two of them growling like the part-animal creatures they were, and in the moments that followed her tunnel and womb were flooded with his hot seed. It spurted deep inside of her in several long torrents, and each brought their own orgasm to her. She raked at his back with her claws, even drawing some blood, but this only excited him further, for he managed to thrust one more time and send another load of seed into her.

That was . . . I just did that. I let that happen to me. Oh shit, I was just fucked by a lion man. I'm a lioness woman. I'm probably going to get pregnant. What the hell do I even do?

The answer, for now, was simply to shiver and murmur on her back as her powerful chieftain rose up upon his feet, his penis sliding out of her. He stood before her, looking down on her still-quivering form, and his expression was clearly one of satisfaction.

"Welcome to the tribe, Cala Sphinx. You will give much back to it."

Cala gulped, and lowered a paw to her belly, brushing up against her lowest pair of breasts. She could swear she could almost feel something happening there.

Cala's stomach groaned, though for once not from the movement of a heavy litter within it. She lay on her side, lounging in the open sun alongside a number of other lionesses, including her friends Tienya and Pafi. They had been born lionesses, but in the aftermath of her changes they had welcomed her more than any of the others into the tribe and helped teach her their ways. It was a good thing too, because she needed to catch up fast, as evidenced by the only source of discomfort she was currently feeling.

"Calm down little ones," she groaned, removing one of her cubs from her upper-middle pair of breasts and substituting a runt who was trying to get his turn in. "There is plenty of milk to go around. Always plenty of milk."

But they were hungry and young and desperate, always feeding from her. She adjusted herself on her side, feeling her produce pressurised within her eight breasts, all of them now swollen up even larger than they originally had been. Many of the lionesses and lions remarks that she was now the prettiest and most fertile of the tribe after her change, and while that only rubbed salt in the wound of her male pride, it was something she was more used to after being a lioness for four years.

Yes, four years.

Four long years of realising that she would never be Cade again, never be human again, never even be a man again. Four years of bloating up with cubs - five pregnancies so far - and birthing them. Jaruk was usually the father, but not always. The tribe shared many things, including mates, and that was something to get used to as well. Even her cub lots could be mixed. And given her loveliness, few of the men wanted to be denied the feel of her even when their chance to impregnate her had been missed. She was Jaruk's above all though, and had borne him the most cubs, just as he liked. She was helpless to him. His allure, his strength, his *dominance* was too powerful, and her body wanted to breed.

So breed it did. It was certainly a weird feeling to get used to, having a massive litter of cubs shifting about in her womb, but at least the tribe celebrated it. It didn't make it any less humiliating at times, though at least that sharp edge of shame had been dulled in the following years. No one had come for Cade, and this tucked away hidden corner of the world kept the lionfolk a secret. She was even starting to believe in the power of their gods, even prayed to them at times. It wasn't like human gods were looking out for her.

She contemplated running away in that first year, but as her stomach expanded and her cubs kicked within, she realised she was tethered to this place. She would be a freak anywhere else, and though Jaruk was a fearsome and dominating leader, he at least favoured her heavily. Besides, her body had its libidinous needs, and here was the only place to fully satisfy them. That would have to be enough, and for someone like Cala there was at least plenty to be creative about; her own murals had given a new renaissance to their painting, and she was trying to form new ways of making trinkets and totems too.

Mainly though, she made cubs. Lots of cubs. So many fucking cubs. At least birthing them was much easier for lionesses than humans. Too bad her body was so hyperfertile that it always wanted to make more. Or perhaps it was just the power the lion males had over her. Those few times she was not laden with cubs she would go hunt with the other lionesses, bringing back meat and game. Their society was one of sharp gender division, but it was not purely unequal. Women were leaders in their sphere, men in the other. But in many ways, Cala was still a prisoner to her own instincts and bodily desires, and that too was something to get used to.

"Thinking too deeply again, Cala?" asked Pafi.

Cala yawned, detaching several cubs who were now snoozing. Her breasts were still full, so perhaps Jakur could drink from her later, as he liked to do.

"I'm just getting hunger thoughts," she said. "Jakur promised he would do the hunting for me this time."

"Hmm, the men are not as good at it. He will take a while. When these ones are weaned for you and I, we will hunt again."

"I'd like that."

She smirked. "Of course, it is a brief season for you. No doubt you will be bearing a litter again soon."

Cala sighed, cupping her breasts as she rose up. Nakedness, at least, was very comfortable when one was furry. "I would not bet against you, friend."

It was at that moment that she smelled a familiar and deliciously masculine musk. Emerging from the treeline was Jakur, his body muscular and powerful as always, an antelope carcass slung over his shoulder and ready to be cooked on the fire. He beamed proudly as he approached Cala, and she too couldn't help but move towards him and press her furry breasts against the hardness of his chest.

"I am returned with food, my mate," his voice boomed.

"Good, my chief. I am starving. Seriously."

He chuckled. "I love your foreign way of speaking, and that accent. We will feast well tonight. But first, it has been a long hunt. I hunger for other things."

He raised a paw up and stroked her uppermost breasts. It left her shifting on her feet, her tail already twisting about with desire.

"As always, my chief. Our cubs are asleep. Where should we-"

"Right here," he said, flinging his catch to the side for now. "I wish to mount you."

And, though it still brought embarrassment to the former human male, she wished to be mounted too. Mounted, knocked up, and bearing litters for her tribe. She positioned herself against a tree, and raising her small reed skirt Jaruk eagerly began to take her from behind. As she scratched at the bark, growling from the ecstasy, her mind already instinctively wandered to the thought of the next litter her body craved to grow.

She had, just as Jaruk had said, learned to be a lioness.

The End