

Sighing, Sara switched the TV off, tired of the usual dribble she had come to hear constantly over the past weeks. Hell, it had been a few months now since everything broke down, and while it was important for her to follow the rapid breakdown of society as they knew it, now that things had stabilized, the news was all the same, and repetitively depressing. Infections rising, no word on vaccine rollouts, and little chance of the world reopening any time soon. It was becoming tiring, Sara was forced to adjust to the new normal like the rest of the world.

The reality of a worldwide pandemic was not something anyone had prepared for, beyond the dangers of a virus itself. Limited to working from home, closing social gatherings, and being generally isolated from anyone outside one's home was rather trying. Sara, for her part, found the change not to be as daunting as it could have been, thankfully able to work from home as part of her position as chief engineer for her company. Given she lived alone, it was a little lonely at first. Though with her new self-care regimen of jogging, eating healthy, and socializing with friends online, Sara found herself able to cope rather well. She was left hoping the following months would go rather smoothly until things in the world shifted for the better.

It was during her frequent forays into online forums and chat groups of interest-aligned friends that Sara first came across the rumors. It started with people going missing, people who were alleged to have contracted the virus but never resurfaced or were never reported diseased. Some of those people had last appeared online, though reported rather strange occurrences post-infection. Things like tails, animal ears, and more bizarre alterations that had no basis in science came with pictures as well, things that were likely photoshopped but strange to be used as a trend all the same. Those who posted such images mostly confirmed some degree of illness before they posted the altered photos, though Sara couldn't see the two things as having a correlation. If people were experiencing minor physical alterations surely a viral agent couldn't be the cause of them. People were still getting sick, after all, some were more fortunate than others. Still, it was weird that such was more persistent than she might have been expecting, to the point there had to be some credence to the rumors, as much as she couldn't wrap her head around it. She was an engineer anyway, medical knowledge was not her area.

It was less than a month into lockdowns that she contracted the virus herself. She had no idea where from, given that she held strictly to the rules and made very little contact with others if she could help it. Was it door dash? A grocery trip? Sara had no idea. Still, the moment the symptoms took hold, Sara was sure it was some common cold and not the virus, though was thankful her workplace had days specifically allocated for those infected, even though tests were sparring at the time. Still, after the first few days, and confirming with her online friends, Sara came to believe she had contracted the as-of-yet unnamed virus, something that frustrated her yet nothing could do anything about. She was also in contact with those who lived around her as well, in case the vector had infected her close to her apartment. Only one of her neighbors, a

woman named Rose, reported symptoms, feeling a little sicker than Sara but otherwise doing well enough. Sara made a point to keep in touch with her just in case, hoping neither one of them would need to be hospitalized for respiratory distress.

Unlike reports on the news, her overall experience with the virus was rather light, all things considered. She didn't experience the level of chest pain, lesions, or any of the other rarer but more severe symptoms. She was lucky, overall, only needing about five days of best rest before she became stir-crazy and had to convince her bosses to let her work. Given the reports of how severely the virus had impacted many others, Sara considered herself lucky. There were still the implications of long-term side effects, something that would take months and years to fully study, and she was a little concerned. Still, on the mend as she was, Sara let herself put it out of her mind, more pressing concerns in her day-to-day life than things she couldn't control.

Yet, it was the next few days that had her concerned, a bizarre series of coincidences that gave her more pause than the symptoms of the virus itself. She had been feeling like herself for the past two days or so, thinking the effects of the virus were behind her. But with it came a hunger the likes of which she had never experienced before, Sara finding herself ravenous in the mornings when she was used to having only coffee before noon. She was soon eating almost double what she was used to, starving to the point she often started shaking before she ate. Stranger still, any of the veggies she had picked up were repulsive to her, making her ill when she tried to prepare them. It was like her body needed protein, and while she generally tried to eat somewhat balanced, the only thing that eased her hunger was meat. Googling symptoms of the virus, there were a few cases of odd dietary preferences reported by people with mild symptoms, something they couldn't explain and sometimes going against foods they'd ever eaten at all. Sara couldn't figure out why that would be, but there was no denying how hungry she was for meat, and the fresher, the better.

Naturally, such a diet started affecting her body, though the speed of which was a little alarming. Sara found her clothes feeling a little tight, though at first, in all the right places. It was obviously added muscle mass, rather than fat as she'd feared. Her arms, legs, and even her chest and belly were proportionally larger than she had ever been, and although Sara worked out, she had been lax as of late with her illness and recovery. Then where was all the mass coming from? Surely not her protein-heavy diet, but that had to have something to do with it. Not that the added muscle mass was necessarily unwelcome, but rather surprisingly, given that she hadn't been out of the house in some time. It was quickly getting rather annoying, much to her detriment, especially as tasks like bending in certain ways were made more troublesome. That, and she didn't have much in the way of looser clothing in her drawers, making her wonder about ordering online with in-person shopping all but shut down.

Not only did her meals smell more appetizing to her in the ensuing days, but smells around her apartment seemed stronger as well, to the point that certain things were almost nauseating. Garbage, in particular, and she was prompted to take it out more often than usual. Opening the window seemed to bring her a greater awareness of the world as well, things outside that she had smelled up close wafting into her nose from a distance. It was a little much, though closing the window made the stale air in the apartment a little stifling. Besides, as distracting as they were, she ended up finding some interest in them, things that she was able to identify the more she smelled them. Grass, flowers, even things like people walking by her apartment, though it was a little odd that such was aware of her. It had to be a side effect of the virus, not being able to smell and having it granted back to her. Not that she'd ever been able to smell things so strongly before, but it was still interesting, to say the least.

That was not the only thing to trouble her as Sara persistently scratched the itching of skin and rubbed her muscles, which were rather sore all the time, despite her not feeling sick. More than once, she scratched the skin with her nails, and examining them revealed their tips were a little sharper, looking nothing like she was used to and making her feel a little worried. Still, she trimmed them quickly, finding them noticeably thicker as well, much to her chagrin. It alterations were odd but without any event in her mind to link them together, Sara did her best to ignore them, as much as they were annoying her in her day-to-day life. Hell, at first, she was even in denial anything was wrong, given she couldn't think of a probable cause.

Still, the itching across her skin seemed to persist as the days went on, to the point that she had to think the virus had messed with her hormones. At first, it had started in her privates, and around her underarms, prompting her to shave more frequently. However, it quickly grew back to the point where she gave up entirely. The itching spread up her navel, down her legs, and even over her neck, something that annoyed her to no end. Thinking it to be a side effect of the virus, she gave in and tried to call a doctor, but with in-person appointments at a minimum, she wouldn't be able to see one for some days, making the point of which moot.

As much as Sara tried to ignore the changes to her body, waking one night from rolling over in something bugging her back brought everything to a head. The pain of crushing something against her back caused her to call out, and she had to get up, not finding anything on the mattress to be the source of her distress. A strange weight on her backside prompted her to touch it, shocking her from the sheer size of it. It took her some work getting her camera to turn around and take a picture, not helped by how much dread the ordeal gave her. But the result was somehow worse with the sight of what looked like a nub, the likes of which should never be imagined on her form. Far from being a bruised tailbone, the extension looked for all the world like the start of a tail itself...

It took Sara some time to sit down with the reality of what was happening, not expecting a tail to be sticking out of her spine, albeit a stub of one. It triggered a connection with her extra hair, the muscle gain, and even her heightened sense of smell were all things she could explain away. But a tail?! There was no way...unless the things she'd read online had some weight to them. It should have been impossible for her to have a tail, virus or not. But without any drugs or the sort to confuse her senses, Sara had to accept the inevitable.

With that, Sara spent well past dawn on the internet, looking for more information on those who reported having animal parts. Cases were few and far between, and read more like fanfiction than anything Sara could imagine. But some pictures made her more than a little convinced, especially given the thing sticking out of her own spine. Some of them had to be props, such things were easy enough to fake. But at least some of them had to be real, and their owners, like her, were in possession of animal traits. And if their stories were to be believed, the changes were steadily progressing, having not stopped at a single animalistic trait.

All of her research had left Sara with more questions than answers. How had the changes come around in the first place? The virus was the only point of commonality, something everyone had been afflicted with before the development of animal attributes. What was the endgame of the changes was perhaps the most pressing, however. She was still changing as much as she was aware of and had been for the last several days. Were the changes supposed to stop at some point? Or would she turn all the way into...what? Some of the ears and tails that people posted pictures of had obvious sources, some canine, some feline, and some farm animals of various kinds. But at this stage, it did her little good in figuring out what sort of growth she was developing.

Perhaps more annoying was that little advice, from official sources or otherwise, was available for her to access online. There were no official statements about any physical alterations in pandemic carriers, though anyone showing continued systems after the initial illness was recommended to stay indoors and isolate, awaiting further instructions if things got worse. How was that supposed to help her, anyway?!

Despite her lack of sleep last night, Sara was not able to rest, too worried about the continued alterations. There were plenty of virus-related sick days left at her job, and all it took was a message to her boss that her symptoms had returned, though hardly a lie, as strange as these new ones were. Her entire day was spent exploring her body, wishing to know what was happening to her and how quickly it had spread. Sources online were vague about that point, though it seems it was not uncommon for changes to take weeks to fully manifest, and all but a few reported anything beyond the initial tail, hair, or ears.

Such was not to be Sara's fate, it seemed. Though it was thankfully not painful, the sensation of soreness persisted over her new tail all day, and she did not need a measurement tape to notice it was growing. Hell, by mid-afternoon, she could see it by turning around, something that had not been possible a few hours prior. It was long and relatively uniform in length, and though the muscles required to move it were currently absent, the aches from her former tailbone, as well as a persistent tingling in her spine, might be sign enough that would not be the case for long. She couldn't imagine controlling such a thing and was still getting used to the weight of it behind her. Having to adjust herself in her chair was annoying as well, not finding a comfortable position for it and ending up sitting on the side of the chair to let it hang freely behind her.

The itching over her body was back in spades, though it was a persistent prickling over the back of her hands that took priority. She stopped to scratch it several times, unfortunately becoming aware that her recently clipped nails had regrown their sharpened edges, as though she had not just attended to them. Even the skin on the back of her hands was altering, forming long slash-like patterns whose shape meant little to her. It was likely the start of the impressions the hairs might possess if they were to continue to grow, though it gave little credence to the eventual form she would take on.

If she was being honest with hardly, Sara might not have minded life with a tail. Not that she wanted one, mind. But there were certainly worse things, given the alterations happening to some seemed not to be simply confined to a tail or fur. She could only hope it was to stop there, that the odd inclinations, while something that would take time to get used to, could be adapted to. The alternative was beyond unthinkable and she was left trying not to focus on things she had no control over, even those issues that were potentially life-altering and frightening.

For the first little bit, Sara had no idea what was happening to her, what sort of animal whose traits she was steadily acquiring. It was hard to tell in those early days, save for being some sort of carnivore. Yet, as the skin on the back of her hand and her tail began to alter, the stripped pattern started to appear more distinct. She was slow to come to terms with it, but it seemed that whatever twist of fate had passed on this facet of the virus to her was turning her into a tiger.

With the change showing no signs of slowing down, Sara took the steps to apply for paid leave from work, not something she was sure she qualified for but not something she wanted to contend with on top of everything else. Without a broader understanding of the process or how it worked, the paperwork was troublesome to fill out, though with her seniority as a chief engineer, she qualified for upward of a year's paid leave, and was able to treat it as a side effect of the virus. It was starting to be recognized enough that she breathed a sigh of relief when she finally qualified. It was a brief victory, though the least of her worries.

As best as she was able to understand from those few who were reporting symptoms, most changes came gradually, a body part or two at a time, at least for now. Such did not seem to be the case for her, the changes coming aggressively. With the persistent itching and body aches, it seemed she was shifting all over at once, added fur and awkward bodily proportions a consequence of such. And with it ebbed her hopes of a normal life, of getting back to her work and hobbies and everything she enjoyed. And with that came... what, exactly? Sara wracked her brain trying to conceive of what life as an animal would be like if that was to be the endgame. No matter how much she tried to focus on life as an animal, the notion was too far out there for her to wrap her head around. Would she remember who she was or be an animal? What was preferable in the end, anyway?

With all her extra time, Sara took to forum posts, trying to find information from anyone who wasn't featured on the six o'clock news. Information was limited at best, though it seemed there were enough people infected that it was difficult to suppress. Entire threads were devoted to people talking about the changes they had undergone, pictures of things like animal ears, tails, noses, and other superficial features. Yet, in almost all the cases she could find, the changes had come gradually over a few weeks and ceased, giving people hope the process would stop there with them. What did that mean for Sara's case if they didn't?

Eventually, burned out from stress and staying up far too late, Sara went to bed, finding herself struggling to find a comfortable position with her now 5-inch tail. It was a struggle, making her roll around when sleep was already fleeting from stress and anxiety. But eventually, sleep came for her, after dawn giving credence to the possibility even her circadian rhythms might be altered as well. It mattered little with how tired she was, from the changes themselves or stress over what was happening to her.

Waking up that morning, a persistent itching in her hair caused her to reflexively reach up, almost scared at what she felt in its place. Getting up quickly, she scanned the bed, not finding any trace of her human hair. Yet, if what her fingers reported were true, she'd felt fur, more akin to a feline texture if she recalled correctly. And in her panic, the feeling of ears twitching gave her pause as well, making her desperate to run to the bathroom mirror and see what had become of her.

To her horror, though perhaps not surprising, her human hair was entirely gone, having retracted into her head to be converted into much shorter fur. The patterns of orange fur and stripes rather fetching had they not been on her head. The sides of her head had started to blossom out into a white-furred ruff of sorts, while her skull down to the back of her neck had been covered with fur as well. There was no trace of her human hair, as though all of it had

changed overnight, the speed of which was rather alarming. And a sign the changes might be coming faster, whether she wanted them to or not.

As she was quick to forget, her hair changing to tiger fur was not the only change to befall her overnight. She could hardly see through the ruff over her head, but it seemed her ears were larger as well, even buried within the fur as they were. It tickled her a bit to try and move them, though she was able to see they were covered with orange fur in their own right. They weren't fully changed, not yet but already a far cry from the ears she'd possessed as a human.

With the rapid progression of her symptoms, there was little for her to do than browse the internet in desperation for any bit of information she could glean as to her fate. Sadly, little persisted, as few people had contracted a more virulent strain as she had. Hell, if the changes came as fast as she worried, then it was just as likely any other victims had changed enough to make using a computer or anything impossible. And if that happened, then...Sara couldn't bring herself to think about it for now.

Of course, Sara opted to stay inside, for more reasons than one. There was no way to know if her changes were contagious at this stage of infection, and even if they weren't, she would surely be labeled as such for being seen with them. There was little appeal in being viewed as a freak, given her tail and head in its current state. So, with that, she was left inside with her nervous energy, struggling to keep her sanity with the knowledge that things were to get worse. There was little sufficient to distract her from her reality as the day went on, though Sara was determined to try. Watching the news was no help, issues in the world worsening on the whole despite her own unique circumstances. Watching streaming services was futile as well, Sara finding she was not really able to focus on plot lines and having not kept up with her favorite shows. All she could do was think about her future, one that was coming for her steadily as she repeatedly checked her body for changes. If they were to come with the speed they had last night, surely she could see them happening in real-time, right?

Sara could almost pin down the moment she perceived something happening in her feet, a persistent ache that seemed to sink into each toe. She couldn't be sure from how gradual it was likely occurring, but her toes didn't really seem as long as they should be. Trying to flex them was in vain, as though they had become stiff and unresponsive. While they didn't look much different, it was impossible to deny how restricted they were becoming in short order, as though indicative of another major change.

Finally deciding to tell her story online, the replies from others did little to dissuade her fears. It seemed that a few people had discussed such rapid changes, before never signing in again. Could it be that they'd changed all the way into animals? A few people agreed to monitor her situation, wanting her to check in as much as she could. Not quite willing to put her address

out there yet, Sara conceded to at least send pictures of the updates and confirmed she would ask someone she knew locally to check on her. But with how fast she was changing, Sara couldn't deny that waiting to tell someone locally might be to her detriment.

Feeling fatigued from lack of sleep, Sara decided there was little to do but to try and take a nap. It was nearly impossible to sleep under covers with the persistent itching playing over her, and she settled for sleeping on top, careful of her tail as she did so. She didn't want to miss too many of the changes, thinking there was every chance she would be viewing her human form for perhaps the last time in her life. Still, she couldn't stay up forever, and thankfully, this time, sleep came for her, as fitful as it was. Dreams, too, while muddled, came with feline fancies, some images frightening but some oddly appealing. Sara was never awake enough to say, though aware that some of the dreams involving change were not as worrisome as she'd thought. Almost welcome, in fact...

A sharp pickling on the sides of her nose woke her from sleep, and she sneezed, irritated by the feeling of them. Reaching up to touch them made them twitch, Sara met with stiff, wiry hairs more sensitive than she was expecting. Knowing what they were but desiring to see her face with them nonetheless, Sara made her way to the bathroom mirror. It was no less shocking seeing dozens of wiry whiskers on the sides of her lips, and under her nose as she twitched her skin in irritation. It escaped her notice at first that her lips were puffier as well, or that her gums were swollen underneath, as though the roots of her teeth were starting to alter somewhat.

Given the latest changes, Sara was unable to get back to sleep and moved back to the computer, the forums buzzing with new information. Finally, a light at the end of the tunnel suggested those who fully changed were able to keep their human minds, at least as far as anyone was able to tell. Very few people went all the way into animals, of course, so it was hard to say for certain. Sara was likely among the first herself, for as much as she hadn't wanted to be. But if she had to change all the way, she wanted to still be herself, right? That was one worry alleviated, though a small one in the grand scheme of things.

For the most part, people seemed to be developing animal parts of more mundane species, dogs, cats, horses, other farm animals, and local fauna common. Tigers, such as what Sara assumed she was becoming, were relatively rare, as were larger animals native to other continents. At least here in the US, though other countries were not as prolific about sharing such details. Sara had to admit, that if she had to choose an animal to become, a tiger would be high on her list. Though she didn't want to be one, to lose her hands or voice, there were worse options. And given some users reported losing their digits before going offline, she figured that was likely something she would have to contend with.



After some hours, a noticeable stiffness in her fingers made her nervous enough to make sure she took care of her necessities. Messaging her friends, Sara came up with a generic statement, knowing some would not believe she was turning into a tiger without proof. Given her tail and whiskers, it was an easy sell even for the skeptics, and given the number of people reporting changing, likely in the thousands now, there was little chance of her being whisked away to some research lab or the like. Not that she would deny the help of a research organization could give her aid, but with how fast she was changing, something told her that would be pointless.

In her bid to make arrangements for herself while she could, the notion of how much tigers ate soon dawned on her, and she did some careful searches on the topic. The amount of food she would need for even one day was staggering, Sara was thankful her stipend was enough to cover it, though it was obvious from the numbers that even her fridge wouldn't allow for much storage. Oh well. That was a long-term problem when there were much more immediate concerns that needed to be dealt with. With that, she ordered as much meat as she could, raw beef for the most part that she could cook for now and maybe eat raw later on if it came to that. Having been trying to eat healthily, it irritated her that she had to throw most of her food away, none of it safe for cats in general, much less a full-grown tiger.

With that done, Sara found her attention drifting to videos of tigers in zoos and in the wild, slowly realizing how loud her headphones made them and having to pull them out to keep watching. That, and using them with her ears higher on her head was more annoying than it was worth and made her need to do away with them entirely. It made her lament all the things she might lose if the changes were completed, but she did her best to focus on the tasks at hand while she could.

As beautiful as the cats were, massive and muscled and powerful, Sara couldn't imagine being one of the cats in the videos. There were so many things she had to consider, not least of all losing her hands and voice. Cats slept a lot, as much as she was able to gather, and might be the cause of her tiredness as of late. Eating raw meat wasn't the worst part, perhaps, though Sara preferred a more varied diet. And there were less palatable facets of being a cat that slowly started to occur to her the more she reflected on it. Having the use a litter box to relieve herself, for one, and licking herself clean, something she wouldn't be able to manage without hands. And then there was the constant grooming cats generally did with their fur. Hell, with the intensity of the itching over her body, Sara was wondering if she would have to start grooming sooner rather than later. And then there was feline heat...losing her period would be welcome, but the trade-off was something she viewed with much reluctance.

In the end, the itching was so bad she opted to take her clothes off, not seeing any reason to keep them on while she stayed inside by herself. It was a little annoying being naked, given

she could not hide away the hairs that were spreading in small patches over various parts of her skin. Rubbing them with curiosity, Sara was surprised by the soft texture that met her touch, feeling it was almost pleasant. The novelty was not lost on her, unable to feel a tiger's fur, something that was almost a treat. Not something that was worth the loss of her humanity, of course, but in trying to look at the positives, it was the best thing Sara could come up with in the short term.

Even using the bathroom was something she was not inclined to take for granted, something she might not be able to do in the near future. It was bizarre in hindsight to reflect on every facet of her day-to-day life and think it would be the last time for any of it. It was akin to dying in a sense, though hardly the same given she was instead to experience life from an entirely new perspective. It was an interesting thought experiment to ponder, all in all, one she was attempting to put her best face on and perhaps failing more than she had hoped.

Eventually, with nothing on the internet to draw her attention, Sara decided to head to bed once more. There was little chance of a cure or anything to stem the changes coming within the next week, and there was every chance she would be a full tiger by then. With no control over her fate, Sara did her best to listen to the needs of her body, and much of that required rest. Sleep was fleeting as it was, and the realist in Sara figured there was no point in obsessing over every change to happen to her. She would have to get used to things as they came, and after having wracked her brain in an attempt to think of everything she would need to do while she could, there was nothing more to do but sleep when she could. This time, she didn't bother to put blankets over her, knowing it would itch against her skin and irritate the changes.

This time, she was able to sleep to a degree, though it was likely the intense fatigue that had plagued her over the past few days. Even the persistent itching was not enough to keep her from sleeping, and she did so for several hours, much needed with the stress and changes. Still, it was of little reassurance when she woke up to pee, feeling a tingling in her chest that caused her alarm. The patches of her hair were thicker, which was not a surprise in and of itself. But the deflated tissues around her breasts were a cause for alarm, and she quickly made her way to the bathroom, afraid of what she might find.

The sight of her breasts shrinking, while alarming, was not as bad as she thought it might be. And the nipples themselves were just as sensitive, if not reduced in size. Still, it was hardly enough to deny the reality that she was down a few cup sizes, and would likely lose them by the time the changes were done with her. It was yet another thing she hadn't considered with the changes coming as fast as they were, and came with some sadness she wasn't expecting. She cherished her breasts, and to be without them along with everything else was discouraging. Not that she wanted to be a tiger with massive cleavage, but it was disappointing nonetheless.

That was not the only change she incurred during sleep, one she was quick to realize with a soreness in her mouth from too large teeth. She could open enough to ease the ache, though it was insufficient to see what was becoming of her back teeth. Her canines were so large they left her gums swollen and puffy, and her incisors were somewhat smaller, too, as though preparing for the third set that felines possessed. Their size was annoying, though not as much as the taste of her breath, something that would only get worse when she lost the ability to brush her teeth. Add that to the list of things she'd have to get accustomed to!

Despite the drastic nature of the changes thus far, she was able to get back to sleep, no longer panicked by each individual alteration with the sheer number she was forced to contend with each day. She didn't recall her dreams that night, which she figured was for the best, given she had no idea if tiger thoughts would invade her visions. All too soon, the early dawn roused her enough she couldn't get back to sleep, and was left to face the reality of what the new changes had done to her. At least she felt rested, to a degree she hadn't experienced since getting sick weeks ago. It was a small reprieve given the magnitude of changes and experiences she was content with in the coming days.

Rubbing her chest with some sadness, Sara was not expecting to feel something under the hairs coating her chest, below her breasts though just as sensitive. Rubbing them with an expression of confusion, Sara was slow to recall that felines possessed more nipples than primates, and these were her new pair. It was almost pleasant to rub them, distracting from her original breasts and finding how much they had shrunk in the interim. And the more she teased them, the more another need seemed to surface in her mind, one that was too tempting for her not to explore...

Having not felt any arousal or a need to touch herself in the past few weeks, Sara found herself a little needy and wondering if she should entertain the need to do so. It took her little time to figure out why the hell not, especially as it might be the last time she would experience orgasm in any kind of a human state. Not that she found the changes arousing or anything of the sort. But it had been long enough she was able to come up with some mental images to do the trick, rubbing at her sex with still-functional fingers. As much as she was struggling to imagine what her life would be like as a cat, that was one facet she was not willing to reflect on for now!

Teasing her nub, Sara felt a shiver of pleasure running through her, thankful that her sex hadn't altered yet. There was some desperation in the act, thinking that she might not be able to do so again. But with the novelty of teasing two sets of nipples at once, Sara felt her lust rising, and she played with herself with enthusiasm, relishing the sensations. It took little time for her to reach climax, and she didn't try to hold back, getting into the moment rather than reflecting on all she would lose in the coming days. The sensitivity of her second pair of breasts certainly didn't matter as she brought herself closer and closer to the edge!

Even as she reached her climax, a hesitation about what she was to lose made her stop close to the finish line. Surely, there were ways for tigers to do so, and she didn't frequently partake in the pleasures of the flesh regardless. But she was determined to push such thoughts out of her mind, focusing on the here and now as best she could. Reminding herself that nothing was promised, she was able to get into the moment, enjoying what she had and the unique experiences that seemed to stem from it.

Some facets of the change, to her surprise, actually enhanced her experiences, something she was not expecting but was welcome nonetheless. For one, with her sense of smell so enhanced, the reek of her femininity burned into her nose and raised her arousal beyond her perceived experience. It caused her to rub with fervor, only careful of her sharpened nails as she did so. Playing with her pearl, teasing the folds, and inserting a few fingers into her lips were all welcome. The sensitivity of her breasts sent minor shockwaves through to her core, bringing her closer and closer to the edge.

With a rather audible moan, Sara felt herself falling over in bliss, her body wracked with pleasure in a way she had not felt in some time. It was better than even being with a partner, more primal and personal in a way hard to come to terms with. It was all the more welcome, however, and drew her back into the now as she rested only for a moment before allowing herself to go again. There was no reason not to, no pressing issues save for the persistent changes coming over her. As much as she would miss it, she was determined to cherish these final memories, wanting to bring herself as many times as she could until she was too sore and spent. And she did so, nearly passing out with the strain but finally satisfied for what she expected was her last time with hands. Still, there was some thought spared for what it would be like to experience sex or sexual interaction as a cat. Surely, it couldn't feel as good, though it left her inclined to research feline mating when she had the time. Either way, it was a certainty she would someday experience such firsthand!

For now, there were more immediate issues, such as wanting to work on her laptop while she still possessed fingers. Thankfully, their flexibility had not waned over the last few hours, though the annoying stiffness made typing more cumbersome than she was used to. It felt like she was on a countdown of sorts, a limited amount of time to tend to her business before she would be unable to do so ever again. There were people she wanted to say goodbye to, some best friends as well as people she hadn't talked to in years. It was sad to think she would never be able to do so again, but there was little to be done for it.

A notification on her phone made her rise, realizing her hips were a little sore and that standing erect was troublesome. Thankfully, her order was outside, having been left contactless to spare her the embarrassment of being seen with tiger features. It was still a little annoying

working the door with fingers that weren't as responsive as she'd have liked, though was glad she was able to manage at all. Getting all of it in the freezer was a chore as well, but not one she figured she'd have to concern herself with for long. Given that female tigers could be close to 700 pounds on the top end, and the rate she was turning into one, even this amount of meat might soon prove not enough!

Of course, she was well aware her hips were starting to grow sore as she worked, and Sara couldn't help but wonder how long she'd still be walking on two legs. Thankful for the ability while she had it, and starving as she was, Sara allowed herself some dinner. The scents wafting from her cooking meat seemed far more potent than she was used to, making her salivate in anticipation. It was all she could do to cook her food thoroughly as needed for her human self, though left herself wondering how much she was already able to handle raw food. It didn't matter in the end, she supposed.

Back online, Sara turned her attention to reading forums, trying to get her head around what was happening on a larger scale. While there were at least hundreds of people reporting changes, none of them, as best she could tell, seemed to be turning into something as exotic as a tiger. Domestic animals were the norm, pets and livestock and the like. Though the odd person reported scales or feathers, it was mostly mammalian body features that seemed to precede the virus. Most people hadn't changed enough to pin down the species, though it was generally evident if someone would be a carnivore or herbivore, sometimes with more specific details that marked one as a canine of sorts. A rare subset, like Sara, was changing all the way in rapid succession, but that came with its own series of troubles, most of which lacked hands long enough to continue journaling about their experiences.

Sara was soon to be in the same boat, making her all the more eager to report her own experience as long as she could. All in all, a tiger wasn't the worst animal to become, given there was little denying she was to change. And yet that came with its own unique series of challenges. Part of her hoped she wouldn't end up in a zoo or the like, though if not, where was a cat her size supposed to live, anyway? It was something she couldn't bring herself to think about, as much as she needed to come up with a long-term plan as her changes came faster and faster.

Still, in the meantime, she found it pleasant to chat with others in the same situation as she was, even if they couldn't relate to the speed at which the changes were coming over her. To a point of some pride, most people found it cool she was becoming a tiger of all things and requested pictures and even videos of her changes. Of course, some were a little too private, such as in her breasts, but she was eager to take pictures of her tail and fur, loving their reactions. A few people even expressed their jealousy, though Sara wasn't sure how she looked upon that, given what it meant for her future.

Yet, to her frustration, the changes to her fingers became such that the touch screen on her phone no longer reacted to it. Looked down at her fingertips, it was obvious that the skin had swollen somewhat, still skin shaded for now though far too coarse to use a phone. A part of her chastised her lack of foresight, not thinking about calling anyone for help while she still had her voice. That, and not bothering to have a landline, something antique yet would have been a lifesaver in such a scenario. There was nothing to be done about it now, and all Sara could do was to put out feelers through messaging online and emails, hoping someone would respond and check on her once she lost the ability to type.

After a quick nap, something that came with more soreness and itching, Sara awoke rather ravenous, surprised at how it seemed she needed to eat already. It seemed her metabolism was in hyperdrive, likely a facet of the change itself and its toll on her body. Worse, perhaps, was how little her supply would meat would hold out, and even if she didn't have a place to store it, she would need it in the coming days. Still, there was no denying the hunger ravishing her body, to the point she was nearly shaking from the need to eat. The changes were coming faster now, the more drastic alterations to her muscles and bones needing meat to sustain them. By this point, she was clearly larger than her human physique could ever achieve. If she had a mind to, she would weigh herself, though figured there was little point until the process was properly done with her.

It didn't escape her notice that her nose was in hyperdrive, and the sight of it in the mirror gave her pause. It was flattened, slits flaring on the sides as the odors within the bathroom seemed amplified. They weren't disgusting, thankfully, though the scents of cleaning products were a bit offensive, as surprised as she was to discover. Natural odors were more intriguing, and Sara was almost tempted to make a game of it, putting names to scents that eluded her obvious identification. Yet, for now, hunger took precedence, and she made her way out to cook, almost shaking as she did so.

Sara was barely able to cook her meal before diving in, and nearly consuming the plate and utensils in the process. It was enough to fill her up for now, though it would hardly be enough to sustain her new body for the long run. Worse, she was sure she would lose the ability to cook sooner rather than later, making her hope her body could at least handle things raw. Yet, to her altered nose, her bacon and hamburger smelled much better thawed and out of the packaging rather than cooked as she was accustomed to. It was at least a tell her internals were warping to allow her to consume it safely, which would be a necessity as her hands converted into paws and she was left unable to use her cooking utensils. Her tongue, too, felt a little rougher than she was used to, dulling the flavors of her food though hardly enough to leave her appetite to wane, at the very least.

Back to the bathroom, it occurred to Sara that as she opened the tube of toothpaste, it might be the last time she ever took care of her teeth. It was a little disheartening, though hardly the worst thing for her to forego as part of her new life. Her teeth were much in the same state as she'd checked on last time, the canines a little too large for her mouth but a far cry from a tiger's dentures. The notion of what her breath might taste like on a protein-only diet without the ability to use mouthwash was a little unsettling, though hardly the least hygienic thing she would have to contend with in the long run. Something she preferred not to think about until the time came.

Finishing up, Sara retained a dryness in her mouth that prompted her to play with her tongue once more, its sandpapery feel left her mouth feeling like it was filled with cotton balls. It was a little annoying, though she was at least thankful it wasn't too big for her mouth, at least not yet. But with the itching on her hands and body, it made her wonder if it would be worthwhile to try grooming. Surely, she would have to get used to that at some point, right? Yet, she was hardly a tiger yet, and with her hybrid anatomy she figured such would feel 'icky' if that was the right word,

Yet, in the end, curiosity won out, and Sara reached up with her hand and started to lick at it with her tongue. It almost hurt as she did so, the skin on her hand, sparse fur that seemed to cover it, was not yet altered enough for what a cat's might be. But the sensation was somewhat pleasant nonetheless, setting the fur in order as she gave it a few licks. Eventually, she decided to rub her hand against her chest, careful of her still-present breasts as she teased the fur there. It, too, was pleasant, though hardly a substitute for having her tongue over it directly. She figured she would have the flexibility to do so eventually, and took to rubbing her saliva-soaked hand over her hair and face, something more natural for the tiger she was becoming. Being coated in saliva was hardly irritating, enough that she had a notion to take a quick shower. Something else she would have to forego going forward, though at least from what she'd researched, tigers were generally amicable toward water.

With how stiff her fingers were, Sara figured she had little time before losing them entirely. Thankfully, while somewhat stunted, they were still able to move, and she hurriedly took to the computer, making another online meat order and hoping it wasn't too suspicious. The cost did not occur to her, Sara's funds were more than sufficient and her metabolic needs were a priority as she changed. Moreover, there were so many emails and messages she had to send, so many she was sure she was forgetting. Least of all to her neighbors and friends, sending her pictures of her tiger stripes and hoping they would believe the truth in the changes and not give in to the fear-mongering and misinformation that came with the details of the transformation. And she was desperate to check her messages as often as possible, to see if someone could get back to her about a possible solution to her problem of being in the apartment by herself. For now, no one had gotten back to her, leaving her disparaging, given how little time she seemed to have.

She also made a point to check in with the forums as well, letting people know that her hands would likely go soon and that she was safe, getting replies with recommendations of what she should do next. There was no one to report her case to, though she was a little concerned doing so, not sure what the repercussions were for those changing to be taken in by officials. But that was not her most immediate problem, Sara was starting to come to terms with it now that she had enough meals for at least a couple of days. No matter how much she racked her brain, Sara couldn't dream up a scenario where she continued to live in the apartment, unable to care for herself or even store and order the high quantity she needed to sustain herself. In the short term, she did have a trio of friends who owned a house outside town, but none of them were checking their socials, and now of all times! Without a zoo facility nearby, where was she to go? A tiger, even a former human, would not be looked on kindly in the wild, and she would have to make her way to the woods and learn to hunt for herself, in a habitat that her kind was not designed for. None of those options seemed appealing to her, and Sara was left to lament, hoping the few feelers she put out would bear fruit.

It did not take her a long time to feel fatigued once more, be it a facet of the change or something to do with her circadian rhythms shifting into something suited for feline life. Despite the aches in her body, she was able to stay in a dreamless sleep, for once. Curling up on top of the blankets, tail wrapped around her rather than sitting in it as she had, Sara found sleep came easy, which might have concerned her. After all, she was acting more like the cat she was steadily becoming, falling into the patterns rather readily. Yet, it was hard to find fault in that, given her lot in life was to continue to change. The sooner she grew accustomed to feline habits, the better her life would be going forward, right?

Sleeping for longer than she'd have preferred without bothering to set an alarm, Sara woke some hours later, yawning with a tongue that was larger than she was used to. Still, as she started to stretch, the inability to flex her fingers alarmed her, and Sara was quick to reach for a light, the sun streaming through a sliver in the curtain insufficient for her to see. Without having movable digits, Sara struggled, through the expanse of what had to be a paw. As her eyes adjusted to the light, Sara was left to stare at what to be her front legs for the rest of her life.

While, with some effort, she could move her fingers, it was obvious by the length of them they would be little good for much, least of all typing. Of course, she already had issues using her phone, and the fattened nubs she was left were wouldn't be much good for anything delicate. With some work, she figured she could try to cook, though such ran the risk of burning the apartment down. She didn't want to eat her food raw, not yet. And then, there was going to the bathroom...so many things she took for granted came crashing down on her as she moved her new nubs, trying not to despair but finding it difficult with what she had lost, perhaps the most drastic change yet.



By now, Sara should have expected all the bad news to pile upon her at once, the universe determined to try her patience. Yet, she was still shocked as she tried to talk to herself, finding her voice more guttural and growling than she was used to. It was a pain to talk, and with some effort, she was somewhat able to understand the words coming out of her lips. But with as heavy as her jaw felt, as dry her tongue was, and as thick her throat had become, Sara figured such was futile. A better idea soon came to her then, from having spent time watching videos of tigers. Though she knew tigers couldn't purr like smaller cats, there was a variety of vocalizations they used, and Sara was eager to try her paw at them. Of course, she could always waste time lamenting the loss of her hands, and fall into despair. But that seemed like a poor use of her time, even if there was nothing she could do but wait for some of her friends to get back to her, or think it prudent to check on her. Shit, why didn't she think to ask them to come let her out? Or left the door open? No, she *had* to play the part of the sleepy kitty!

In the end, she decided to have some fun with the changes, seeing how well her vocal cords were along with their transition to being a tiger. Starting with a simple growl, Sara was rather surprised it sounded more akin to a cat than her human self. A chuffing sound came out when she tried to laugh, something familiar from one of the videos. With some effort, she was almost able to mimic the odd chirping sounds that she'd heard tigers making, much to her amusement. Tigers, like all cats, had some capacity for mimicry, though such talents might have ended moot in their hunting escapades. Still, it was surprising how some of her vocalizations sounded more akin to birds or other animals, and drew the comparison to her childhood cats chirping at the window in a vain attempt to draw an unsuspecting bird.

In the end, there was only one sound she hadn't tested yet, at least to her knowledge. Preparing to open her mouth as wide as it would go, Sara braced herself, letting a rumbling growl build up in the back of her throat. With that, she let it go, the sound of her roar so loud to her feline ears that she jumped backward, landing on her bed with a thump and the crunching of wood. Such was inductive of how heavy she had become, her bed not sized to take even a woman of her weight jumping on it. But more than that, she was concerned that the sound might attract unwanted attention from neighbors. Not that someone finding her was a bad thing, necessarily, given they could find her help. Unless they had a gun, and weren't inclined to try talking things out with the big murder kitty...

Waiting with bated breath for the next twenty minutes or so, Sara allowed herself to exhale, thinking she was in the clear, for now. Ultimately, she decided there was no point in waiting to test the abilities of her paws. Like a cat's, they weren't totally stiff, and if she tried, she could grip somewhat, for a few seconds at least. But with how unruly they were, typing was quickly ruled out, Sara wanted to send a message of jibberish to show she now had paws to the people on the forums, but even that was impossible, unable to even move the mouse. Feeling a

little stubborn, Sara spent the next while trying to work her paws over the computer, but they were in vain, tempting her to roar her frustrations.

During that period, Sara was treated to another gradual change, albeit one more curious and unwelcome. Her nails, rather than stretching out as she might have expected, instead embedded themselves under the skin, though the force of them pushing from the blunted tips of her paws was uncomfortable, to say the least. They were massive, more so than what she was expecting, and a sign her paws still had some way to grow. Tigers were massive, after all, and a proper-sized pair of paws would have greatly weighed her puny human shoulders down! Their sharpened points looked a little more suitable to type with, and Sara was eager to try. At least until one got caught, and her frustration and unexpected strength were enough to pull the keyboard out and break it by accident. She sighed at that, thankfully that particular sound was part of her repertoire. Of *course*, that's all she would get for her struggle. The universe was laughing at her, indeed!

Starving as she was, naturally, Sara took some time to lie down and think about her situation. It was nigh impossible to make food without her hands, as much as she tried to bat at it with her somewhat flexible mitten-like thumbs or use her claws to turn on the stove. That, and she was sure her body couldn't have changed enough to handle her meat raw without vomiting, as good as it smelled. With little other option, she was left to growl her frustrations as her belly rumbled almost angrily at her. It sucked to be this hungry with her body changing and growing as it was, likely she needed more meat and protein to sustain her body. One of a wide array of issues she was likely to have to contend with sooner or later. Like opening the door to get outside. Checking her email to see if someone was able to rescue her. Or even using the bathroom...shit. At least those were further problems when compared with the gnawing hunger bothering her.

In the end, the fatigue from the changes and the boredom from frustration left her to nod off. It was annoying how fast she was changing compared to almost everyone she had talked to online, almost at warp speed to losing her humanity. Her body was constantly sore and ungainly from the muscle and sinew changes, leaving her to have to roll over several times to try to alleviate the discomfort. Being over half changed as she was, moving was awkward and almost impossible, even standing erect painting her. In the end, it was better to try to sleep it off as best she could, allowing her body to change and to think about how to solve some of the more immediate problems once she woke up, likely further changed but less inconvenienced by them.

As difficult as it was for her to sleep through all the discomfort, she managed, feline circadian rhythms more in line with an afternoon nap, and the changes taking their physical toll besides. She awoke several times, of course, though amounted to little, the aches in her joints and muscles enough to make her roll over and try to alleviate them. She was sure she was larger, as

well, her skin largely covered with tiger fur at this point. A barreled chest, lean hips, and powerful forward and thighs were all part of the package, giving her a strength beyond any human. Even her skeletal system needed to adjust to handle her new mass, though as such as that should have plagued her, it seemed only to be a mild inconvenience as she changed in inhuman ways. Somehow, the virus allowed her anatomy to alter without permanent harm, at least as much as turning into a tiger could be considered something benign. She was largely out cold for this part of the process, as much as she didn't want to stay in a hybrid state or watch and wait for every part of the process to rob her of her humanity.

It was the sound of her buzzer that finally drew her from sleep, and Sara rose, blinking her eyes a few times in confusion. There was something off about the sights of the room, as though her vision was sharper at least close up. It was as though a lens had been placed over her eyes, one that blinking couldn't eliminate. And some of the colors she was sure were present in the room, the reds and pinks and oranges, especially, were absent or transitioned into altered shades that didn't make sense for the first few moments. Hell, her fur looked more rusty than the orange she knew it to be, something alarming on its own! She recalled she was turning into a tiger, of course, though it took her some moments to take stock of the differences in vision. Things were sharper, to be sure, though she wasn't sure how she felt about the readjusted colors. And it was a little harder to make out the words on some of the boxes on the counter, laying some feet away though she was sure she could read from here before. The room seemed wider to her as well, a larger scope from the adjustment of her sockets, but it was still taking her some time to process.

Yet, the doorbell was insistent, even if it took Sara a few moments to realize what it could be. She *had* ordered another few boxes of meat, after all, having not realized the changes would be coming this quickly for her and not sure what to do. At least she was able to get up and crawl her way to the living room, in view of her apartment's door. Trying to stand would take her a few minutes, and she wasn't sure how much time she had to address the situation.

Calling out to the delivery driver, Sara was too slow to realize that her voice had been largely absent only the other day. And now, there was nothing to differentiate it from a tiger's roar as she quickly closed it, embarrassed over what she had done. It was a coincidence that the delivery woman tried to open it, finding it unlocked as Sara had left it. Moving to carry the box inside, it was obvious she was not expecting to see what looked like a deformed tiger roaring for her, and it did not escape Sara's notice of how the situation must have looked. Yet, there was nothing she could say to explain herself, and she was only thankful that the woman had the compulsion to throw the box into the apartment before slamming the door and running down the stairs out of the building. Sara sighed. It might have been better if she left the front door open, Sara was not sure she could manage so herself. But at least she had dinner, easier to tear from a box than it would be from her freezer.

Of course, the food was frozen, even if her efforts to tear into the box were quick and efficient. Using her larger canines and front claws made short work of the cardboard and styrofoam, looking far messier than any cat toy her parents had ever bought for her childhood pets. Of more concern was getting to her dinner, even if it was frozen. The wrapped packaging was a little more inconvenient, and eventually, she was forced to use her tongue, pulling at the plastic wrap and trying her best to spit it out. She had not been aware that cats had no ability to spit before now, but, of course, she would be inconvenienced by yet *another* facet of feline life. Getting some of the plastic stuck on her tongue was more than irritating, making her have to lick at her fur to try to let it catch so she didn't swallow it.

In the end, her meal was at least accessible, as little as she could do with the frozen meat. The cold on her tongue was annoying, but she was ravenous, and the barbs on her tongue were enough to turn the meat into a frozen popsicle of sorts, which was better than nothing. It would be something that her human self would find squeamish, but there was little choice with how hungry she was. The fact it was raw did not escape her, but it was beef, at least, having the least chance of harming her. And while it took forever to lick at her meal, it was at least somewhat of a distraction from the changes in her body or the prospect of what she was to do next.

In the end, Sara decided to lie there after her makeshift meal, not sure how to move well with her hybrid anatomy. And to be honest, she was still tired even after her cat nap, as well as her own shifting anatomy and feline inclinations. There was little she could do until the changes had reached a point to make her new stance more comfortable, and despite her fear for the future, the fact she was finally somewhat full allowed her to fall asleep, even if it was only for a short time.

When she did awake, Sara thought it fit to try and stand, something she clumsily managed albeit barely. Her feet had undergone much of their eventual change, it seemed, albeit not the same size as they would be when she was a full tiger. She could barely move her toes anymore, something that was hardly as distressing as the loss of her fingers. It was a little unnerving that one of the toes was almost gone entirely, just a little nub that she was sure would break down soon. The pads on them were a little bizarre against the floor underneath her. She would never have to put socks or shoes on again, which was nice though hardly worth the changes. Small victories, she figured in the end. The claws they now possessed were just as large as the ones on her front paws. To her chagrin, they were surprisingly fun to play with, and as much as she was sure she wouldn't be hunting or killing anything, their sharpness was rather admirable. Hell, it felt *good* to slide them from their new sheaths, extending and contracting them at will.

While her hips and legs hadn't finished their alterations, standing up was possible, if not tenuous. It was the shape of her feet that made things nearly impossible, her heels stretched and forcing her to walk on the balls of them. A chuff escaped her lips, thinking that all her practice wearing heels for one of her early jobs was finally paying off. Yet, it was obvious that her balance was way off, and that she wouldn't be walking upright very far. At least it was enough to get to the bathroom, something she was thankful for. Not the most sanitary experience she was used to, though the alterations to her hips made things work, of only just!

It was hard to maintain her balance to look at her face in the mirror, and such was enough to give her some alarm. While her face hadn't started to push out into a proper muzzle, her cheeks were puffy, and the shape of her skull was a little off as well, likely necessary for the changes to her eyes. It was strange viewing an otherwise alien gaze staring back at her, something she could never imagine possessing but was something she had to be used to. It was strange seeing her head in a hybrid state, her skull more primate-shaped with the ears, nose, and eyes of a cat. Her tongue was already uncomfortable in her mouth, as well as her teeth. While they were thicker toward more feline equivalents, they likely had nowhere to grow until her muzzle moved to form. And she could open her mouth somewhat wider than she was used to, looking almost like a horror show.

It was all she could do to stand even braced against the counter, aware of the aches over her body. Her shoulders were still somewhat flexible, but her chest had started to barrel, and her spine was much longer, even beyond what her tail required. Her hips had lost much of their fat, pelvis was in the process of shifting as the skin of her lower thighs began to loosen and attach to the sides of her belly. And, of course, much of her coat had grown in already, the skin altering underneath in color and configuration, though she was barely able to see under all the fur. Worse perhaps was the persistent itching as the rest of her fur grew in, especially lacking both the flexibility and the hands to scratch with!

As much as eating barely thawed meat was unappealing, the persistent ache in her belly needed to be tended to, and she was forced to try to bite and chew with a mouth that wasn't able to. Being in mid-change like this was so damned *inconvenient!* Licking at the meat provided little sustenance, but it was all she could do until the aches of twinges of change would provide her with a tiger's muzzle. It was not something she would have wanted to begin with, but now it was happening, there was no living in denial that it would reach its natural conclusion. And she found she longed for that inevitably, if only in order to simply function more easily.

There was little she could do but wait for now, with no ability to check her devices and hoping that someone would think to check on her. The change was coming steadily, and when she was not eating or sleeping, she took her time trying to take stock of the process. It didn't make the time pass easily, but there was little she could think of to do in the interim. Perhaps a

naturally born tiger would not be so bored with all this time on her paws, so to speak. But she would not lose her intelligence or her sense of self, and she had to balance the inconvenience of her feline form in a human apartment while finding something to keep her mind occupied. Part of her figured with some effort she could turn the TV on, but with the steady stream of depression that came with the news, she opted to instead use her mouth to unplug the power cord, not needing the additional negativity in her life.

Of course, she was growing larger all the while, her body packing on dozens of pounds of muscle from seemingly nowhere. She had to be well over 300 pounds by now, though she had no way to measure it. And as far as she understood, it was less than half of what she could weigh, something that made it a bad idea to try sitting on her bed or her chair anymore, thankful the floor wasn't too bad, all things considered. Of course, she had already broken her bed, and being poked in the sides with metal springs was hardly to help in getting her proper rest. It was unnerving knowing how large she would be, far too big for the world she had lived in, and needing somewhere to live that could accommodate her. But that was a future problem, and Sara found more necessity in getting used to things as they came, rather than fixating on the things she had no control over

With too much time to think, her thoughts drifted to all the virus was doing to her insides, something she could hardly perceive but was sure she was undergoing. It was intriguing to think of all the internal changes that would be needed for her new anatomy to work. Her bones, certainly, were much larger for the amount of muscle she was packing on, some of them pushing at the skin in some places, in particular, around her ribs and pelvis. The skin seemed somewhat loose in places as well, which was weird though not unexpected from a cat. She had to admit, despite everything, the size of her forearms was rather admirable, even as her shoulders crunched inward, making it harder for her to move them side to side in an ape-like fashion. She didn't mind, likely allowing her easier access to walking on all fours when she could. And the gripping power, in tandem with her paws and claws, was something to take pride in.

It was a little painful to feel her chest pushing out further, the rearrangement of her internal organs something that she figured she wouldn't be able to survive under normal circumstances. Her expertise was engineering, not science, though it was likely even the experts had no idea how such a change was possible, either. It defied the laws of physics, but Sara lived in the real world and if she was watching it happen before her then surely it had to be real, unless there was something in that virus that put her in a coma. Wouldn't *that* be a slap in the face? Still, in the end, she figured there was no reason to think about it too much, chastising herself for getting carried away. And it did give her some comfort to know that she would not only survive the process but would be much better able to eat the meat she had bought for herself without cooking it or getting sick. The gurgling of her guts was surely not entirely from hunger, she was

sure and was thankful it didn't have much impact on her digestion, at least no noticeable consequences.

Surely, her lungs, liver, bladder, heart, and everything within her were shifting, enlarging as her altering body allowed them the room to do so. It wasn't painful, though there were periods of soreness, trouble breathing, and aches of bone adjustment that made Sara concerned for her life. She needn't have worried, but it was a little alarming nonetheless, especially with so little information out there on people that changed all the way. While her furry belly was stretched taut, Sara was curious to learn at one point that her spine had become flexible enough she could draw her neck closer to her belly. Part of her wanted to try grooming, her hair stained with former sweat from not being able to shower. At least it gave her something to do, but that was the least of her worries. Her mouth was still too small for the task, and her tongue was irritated from licking the meat off the still-thawing boxes. She decided to forego it for now, at least curious about the flexibility she possessed and how much better it would get as the changes continued. Hell, maybe she could even reach her...why was she thinking about *that*?

Her backside was soon to shift as well, though much as the major bone shifts and the like happened while she was sleeping. It was a miracle she was able to get enough rest at all, but with how fatigued the changes made her, she figured she should count her blessings. Waking up with her bones sticking out around her hips at odd angles was a little alarming, especially since they continued to shift every few hours or so. At one point, Sara was sure that her pelvis had dislocated, and not was inclined to try moving in such a state. But she quickly found herself passing out again, and the strange sensation had abated by the time she awoke, though once more her hips were in a different position. There was every chance she was down on all fours for the rest of her life, but that came with it some comfort to know that she could at least move around.

Finally feeling awake enough and no longer experiencing that persistent soreness that had played into her muscles and bones, Sara got up, trying to get used to her stance. It was surprisingly comfortable, having her legs under her and both sets being level with each other. Moving was a little weird, though easy, with all the added muscle and power in her stride. She didn't exactly shake the floor with every step, even with how heavy she had become. In fact, she could barely hear a sound as she padded forward, her paws designed to be as silent as possible, even with her larger stature. It was weird, for sure, and the tile felt odd on her paws like she didn't belong there. Such was largely true, and hopefully, she wouldn't have to stay here for too long.

Sara was at least thankful that she could get to her food more easily, even working her claws to open the fridge and pawing out some of the frozen meats she had stored there. She was at least able to eat fast enough to prevent her other order from going bad, but it was pretty obvious that it wouldn't last her much longer. She was able to eat a little faster now, no longer

queasy with the digestive system in a more wild feline configuration. And while she didn't have much of a muzzle, a thicker neck equated to a greater biting power, and chewing was at least somewhat manageable, far better than what she had dealt with the past few days.

Using the bathroom afterward was a rather unfortunate affair. Not knowing where to aim with her sex in a different spot, Sara felt her body lean down in a way she was not used to, though sat well with her posture in its current state. Releasing her bladder, she felt the stream going... nowhere near the water. *Fuck!* It was a little alarming, and tiger urine was somewhat more pungent than she was used to. She was at least able to judge the distance and take better aim the next try, but her bathroom was hopelessly a mess, something she could not fix with a tiger's body. And using it the other way...she was not inclined to think about it much, at least able to squat in a way that allowed her to hit the mark this time, albeit having to position herself on the rim of the bathtub to make the effort comfortable. She was able to flush, as well, though it was obvious toilets were not designed for tigers. Hopefully, she wouldn't be stuck inside for long!

While she still had some growing to do, and her muzzle was not in its proper shape, Sara had to assume the changes were almost done with her. She was enough of a tiger to function and figured it was time to try her options in getting out. Of course, her unwieldy paws couldn't work the doorknob, as much as she growled her frustration over it. It took many hours of looking, pacing, and growling to come to the conclusion there was no way she could get out. Why hadn't she thought of this sooner?! There really was nothing she could do but wait and hope someone came to do a wellness check. And she likely only had a few days before such would start to become less of an inconvenience and more of an immediate problem.

Of course, she still had a way to grow to her final size, and she was steadily plagued with the aches and pains of growth. There were some hours she figured she could see the muscles twitching under her skin as she continued to pack on pounds of power. It left her sore, but without little else for her to do, they were hardly inconvenient. With the gradual progression of changes, it was difficult for her to perceive how much larger she was becoming. Still, little things like how easily she fit on the blanket on the floor, or her height next to the counter were signs that she was still growing. The added heft to her body was hardly an inconvenience, rather sitting well on her frame as she grew into the body of what she had to figure was at least an average-sized tiger. Part of her wondered if she would ever have a metric to determine such, but it was neither here nor there, so to speak.

The last major change to her form was her head, though with her face covered with fur, including the rather pronounced frill of white over her cheeks, it seemed like there was little left to go. The bodily aches started to work within her jaw, and she had to work it open and closed a few times in order to work out the pain. The gradual increase of width she was able to open her



mouth was welcome, even a point of pride. Her teeth, too, had more room to grow, and she played her new tongue over them often, curious at the sheering edges they now possessed. Eating was a lot more convenient, though had the unfortunate implication that she maybe ate *too* quickly, leaving her food supply precarious at best. Still, with how much she needed to eat, there was nothing to be done for, becoming very much a future Sara's problem.

Perhaps the most bizarre change in those final hours was the sight of her new feline nose in front of her face. Breathing was a lot easier, and the scents she had come to recognize became more potent as her face was pushed forward. Like everything else about the change, there was little she could do but her best to get accustomed to it, thankfully used to the less palatable scents already. It didn't hurt having her jaw push out, at least, though the gradual progression was interesting to watch, even as it came with life-changing implications. And it was impressive seeing firsthand how far it could open, nearly the width of her skull and allowing room for the massive fangs that adorned her lips. Of course, it was just when she yawned for now, though she was sure where she to roar, then it would be particularly impressive, especially to her new hearing. Perhaps not so appealing if someone was inclined to come by to 'shoot the kitty,' but that was something Sara didn't want to think about.

The last thing to change was perhaps the most daunting loss of all, even when compared to the loss of her fingers and dexterity. Her skull, while already warped and inhuman to make way for her newly developed feline features, still had some ways to change. The bones within needed to flatten somewhat, sloping outward into the muzzle rather than the more rounded shape that primates enjoyed. With the obvious compression on her brain, Sara was sure she would be influenced in some way, either losing some of her mind or compelled to act more like a tiger against her will. But other than a greater understanding of the scents and sounds she was detecting, and the stirrings of feline instincts, to sleep a certain way, to groom, and a nearly insatiable appetite, there was little in the way of immediate change. Damn, but without anything to hunt, a tiger's mind was boring! She knew on a logical level there was little chance of becoming a total tiger in mind, given others had already changed the same way. But it was still nerve-wracking to undergo the final physical alterations not understanding how they would impact her specifically. After all, she was in uncharted territory and had no one to guide her through things, much less even open the damn door for her!

Eventually, even the steady twinges of muscle growth over her form seemed to have ceased, and Sara, for all intents and purposes, was a tiger in full. It didn't seem to hit her as hard as she might have figured, all in all. After all, nothing much had changed in her life over the past couple of days, being past the halfway point of being denied her human comforts while forcing her to adapt to a more feline mode of lifestyle. There was something to be said for the finality of it all, that she was now likely locked into the form she would wear for the rest of her life. And there were certain things she wanted to try, given her new muscle mass and the facts she had

studied up on tigers with. Of course, there was little she could do in a small apartment, and both the feline and human facets of her instincts wanted to get out of there, despite having no plan beyond that. She needed to jump, to run, to smell the clean air, to...have a bigger toilet. Sara didn't want to have to think about that part too much more!

It was the day after the changes had been completed when her ever-present problem came to a head. She was running out of food, and with how hungry she still was, there was little doubt she would be through it soon. She had water, at least, though not the most sanitary place. Thankfully, she didn't have to use the toilet to drink from, given her ability to pull down the shower tap. But when that was gone...Surely, she would not be well received by anyone who came across her, unless they knew she would be a harmless kitty and not out for blood. Worse, her best bet was to make it to the closest of her friends to try and work something out for the long term, even if communication would be nearly impossible. All she could do was hope that she wasn't contagious in this state, but it was a risk she had to take. In the end, she figured there was no choice. But there was no point putting things off any longer, and she braced herself, preparing to truly roar for the first time.

<HHHHEEEEEELLLLPPPPP!> Sara went to roar, and the sounds coming from her mouth indeed sounded like a tiger's roar, not unlike how she had interacted with the delivery person a few days ago. But there was something about the way she roared, some inflection in her speech that almost sounded...human? Was that right? It hardly made any sense that she would be able to comprehend her own voice in human terms. Tempted to try again, Sara once more roared out with a <HHHHEEEEEELLLLPPP!> Not as loud this time but that same understanding of the meaning within her roar seemed present. It made little sense, but that was a future problem, given that surely someone or something had heard the roar, and she had to wait for whoever it drew.

With that, Sara stayed silent for a few moments, listening for any activity that might be a sign someone was reacting to her plea. The sound of a dog barking caught her attention, making Sara perk her ears. The more she focused on it, the more the words sounded like speech, though she was aware of the barks themselves as much as she could parse. Similar to hearing the meaning in her own roar, it was bizarre, but not something she had time to think about with her current state of things.

<Hey, hey! Can you hear me? This doesn't make any sense, but it sounds like you need help. I don't know what I can do to help, they don't understand me, but...hey, *what* are you, anyway? I haven't heard anything like that before, you sound like a tiger!>

No matter how much Sara tried to deny it, there was no mistaking the words of the dog's barks as speech. And they were far too articulate for an animal's intelligence. So, she wasn't

imagining things when she thought some of the words outside were more akin to human speech than the random noises she'd heard all her life. But if the dog could understand her, then she would have to have been a human too, right? What were the odds? It didn't matter in the end, she figured. Perhaps she had been infected with a similar strain that forced their changes to become far more rapid than most of the victims on the news. She would have all the time to ask once she was out of the apartment and got some food in her!

Roaring out and trying her best to try and articulate words through the tiger's lips, Sara tried to say <I got locked in! No one came to check on me, and I'm *starving*. Sorry, not for you!> Sara said, feeling a little embarrassed. She was just so damn hungry it was hard to think straight!

It was nothing short of a miracle that she was getting assistance from someone who could understand her. Not that a wild tiger in an apartment would be much else than a former human in these bizarre times. Still, she'd rather have the option to talk to someone before being found, than someone coming along to check on her with a gun. Not that a dog would have an easier time getting her out than she could, Sara soon realized but that was a moot point for having someone to talk to.

<You can understand me?> The dog said, this time from the other side of the apartment door.

<You can understand me?> Sara mirrored, stunned at the development. Such should have been impossible, not only in the words themselves from different species but in English, to boot. Well, not English, as though a certain part of their brain had developed to allow such communication. There was no making heads or tails of things, but it didn't matter with the immediate problem.

<I can't get out! My hands changed before I opened the door, and no one's gotten back to me about coming to help! Not that I can check my phone anymore,> Sara added, chastising herself at the moment.

<Ummm...shit!. I can't talk to anyone else...my roommate knows I'm a dog, but I'm not Lassie! I don't think I could lead someone back here...> The dog said, a little sadly.

Sara felt her own disappointment growing, having a way to freedom so close yet so far. In frustration, she reached up to bat at the knob once more, pulling it with all her strength, rather than the finesse she had previously tried and failed. With a growl of frustration, the sound of a pop hit her ears before the knob was pushed all the way through the door, nearly landing on the dog, who called out with a <Hey!>

<Sorry!> She replied, a little angry with herself. There was little she could do to get out now, the door was still locked, and...

<Oh, shit! My roommate! Hey, want to give us a hand here?> The dog called out, and the sound of footsteps coming closer made Sara pause for a moment. She didn't want to scare whoever was there, but nor did she want to get stuck in there again, either. Pressing herself against the door, Sara braced herself, listening for any sound. Perhaps a little too heavily, as the door suddenly opened, and Sara felt herself falling outward, nearly smacking into the woman and knocking her over.

Sara could only look up at the terrified woman, not really sure what to do. There wasn't a lot of room on the landing of her apartment, so all she could think to do was roll over, presenting her belly. Much like she had seen cats do in a sign of submission, Sara looked up, trying to purr and failing with her deeper tiger voice. Rather than have the desired effect, the woman turned to run, nearly tripping down the stairs as the Rottweiler barked after her, trying to say <It's OK! She was a person, too! Sorry about that!>

Making sure the door was wedged open this time, Sara went back inside, trying to prepare herself for the trip as much as she could manage. Of no small feat was trying to get her workplace badge over her neck, and stuff whatever cash she had on hand into a duffle bag, thankful she kept any at all in the digital age. It wouldn't help her much in the long term, but it was all she could think of needing to at least state her identity. All she could do was hope that enough people were familiar enough with the effects of the virus to immediately think she was a former person and not an escaped tiger in light of everything else.

Thankfully, she soon found that moving fluidly and fast was rather efficient, and she at least knew the way to her friend's house, having jogged to that part of town as part of her fitness regimen. But first, there was another priority, one that her grumbling belly couldn't deny. Thankfully, she was familiar with her part of town without needing Google Maps or the like, and there was a butcher shop she'd passed sometimes, though one she had never frequented. She chuckled a little at the realization she was about to become their best customer and hoped that it was still open given all the closures from the pandemic.

The sign indeed indicated it was open, though there was sufficient signage about social distancing, something that was too little too late in Sara's case. All she could do was push her head against the door, pushing it inward with some surprise as she made her way inside. There was no one at the counter, though she could smell what she assumed was the proprietor. At least she wouldn't scare anyone else, though she was taking a risk regardless. That, and the smell of meat in her nose was almost more than she could bear, enough that she wanted to sink her teeth

into something then and there. She resisted, instead pushing her bag from her head and backing up, allowing her intention to be known.

Figuring seeing a tiger would be more than the average person could bear, Sara got down and made herself look more like a friendly cat than anything threatening. The owner, walking out and yelping out at the sight of her, stayed still for some time, not wanting to scare the murder kitty. Yet, as his eyes settled on the sight of the money bag, and the lanyard around her neck, the truth of the situation seemed to dawn on him. “Ummm...you’ve been infected and changed, right? And you want...oh, yeah, that makes sense....I think....Let’s get you something to eat that’s not me....OK?”

Belly full, Sara made her way to the closest friend’s place she knew of, three friends that had bought a house together. They likely didn’t have the space for her, but she could only show up and ask, at least hoping they could help her with the obvious struggles her new body possessed. Not that she could actually *ask*, per se, but surely they would have checked their messages by now, right? Who wasn’t only their phone 24-7 these days?! As much as it was a daunting change to her life and lifestyle, Sara was well aware it was only the beginning. The world was changing, and all she could do was take the initiative and try to navigate her way to try to carve out a place she could call her own.

While she was thankful it wasn't busy downtown, one of the only good things to come from the pandemic, there was no promise it would stay that way. Sara had little other choice but to move quickly, on the lookout for familiar landmarks. Things made little sense from her point of view as a tiger, and the muted colors didn't help for things like traffic lights. Not that she had to stop for cars or anything. Though she needed to be quick, there was a chance she could move across the sides of buildings, perhaps keep well enough in the shadows so that she could-

“Holy shit is that a tiger?!” Someone yelled from their window, though to Sara's ears, it might have been right beside her. The sound of a phone clicking, something even that mute aware to her. Surely, they were taking video, and for a moment, Sara found herself almost flattered, wondering if she should show off for the camera, so to speak. Surely, she could act out of sorts, maybe even convince someone she was human, and-

“Hello, 911? Yes, there's a tiger out by-sorry, my address is-”

Sara froze then, thinking she might have attracted *too* much attention. She could possibly convince any law enforcement she was human, but then what would happen? Maybe they could help her, though it was more likely she'd end up in worse straights. Having a human interpreter was the best option, she figured. And that required getting across town unhindered.

Gripping her bag tightly, Sara took off as fast as she could, which, to her surprise, was rather fast. Having read stats was one thing but to actually run with the power and energy her body possessed was something else. She couldn't run all out all day, of course, and nor was she nearly as fast as some of her smaller cousins. But it was enough to get out of the immediate area, and hopefully not attract too much attention. At least the grocery bags in her mouth stayed intact!

Running as she was, Sara was lately unaware of the couple walking along the sidewalk before she barreled into them, not with enough force to knock them over but enough to leave them stunned. Sara took a second to compose herself, figuring she would get out of there before they thought to call the police again. Yet, the woman started rummaging in her purse, and an acrid scent wafted into her nose, making her panic. Was it...pepper spray? That was almost as bad as a gun!

Panicked, the only thing Sara could think to do was to get down on her belly, looking up at the pair as softly as she could manage with a tiger's expression. Feeling a little silly, Sara rolled with it, rolling around and showing her belly, a sign of feline trust. Confused, the woman stopped reaching into her purse, while the man looked at her offer as though almost being tempted by it. And why not? She would never hurt him, after all!

Reaching out with a hand and bending down, the woman almost slapped his hand, much to his disappointment. "What if she was human? Aren't they still infectious?" She asked, and took a step back herself, not sure how it worked.

"No, people who start changing aren't infectious. And besides, she's got a bag from...a butcher shop, maybe? And is that a name tag?" He asked to himself, though did not reach down to read it.

"Maybe she ate someone? Not many people have changed so far. And into a tiger?" The woman said, once more reaching into her bag.

Really not wanting to be pepper sprayed, Sara did her best to try to purr, though the low growl that came out was hardly reassuring. Still, the man was not put off, but rather curious and far too tempted by a tiger's belly to resist. And, if it kept her from being hit with pepper spray, Sara was all for it! The man was quick to get into it, though not quite enthusiastic enough to give the big kitty a full run down. It was nice, Sara figured, and she was sure from the other side of things, the novelty would be worth the risk. Hell, once everything calmed down, she wondered if others might be tempted enough to try the same. For a price, of course...

Eventually, the couple went on their way, slowly just in case. Sara got up slowly as well, taking off as soon as it was obvious she was moving in a different direction. She had spent too

much time distracted, and while she didn't hear the sounds of sirens or the like, there was no telling if authorities were on the lookout for a wild tiger. Her former humanity might be obvious to some who kept up with the latest headlines, but she might be perceived as an instant threat to others. And those persons might have something more dangerous on them than pepper spray.

By now, it was dark, and Sara was able to see well enough to keep away from the street lights, in case some people saw the big orange kitty still wandering the streets. There wasn't anyone else around anyway, but that was the least of her worries. She had some idea where she was heading, of course, even if she had not gone this far on foot before. But enough of the streets, even with her altered eyesight, were familiar. She was going in the right direction, despite all the detours to avoid being seen or getting turned around a few times. And, as much as she could tell, she was in the right neighborhood, finally. If only she could remember the house number...fuck! It was bad enough trying to convince her friends she was human and needed their help. But having to go from house to house scaring everyone would be too much!

Not really sure what to do to attract their attention, Sara was quick to decide roaring was out of the question. She obviously couldn't knock, and in the end, decided to throw her considerable weight against the door. It didn't break, thankfully, so she decided to try again, this time triggering the sound of movement from within. Surely, they were home, even before the pandemic the three were homebodies. With the scent of food and sweat at the door, Sara had to surmise it was Taylor coming to the door, likely just off a restaurant shift. It was an interesting experience to try and ascertain circumstances based on scents, and surely something she would enjoy going forward. But at the moment, she had much more pressing concerns...

At the sight of the obviously unexpected large kitty, Talyor immediately dropped his phone, Sara hearing it clattering though likely not broken. Remembering her previous success, Sara dropped her bag and sloughed off her name tag, backing up a moment before getting on her back and rolling around, looking up and rather cute, as best she could. Taylor's look of confusion quickly turned into terror, and he closed the door, slamming and locking it, not that Sara had a lock pick. She got up quickly, figuring if first she didn't succeed, it was best to stay until she heard the sirens. Slamming the door once more, Sara nosed her work badge toward the door, backed up, and greeted them with her feline display of invitation.

Taylor soon returned to the doors, this time with Sara's friend Sky at the door. Sky was a little more rational in the face of something so absurd, and reaching down picked up the lanyard before asking "Sara? Is that you? Damn, girl!"

"Maybe it ate Sara!" Taylor hissed, trying to whisper though such was impossible in front of a tiger.

Without missing a beat, Sky smacked him. “That *is* Sara, dumbass! See all the food she managed to carry? She had to have changed into a tiger to get it here. I didn't know it could happen so fast, though. And why didn't she tell us while she was changing?”

“I hope she doesn't expect me to cook all that for her,” Taylor remarked hardly the most pressing matter. The pair seemed oblivious to her plight, and Sara sighed, thinking charades might be harder than she thought.

“What else is she supposed to eat?” Sky replied, smacking him again.

“She wouldn't have come here if she didn't need-hey!” Taylor cried, moving back as Sara pushed her way in. At least she could cut out the middleman if she was already inside, and it wasn't likely they could push her out if she didn't want them to.

“Where are we going to keep a *tiger?!?*” Taylor complained, and Sara had to admit, it was a reasonable concern. She didn't want to impose on them either, but if there was any better arrangement she could think of, she would!

“She's not a tiger, she's our friend! It's weird she didn't try to get in contact with us though...oh yeah, I got a new number last month! I didn't give it to all the contacts!” Sky remarked, though why they didn't check their mail was another question.

That, too, would be answered. “Yeah, that's weird she didn't...wait, let me check. Oh, shit,” Taylor said, holding his phone down and looking ashamed. “She *did*. Spam mail. Welp...”

Sara wanted to slap her paw over her face if such was a gesture she could make. This was going to take some time. At least they all had her emails, the dozens she had sent while changing, to them and to her friends at large. And how was she supposed to know he'd gotten his number changed?! This was going to take some time, and skill with charades to make it work. But at least for now, she had a place to stay where she wouldn't be whisked off to some lab or such. One problem down...