

But I Tigress

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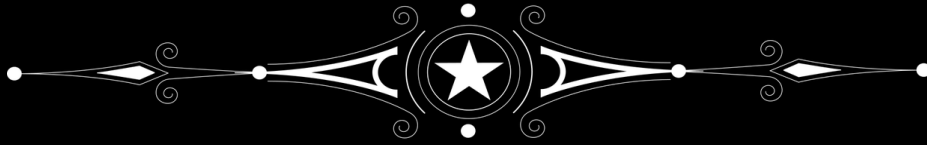
A crowdfunded story

By

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The following contains: Anthro tiger TF, male to female TG

Read at your own discretion.



Jack had no idea why it took him so long to realize he'd woken up a tiger woman.

True, he might not be the mostly alert or attentive of people, but something like a full body transformation should be hard to miss. All he could blame the slow delay on was the fact it was morning in general. It can take a while for a person's brain to get started right after a nap.

Like many people in the world, he was not a morning person. Never had been. Never would be. It was a universal sentiment that only got worse with every passing year. As the body wore down the last thing it wanted to do was resume activity after a long period of blissful rest. Worse were the early year mornings where the sun still hadn't risen after seven o'clock.

Or maybe the summers were worse when the sun was up flooding the apartment at 5 AM?

Point is; mornings sucked. When Jack had approached his thirties all that spry energy evaporated overnight in exchange for aching joints and clogged throats. Upon entering his forties that routine got ramped up with added back pains and eye strains. Decades of working a crappy job on uneven concrete floor and playing video games in a dark room were probably more to thank for those woes than age.

By this point, when he first gained a sense of consciousness everything kicked on in an autopilot routine. The usual pains of cramped muscles didn't plague his legs and arms too much today as he rolled over into a sitting position on his foam mattress. He'd grown so used to them by now they might as well be numb anyway.

Ah! There came the back pains. Though it did switch things up a bit by primarily centering around his upper portion and shoulders instead of down near the base. Gravity sure liked pulling all his weight forward this morning too.

Jack smacked the roof of his tongue a few times trying to get the saliva working. The flapping of his jaws seemed a bit unhinged as well. God willing, he didn't need another cavity drilled in today. He ran the tongue along his teeth, oblivious there seemed to be a lot more of them to pass over, and sharper to boot.

"Ugh! I really am getting fat," he grumbled when a hand reached back to scratch his butt. It was covering a lot more surface area than the last time he'd paid attention to it. That was for sure. The fleece blanket must have gotten wrapped around it too. He kept combing nail through the soft fuzz almost becoming addicted to the plush feeling skin underneath. Maybe it was worth falling off those exercise routines at the gym. "Bah! That's a stupid thought."

Pushing aside the desperate struggles to find any silver lining in his failing life, Jack pushed off the bed and staggered forward several steps with a gasp. How the hell was his center of balance this far off. That forward weight shifted a lot harder than expected, especially on his chest. He certainly wasn't getting that fast.

At least, he was sure that third helping of take-out Thai wasn't that bad.

Trudging over to the bathroom didn't make things much easier. Normally that did a decent enough job stretching out muscles and popping bones. The way his hips wobbled about with every step made Jack wonder if his whole pelvis had become dislodged. Even his legs weren't resting in the natural position he was used to.

He did make it into the holy room of waste disposal and grooming eventually. Just in time to catch himself from falling over by the rim of the sink. With fumbling hands, he worked the faucet on enough to splash some water on his face. After a few rinses that ended up smacking his chin a lot sooner than expected, he cupped both palms under the running tap for a quick slurp of refreshing fluids.

"GLACK!"

Or he would of if he didn't somehow plunge his nose into the water at the same time it met his lips. A surprised snort sent most of his drink shooting down the wrong pipe, sparking a wild coughing fit against the closed wooden door. That'd been the final snap that jolted his mind into total 'start up' mode for the day.

"What the fuck is wrong with...?"

His frustrated question died in his throat as it slowly dawned on him the answer was reflecting back in the bathroom mirror wet with freshly spat water.

The creature was certainly human in shape; walking on two legs, five fingers on each hand, ample amounts of poofy hair bleach a snowy white, and even cheeks on its short feline muzzle. Something to help her surprisingly pretty face contort into one of dawning realization and shock.

There was no mistaking her numerous unnatural traits were that of a cat. She had the pointed ears way up the sides of her head, which flicked and folded back upon Jack's focusing on them. Her eyes practically glowed in the bathroom's light as bright aqua orbs with vertical black slits for irises. Then there was the fur; a creamy white going from her mouth down her front all the way to the crotch, orange covered most of the outer body decorated with black stripes. A classic tiger pattern. There was even a thin fuzzy tail swaying lazily over the span of her butt.

A very big and rounded rear. Those were the other traits really dropping bricks in Jack's stomach. This rocking cat woman had proportions right out of an ecchi-style anime he'd seen on streaming sites. Breasts coated in fine white hairs hung low from her chest, each looking larger than her head. Round areolas stretched across their fronts like bright pink pancakes since this lady clearly didn't like to sleep with a shirt just like Jack. Their reach partially covered a stomach that was curved inwards and slim, yet

ridged with some mild muscle definition. It all led down to hips and thighs so massively wide it was a miracle she'd made it through the bathroom's doorway.

Jack gulped, watching the woman's throat flex in the same way. Both his hands reached back to feel his fat butt and the reflection matched his moves. He turned to the side and took in a profile that destroyed imagination. Fingers dug in deep, finding the white furry flesh bulging between their gaps softer than the mattress he'd slept on. Now that was the kind of bodacious cake that would send him into a desperate boner even on a bad day.

Except, Jack wasn't feeling that usual pressure and mild tension that came with an erection.

"No fucking way!" Jack said in barely a whisper. Even that sounded to light and husky to be remotely his own. The view straight down was annoyingly obscured by the twin snowy mountains hanging off his chest, but a quick feel with a hand found no trace of manhood between plump curvy thighs. There was just a flat mound with traces of an opening that parted slightly when he pressed on it through the fabric of his straining boxers.

TO BE CONTINUED...

This story is a crowdfunded project made possible through the support of my [Patreon](#) and [Ko-fi](#). Every \$20 milestone in donations towards this project gets another 1000 words added.

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Afterward

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