

NOD NIBS



Jacqueline's CHOICE

Illustrated by Amber Aria & Sabretoothed Ermine

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By

Mr. Nibs

Illustrated by

Amber Aria and Sabretoothed Ermine

Edited by:

Dragon

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Another story by Nod Nibs

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Chapter 1: The Amazing Leopard Lady

Smiling nervously, Jacqueline gripped the offered white-gloved hand and was hoisted up onto the stage by the small tuxedo-clad man, Menzo the Magnificent. As she clambered up the three-foot rise, she could hear her friends explode into a frenzy of whooping and hollering from somewhere in the crowd behind her, “Go Jacqueline!” So far it had been a very wild and fun girl’s night out. However, she would have to pay Lucy, her best friend, back for grabbing her hand and volunteering her as the Magician’s assistant for his next trick.



Once she was on the stage, Menzo flashed her a dazzling white grin and quickly spun her to face the audience. Her eyes swept over all the people watching her and an icicle raced down her spine. Holy crap, there were a lot of people here. The small jazz club was packed. Over two hundred sets of eyes stared out at her. Jacqueline’s stomach did a gymnastic routine as every single one of her joints seized up. She was still as stone, staring out at the crowd for a small eternity of pure panic.

Then something round and gray poked into her line of vision and Jacqueline was suddenly aware of Menzo’s booming voice. “Would my lovely volunteer care to give me her name?”

That broke the spell. Jacqueline’s jaw worked and sputtered as she struggled to remember how to make the sounds that made up her name. She looked from the crowd to his handsome face, with sculpted features that could have walked right out of a movie screen, if not for the fact that he was shorter than her own five-five. His almost impossibly blue eyes seemed to radiate warmth and encouragement; looking into them Jacqueline felt some of her tension drain away. “My name is Jacqueline,” she managed to whisper into the mic.

“Alright, Jacqueline, are you willing to follow my instructions to assist me with this next trick?” His smile seemed to grow even wider as he spoke.

“Uh, sure?”

“Excellent!” Jacqueline felt a dull pain right behind her eyes and for a brief moment there was a sensation of something threading through her brain. A blink and it was gone. She just saw Menzo’s warm smile.

The magician slid his attention from her to the crowd with an effortless grace. “Ladies and gentleman!” Jacqueline had to admire the way he did that. While none of the tricks so far had been things she hadn’t seen before, Menzo had performed them with such mastery and enthusiasm that you forgot about the fact you knew how half of them worked. They were just an excuse to watch him perform. The audience’s attention eagerly slid from her and back to him. “Allow me to present to you, Jacqueline!” There was a pause as he smiled conspiratorially at the crowd, as if he was about to share a great secret with them. “The LLLeoparrrrd LLLady!” he whispered in a low voice with a hint of a seductive growl as he stretched out the name.

The crowd ooohed as Jacqueline blinked in confusion. “What?” She managed to protest. At the utterance, Menzo’s eyes turned back to her, warm showman’s smile transmuting into mischievous grin. Jacqueline wasn’t sure if she was being insulted or not. Was “Leopard Lady” some sort of slang she hadn’t heard of? Like a cougar or a wildcat? His blue eyes did not contain a hint of insult but there a twinkle of unsaid laughter in them. “I-I’m not a leopard!” She had originally planned to go along with the act, but she felt off balance; this wasn’t part of any trick she had seen before. “I-I’m not a leopard!”

“You are spotted like a leopard, are you not?” He snaked his arm around her waist and pressed the side of his hip to hers while making a sweeping gesture with his other hand that caught all the eyes in the room, including Jacqueline’s. “Observe,” and pointed to Jacqueline’s torso where a very tight leopard print tube top clung to her chest.

“Oh.” Jacqueline mentally smacked herself. She had totally forgotten about what she was wearing. The girl’s night out had been hasty assembled after their husbands had declared it poker night, and she hadn’t put a lot of thought into what she grabbed out of her drawers. She had just worn the tightest pair of jeans she could squeeze herself into without causing major discomfort. The tube top was a nice, if tacky, splash of color in between the open front of her white track jacket; together they framed the deep cleavage of her breasts, generous C cups pushed into wow range by her push up bra. Between those puppies on her chest and the jeans shaping her legs into sexy curves, she was worth more than a second glance. Looking in the mirror before she had rushed out to pile into Lucy’s car, she had thought she looked cute with a hint of wildness, the bust pushing her into sexy range. Now on stage being compared to a feline, her cheeks flushed, she felt a little childish to be wearing the top; it harked back to her college days, depressingly close to a decade ago. “Um, it’s just a top,” she managed to say.

Menzo turned back to the crowd, “I think poor Jacqueline’s spots have gotten lost on her shirt! Shall we help them home?”

“Yeah!” The crowd roared back, completely enthralled with the performance.

“Just hold still for a moment, Miss Jacqueline,” Menzo whispered as he released her and approached the crowd. She watched him with a worried expression as he pulled a white cloth from his sleeve, about two feet square. He presented it to the crowd, showing them that it was indeed white on both sides. Then, grasping the upper corners, he held it in front of Jacqueline’s torso, preventing anyone from seeing her tacky top. “Spotifizastic!” He shouted and gave the cloth a quick snap, and Jacqueline flinched as she felt a shiver of wind encircle her midsection. She blinked several times at the cloth held in front of her; it was no longer white, it was a leopard print, identical to the one on her top.

She looked down and gasped, the top was still there, but it was pure white. The crowd cheered as Menzo lowered the now spotted cloth and directed their eyes to Jacqueline. Blinking, Jacqueline ignored the crowd, inspecting the now white top was a much greater priority. Running her hands over the curve of her breast, fingers brushing the seams. It was the same top; she could feel a small hole in the side where a rather drunk frat boy had almost ripped it off her years ago.

Just what was going on here? Real magic was too dangerous for performances, so they said. She looked up at Menzo and found him at the front of the stage, his huge top hat on the floor in front of him as he

pantomimed ringing the cloth out over it. A flick and the cloth was open, pure white once again. He stuffed it back into his sleeve with a flourish. Then he picked up the hat very carefully, as if it was full of water, and carried it back to Jacqueline. She looked at him, then at the hat and back at him with growing sense of dread. He smiled, stole a wink back at his audience, and he placed the hat on her head with a flourish.

Something cold flowed out of the hat as soon as it touched Jacqueline’s head; the feeling raced down her neck, spreading out across her back. She gasped as it encircled her limbs and flowed across her chest, nipples hardening as if she’d jumped into frigid water. Instinctively, she moved her hands up over her face, pushing her long brown hair behind her head as if surfacing from underwater.

A whisper in her ear, “Jacqueline, take off your jacket.” Numbly, she obeyed, shrugging the jacket from her shoulders and then it was quickly whisked from her arms by Menzo’s waiting hands. Jacqueline’s jaw dropped as her bare arms were revealed, they were covered in small, irregularly shaped spots, leopard spots. She looked over herself; they were on her shoulders, the back of her hands, and particularly large ones on her chest. She pulled at the elastic band of her top to peer down it; the large spots covered her breasts and her stomach in irregular rows.

Menzo’s voice shook her from any further exploration, “Now is she or is she not a fine Leopard Lady?” Jacqueline looked up to see him displaying

her coat to the crowd like it was a trophy of conquest. That's when she saw them, without his hat they were clear as day; Menzo's ears were not that of a human being. Only one creature she knew of possessed long pointed ears like those, each one nearly three inches long. She was alone on the stage with one of the Fey.

As Menzo strode back towards her, she was thinking about iron. She needed cold iron. All the websites she read about fey advised you not to leave the house without some cold-tempered iron. The touch of it burned them and the pain of it usually drove them off, so said the websites. Jacqueline's thumbs slid into her pockets but only to hit the seam an inch deep. They were false pockets. Her key ring, which had a cold iron fob on it, was still in her purse on the table, it wasn't in her fake pocket. She mentally cursed women's fashion.

Scanning the crowd, she found her table, her friends watched Menzo with the same entranced look as every one else. If she could just snap them out of it... She waved at them and they waved back. She mouthed the word, "Help," at them and they just nodded back encouragingly. A cool hand on her bare shoulder cut the communication attempt short. She turned towards the touch and found herself looking directly into Menzo's too-blue eyes. They loomed large in her vision, gentle and warm, and her anxiety ebbed as stared into them. He wouldn't hurt her, he was a gentle soul. She felt herself slipping, her legs seemed to have lost their strength and she began to topple. He caught her before she fell with an arm around her waist as he slipped

behind her, propping her up with his body. Both of them faced the crowd.

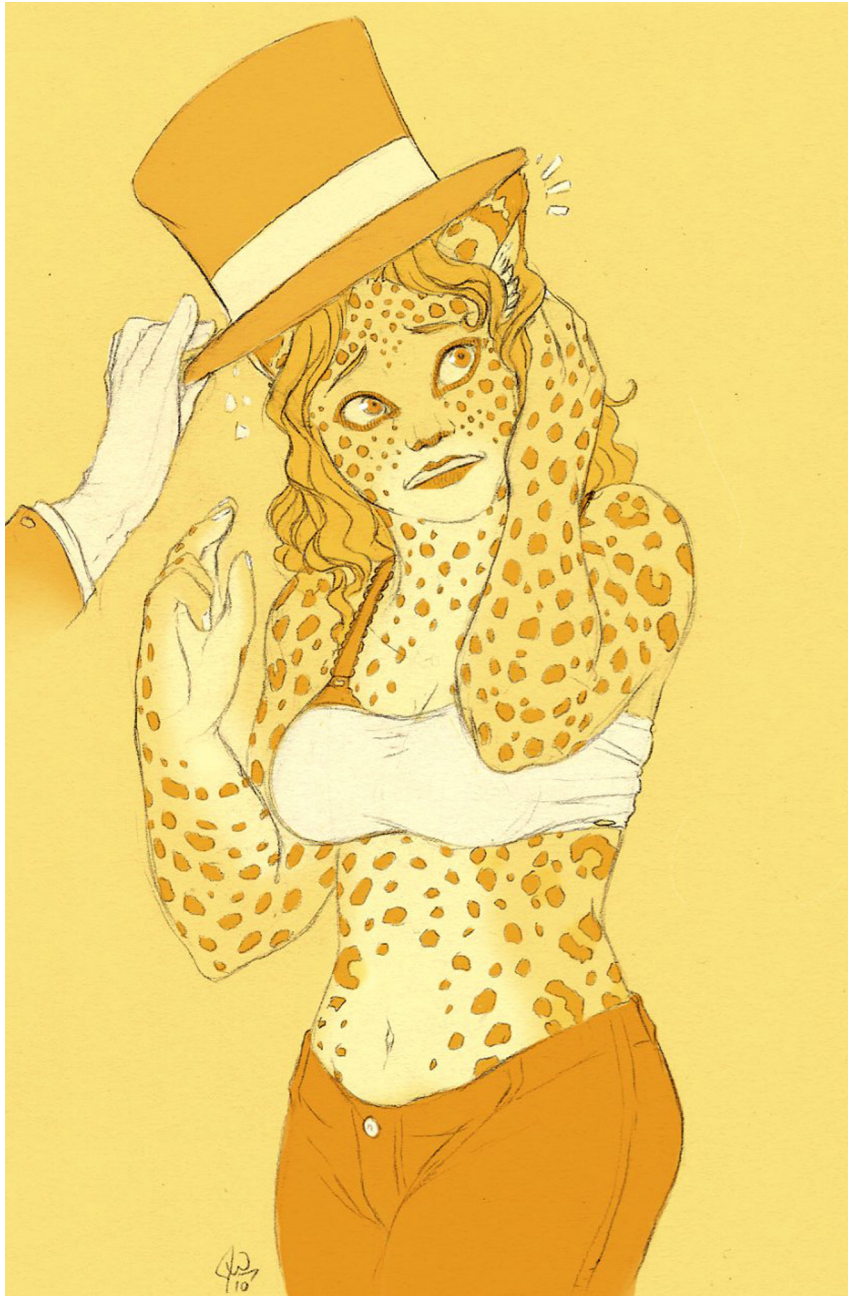
"Now, now," he chided in her ear. "No sleeping until after the show. I'll treat you with a nice rare steak afterwards. How does that sound?"

It sounded good to her stomach; she'd been dieting for the past month and hadn't had much more than salad for days. But no, she could not allow herself get distracted. You had to deny the fey at every turn, accept no bargains or gifts. That little eye thing had been too direct and her mind rebelled against the fog that filled it with a warm pleasant buzz. Swallowing to clear away the saliva that had rushed into her mouth, she tried to clear away the cobwebs in her mind. "I- I know what you are."

"Oh, do you now? I know what you are too, Jacqueline." He tapped the hat down on her head so it covered her ears and nearly her eyes. "And it has large fuzzy ears that are so keen they can hear me no matter how softly I whisper."

Jacqueline's eyes widened as she felt her ears starting to press against the felt interior of the top hat, a tingling sensation followed as she felt muscles that she had not had before begin to twitch, making the hat on her head wriggle just a bit. Menzo whipped the hat from her head and the crowd gasped. Jacqueline could not stop her hand from flying up to the side of her head. A whimper escaped her as her fingertips brushed something soft and fuzzy at the same time the ear reported the fingertip. She felt along the rounded form that jutted from the side of her head. They weren't real, she

told herself, just glamour, if she just kept that in mind, they'd fade away as soon as he left. She balled her hands into fists and forced her hands down to her side, resisting the urge to explore them further.



Menzo boomed, “They are quite real, Ladies and Gents. I can assure you that they are so sensitive that Jacqueline can hear your hearts beating in your chests.” Jacqueline realized with horror she could, and worse, the steady thumps of their hearts sounded tasty. Her stomach still rumbled over Menzo’s offer of a steak dinner, and she knew that somewhere in that herd there must be a weak one, ready to be cull-.

Her feral train of thought was interrupted as something brushed her on the tip of her ear; her ear flicked backward, flattening against her head. She instinctively shot a warning glare at Menzo, who was still explaining the virtues of her spotted ears to his congregation, apparently lost within the sound of his own voice.

Glancing around and seeing nothing stopping her, Jacqueline decided now would be as good a time as any to make a break for it. She made to walk off the stage and was quite disturbed when her legs refused to go anywhere. Her legs felt as if they were suddenly filled with lead. As she struggled in vain to force her legs to obey, she forgot to keep an eye on her tormentor and did not see him slip behind her as he finished his lecture on the fine sensory organs of leopard-kind.

She certainly hadn’t expected him to touch her ears again. Nor would she have guessed that a mere finger stroke across the very base of them would have set off a shiver wave across her skin, leaving goose bumps in its wake, but that’s exactly what happened. That was just the first stroke, the second

and third felt even better, it was like an extremely localized backrub. A sigh escaped her as she leaned into his fingers. She would definitely have to tell Dave, her husband, to scratch her ears when she got home, this was a heavenly feeling.

But wait, who was scratching her? Not Dave, the fingers were too small. Menzo was touching her! Irritation flared up in her, coupled with a sense of violation, Menzo was not her mate. He had absolutely no right to touch her ears. “Stop.” She shook her head to disrupt the sensations but his fingers seemed rooted to her ear. It felt good, but his persistence only fed her irritation. “Please stop,” she said with more force.

“But you like it, Jacqueline.” He countered but his persistence turned that irritation to full-fledged anger. Maybe she couldn’t stop his show but she sure as hell wasn’t going to enjoy it!

“I said stop it!” She snapped and slapped his hand away with a room-echoing SMACK!

Menzo cried out in surprise and leapt back several feet, clutching his wrist. Jacqueline caught a momentary look of bewilderment on his face but the wide eyes quickly narrowed to angry slits and he turned to the onlookers. “Did you see that?! Did you see that vicious attack? Look what she did!” He took his hand off his wrist to reveal three cuts on his wrist. Each one oozing scarlet blood. “Let that be a lesson to all you folks, Leopard Ladies are wild animals and are not above using their claws to make a point!”

Jacqueline’s anger flared at the insinuation and she stamped her foot in frustration, “I barely touched you! I don’t have claws! I barely have nails!” Yet, as she spoke she could feel the nails on her fingers begin to conform to Menzo’s description and could feel them sharpen against the palms of her hands, forcing her to uncurl her fists to avoid stabbing herself. She fought the urge to look at them, refusing to give him the satisfaction of her studying this latest addition.

A string of angry curses flowed out under her breath as she glared at the smiling Menzo. This wasn’t the way it was supposed to work! She had seen through it! Glamour was supposed to dissipate when the subject became aware of its unreality. She had to get out of here! But a step forward only resulted in a half inch of movement. Her traitorous legs simply refused to move.

“Goddammit, Menzo! Let me go!” Frustration etched itself into each of the words as they burst forth.

“Ooo, did you hear that inhuman snarl everyone?” Menzo didn’t even glance at Jacqueline as he continued to prattle at the audience, all of whom were leaning forward in their seats, hanging on to every word. “She’s gotten herself all worked up and everyone knows leopards have terrible time speaking when they’re angry.”

“What?” She could feel the audience’s eyes shift from him to her. “You fey bastarrrrrrr.” Jacqueline throat jammed on the letter r. It idled there

for a moment before dropping into a low, rumbling growl. The string of obscenities she had intended to hurl at the pointy-eared magician skittered from her mind's grasp, and when she reached for them again, her head filled with imaginings of what his blood would taste like after she clamped her jaws on his windpipe. That would do. She didn't fight it; she welcomed in that image and let loose a screaming snarl that echoed around with enough pure rage that everyone in the room flinched, including Menzo. She could feel the fear of the crowd focus on her bared teeth and they began to shape into a set of truly wicked fangs, her face pushed outward slightly to make room for half-finger long canines. The weight in her legs lessened and she was able to take one step forward, then another, towards Menzo. Just a few more and she'd have him.

From the look of fear that cracked through Menzo's showman smile, he knew it too. He held his palms toward her in an appeasing gesture as he continued his narration. "Do not worry, Ladies and Gentlemen, Jacqueline is just kidding around. She doesn't actually want to hurt me... much."

In response, Jacqueline snarled as she took yet another step.

Menzo's face hardened and his eyes narrowed as they probed deep into Jacqueline's, and for the briefest of moments she saw him, not the mask of the showman he wore but the ancient and formless thing he was. A spike of pure terror lanced through the red haze in her mind, sweeping away her anger in a moment. She recoiled, blinking, unsure if she had seen anything

at all, not knowing why her heart was suddenly thundering in her ears.

He smiled at her, once again the showman and turned his back on her, facing the crowd. "Wild, isn't she?" He asked the crowd and they thundered in applause.

With his eyes off her, Jacqueline desperately tried to rebuild her anger, to use it as a shield against him. He had no right to do this to her! She was a modern woman and not anyone's pet! Well, she did have Dave tie her up and fuck her until she was sore every once in a while, but that was different. The thought made her blush all the same. Sighing, she pushed that memory back into the rear and tried to focus on Menzo, searching for a thread of thought to lead her back to that rage.

Menzo's voice broke through her inner monologue, "But never fear! I will show you all how to tame such a dangerous, yet alluring, creature!" Jacqueline didn't like the sound of that, nor did she like the sly way he was smiling at her either. "Oh, Jacqueline, could you please reach behind you and tell everyone what is hanging from your butt?"

Before any one of the dozens of reasons for her to not to comply occurred to her, Jacqueline had twisted around to look behind her. There, pinned to her back belt loop was a cheap-looking spotted fabric tail, the type that you buy with ears for five dollars. "It's a tail."

"It's your tail, Jacqueline."

Jacqueline opened her mouth to argue, but nothing came out as the magic seized her. The fabric shimmered and lengthened as the top of it threaded through her jeans, her skin, and slipped over her tailbone. The velvet fabric grew thick fur as Jacqueline's spine began to extend down through the tail. As it grew, a warm pleasure flooded her body and she was forced to look away. Her hands found her breasts. Her now black lips formed an 'O' as she let out a long moan as new nerves reached the white tip of her tail. It took a moment for her to recover herself, for the warmth to coalesce into a sensation of the new limb. She felt it curl slightly, responding to her thoughts, the tip twitching from her uneasiness. She swished it a few times and then ventured a look behind her, the battle of will with Menzo completely forgotten. It was indeed a leopard tail, covered with soft spotted fur. As long as her own body, only its curl prevented it from brushing the ground, and on the underside of that curled tip was completely white. A tailored tail hole in her pants allowed it to join with her back; it looked like she had been born with it. Her first thought was, "Oh man, Dave's going to freak." On further reflection, it was also a good thing he liked cats.

Dave, her husband. The thought was enough to snap her back to reality. But, before she could organize a strategy to resist Menzo, he spoke. "Jacqueline, if you are done fondling your breasts, could you please show your tail to the rest of us." A quick glance down confirmed that her spotted, clawed hands were indeed clutching her breasts. A mortified mew escaped her lips and her cheeks began to burn as everyone in the nightclub burst into laughter. She

was more than happy to turn her back on that.

She crossed her arms and hunched her back, feeling her new appendage lash behind her with broad, angry strokes.

"Now, now," Menzo chastised the throng, "If your long-hidden appendage was suddenly returned to you, wouldn't you get a little excited? After all," Jacqueline's eyes widened as she felt his hand close around the base of her tail, a totally new sensation. "It is truly-," he started to pull his hand down the tail's length, sending an overwhelming volume of sensations as each individual hair was touched for the first time. A purely feline mrowl escaped her lips as she arched her back. "Beautiful."

"But to truly tame a Leopard Lady, you need to know the secret spot. Right, here." He placed two fingers at the base of her tail and began to scratch. Jacqueline gasped as the world began to melt. It was like a deep professional backrub, times one hundred, combined with the worst itch in the world getting scratched, and the slow pleasure of grinding against a pillow, all rolled into one. Her lips parted and she closed her eyes as the sensation overtook her. As Menzo continued, Jacqueline's legs wobbled and she fell first to her knees, then to her hands. A soft growl of pleasure filled her throat. Slowly, her tail lifted until it arced over her and she thrust her ass up into the air against the fey's fingertips.

The sensation was creeping into her loins, making them slick, as Menzo spoke, "Jacqueline, open your eyes."

Her eyes fluttered open, confusion drifting through her fogged brain at the image that confronted her, and then widened as the meaning of ‘mirror’ was finally dragged out of storage. If it wasn’t for the fact that her hair, an unruly collection of curls that reached her shoulders and hung down around her face, was unchanged, then one would have a lot of difficulty identifying this creature in the mirror as the woman who stepped on stage a few minutes ago. Beyond the changes Menzo had consciously wrought on her, the spots, ears, claws, teeth and tail, more subtle changes had gripped her. Her lips, nose and the skin around her eyes had become black, their shapes shifted to give the entire face a feline cast. Her entire body looked leaner, more toned than she had ever managed to be, much of her body fat burned away. The creature looked exotic and wild, like a thing that men only dared to think about and never speak of.

Menzo bent so he could whisper in her large fuzzy ear, she could feel his breath tickle the fuzz. “Feels good doesn’t it, Jacqueline? Powerful and beautiful. You don’t have to be one of the crowd anymore. Now you are unique, one of a kind, and you can leave your boring, magicless, life behind.” The idea had a definite appeal. “So, are you ready admit that are you are Leopard Lady Jacqueline?” He dug his fingertips harder into the base of her spine, rolling a fresh blanket of warmth through her mind; it made her mew like a kitten.

It would be so easy to say yes. To give in like her body wanted her to. To be this creature. It would be so easy just to let him take her away. No

more boring job, no more stupid fights with coworkers. But one thread held her tongue: no more Dave. The fear of never seeing him or feeling his protective arm around her again drove against the warmth like a blizzard. Dave made her happy after the stupid job. She seized on her thoughts of him like a lamp pole in the middle of a hurricane. She was losing this battle, but she’d keep on fighting for Dave. A man like him was worth fighting for.

Looking away from her reflection, she found her wedding band on her finger and focused on it, on Dave. “Nnn-No. This isn’t real. It’s glamour. You’re... You’re using the crowd to force it on me.” There, he’d asked her twice now and she had denied it twice. By the rule of three, he could only ask her once more. She just had to hang on that long.

“Oh, that’s what I’m doing, am I? You think this is just another magic trick?” He shook his head sadly. “You poor, lost kitten. What if you’re wrong? Perhaps I am not applying glamour to you, but stripping it away instead.” He ran a finger down the length of her tail, setting off another shiver. “Think of what you dream about at night, Jacqueline.” He stopped administering to her happy spot and passed a hand through her hair in a tender manner, the tips of his fingers just brushing her ear. Her body ached for further touch but he abruptly stood and faced the crowd. “Now, do you like what you see here?”

While the crowd roared their approval, Jacqueline stayed on her hands and knees, frozen, as her mind spinning like a super-sonic merry-go-round.

He had just insinuated that she was actually a changeling, but that wasn't possible. Was it? Her parents were normal and she'd been tested for magic. Hell, Dave worked for a company with a strict no-magic policy and he had more magic than she did. No, it must be another trick. And the dreams... Well, didn't everyone have odd dreams once in a while?

Slowly, she pushed herself to her feet, giving herself one last look in the mirror, "You're not real," she told the image of the Leopard Woman that faced her. The reflection did not look convinced. Over the reflection's shoulder, she could see Menzo digging around in his top hat for something. He was clearly filling time, waiting for her. Swallowing, she steeled herself for the next round in this contest over her body. She turned to face him just in time to see him pull out a pair of tribal bongos that were a about four times the size of his hat.

He drummed a quick rhythm on the surface of one the drums with his fingers, just a few beats were enough to send Jacqueline's stomach into a fit of somersaults. There was no way he could know that beat. Menzo's gaze slid back to her, a triumphant grin had spread across his face, his too-white teeth looking positively predatory. "Jacqueline, what did you dream about last night?" Without waiting for an answer, he started to play.

"I-I was dancing."

"Where were you dancing?"

The beat seemed to resonate with her spine and Jacqueline's hips began to respond without asking for approval, swaying back and forth to the slow, steady beat, her tail swaying behind her, exaggerating her hips' sinuous motions. The barely remembered dream bubbled up in her mind. She tried to hold back the words that rose in her throat, to lie, to do anything to avoid admitting that this had been her dream, but the words burst out of her mouth with eagerness. "I was dancing in the jungle, on the edge of a village, around a huge fire."

The beat took hold of her arms then and they lifted over her head to join the motions of her hips swaying to the slow, sensual beat.

"And what were you wearing while you danced, Jacqueline?"

She bit her lip and held her breath as she tried to fight the compulsion that gripped her every time he spoke her name. It worked, but only until her lungs began to burn a few seconds later and the words burst out with the air from her lungs. "I danced naked."

"Dance for us, Jacqueline. Dance the way it's supposed to be danced." He continued to drum the soft beat.

Jacqueline growled at him, trying to ignore her secret thrill that the prospect of dancing naked in front of all these people was causing. It wasn't her fault after all, she was being forced. Forced to show them what lurked in her now ill-fitting clothing. Maybe, just maybe, she could get Menzo distracted

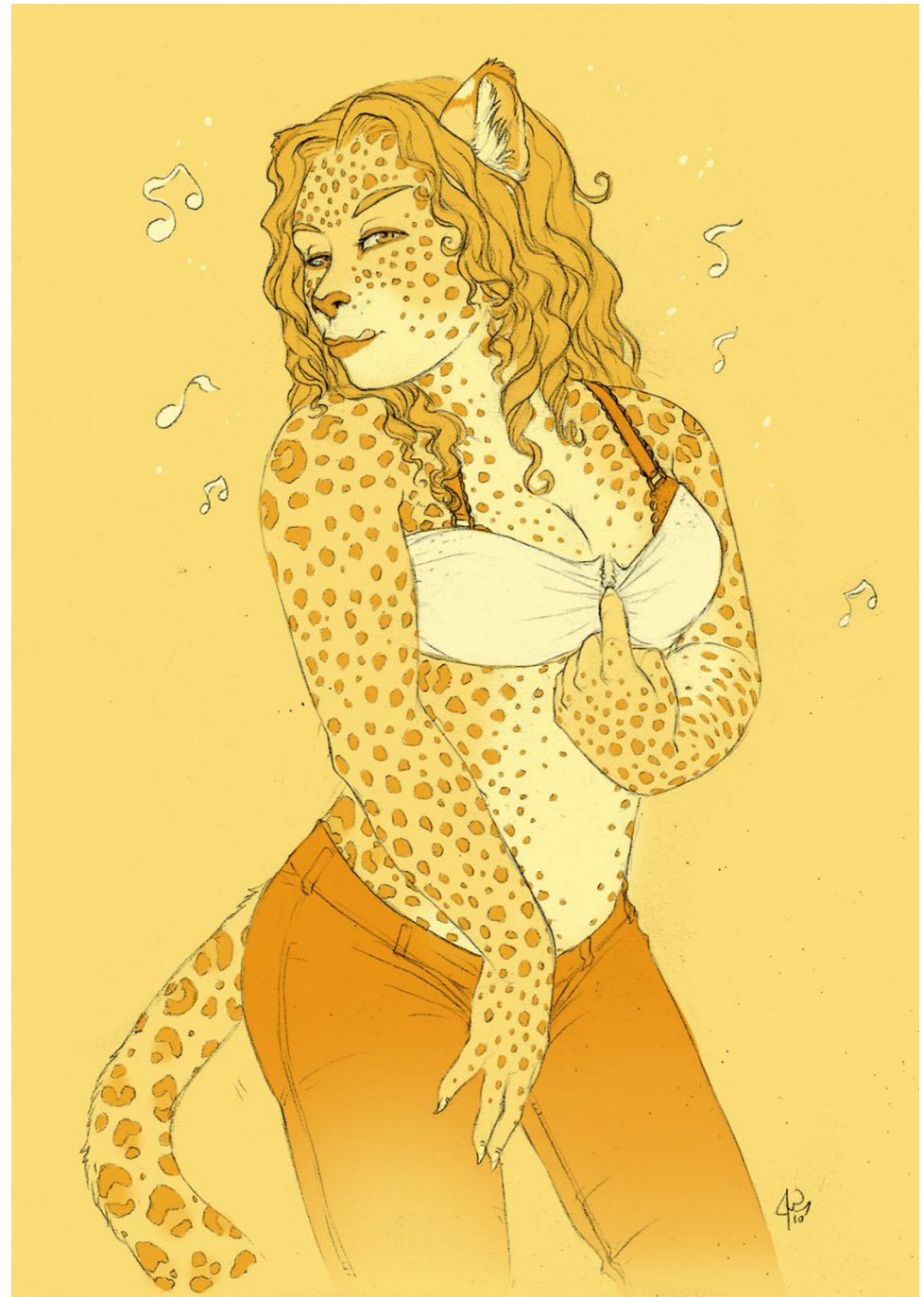
enough to make a mistake. Yes, that was it. Her mind seized on that plan and she embraced the dance.

Her body undulated as she moved her torso in a shallow wave traveling from her hips slowly up her spine. She turned her head away from the crowd as she brought a clawed fingertip up to the top of her tube top, right between her deep cleavage. Thrusting her chest out, she made the fabric strain against the outlines of her bra then brought her claw down through the now-white fabric. It parted effortlessly and fell away, free from her body, revealing the lace-trimmed push up bra. She turned her head toward the crowd and ran her tongue along her top lip as she cupped her breasts. There was a rustle from beyond the stage as the men shifted in their seats.

Slowly, teasingly, she snaked her hand down her belly, tracing her fingers between the large spots until she reached the border of her jeans, then undid the button. She leaned backward so that everyone could see the shiny metal zipper as she hooked it with a claw and undid it, allowing everyone to see the black panties underneath. She allowed her hand to steal inside them for a few beats, letting out a husky rowl as her finger ran along the outer lips of her womanhood.

The tempo began to speed up and a glance at Menzo showed that the audience wasn't the only thing in the room taking her in. His wide eyes were fixed on her, a hungry grin on his handsome face.

That's right, get hungry, you bastard. I'm never going to let you touch this.



Real or not. With the tempo increasing, she turned her back on Menzo and the crowd, and began to bounce her rear side-to-side with the beat, the motion making her tail lash through the air in a hypnotic motion. She tore her bra from her chest and tossed it aside. The air around it shimmered and then it burst into orange flame. With it gone, Jacqueline began to feel the heat of her own genuine arousal as the beat started to leak past her anger. Her hands found her breasts and she gave herself a savagely strong squeeze, forcing the scream of a lusty jungle cat from her lungs. The flames next to her leapt upwards, mirroring her lust. Forcing her hands away from herself, she resumed the dance, channeling the desire she felt building throughout her body into it. Her legs were still encased in denim and with each movement they seemed to chafe against her skin. Before long, she was not able to tolerate it any longer. Jacqueline bent low and hooked her claws into the knees of her jeans. Then with a chorus of tearing fabric, Jacqueline tore four rips in each leg of her jeans, extending from the knees up through her belt. Nothing left to hold them to her body, they fell away from her. The panties floated down on top of the jeans a second later.

Then she danced for them. Her body moved through the beat with an impossible grace and speed. The fire she circled grew with each step as her mind flooded with feral images, full of the scents of blood and sex. As the beat neared its climax, she reached the point where she could no longer ignore the burning of her own loins. It had made her inner thighs slick with something that was not sweat. Her hands flowed over her spotted skin;

they dawdled on her large breasts, cupping them first and then pinching her swollen nipples, their dark brown skin changing to black as she moaned in pleasure. One hand stayed on her breast while the other quested down her spotted stomach and through the curly brown hair of her mons until her fingers met the wet warmth of her dripping pussy. She pressed through its folds and began to stroke her clitoris to the pulse of the beat. All the while, the fire beside her grew.

The dance forgotten, her mouth opened, allowing her tongue to loll out as she began to pant. She squatted down as her other hand slid down from her breasts, along the curve of her body, across the contour of her thigh to plunge a finger inside of her. A roar ripped through her as she pressed the finger against her inner walls. The fire beside her surged, the flames extending above her head. As her hands pulsed in a frenzied rhythm, her head slowly tilted backwards until her face was level with the sky. Her muscular legs ground against her hands with increasing desperation as the beat of the drums reached a dizzying speed.

The fire grew into a roaring bonfire, casting Jacqueline in a lusty red glow that made the sweat on her spotted skin shine as her body shook with ecstasy, her tail trembling behind her. She made strangled noise, a blend of human and inhuman, “aaaaarrriiiii.” She came, screaming as her knees gave out and she crashed to the ground.

For a long moment, she just lay there, panting. She did not want to move.

The musky scent of her own sex and sweat, and the pop and crackle of the fire beside her, seemed to cast the world into a comfortable twilight. There was a tingling soreness in her, focusing her tired and foggy mind until her attention localized the sensation to an abraded clit. It was sated, but there was longing ache much deeper within her, waiting...

A familiar voice came to her, “Jacqueline, maybe you should clean yourself. You’ve gotten a little dirty.”

Only the briefest of nods answered him. He was right, of course. Fur became a crusty mess if you did not clean it right after sex. Sighing, Jacqueline pulled herself up onto her knees, careful not to let her hands touch the packed earth beneath her anymore than they already had. She brought a hand to her lips and licked it from wrist to fingertip. It felt wrong, the skin too smooth, her tongue too wet. Another lick and things felt better, the tongue rough now on her skin. Skin? She opened her eyes to inspect her hands. They were long-fingered things, their spots looking odd on the yellowish skin. How was she supposed to run on these if she needed an extra burst of speed? As soon as the question was asked, the answer appeared, as a patch of yellow and black hairs grew over the skin she had cleaned with her tongue. As she watched, it thickened into proper fur, assuming the coloration of the skin beneath it. She licked it and her tongue pulled at the fur in the luxurious manner she had expected. Moreover, she could feel the patch of fur grow larger as her tongue passed over it. Murring, she continued to groom her odd paw and, under her administrations, it

began to fix itself. As the fur crept over it, her hand thickened, growing wider. Dark, leathery pads rose from her palm as her claws merged with the fingertip bones, becoming fearsome weapons. Painlessly, the claws bent backwards, folding into the flesh of her now-thick fingers and disappearing from view.

The other hand was quickly groomed into a proper hand-paw before Jacqueline pushed herself up onto her toes and opened her legs, wincing as stuck skin peeled away from itself. The brown hair around her sex was shiny with her juices. Like her hands, this also needed correcting. Her supple spine almost allowed her to reach it with her tongue, but not quite. It was yet another thing that she found strange about her body. She growled in frustration and tried again, applying all her considerable will to the movement. Her back resisted at first, then yielded to her desire with a strange slipping sensation as several vertebra lengthened and the accompanying cartilage softened to allow to her questing tongue to lap at her own pussy. On contact with her rough tongue, her curly public hair melted into silky, white fur. Cleaning herself in this way was a relaxing, calming sensation, so she took her time and there was more fur to clean with every stroke. It had coated her inner thighs and was starting to creep up her stomach when the voice interrupted.

“Are you ready for your lesson now, Jacqueline?”

Jacqueline felt her cheeks flush as her tail curled around her ankles in

embarrassment. “Sorry, I got a little carried away there.”

“Pleasure is an important part of the dance,” the voice had a hint of a smile to it. “And your screams echo through the jungle so nicely.”

She stood up and stretched her back while she gazed out into the deep shadows of the jungle around her, a smile on her face. “Oh? Does teacher want to hear me scream again?”

A throaty chuckle answered her, then the soft rhythm of his drums. She turned to face him; he was a very large and handsome male from the village. Menzo was his name and he had promised her to help improve her dance for the coming of age festival. As he beat out the complex pattern on the bongos, she had to admire the way his arms rippled underneath his spotted coat. The white gloves he wore were strange; she had never seen those in the jungle before.

She started her dance. It called back to the hunt, beginning with slow, subtle movements to emulate the waiting, then the stalking of prey, followed by a frenzy of movement, the pounce, the struggle. The cycle would repeat until she was too exhausted to move. Menzo called out to her before she had made but two steps into the first phase.

“Stop, Stop!” Jacqueline froze and she looked at Menzo with a mortified expression. Had she screwed up already? She’d been practicing so hard. He shook his head sadly, clearly disappointed. “Your footing is all wrong. Let

me show you.” He tapped out a simpler version of the rhythm on his drums with those strange white gloves. Then with a quick motion, he pulled his hands from them and they kept drumming. Jacqueline blinked at that and her ears went back for a moment. Something about those gloves was wrong. They didn’t belong in her jungle.

“Jacqueline, don’t worry about those. Look at me.”

The command peeled Jacqueline’s eyes from the gloves to Menzo, and she couldn’t help but be struck by how handsome he was, his wide chest sported a pattern of spots that perfectly accented his white tuxedo jacket. He took her paw in his and stepped behind her, pressing himself to her back and her paw in his to her stomach. As he did so, she got a nose full of his heady scent. Instinctively, she leaned up against him and was starting to curl her tail around his leg before she caught herself. She shook her head to clear it. She already had a mate and it wasn’t Menzo. This was a practice, nothing more. “What am I doing wrong?”

“Jacqueline,” his voice was a throaty purr that made her insides wobble, and her damn tail encircled his leg despite her attempts to stop it. “You have stand on your toes. Leopard Women have no heels, remember?” He slid his hands down her thighs. The touch sent bolts of warmth through her legs, and fur sprung forth and spread where his touch tickled her skin. The sensation made her push back against him, up on her toes as her breath shuddered. Her already strengthened legs thickened further as the fur flowed

over them. First a downy white undercoat, followed by a thicker layer that mimicked the spotted coloration of her skin. Her feet lengthened, bursting out of the shoes she had completely forgotten about. The heels of her feet faded into her ankles as her toes sprouted wickedly curved claws. Menzo shifted his hands and began to tease the fur of her inner thighs, raking his claws through the thickening softness. Hot sexual need shot through Jacqueline. Growling, she reached back over her head and encircled his wide neck with her arms, pulling herself up to him to lick the underside of his muzzle.

As the front of her feet swelled into two massive paws, Menzo twisted away from her seeking tongue and clamped his jaws on the nape of her neck, Jacqueline cried out in pleasure he pulled her skin away from her bones. An impossible warmth spread from his fangs and into her toughening hide. Fur sprouted where his teeth made contact with her spotted skin, spreading around her neck and down over her breasts. She clenched her jaw and ground her teeth together as he changed his grip, biting her so hard that a lance of pain stabbed through the pleasure as one of his teeth pierced her hide and stabbed into her muscle. It drove the change deeper into her neck, stretching and thickening both muscle and bone. Powerful jaws can not help you if your prey can snap your neck.

Menzo pulled his teeth from Jacqueline's neck just as the fur crept up to her chin and there it halted for the moment. Jacqueline panted, her wide feline tongue protruding over the top of her black lower lip. Her face was the only

part of her left unfurred, a humanish face mounted at the end of a thick animal neck, her brown hair, mane-like, cascading down its length. She could feel his breath on the fur on the back of her ears.

Waiting.

Her tongue flicked up over her nose and back into her mouth. The jungle had faded away; they were on the stage. Menzo was not a Leopard Man and she was on the cusp of losing all her humanity. Moistening her lips, she spoke two words, "Finish it."

Sliding his hands up her body, he cupped her breasts and teased her rock-hard nipples. She could only mrowl in encouragement, then yowl when the tease became a savage twist. "These just won't do, Jacqueline." A strange constriction gripped her chest, like a pulling sensation on the inside of her breasts. It was both uncomfortable and arousing, making her squirm in Menzo's grasp. His hands fell away and she grasped her breasts with her own paw-like hands. They felt odd to her, not quite the same heft as she remembered. Looking down to confirm it, after accounting for the thick covering of fur, her generous C-cup was now closer to a B-cup. "No!" She squeaked in horror; they were still shrinking! Her breasts had been the one thing she really liked about her body.

"Do not worry, my little huntress. What Leopard Women lack in size, they make up in abundance." As he spoke, he touched the spots directly below her now-smaller breasts and moved his fingers in a circular pattern.

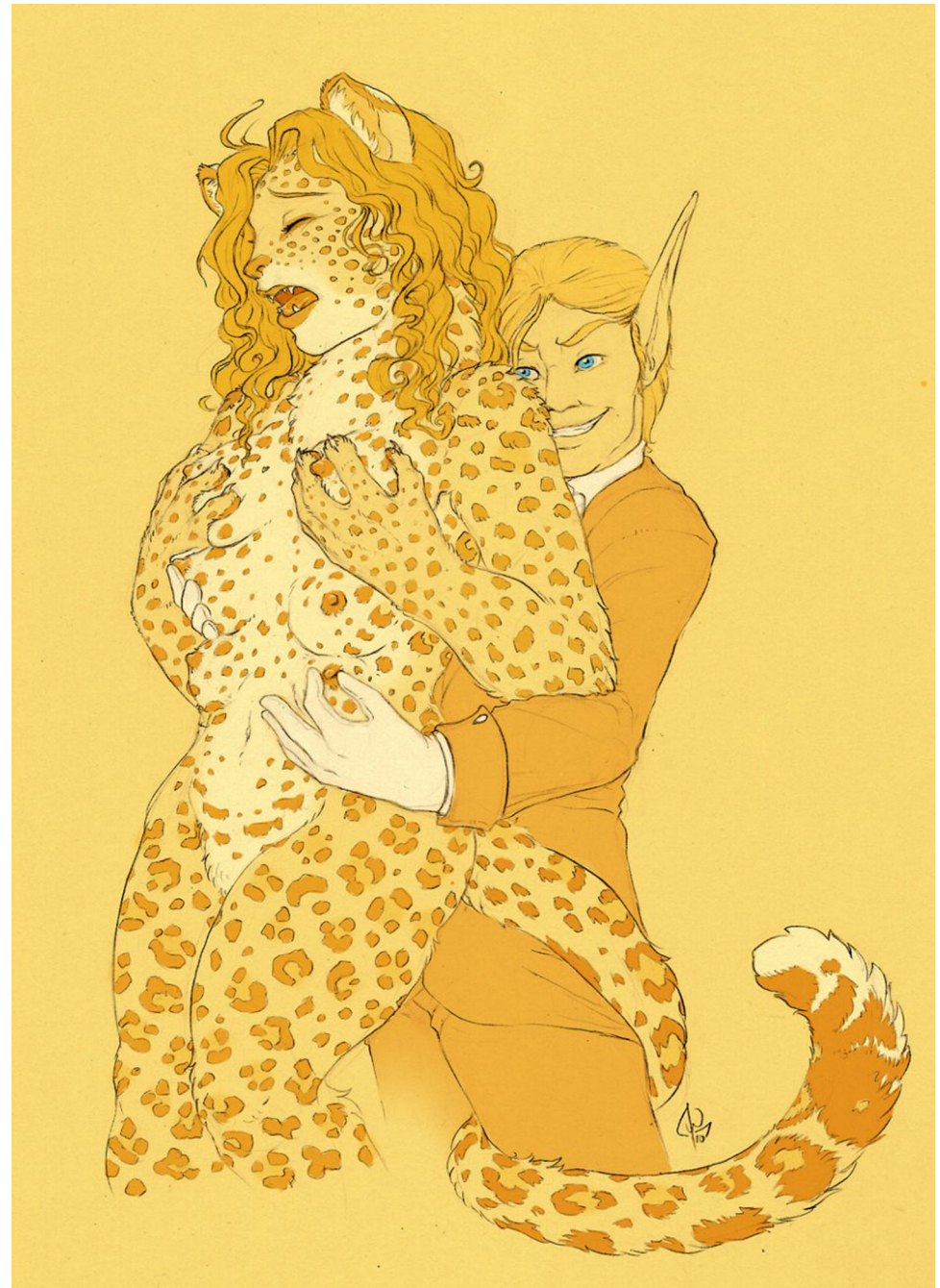
At first, Jacqueline didn't notice, entranced by the shrinking of her most prized feminine assets which seemed to settle on a modest B-cup, but as he continued, the flesh under the circles started to become quite sensitive.

Soon, Jacqueline panted with heat and didn't know why. The areas Menzo was stroking felt tight, like the skin there was being stretched. Craning her neck downward, she saw that there was no longer any fur under Menzo's fingers, instead an additional set of black nipples poked through her fur.

Then he pinched them.

Jacqueline roared as pleasure exploded from her new nubs. The roar faded into a moan as Menzo began to roll them against his thumb and forefingers. She writhed against him as they grew into breasts that were just a little smaller than the pair above.

Menzo seized them and sent Jacqueline's mind rocketing towards the stratosphere as she filled the room with an inhuman scream of bliss. "You know leopards have litters of three or four, sometimes five. How about an encore?" Without waiting for an answer, he pinched another twin patches of flesh. The fur immediately melted away from his fingers and two more nipples eagerly sprang into existence. When he grasped them, Jacqueline's own hands started to clutch at her top pair, squeezing them rhythmically as her body writhed. An indescribable pressure was building within her, something far more primal than the simple biological organism. As her third set of breasts swelled into their tiny existence, Jacqueline could feel herself



on the precipice of something far more consequential.

“Yes. Just little bit more,” whispered Menzo. He had let go of her fifth and sixth tits, each not much more than a nipple with a tiny bulge behind it, leaving her frozen, trembling on the edge of something massive. Now his fingers were inching downwards, sliding through the thick fur on her stomach towards the damp patch of fur between her legs. There was a sense of finality hanging between them; if she let him push her over this ledge, there would be no return.

She reached her paw toward his hand and stopped, hovering over it. There was no compulsion any more. To stop him, all she needed to do was push his hand away. That would mean going back to what she was before. That weak human with the pathetic job, and no magical talent whatsoever.

Her body felt so wonderful like this, so right. She grabbed his hand and pushed it down towards her sex. His finger stroked across her lips once and Jacqueline lips form an involuntary ‘O’ shape as she moaned in ecstasy.

He touched her clit and Jacqueline felt something within begin to crack. Stroking it side to side sent spasms through her body, and she grabbed hold of the fey to prevent herself from falling down. “I-I-” but she couldn’t finish the words as the bones of her face began to pop and distend. “Ahhhhh,” was all she could manage as her face pushed out into a short muzzle, fur racing after her nose as long whiskers sprouted from her upper lip, the last of her human features consumed by her feral attributes.

Still the tension continued to build within her as Menzo continued to stroke her. Her body began to shake from the tension. Strangled growling sounds escaped her throat. Then, with a final press of his finger, the dam shattered. Jacqueline forced a scream of pleasure and triumph that nothing human could ever replicate. She felt something drop away from her, something she would never get back, but what did a leopardess need with humanity anyway?

Menzo held her as the aftershocks rocked her body. She slumped against him as her legs lost their strength. They stood there for a long moment. She felt the haze of pleasure, the magic starting to drain out of her, its work finished.

Done. She was done, but what was she now?

Opening her eyes, she saw the mirror that Menzo had bent her in front of earlier. The jungle and the bonfire of her dream were gone. She hung off a grinning, human-like Menzo, his impossible blue eyes shining. But it was her reflection that made her jaw drop. Huge amber eyes stared back at her, set in the face of an untamed animal, but with just enough humanity in it that you could see her smiling. Her coat glowed with health and her six breasts looked much bigger under the layer of fur which hid the nipples. The third set nearly invisible under her pelt-- hidden treasures. Her torso was long and gently curved. Thick, digitigrade legs gave her killer hips, and her nearly four-foot long tail loosely curled around Menzo leg.

“Do you admit to being a leopardess now, Jacqueline?”

“Yes.” There was no hesitation in her deep, almost guttural voice. The word shivered through her, and she felt the magic within her bite into her very being, burrowing itself deep within her. Her form shimmered subtly; she could see the individual hairs that made up her pelt, and the texture of her eyes. Her body had just crossed the threshold from glamour to reality. There was no going back.

“Well, then. We’d best be going. Can’t let the MDA find us,” he flashed a grin and withdrew a small gold collar from his sleeve.

“No,” Jacqueline answered, seemingly lost in her own reflection.

Menzo made to fasten the collar around her neck, but found he was unable to close the collar. Jacqueline had gotten her paw between her neck and the collar. His eyes widened. “Now, don’t be silly. You need a sponsor to bring you to the fey wilds.”

“You are not my mate,” she growled. Her mind was confused, where was the jungle? Where was Dave? She knew instinctively that a collar was something she did not want. She focused on that, raising another paw to entangle the collar.

“Jacqueline, lower your paw.”

The paw trembled but did not move.

They stared at each other for a moment through the mirror. Her with a stubborn, just slightly teeth bared, expression; his of disbelief that was rapidly changing to anger.

The silence was shattered by the echoing “BANG!” of the nightclub door flying open. Both Jacqueline and Menzo started.

“FREEZE! MDA!”

The Magical Defense Agency had arrived. Finally.