

Sally Davidson stared down at the vial in her hand, hesitating at the prospect of the transformation she was to undergo. This assignment went well and above her pay grade. But, she had to admit there was some excitement to live out a childhood fantasy while serving her agency and country. It was why she initially volunteered for the assignment. And besides, there was no chance for her to back out now.

Her unit was currently assigned to investigate a well known high-seated crime lord, Zanobi Lenza, for evidence to make the myriad of charges against him stick. It should have been an easy task, yet, so far, all efforts to expose Lenza of wrongdoings had been met with failure. His mansion was fitted with the best security their vast wealth could afford, rendering all attempts to survey the property useless. Witnesses set to testify all underwent mysterious disappearances or deaths, despite police protection, none of them able to be traced back to Lenza. Any attempts of undercover infiltration were greeted with failure, as the officer in question always seemed to be relocated to a non-vital, non-incriminating part of the crime lord's enterprise.

The investigation had continued almost a year, and the department heads were becoming aggressive in their desire for concrete results. So Sally's team was down to their last, most desperate tactic. The agency owned an experimental serum, one that could rapidly alter the DNA of one creature into another. It was a temporary process and had only been used in the field a handful of times. Though far more advantageous, the serum lacked the stability to turn a human into another human. The brain waves of a human mind interfered too much with the subject's own mentality, causing irreparable brain damage.

However, the serum could change the user into another non-human species. Sally's proposal had been to find an animal that could easily infiltrate the Lenza house, something that would go unnoticed. Among the 'on the book's' holdings of the crime boss's estate, there were records of a cat purchased last year, likely as a present for the boss's daughter. Apparently, animal abuse wasn't among the family's crimes. The cat was taken for regular annual check-ups at a local vet, and the agency assigned an officer with a veterinary background to work at the clinic in secret for the assignment. After that, it would be a short time to wait until the day of the appointment.

Sally couldn't believe that she had agreed to do this. From what she understood, she would be privy to the whims of feline instinct while transformed. But, she hoped that she would be able to retain enough of her mind to perform the mission.

Not only was the change itself rather risky, but the assignment also came with a whole host of potential hazards. Was the cat even allowed near any areas where Lenza kept his secrets?

Would Sally be able to recognize any evidence that would convict him? Not to mention testimony from a cat wouldn't hold up in court. Sally would have to find some evidence that could lead her colleagues to an arrest, some note about a felony, or meeting location where they could stakeout. Hell, even a tip on a potential inside man, someone tipping off Lenza would be helpful!

Yet, there was a childhood curiosity in the back of her mind, and she was one of a handful of people who could actually experience it in reality. She had a once-in-a-lifetime chance to live out her dream to turn into a cat for a short while. What would being a cat be like? How would she see, smell, and hear? How would it feel to be so small and agile?

So here she was, at the vet's office awaiting the arrival of the cat, its blood a necessary component for the formula. It would change Sally into an exact replica of the cat in question, a perfect match. There was no way that the girl or anyone else would be able to discern that Sally was any different than the cat they had always had. It really was the perfect cover, assuming everything went well.

Still, Sally had taken the time to put all her affairs in order, should the worst happen. It was something she always did as a cop, and the update hadn't taken much time. Yet, for some reason, Sally felt the danger of this particular assignment to be greater than her usual tasks.

Before too long, their undercover operative, Carter, entered the back area with a vial of blood and a crate holding the silent cat. The cat would be kept onsite for the duration of the experiment, well-tended to. All it would take was a little blood added to the formula and a quick injection to Sally's arm to activate the process. And of course, several samples of Sally's blood were collected beforehand, so that sufficient genetic material would be present to allow her to change back later.

The blood mixed entirely with the yellow fluid as Carter prepared the syringe. "Ready?" Her other colleague, Daniels, asked as Sally pulled up her sleeve. There was no point in taking off her clothes; the cat she was to become would shrink in them, and she wanted to preserve her modesty as best she could.

"Go for it," Sally replied as she turned away, not wanting to see the serum being injected into her system. Though she barely felt a prick, the idea of needles made Sally a little woozy.

She could feel an odd warmth flowing through her arm, followed by prickling of itchy hair, like when she'd gone too long without shaving her legs. Despite her trepidation, Sally glanced down to see the patch of black fur spreading up and down her arm. The muscles

underneath felt warm and started to tense as they changed. Thankfully, the changes were not expected to be painful, but there was an unnerving discomfort that caused Sally to take in slow, steady breaths to keep her growing anxiety down.

The tingling started centering in her fingers, and an audible crack made Sally cry out in surprise. It didn't hurt, not exactly, but the sounds accompanying the changes were more than a little disconcerting. Two of the bones in each finger snapped, as though disconnecting, and she cried out in panic as sharp points tore from the ends of her digits. They were feline claws, and Sally was startled when the new points started contracting and expanding as she tried to flex her fingers.

Soon the tips of each former finger became hard and calloused as pink flesh bubbled underneath. Sally's new pads were joined by one forming over her dwindling palms. Her retreating thumbs crawled along her stretching wrists and lost motility as they became a simple retracting claw. Soon she possessed a perfect pair of feline paws.

Suddenly her balance felt off, and she nearly toppled over, her ankles stretching and forcing her on the balls of her feet. She tried to reach out to grasp a table for balance but forgot she did not own human fingers. Sally yelped as she fell to the floor, feeling her toes shrinking and her developing paws falling out of her shoes.

“You OK down there Sally?” Daniels said, trying to stifle the chuckle in his voice.

“Yeah, I'm GRRRRRROOOWWWW!” Sally replied with a feline inflection in her voice that made her pause.

The itching spread down her chest and over her breasts, which themselves were receding into her chest. Sally was thankful for that. She didn't want to hear about it from the guys on the force after she returned to her human form. As they did, a series of pinpricks emanated down her chest, and Sally identified them as feline nipples. They felt rather sensitive, and for a moment, Sally wished her hands hadn't been the first to change so she could... Sally chastised herself. She was an officer, a professional! She tried her best to focus, to ignore what she felt to be the initial stirrings of feline instincts.

Sally didn't bother trying to stand up now, knowing she soon wouldn't be walking on two legs for a while anyway. Her feet were changing, the big toes crawling up her ankles as her thumbs had. Only this time, they were reduced to nothing, melting into her flesh and reminding Sally that cats had only four toes per hind paw. The familiar sensation of bones parting and feline nails tearing from the new distended joints had her playing with all sets of claws at once,

loving the feeling of them sliding in and out of her sheaths. Her stretching ankles left only the balls of her feet to walk on, and those soon became adorned with pink pads as did her four remaining toes. Sally would have laughed if she were alone. She was now in possession of perfect sets of toe beans!

Lost in the distraction of playing with feline paws, Sally was largely unaware of her change in perspective of the dimensions of the room. Though even in her stupor, Sally soon knew it was she who was shrinking. She was getting smaller as her clothes felt loose around her form, soon billowing around her as her socks slipped off her paws, and her shirt formed a tent.

She was worried for a moment about the speed of her transformation. She didn't want to be seen naked while she was still so human! Thankfully, a familiar tingling played over her sex as the entire surface became covered with soft white fur. The outer edges of her labia started pulling in on themselves, covering up her sex from view. Sally recalled that a feline's sex was situated near their backside to allow a better position for mating. Her anus, too, was rotating closer to her coccyx, a pucked feline butthole that suddenly made her feel embarrassed. She hadn't considered it before, but cats had no modesty about such things!

A strange ache in her coccyx made her sigh in relief. The bones within started unfusing and pressed against her backside, taking the fur-covered flesh along from the ride. The sensations of the stretching bones and forming joints were initially alarming, but soon, Sally became enamored by the feelings of playing with the twitching tail she was developing. She ran it over her backside, loving how it covered her modesty if she wished it.

The changes were coming faster now as her hips started flattening into her sides while the fat from her ass recessed into her body, leaving her backside exposed. A sharp crunch from her spine solidified her four-legged posture as her thighs too melted into her flat stomach. Her shoulder blades pushed forward to her ribs and restricted her forward motion. Her entire body was itching with fur growth, black on her back and front legs, while white down her chest and legs. She hadn't studied the cat in question, but it seemed as though she was turning into a tuxedo pattern feline.

The only part of her body that still remained human was her face. What a sight she must have made, a woman's head atop a feline frame! But that was soon to change. Her short-cropped human hair fell away around her as her scalp itched with the growth of her new feline coat. Her ears tingled as they stretched upwards, the ends growing pointed and the tips adorned with black fur. New muscles allowed her to twitch them, and her shriveling ears took in far more knowledge than she could process!

Reflexively she sneezed from an irritating itching just below her nose. She winced as several dozen hairs burst forth from her cheeks. A similar tingling erupted above her eyes, and Sally realized she now owned feline whiskers. She twitched them a few times, suddenly aware of all the vibrations in the room that they were able to detect. It was almost like having a second set of arms to reach out in front of her face, as sensitive as her tactile sense had been.

Her nose was folding in on itself, flattening into her skull as it grew to merge with her quivering lips. The room came alive with scents, a cornucopia of new information. Yet as her skill cracked and slowed, developing into a feline configuration, she realized that she didn't care about most of them. Some were of larger animals, that elicited fear when she sniffed them. Others were of her own kind, evoking a more territorial response. Sally could hardly believe how feline she was in her thinking already!

Sally could feel her eyes watering, and she blinked a few times, trying to clear the irritation. She was stunned by the level of complexity that her expanding feline eyes granted. The contours of the room seemed so much... sharper. Sally was surprised to notice she could see in color, though the shades were a little different than she recalled. And most of the images made her... bored? She wasn't sure if that was the appropriate term. The only thing that attracted her attention was the movements of the humans in the room with her.

Her jaw ached slightly as the final changes took hold. Her cheeks puffed out as her muzzle extended, and Sally was certain that the last vestiges of her human voice had gone with it. Her teeth ached as some shrank into her skull. Of course, her fangs grew into deadly daggers, but it was her front teeth that made her curious. Several more tiny front teeth sprouted out between existing ones, and Sally ran a flattening tongue over them. She slowly realized that in consort with the keratin spines on her tongue, they were to be used for grooming.

Finally, the new cat looked up, staring at the towering spire that was her partner. Everything seemed so much... bigger. She was so powerful, so energetic. Without effort, she leaped from her position on the floor to the table, looking up at her partner with curious eyes.

"You still in there, detective?" Daniels asked, regarding the small, bright-eyed creature. Sally wanted to nod but found it a little difficult to focus. Still, after some effort, she managed the gesture.

Remembering the plan, Sally reluctantly entered the cage to be transported to the Lenza household. Yet she felt a massive pang of reluctance, even hissing at her partner when he latched the door. What was wrong with her? She could still think, but it was so hard to focus with all the instincts running through her head.

The crate was lifted and taken to the front of the clinic, where Sally would be picked up and taken to the target home. The plan was that she would return for an overnight visit in a week, and Sally would regain her human form with whatever information she'd acquired. Sally would be looking for ledgers, documents, anything that might lead her team to a bust or an arrest. Sally was sure to earn the promotion she deserved for this! She always had to work three times as hard as her male colleagues, and none of them would allow themselves to be turned into a cat for an undercover job!

The car ride was extremely nerve-wracking. It took every fiber of her being not to panic, and even so, she found herself yowling uncontrollably. The girl in the seat beside her tried to reassure her, but Sally didn't know this human. Wait, human? Didn't she mean... why was it so hard to think?

After several days she became used to life as a feline in the Lenza household. She had been disgusted by the thought of consuming cat food, but as soon as it was placed before her, the appetizing scent made her mouth water and she couldn't help it. Her bathroom and grooming habits were unnerving, but oftentimes, her mind would slip, and she'd find herself engaged in cat-like behavior without even realizing it! And catnip... it truly was more thrilling than any other high Sally had ever experienced. Heightening all her senses, making her hyper-focused on hunting, on play. It was amazing!

Sally was given the run of the place for the most part, though closed doors were often an issue. She couldn't leave the grounds, of course, likely in case someone tried to get revenge on the family by poisoning their daughter's cat. The mob boss was many things, but at least he wasn't a negligent cat owner!

Sally spent much of the time trying to follow Lenza himself, learning his patterns to discover the whereabouts of anything that she might find useful. She could tell that the human did not approve of her presence, given his hostile attitude. But Sally didn't pay it much mind. In that regard, she was able to work with feline instincts and cuddle up to him, forcing his tolerance to her presence. In contrast, she found that the girl was far more annoying, and any time she was taken from her target, she reacted with hostility. The girl's frustrations only got in her way, when she was hunting the man to do... what?

Soon into her tenure as a cat, Sally found it troublesome to retain her human thought process towards the mission. She was quickly diverted from her goal whenever she was presented with a toy, nip, or other stimuli. Often she would lose hours of her human awareness, only to wake up to grooming or stalking a bird from a window. She was often exhausted,

sleeping for anywhere from 16 to 20 hours a day. It gave her very little time to explore for evidence and made it tedious to care about the task at hand.

Yet, finally, after her week was nearly up, she found it. One day after slipping into a room Lenza had often occupied, she spotted something inside that awoke the human part of her mind. It was hard for her feline brain to focus on it, but once she did, she saw it was unmistakably a wall safe. This part of the house was off-limits to all his staff, and even his wife and daughter. Sally had to wait until Lenza actually approached it, and did her best to stay in the area, determined not to miss the opportunity.

Her days of patience paid off when Lenza's familiar scent finally wafted into the room. Sally stayed out of sight, even though a cat was not inherently suspicious. She watched as what appeared to be the covering was pulled away, revealing a numbered keypad. Though a monumental task, she was able to observe Lenza's fingers as he typed in a nine-digit code. Sally memorized it, straining to keep her feline eyes on the prize as the safe swung open, and Lenza pulled something out, a ledger of some kind that he proceeded to open and write in.

At last, the man left, and she was alone in the room with the target of her mission. She had been pondering the method of attack the entire time, her tiny body unable to reach the safe or push something against the wall. Yet, to her delight, one of the chairs in the room had wheels! It was still a Herculean feat to move even that with her feline body, but, at last, she succeeded! Even better was that the chair had been left fully raised, giving her just enough purchase to reach the keypad with her paws.

She leaped atop the chair, still marveling at her feline body's ability to clear several body lengths in a single leap. Yet, she had miscalculated, and the chair moved out of range, eliciting an annoyed growl from her short muzzle. However, a second attempt, with a more precision jump, allowed her the position she needed!

She stared at the open keypad, having recited the sequence in her mind several dozen times so that even her feline instincts would not override her memory. However, she was presented with a new problem as her oval eyes stared at the device. What were the numbers? She could recite them in her mind, but... what did they look like?

Sally shook her head furiously, trying in vain to recall the simple shapes that had been learned in her pre-school time. But each time the images floated into her mind, some sound, some scent caught her feline senses and ripped them away. Sally meowed her frustrations, her feline instincts nearly overpowering. Why couldn't she remember the sight of numbers! ?

Yet her attention was drawn to the keypad briefly enough that its pattern triggered a memory. If the numbers were in order, then it didn't matter if she couldn't comprehend them! Using her recollections, Sally lifted one paw to the pad, realizing it was a little too large for the task. But, after gently extending one of her claws, the familiar ding echoed in her ears to signal that she had entered the right number.

She knew she had to work fast, lest the device reset, and an alarm sound to alert Lenza of her presence. It was hard to move her paw into place, but with some effort, she managed to hit the next key she thought was in the proper position. 3... 4... 7...1... At last! The whoosh of the safe door resonated in her ears as she felt the door gently hit her side. She had done it!

Yet as she entered the safe, a familiar smell wafted into her nose from the vents below. She recalled a kitchen was in this wing, and the savory scents of fish overrode her senses. It took all her might to resist, but eventually, she was able to cling onto her goal and enter the metal box, where, thankfully, the odors could not penetrate. The feline part of her mind relaxed; she was safe in here from predators, able to make herself small and invisible.

Among several other artifacts and cash sat an open ledger. Sally couldn't be sure until she saw the page, but the book was one that held Lenza's scent strongly. A whisper of human recognition came to the forefront of her thoughts; electronic data could be hacked. Journals stayed quiet so long as they remained hidden. This had to be it.

Sure enough, she could indeed make out numbers on the page that she recognized as longitude and latitude. Only... what? What did those things mean? And the numbers beside them... dates? Which ones?

Drawing every ounce of human strength, she tried to focus on the shapes, desperate to recall them. Some bit of her feline mind was able to help; her eyes had caught the symbols on the keys, allowing her human mind to commit them to memory. She knew she needed to recall each number exactly; one mistake would cost her team the information and make the entire mission be for naught.

Her feline vision was sufficient in the low light of the enclosed space to make out the numbers. She spent as long as she dared, reading and rereading until she was sure the numbers were correct in her mind. She had done it! Her mission had been a success!

She jumped down, the siren song of the food beckoning her forward. She could no longer fight the feline instincts plaguing her mind, but thankfully, the human side of her had completed the mission for now. Sally had no way to close the safe and hoped it wouldn't



compromise her mission or the life of someone Lenza deemed responsible for accessing his private documents. But such thoughts were overridden by the scents of food as she trotted down to beg for scraps.

The day finally came when she was put into the crate to be taken back to the vet. She protested, of course; she didn't like being picked up and hated the confining prison of the carrier. The girl seemed concerned; it was normal for her cat to act like this, right? Perhaps the additional vet visit would aid in that regard.

Sally was brought into that backroom, her cage sat on a table near another such pen. The odor wafting from the feline within seemed oddly familiar. It was... her? Sally hissed and snarled at the beast, who responded in kind. The human in the room said something, but she could hardly understand in her rage-induced state. Her feline brain could only determine she was smelling herself, and Sally continued hissing and spitting at her mirror image.

A clatter hit her ears as the attendant dropped his phone, and he cursed his luck as he bent down to grab it. Yet too focused on seeing if his phone was damaged, he barely paid attention to the low table as he slammed his head against it hard. The intensity of the blow on the flimsy wooden structure sent both cages clattering to the floor, making both their doors pop open. Sally yowled at the force of the impact as she slowly crawled from the cage.

The sounds of cursing spewed from the attendant's lips as he rubbed his bruised head. Yet Sally could hardly pay attention as she felt the nose of the other female sniffing her body. It seemed as though the other cat was enraptured by an animal that smelled so much like herself. Sally too sniffed at the other feline, her instincts confused by her own scent in another place. Both cats walked around each other, sniffing at the impossibility of another the same as they.

As the attendant came to, he looked down to see the released felines, and carefully picked each up, pulling them away as he placed them back into their cages. Sally protested, of course, but slowly remembered she needed to be placed in her crate like a cat before her team returned.

As if on cue, another familiar scent floated into her nose, and she looked up to see two of those two-legged cats walk in... only these ones were. . ? The human part of her mind sprang forth, and she remembered who she was, what she was doing. It was Daniels and Carter. They were here to change her back!

Sally felt a sudden sense of elation at the idea of returning to her human form. She'd been a cat for... how long? It was maddening! She wasn't an animal, she was human! Sally

waited patiently for her cage to be opened and for Carter to inject her with the serum that would restore her human form.

But that didn't happen. "Alright, girl... I mean, detective, let's get you back to your old self," Daniel's voice said he knelt down to pick up something else. The cage with the other cat! Sally slowly realized that the cage she was in had been labeled with her name. If Sally had been placed in the wrong crate, then her partners thought the other cat was her!

Sally stared in horror as the real cat was lifted and placed on the table, and Carter gently jabbed the familiar needle into its side. There was nothing Sally could do, but watch as the feline squirmed with the beginning of a rather uncomfortable transfiguration. Sally wanted to look away, fearful she would be staring at a future that had been robbed from her. But it was impossible to ignore the tuxedo fur receding to pink skin, the doubling, tripling in size, tail and claws and fangs all fading into a body with fingers and hair and flattened teeth. All the while, the former cat screamed, fading from feline yowls to a voice that sounded alarming like her own.

After a few moments of agonizing shrieks, a woman, the perfect facsimile of her former self, was sitting on the table and looking around the room with frightful eyes. The naked human turned around in a circle as though attempting to get comfortable, screaming an inhuman cry in distress. She tried to jump down, but lacked the muscles from her feline form and ended up stumbling forward. Her back hunched, and she tried to hiss, but the sound that came from her lips startled even her. She stared frantically around the room in a panic, clenching human fingers that could not account for her former feline nails.

"Why is she acting like this?" Daniels asked as Carter quickly grabbed the woman's arm and injected her with something to help her sleep.

"She must have been a cat too long... this is the longest trial we've performed. The instincts are always strong, but maybe this is a side effect?" Carter responded, concerned. "There really hasn't been a precedent for this kind of case. The detective took the job too carelessly."

Sally could tell that Daniels's scent was one of disappointment or sorrow. He felt for his partner whose mind had been altered so drastically. Sally had been such an amazing, ambitious officer, well on the way to promotion if her info yielded positive results. Now, what was she? A beast in a woman's body? Was there any chance to save her?

A cry from the cage on the floor attracted both officers, and they looked to see Sally slamming on her prison door, trying desperately to get their attention. If Sally could show them she was the human, maybe they could change her back, fix the mistake!

“Hey doc, is it... did we get the wrong one? That cat’s acting awfully anxious. Do you think that’s Sally?” Daniels asked, hopefully. He didn’t know why Sally would be kept in the cage without the label, but it was possible, wasn’t it?

“Why would the original be in the wrong cage? It makes no sense! Besides, we barely have enough serum for one more change! We could turn her into a human, but not the other woman back into a cat! If their daughter’s pet is killed, what do you think Lenza will do to this establishment?!” Carter said, doing herself best to hide her exasperation.

“But if I’m right, then we’ve condemned a fellow officer to be an animal!” Daniels countered.

“We’d have to be absolutely sure. Perhaps an intelligence test? We could see if she can read by writing out a set of instructions,” Carter suggested, pulling out a pen and paper.

Sally felt elated. This was it! She could prove she was human! Daniels scribbled something on the piece of paper and unlocked the carrier. Immediately, Sally stepped out to read the words he’d written, wondering what her instruction would be. Yet the words on the page were indescribable. Why would Daniels not write them in English? It made no sense!

Sally tried to stare at the words, hoping to make sense of them. Yet it was harder for her feline instincts to remain focused on the motionless thing before her. Soon the scents of other cats distracted her, and she jumped up, hissing at the other beasts that had encroached upon her territory.

Daniels sighed, the sight of the feral beast removing what little hope he maintained. “Fuck. You’re right. That must mean...” His voice trailed off as he regarded the sleeping woman that had once been his friend.

Carter put her hand on his shoulder in a gesture of comfort. “This... there has to be a way to bring her back. Something we missed. We’ll get her back, Daniels.” She said, her voice soothing.

“Yeah....” Daniel replied, his voice trailing off. “We’ve got to. She has to be in there somewhere,” he said as they prepared to return her to the precinct and a hospital equipped to treat her mental condition.

Sally yowled for attention, rubbing against their legs in an attempt to win them back. Daniels looked down with confusion in his eyes once more. But she had failed the test, right? Was it that the cat smelled herself on the human woman? He kicked her away, much to Sally’s fear.

But Sally’s cries of protest were not in vain. They were answered by another cat in the backroom, an unfixated male. She could smell him coming, likely at the clinic for a neutering operation that had not yet occurred.

The male’s randy scent started driving her mad. A strange ache in her loins became all-consuming, and it took every ounce of willpower she could muster not to let it envelop her. But it was already so hard to think...

Before she realized what she was doing, Sally's back was raised, and she had hunkered down, yowling in need as her tail raised up and to the side, exposing her moistening sex. The male wasted no time; all at once, he was on her back and pounding at her moist sex with his stiff feline prick. Sally's body was a slave to its instincts as she yowled from the agony of feline spines against the walls of her cervix.

Yet through the pain was a powerful sensation of satisfaction, of knowing she was to be mated. It was a brief quell of the heat that was plaguing her, and the notion caused a surge of pleasure to run from her body as the male's sperm entered her womb. Filled with seed and sated for the moment, thoughts of her human life, and escape were washed away by thoughts of nursing kittens.

She was hardly aware that Daniels had scoffed, muttering something as he started to leave. “Yeah, there’s no way that’s her. Sally would never debase herself like that. Let’s go,” he said sadly.

Wrapping her up, they carried the former cat out into their waiting car and towards what they thought was the help and rehabilitation she needed. At the sound of the door opening and quickly closing, it took Sally’s last chance of humanity with it.

No amount of protesting would bring them back, and Sally was left alone to fend for herself in the back room of the clinic. The male was there, of course, tending to the heat in

Sally's loins that had still not abated. Eventually, she fell asleep, dreams of hunting, of mating, and of suckling young were at the forefront as she twitched and trembled in her sleep. So lost in the simplicity of feline thoughts, it was hard to remember why she'd been so worried before.

"Teacup? What are you doing out of your cage? Naughty girl! " Said an unfamiliar voice. Sally awoke to the sensation of being picked up and placed inside of a crate. She took a quick swipe at the hand, but the door was locked before she could connect. Sally yowled and hissed, but the unconcerned vet only tried to reassure her with a soothing voice. "Shhhh. There there. Your mommy's going to be by very soon. It will be OK," said the vet, as she hoisted up Sally's cage and brought it out into the main room.

Weeks went by with no indication that anyone realized something was amiss. Sally found it hard to recall human things, but the moments she did haunted her. She'd failed to deliver the intel on Lenza, and judging from his odor, he still went about his daily business uninterrupted.

Still, those times were fleeting, fragments of memory barely noticed by the feline instincts and activities that now encompassed her being. No one would ever suspect Sally was here, trapped in this feral form. It was easier just to give in to the gnawing feline instincts, allowing her mind to become completely that of a cat.

Of course, there was another distraction from her humanity, one that the humans hadn't yet noticed. But Sally was painfully aware of new feline urges, and those thoughts plagued her dwindling humanity more than any other. There was life growing in her belly, new life placed there by the frequent mating sessions. She was soon to be a mother...