

“And cut!” The director called out, Vanessa feeling a bit of relief that she was done for now. Though, marred in trepidation, she had at least a brief reprieve before the next part of filming. That part, she was nervous as hell even thinking about. But, it was something that she knew she had to do, for her career, and for herself.

An actress of almost a decade, Vanessa’s career had started out with small parts on TV dramas. Though she had quite a few credits under her name, it was getting harder and harder for her to land any roles of note to really break out in the business. Therefore when a small-time movie role came to her agent’s desk, Vanessa jumped at the chance. Even though the particulars were a little...extreme, even for an actress as desperate as Vanessa, she was determined to make a name for herself. And a film role, low budget as it was, promised her exactly what she had been hoping for.

It was starting to become more and more of a common practice in the film industry for directors to replace CGI with practical effects, especially given the fiasco of the movie ‘Cats’. With the advent of physical transformative technology, a special serum could be used to temporarily rewrite one’s DNA to match that of an animal creating a hybrid being. Though the technology had numerous other applications, the film industry had its eyes on the process as of late. Being relatively new, audiences reported seeing those effects as being highly interesting, drawing them to otherwise low-budget films. It was generally projected to draw in enough excess funds at the box office to make it worthwhile in films that could use them.

This particular film was a remake of the movie ‘Cat People’ and required an actress to become an anthropomorphic feline for part of the movie. The transformation itself would not be filmed; that had to be done with special effects, as the effects of the serum did not match with the director’s vision. But, once she had changed, she would be required to act in animal form for the rest of the filming process. Such serums were expensive, only just cheaper than the special effects they would need for the role regardless. That, and it provided Vanessa the added bonus of allowing ample time to film without tedious make-up sessions.

Filmed on location in Africa, a remote camp had been set up so that they could get authentic wildlife shots and evade the usual fees of filming back home. Vanessa had liked the locale, all things considered. The bugs she could do without. And the heat. But, other than that, she was pleased.

Vanessa was both excited and scared to take the formula. She would be one of only a handful of actors to do so thus far and would have to stay as part-cat for the duration of the shoot. It would only be a few days, and then they would be done with the principal work.

It was a little intimidating thinking about being part animal, even if it was only for a few days. Though her body would be largely human, she would have paws, claws, a better sense of smell, and other animal attributes that made her more than a little nervous. Hell, just becoming a predator when she had been vegan for years was more than enough to make most people hesitant!

Still, Vanessa had given it a lot of thought, especially in recent days. As one of the pioneers of the process, she would have her pick of horror/SciFi titles down the pipeline. And, there was something almost guiltily tantalizing about being in a new body. Into the unknown, so to speak. She would be one of a handful of people to have the experiences she was about to undergo, the envy of some of her colleagues. Better than that, the talk show circle would love to have her as a guest, giving her much-needed publicity.

The next day, she arrived early for the shoot, seeming almost elated. Their director seemed a little thrown off by Vanessa's demeanor but nonetheless was happy that she was ready to go. Being given the serum, and a little privacy. Vanessa was ready to change. All it required was a simple injection, administered intramuscularly. Never shy from needles, Vanessa was able to inject herself, giving her the much-required seclusion to watch her change. Per her request, she was given a trailer with a full-bodied mirror, curious about what the process would entail.

No sooner than she'd set the empty vial down on the table did an itching begin to play over the area, as though the skin was being pricked by something pushing at the surface. It was akin to going a few days without shaving, a sensation that was not too unfamiliar for the actress. But soon, the prickling started to intensify to a level that was almost uncomfortable, making her want to scratch.

Soon, a series of black hairs started to lance from the skin, peppering the surface all at once and making it hard to see anything underneath. It soon blossomed from the spot she'd injected herself, running from her thigh and rapidly down her calves and up her belly. Vanessa had stripped down to all but a bra and panties and did her best to ignore the sensations of fur covering her groin under her garments.

Lost in the sensations of hair growth, Vanessa was remiss for not noticing that her feet were starting to tingle, toes being pulled inward towards her feet as the joints started to crack and pop. A moan escaped her lips as new claws pushed through from the old cuticles, touching the floor and making her uncomfortable. Stranger still was the formation of a new muscle that allowed them to flex, pulling back into newly-formed sheaths to keep them hidden when not in use.

Playing with those claws for a few moments, Vanessa nearly pitched forward, her heels getting longer and pushing her to stand on her tiptoes, which were filling out with coarse pads. It took some effort to balance with that type of stance, and Vanessa had to hold onto some of the dressers to maintain her balance. Yet, taking a few tentative steps around, Vanessa found that the change in her stance was stable enough she could walk.

The ongoing changes left her distracted from feeling the same claws popped from her fingernails, stretching out with the sheaths that would keep them protected when not in use. Pads formed on the tips of her fingers and along her palms, though her fingers did not shrink, nor did they lose any flexibility. They would remain in a hybrid state, allowing her to function as well as she did with human hands. Even better, with the grip that her new paw pads provided!

As the fur covered her in waves, Vanessa couldn't help but notice that her muscles were sore, as though she'd just undergone a good workout. The reality that she was gaining a decent tone of muscle was a pleasant one, making her wish that she could keep that aspect of the serum after the change. However, the results were tied to the feline DNA in her veins, and the process didn't work that way unless she wanted to remain part cat!

Perhaps strangest of all was the sensation of her coccyx starting to unfuse, the bones splitting apart and extending into a numbness that started to push out of her backside. Vanessa moaned, reaching back to rub the only part of the change that had actually pained her up until this point. Though thankful that the serum numbed what should have been a powerfully painful process, the ache of her tailbone separating into a feline tail was more than what she was ready for.

Soon, her new appendage stuck out behind her, twitching of its own accord as it added muscle, meat, and linkages. It was beyond bizarre for her to be in possession of such a thing, a new appendage that no human possessed on their anatomy. Vanessa couldn't help but play with it, rubbing it with her new paw-hands while experimenting with its ability of motion and delighting it its new abilities.

Vanessa was still growing all the while, bulking up with muscle and passing relative to her lithe form. The tightness in her bra and panties was noticeable, and, with a *snap*, her bra was undone, falling to the floor and exposing breasts that were not as full and perky as her human equivalents. Her panties, though not torn, were powerfully uncomfortable on her frame, prompting her to take them off and leaving her naked in front of the mirror. Though in the privacy of her trailer, she had to say she didn't mind the effect. It was far more than any strength training could ever grant her meager frame, and it was all so effortless!

The final alterations started in her ears, forcing them to expand into large ovals, ones that she could twitch if she tried. Though it took some time to notice, sounds outside did seem a little sharper, the shape of her ears and the additional hairs they granted her better for taking in auditory stimuli than their human equivalents.

Similar feline alterations were happening to her face, nose pressing flat on her features as slits slide up the sides. She breathed in, the heady scent of her own body at the forefront of her thoughts. Yet, underneath the smells she had grown accustomed to were a myriad of other odors that left her fascinated. She could even detect the minute traces of who had been in the cabin before her. Though, much of the odors escaped her understanding, human as she was with a feline's nose.

Though her face kept its general shape, her cheeks did grow puffy, pushing out slightly to make room for sharpened feline teeth. Smiling, she loved the menacing visage her feline dentures granted her. It was the smile of a predator, and left her feeling elated!

Better was the shifting of her eyes. Growing larger on her features, more oval, it was the slight of her irises becoming felines slits that had her overly excited. That truly gave her a menacing visage, even as fur encroached over her features and the change completed. The final piece of the puzzle was a single white star atop her forehead, a strange genetic trait for a black pantheress but one that wasn't entirely unappealing. Vanessa had to say, she was happy with the results!

One thing that she had not been expecting was the stirring of thoughts in her mind, like stray thoughts or alien impulses. It was as though she wanted to...what? Eat? *Hunt?*

No, the cat-woman she had become had different desires, ones not limited to a predatory nature. Looking down at her hand-paw with a curious expression, she raised it towards her mouth, as though to inspect it further. However, instead, she reached out with her tongue and started licking the fur. Part of her was disgusted by the impulse, yet, the more she licked the better it seemed to feel. It was as though her tongue was allowing her to put right the hairs. It even came with some barbs and a flat surface that made such acts easy and convenient!

Lost in her grooming regiment, Vanessa hardly noticed the knock on the door that signaled that she had been in there too long. Vanessa excused herself, getting her clothes on and coming to the door. Though she knew she would have to film naked, not for the first time, she didn't want to be seen offset without something covering her. She had a long, flowing dress for just the occasion, not bothering to don her bra and panties again, knowing that they were too small for her frame.

Yet, as she walked around the set, gathering the expected amount of states, Vanessa struggled with the intense itching that wearing clothing over fur was causing her. It was maddening to want to stop and scratch every few seconds. Worse, it made her hair out of order, prompting her to want to lick her hand to groom them again. No wonder any bits of clothing irritated cats so much!

Eventually, she opted to go naked, knowing that she would have to eventually anyway and that everyone on set would see her regardless. Though make-up would result in the same thing, she still found the notion distasteful, from a human standpoint. Still, the feline aspects of her mind were happy to be free of the meddlesome clothing. That, and her fur and tail covered all her assets much better than any full body make-up could do!

Getting into the filming regiment was easy, even being unused to her new body. Her director wanted to start right away, once it was determined that the serum had been successful and Vanessa was comfortable. It was hardly an issue for her to act in the form she was, even able to easily do some of the required stunts herself. She was saving her team a fortune in special effects with the feats she was able to perform. Though she wouldn't see a dime of the savings, it was still a treat for her to perform to the extent of her body's new physical prowess. She could run, jump, and lift far more than any human her former size. And the liquid grace at which she glided into her scenes made her feel powerful, lithe, and sexy in a way that defied all expectations.

Vanessa was the first to smell the smoke, her enhanced senses making her cough slightly. Not thinking it was anything urgent at first, she was shocked when someone called out "Fire!" The speed of the spread was such that soon, the entire place was rendered in danger of the blaze. Everyone was told to evacuate the campsite, given the immediate threat.

Not sure where to find a safe haven, given their proximity to some jungle and the speed at which the blaze was overtaking their site and the equipment, Vanessa ran faster than most, some primal instinct telling her that she needed to escape. Soon, the fire was behind her, though not too far so that the blaze had escaped her sight. Still, she was not familiar in her new body, enough that its abilities had escaped her. The branch she tripped on went unnoticed, and she fell, hard, her head hitting a rock and rendering herself unconscious.

Sometime later, Vanessa had no way to know how long exactly, she came to, head pounding from the sudden impact. She roused slowly, the memories of the events still hazy. Worse so was the late hour, the sun having set and leaving the jungle alive with the sounds of its inhabitants. It took a few moments for Vanessa to get her bearings, partially from the pain in her head and partly from the form that she found herself in. Her first time waking up as a panther woman was startling, to say the least!

Without the light of the fire, or even of the moon, Vanessa quickly found herself lost. Though her senses of smell and hearing were far better than their human equivalents, she had no idea how to use them to their fullest extent, or even what most of the sensory inputs she was getting meant. Worse, with no familiarity with the terrain, Vanessa found herself without any idea as to the direction of the camp. Though she was sure she had not strayed far from the site, it seemed as though the more she wandered around, the more lost she became. And where were her coworkers? Why had no one come to find her? Surely, they would be looking for her!

As the minutes turned to hours, Vanessa slowly started to accept the reality that she was lost in an unfamiliar jungle, with no way to return to civilization. Especially at night, when even her enhanced eyesight could do little to aid her journey, without any assistance of the moon. She figured that it might be prudent to lie down, sleep to wait for daylight, and, in the morning, find the way back to the clearing where she could seek help.

Though she was worried about interference from the local fauna, Vanessa eventually decided she would be safe enough to sleep, being as much an apex predator as anything that might stumble upon her. Of more concern were the twin aches assailing her. The one in her head was insistent enough, its cause known to her. But there was another one, more intimately placed, that had her puzzled. It was a throbbing in her nethers, as though she had sprained something inside and needed something rubbed against it. Not thinking, she reached down to rub the skin when a damp sensation met her hand paws. Almost like she was...wet?

It was certainly possible that she was aroused, though, given the circumstances, Vanessa could hardly find a reason for it. It certainly didn't feel like any past arousal that she had experienced. It was more like a heat, a *burning* need for her to alleviate. Whatever it was, she seemed to need it more insistently than anything she could recall requiring at any point in her life.

Figuring she was alone for the moment, Vanessa saw no reason not to touch herself. Careful of her claws, Vanessa explored her new anatomy, surprised at how sensitive everything seemed, though it was not necessarily in the same place that she had been expecting. Still, even after almost half an hour of effort, and several orgasms later, Vanessa was in no better a position to alleviate the aches in her loins. Masturbation only helped so much!

Vanessa didn't see the cat approaching until it was almost on top of her, breathing down her neck. It was the odor of the beast that caught her attention first, an alluring scent that served to heighten her arousal, reigniting the aches in her loins ten-fold. She almost moaned, the beast's hot breath reaching down towards her nethers and making her twitch before realizing that it was the presence of another being beside her.

Naturally, it elicited a panic for her safety, being this close to a predator. But, the demeanor of the cat was not one of aggression. Rather, it was one of interest, curiosity. The cat seemed particularly fixated on her loins, breathing in intently before reaching down with his tongue. Vanessa immediately rose up, trying to get away from the beast, not caring that it might elicit a reaction of attack.

Though her mind was repulsed by the notions of advancement of a cat, an animal, her body was clearly sending her other signals. Her mind had been rewired in the change, apparently in a way that she had not been prepared for. Rather, a growing part of her, in particular, her cunt lips, seemed to demand the presence of the beast inside of her. Though she could not see him in the dark, the scent from the cat seemed to indicate that he felt the same way, wanting to give her attention, and, perhaps, an eventual alleviation to her lusts.

Vanessa knew she had to get out of there, lest the cat, or she herself, would do something that she would regret. Getting up, she tore off away into the jungle, scared for her life, though not only that, her feline virginity. Letting the cat take what it wanted was not on her to-do list this night!

Yet, her enhanced hearing could not miss the footfalls of the beast as it chased her, at a much quicker pace due to his power and experience in his body. The persistence at which it pursued her denoted an intelligence more than what she could have expected from an animal. Either way, there was no denying its insistence, chasing her as though hunting its prey.

It was soon obvious that the panther had no intention of slowing down, no matter how much she tried to run. Vanessa couldn't help but be careful; the pounding in her head in tandem with poor visibility and lack of knowledge of terrain made it difficult to move too quickly. And, the scary truth of the matter was that an increasing part of her mind didn't *want* to keep running. The aches in her loins were growing in intensity the more that she scented the male's need in her nose. It was the more alluring scent that she had ever detected, and her body was almost *screaming* at her to stop and take in what the male had to offer.

As though on autopilot, her body lowered itself, Vanessa trying to rationalize with herself that she was taking a breather. But, body betraying her, her tail lifted up and to the side, exposing her pink, glistening sex and wafting the scent of her heat towards the potential mate. It felt as though her body was out of her control, some instinct that had taken over her autonomy. But, at the moment, it was harder to focus on anything but the ache in her loins and the desperate need to have it satisfied.

The mating act itself was rather quick, an unceremonious mounting as the large cat found its barrings on top of her and hit his mark with a series of shallow, rapid thrusts. It was far different, less intimate than any sex Vanessa had ever experienced. It was as though the cat was taking what it needed from her, and, in return, giving her what *she* needed. Though the cat's penis barely penetrated her folds, they seemed thinner, able to take it inside her enough that the stimulation was doing at least something for her.

A sharp *yelp* escaped her lips as the cat started to thrust faster, as though sharp pokers were playing over the sensitive flesh of her loins. She didn't know it, but dozens of backward spines were piercing into her, sending waves of pleasure and pain through her genitals. It made her want to pull away for a moment before the waves penetrated that deep spot in her cunt lips that had eluded her up until now. *This* was what she had been craving, the kind of stimulation that masturbation could never grant her.

Like the realization was a catalyst to her increased pleasure, Vanessa felt herself go into orgasm, the pressure building beyond anything that human experience could have prepared her for. It was as though the swelling in her vaginal walls had reached a crescendo, needing only the stimulation of the painful prick pounding her pussy. It was small, too small for her hybrid anatomy, though was still enough to send her into ovulation, though she was unaware of that at the time.

Though she despised the notion of being mated, it was impossible to keep up the hatred of the animal that wanted to take her hybrid form's preverbal virginity. It simply felt too good, too *right* to some feline part of her mind that was the pantheress she had become. Though it would not occur to her until after the fact, she was in heat, and only the phallus of a panther would do to quell that animalistic desire.

Though she had no way to know it, the cat seemed to be getting his own pleasure from the interaction, his cock spasming enough that the spines almost sent her anatomy into another orgasm. It quickened for a moment as the cat picked up his pace and eventually shot a small load of semen into her womb.

Vanessa couldn't help but be disgusted with herself as she got up, wanting to wipe the cat's cream from her loins but finding she was unable to touch it. It was not only the action itself that had her revolted. Rather, it was her instinctual *need* to be penetrated and mated that made her so disgusted by the male.

Lost in her thoughts, Vanessa hardly realized it when she suddenly fell over, as though her legs had given out. Her calves seemed to be shrinking, while her heels were extending. Worse, wider thighs were expanding up her belly, leaving her balance precarious. With the

changes to her legs, Vanessa could hardly remain standing, falling over with a hard thump on the ground.

A yelp escaped her lips, deeper in tone as she tried to rise up again, to no avail. No matter how much she struggled, it seemed like the bones in her hips were not meant for that kind of travel any longer. Panic sat in, even as she started to crawl along the ground, desperate for any chance to escape. She was somehow changing, as though the serum in her veins had been triggered further. Was it because of the mating? She had no way to know, and worse, no way to stop the process!

Another moan escaped her lips as two more sensitive spots formed underneath her breasts, stimulated by her fur as though they were nipples. Wait, cats had more nipples than humans, didn't they? Clearly, she now had additional assets, though what was worse was that her own were sinking in her chest, moving lower on her anatomy as her belly started to thin and her chest started to compact. She was changing so fast!

Though the process was relatively painless, an uncomfortable sensation started to pulsate through her fingertips, as though the digits were shrinking. Vanessa had to look; her fingers were stiff, retracting into widening palms that looked nothing like her usable human hands. They were turning into fully feline paws!

Yet, despite the changes happening to her body, the faint glow of the sun coming up over the horizon gave her a glimmer of hope. With her altered eyes, lights from civilization came to her attention, giving her a goal to strive for. Even though she was on her hands and knees, the position was getting more and more comfortable as she waddled towards help.

The sounds of people talking hit her ears, though she was too far away to make out the words. Even her larger, twitching ears couldn't tell if they were her crewmates or other people in a village close by. Still, she pressed onward, hoping to let someone know what was happening to her, lest they be able to help.

Walking into the village, Vanessa called out, requesting help and at least acknowledging her humanity. If the mating had somehow made her into a non-morphic cat, then, surely, there was a way for her to be returned to her form, right?

“RREEEELLPPPP MEEERRRRROOOWWW! PLRRREEEEASE!” Vanessa yelled out, hating the feline cadence her voice seemed to have employed. Still, she could make out the words enough that she hoped someone else could, as well.

To her delight, the sounds of shouts hit her ears just then, people apparently confused by the sound and coming to her aid. Vanessa felt elated. Even if they didn't know how to help her, they could at least see she was changing, get her in touch with some people who could. Surely she wasn't the only one to experience this side effect from the serums, right?

Yet, the changes were still coming faster, her body bulking up with impossible speed compared with the changes that had come before. She was down on all fours, stuck there as her neck widened and her skull started to slope. Her once short muzzle pressed out, the ache almost more than she could bear, causing her to wince as her nose melded with the tip and her eyes enlarged, focused straight ahead like the predator she now was.

Nothing human remained in the body of the black pantheress as she stood there, trying desperately to cry out for aid. But by the time humans appeared at the edge of town, all they saw was an animal, pathetically mewling her distress. Naturally, they retreated, not keen on encountering the panther without any form of defense.

Vanessa was panicked beyond belief. Not only was she in the body of a cat, an animal, but she had no way to communicate her status as a human. How could she make them believe? It was difficult to formulate a plan, harder still with feline instincts twitching about in her mind. She hadn't lost herself, not yet. But there was every chance it could happen if she didn't hurry!

Against her better judgment, and the judgment of her instincts, Vanessa decided to head into the village to see if she could find a way to communicate with its occupants. Hopefully, she wouldn't be shot for fear of attack or disease. But, the alternative was to be an animal in the wilderness, holding little appeal when salvation was in reach.

Walking amongst the houses, slinking to avoid being viewed as threatening, Vanessa was careful to sniff around, looking for any signs of threat or attack. She could easily be shot from any of the windows, after all. No one came to her aid or harm, even as she cried out with her sad, pitiful cries, as though an animal wounded. She wondered if she might try to write something in the sand, producing a single claw to avoid the limitations of unwieldy paws. If only she was given enough time...

It was the flash of the barrel that caught her periphery before she was struck. Part of her worried about the pain of a bullet being put into her shoulder, ending her life as it would a wounded or vicious animal. But the minute sting was soon followed by a strange fatigue, one that made her pained head spin as she went to lie down. She hadn't been shot with a gun but rather with a dart, one that was pulling her down into a dreamless sleep...

Sometime later, Vanessa awoke, eyes opening into a world plastered in shades that she didn't recognize. Crying out, she was shocked to hear a bestial roar escape her lips, from a muzzle that was visible from in front of her features. It was clearly the visage of some kind of beast, cementing the reality of what had happened to her and what she had become.

Yet, she hardly had time to think about what she was when the sounds of the voices around her came into her more acute ears "Going to take her to America-Yup, pass her off as an interesting specimen-yup-that mark looks like the one from that new fantasy-Good money, cause of that fanbase-We were able to finish the shoot-Yup-Still missing..."

Vanessa felt her heart sink at that. Her form was thought to be missing, not changed into the pantheress that she was now. Did no one know that it was possible for someone to change all the way into an animal when they had been injected with the serum? Then again, surely no one else had the ill chance to mate in their new body. Her circumstances were unique enough that maybe no one truly knew what had happened to her!

With no way to communicate, Vanessa was left to sit in the cage, taken the long flight across the sea and back home. Only, her new home was to be a zoo, one that had paid handsomely for a black panther with the white marking above her forehead that matched the character in the movie. By now, the serum should have worn off and she should have returned to human form. But, be it curse or fate Vanessa did not revert, her one last hope for the return to humanity that she so desperately desired. For what was a fate worse than being human in mind while trapped in the body of an animal, one stuck in a zoo, no less!?

So, it was soon to fall into place that Vanessa was a specimen in a zoo, a rather popular attraction for whatever establishment she found herself in. There were plenty of people that wanted to snap pictures with the pantheress that had a marking similar to the character from the new 'Cat People' movie. It was infuriating, being a zoo animal on display for the entertainment of others. Even trying to write in the sand did little for her aid, her changed mind having apparently forgotten how to read or write. And, worse, the swelling in her belly was getting more and more intense each day, signaling the start of the new life that had been placed in her by the panther in the jungle...