



TRAIN LIKE A TIGRESS



STORY

"Okay Jim, you can do that!" It was the first day for him at the Inquisition boot-camp, and Jim was a bit nervous if he could fulfill all the necessary requirements.

It seemed, that all of the other recruits had already gone to the main hall to have lunch, but Jim did not feel hungry at all. "Let's see, maybe I should start with these dumbbells over there" On bare feet, he moved past the other gym equipment. The training in the bootcamp was very basic, and the recruits weren't allowed to use anything else than just shorts.

As Jim reached the weight bench, he noticed a strange, black box standing right below one of the windows in the back. Curious about the object, Jim took a closer look: The box was quite big and had a small card lying on top of it. "Primal strength booster" Jim looked to his left and right, if someone was playing a mean trick on him. Boosters and other kinds of body-modifications were strictly forbidden within inquisition-facilities.

A little worried Jim looked at the black box in his hands, he was torn between his own curiosity and his duty, to inform one of the supervisors. "Well, a look wouldn't hurt, I guess" Jim said to himself and carefully loosened the top to look inside.



"What the hell is this? A joke?" A little angry, Jim looked at the pair of shiny-pink latex-gloves inside the box. "Okay guys, if that was a test, I think I failed it... I shouldn't have looked inside and bring it to the supervisor immediately!" He grabbed one of the gloves and waved it around angrily. "Its part of a latex-cos-tume... you got me.. Ha-Ha!"

The gym remained silent around him. Obviously no one had played a trick on him. "OKAY then!" Jim threw the box to the ground, as he noticed the glove he had pulled out of the box had pulled over his hand by itself. "WHAT THE?!"

Jim tried to pull the flexible material back off, but had no success. The more he pulled at the material, the tighter the glove wrapped itself around his wrist and started to stretch over his forearm.

"Ohh, a curious human you are!" A deep, female voice suddenly whispered in Jim's ear. He turned around, but no one was with him in the room. "WHOS THERE?!"

"Shhh" The voice snickered "You have fallen for a classic Banedragon-trap my dear. Don't worry, its not a regular transformation the Inquisition will notice. They won't even be able to turn you back with one of their squirrel-powder-tests"



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"TURN ME BACK?!" Jim felt the tight, pink material stretching over his chest now, like a shiny, pink goo slowly covering his upper body. "TURN ME BACK FROM WHAT??"

The voice snickered again. "Well, I have seen a lot of recruits trying to be the strongest/ best of their unit. I was bored that the inquisition had so little diversity within their ranks, so I decided to take action and place a few "presents" in their training facilities."

The latex-goo had reached Jims other arm in the meantime. "TURN ME BACK FROM WHAT??" He tried to pull off the tight-sitting latex on his arm, as Jim noticed that one of his hands had turned into a clawed, strong paw while a pair of soft bulges grew out of his chest.

"Well, the inquisition is looking for mindless fighting-machines... so I will give them a few that are even able to reproduce hehe. You should have seen that Snapper-girl I created last week! She puked her semen over almost a dozen recruits turning them into cum-lizards, too before they were able to stop her... I think she lives in her own pack outside of Tinora now."



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In a mix of horror and disgust, Jim started to pull on the latex as hard as he could "I don't want to be a cum-puking lizard!!" The pink fabric was coming dangerously close to Jims crotch-area.

He felt the tight , shiny material slowly crawling up his neck, starting to cover his face. "Please.. please HELP! I don't wanna be a CUMHMmmmmLzrt!" His voice became muffled, as the fabric sealed his mouth.

"You think I am this boring? Hehe" The Banedragon in Jims head laughed in amusement. "Nahw, I got some other tricks up my sleeve"

Jim was unable to see or hear anything besides the voice of the Dragon anymore "Of... of course not... m – mistress..." Afraid by his own obedience towards the dragon that was going to turn him into some kind of feral monster, Jim tumbled forwards blindly, as the latex-mass started to engulf his penis and testicles and travelled even further down his legs.



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"It will be over fast" The dragon whispered. Jim felt some of his bones starting to elongate below the latex-mass. A hot, prickling feeling started to stimulate his muscles, as they grew bigger and stronger. The pair of small bulges on his chest had turned into a wiggling, heavy mass that bounced with every of his movements.

Jim felt a new, flexible limb slowly growing out of his spine. "Oh I forgot..." The banedragon in Jims head started with a weird, pitiful voice "You're gonna need a shower after this"

Jim felt his nose ripping the latex open as a feral snout grew out of his face. The burning odor of musky sweat was the first thing he was able to smell. It felt like his nose had become a hundred times more sensitive as well, so he coughed as he took in his firsts breaths.

"Im sorry, yeah. Feral creatures like you often become a bit smelly after their TF... you know.. all the hormones... the muscle-growth.. the latex..."

In disbelief, Jim started to rip open the latex-suit that had covered his whole body. His skin underneath had been replaced by brown fur, while the stench of hundreds of training-hours escaped into the gym.

"Ughh... Jim moaned, as he saw a pair of sweat-glistening tits peeling out of the suit.



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His cock still dangled between his legs, halfway covered in the tight latex like a condom coming from the wrong side. His testicles glistened in the shiny-pink material that had covered most of his body minutes before, but something else was dangling right in the middle of his sack:

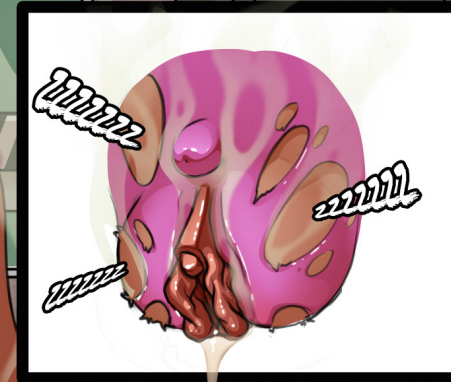
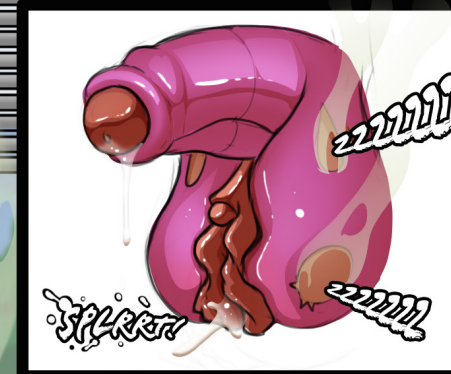
An obscenely big pair of labia was now dominating the lower side of his testicles, and it seemed like it slowly grew bigger – no... his nuts were shrinking!

“Hrrnnnn... this feels do damn goood” Jim growls, as he felt his testicles slowly fusing and merging into the form of a loose, stretchable cunt. His cock, now fully covered in pink latex had started to grow back into his crotch.

Again, a fresh wave of female pheromones flooded Jims sensitive nose, as the latex around his newly-grown snatch peeled away and revealed a hungry, dripping pussy instead of his former cock.

A huge set of fangs made it hard for Jim to hold his drool back in the meantime, as he started to inspect his new, muscular body. “Very good my dear” the Bane-dragon laughed again “congrats, you are a true inquisition-warrior now hehe... now go and hunt some monsters in my name”

Still completely confused by the new feelings of his massive, female body, Jim started to sit down on the bench, carefully inspecting his new sex. “sure mistress...” he purred, as his fingers started to play with his wet cuntlips on the weight-bench.



A few weeks later, Jim had become an official member of the inquisition. Even tho the supervisors weren't able to explain why Jim had subscribed as a "human male" and passed all the skirran-powder tests.

After a few days of heavy research and testing, they decided it was a simple mistake in their documents. It also seemed that Jim wasn't "infective" and was unable to transform others, so they decided to take the risk.

A rather unpleasant part was Jims new, feral nature tho. Every time he trained or became exhausted, he started to growl and reveal his dripping pussy, obviously wanting to mate with any male around.

