

## Cat Burglars (Criminals to Catwomen TG Preg)

**By FoxFaceStories**

### **A Commission for AI**

*While attempting to steal a priceless feline jade statue from an extravagant manner, a pair of thieves are caught by its reclusive owner, who turns out to have been cursed by that very idol to live as a powerful cat man. Now, he is presented with the opportunity to punish and bless the burglars by making them into his very own anthro cat girl harem! Both will try to resist their new fates, but can they resist their instincts to mate?*

### **Cat Burglars**

It was one last job. The final heist that would set the pair of cat burglars for life. Boyd and Cooper poured over the blueprints resting on the table before them. They were at a little roach motel, the kind of place that didn't ask questions and certainly didn't remember the appearance of any of its patrons. Exactly the kind of place they could hole up in while they planned the big steal would set them up for life. The rain poured into the night outside, obscuring any fears that their words and plans would be overheard.

Boyd spread his fingers over the map of the enormous estate, taking in the contents of it all, every weak wall, exposed window, and security set up. He was a surprisingly rotund man for a thief, with pudgy features and fat fingers, and a balding head that made him almost look like a big baby, were it not for the scowl he tended to wear almost perpetually. But despite his outer layers of soft fat, he had a mind like a steel trap, and could be counted on to remember every detail as if he were born with a photographic memory.

"It's going to be a hard one, Coop," he muttered, pointing to several locations. "No conventional entry. HighGuard Securitech installations at every doorway. No cameras though, odd."

Cooper scratched his pointed chin and peered over his partner's shoulder. If Boyd was short and wide then Cooper was his opposite: tall and thin, with a charismatic face and charming bespoke suit that he preferred to wear in his 'off hours.' Boyd may have been the brains of the operation, but the slick dark-haired man with tan olive skin was the drive, the one who sought out new opportunities, who made the connections they needed, who could adjust on the fly to adapt to unforeseen circumstances.

"No cameras is indeed odd. Is that gonna be a problem?"

Boyd rubbed the back of his neck. "No idea, to be honest. Would have thought the piece would have cameras all over it. Facts tell me it's gonna be easier."

"But instinct?"

Boyd shrugged. "Something's off. I don't feel good about this one, Coops. They say this Livingstone guy is weird. Total recluse. No one's seen him in the flesh, or at least not uncovered, in over five years. And he collects all this occult stuff. I don't know, I just don't like it."

Cooper laughed and put his arm around his friend's shoulders. "Boyd, Boyd, Boyd, your endless superstition! What do I always say?"

"Don't make me say it."

"Go on, just humour me."

Boyd sighed. "Just listen to the maestro."

"And who's the maestro?"

Another pause, another sigh. "You are."

Cooper gripped his lapels, giving a dashing smile to an unseen audience. "Precisely! And right now, the maestro of this operation is saying there's nothing to worry about. C'mon, Boyd, just look at her. Look at her!"

He pulled up a photograph sourced online of their target: a jade-carved statue of a proud feline, slender and exaggerated, perched as if expecting food, praise, and possibly even worship. Its ears were tall, his tail in mid wave, its expression regal. The object was exquisitely carved, and dated back well over a thousand years, having been recovered from deep within the jungles of the South Americas somewhere. Alexander Livingstone himself had supposedly uncovered it, the multimillionaire industrialist indulging in his own love of exploration and, frankly, cultural theft. And yet since its 'recovery', the man had become an enigma, withdrawing to the comforts of his estates and issuing forward statements that he had 'completed his life's work' and simply wished to exist within his private estates.

And what a grand series of estates it was! Located at the very edge of the city, it bordered onto the forest which itself backed onto a national park, and his own grounds were practically a jungle unto themselves, having expanded massively in the five years since his disappearance from the public. Very few people were invited there, and what guests did arrive almost never met Alexander, though occasionally he appeared, fully covered up, which only spurred further rumours about what had happened to him; a significant injury or disease, perhaps?

Frankly, Cooper didn't care. As he held up the photo to Boyd, the real draw behind all this enigma was perfectly clear. The Jade Cat Statue was worth over forty million dollars. *Forty million dollars*. Even going through a fence, the burglar pair could easily make out with enough liquidity to not only retire from this life, but retire *tropical*.

"Are you seeing what I'm seeing, Boyd?"

Boyd rubbed his face. "Yeah, I'm seeing it, Coop."

"Forty million dollars."

“Forty million dollars.”

“Forty million buckaroos! Say it with me!”

Boyd, despite his inner cynic, was starting to feel the excitement being generated. Coop had that effect on him. “Forty million buckaroos.”

Cooper gave his friend a playful nudge across the chin with his knuckles. “See? There’s that wide, beautiful smile! Well, a wide one anyway. Look, between your fastidious exactitude and my ambition and adaptability, there’s nothing we can’t do. That idol is hours, no matter how many traps, security systems, or damn weird eccentric industrialists are in our way. All we have to do is get in, grab it, and get out, and no one’s the wiser, superstition be damned.”

Boyd nodded. “And then we fence it as quickly as possible, Coop. I don’t like having cursed idols on me.”

Coop frowned. “Cursed? What do you mean, cursed?”

“I read up about it. Apparently it has some kind of curse on it, at least that’s what the professors say the locals thought a thousand years ago.”

The other man scoffed. “Well, if there is a curse, it’s best we relieve our poor multimillionaire of it, right?”

Even Boyd had to grin at that.

\*\*\*

A few days had passed while the pair prepared for any further contingencies. The perfect weather was also important: despite what some people thought, rain was *not* good for burglary. Traipsing water in only brought mud, foot prints, and questions from the police. No, far better for a dark yet moonlit night - though no full moon. It allowed for visibility without using too much of one’s own torchlights, and a good three-quarters moon lacked the wakefulness that came with the full pie in the sky. Even better if the wind was up a bit, because that could discuss any sound while not being so much to cause a rattle.

And tonight, as the pair readied to trespass upon the Livingstone Manor, all three criteria were wonderfully met.

“Can you hear that, Boyd?” Cooper asked.

“Yeah, a gust of wind.”

“Get your head above the clouds, my friend, it’s opportunity! Opportunity and riches awaiting us!”

“Let’s not get ahead of ourselves, Coop.”

Coop just went down on one knee and locked his hands together. As they had done many times, Boyd sprinted at Coop, who used the momentum to launch his friend up to the

brick wall that encircled the estate grounds. Boyd quickly scrambled to the top, brought out his clippers, and severed the connection of the security system that detected movement. He quickly fed the wire into his own 'hotbox', as he liked to call it, and prevented it from dialling out or from raising an alarm. Then, he wiped the sweat from his brow and reached a hand down to Cooper, who was smiling.

"Knew you could do it!" he declared in a hushed whisper, before being pulled up by Boyd.

The pair jumped down into the ground and quickly ducked behind a bush. So far, so good. The estate itself was only a hundred and fifty feet away, and the grounds were far from curated, instead looking like a wild jungle not out of place in the deep Amazon.

"This place really went to rot," Coop joked.

But Boyd was already scanning about, mentally going over the notes from the blueprints they had paid the security contractor for. They were recent, but he was still suspicious; the place wasn't nearly guarded enough. The pudgy man put on his nightvision goggles and gazed around, but no further issues presented themse-

A figure stared down at him from the distant third story rooftop, eyes glowing in the dark like a cat's, its stature crouched as if about to leap and *hunt*.

"Coop," he whispered, terrified. "Get your goggles on. Now."

"What's up?" Coop asked, though he put his goggles on.

"There's something on the rooftop looking at us!"

Coop looked, stared, felt a momentary chill down his spine, and then chuckled under his breath. He slapped his friend lightly and soundlessly upon his back.

"Boyd, you loveable but superstitious fool, it's a gargoyle. Look again, will ya?"

Boyd did. The place was like something out of a gothic horror novel, but just as Coop had said there was only a gargoyle upon the rooftop, crouched low as if to pounce, staring back at him. Its eyes were not glowing as if alive, not like a cat's anymore.

"I could have sworn it's eyes . . . nevermind. Let's just do this. I don't want to stay in this place any longer than I have to."

The two adjusted their balaclavas, making sure even their hair colour - well, Coopers, since Boyd basically didn't have hair anymore - was entirely obscured. They went over the plan one last time, and then Boyd led the way, Cooper free to keep more of an eye out. They made their way down the side of the estate, down to the weak point in the security Boyd had ascertained. There were numerous detection systems in place, necessitating a slower pace, but Boyd dismantled these with ease. Soon they reached it: a bricked up section as far from the master's bedroom as possible. Cooper brought out his hammer and, when the wind was loudest, smashed it against the wall, collapsing in just enough of the brick to start the real work. Boyd handed him a prybar and took his own out, and the pair began to methodically

and impressively silently remove brick after brick. One could see up close that this area had been added more recently, and that was for good reason: an exterior cellar door used to be here, and they were uncovering it now. Soon they had a big enough opening for even Boyd to slip through, and Cooper was able to leverage his greater strength to snap open the lock using the chain tool from their kit.

This was the time of greatest worry; when they were most exposed but didn't yet have a prize in hand. Cooper opened the doors and the two cat burglars entered down into the basement. They adjusted their torches to low light, observing the impressive wine storage room they were in. Enormous round kegs with impressively old vintage, no doubt.

"Ah, the fine life. Perhaps I'll copy the designs," Cooper said. "But with more security cameras. Speaking of . . ."

He caught something not in Boyd's planning: a series of hairs upon the floor, almost like they had been shed. They were soft, surprisingly so, but still thick and long. Thinking quickly, he immediately grabbed Boyd's face just as the man let out an enormous sneeze.

"Thnk," Boyd managed, covering his nose with another wrap. "No one said anything about a cat."

"A big one, judging by this. We need to be careful. These reclusive types, with their South American expeditions and love of cats . . ."

Boyd shivered. "Ugh, big cat pet."

"Lion maybe? Tiger?"

"They're all bad. God, I hate cats. Let's keep moving."

Cooper led the way this time. There was far less security inside the building, but he trusted Boyd to caution him. Improvisation was necessary, especially given the nature of the interior. As they rose up from the cellar, they both discovered that the decor was far more . . . jungle-themed than expected. Everywhere there were plants and ferns and indoor trees and South American sculptures and paintings of deep forest and jungle interiors and so much more. It was like stepping back into the mansion of a nineteenth century Allan Quartermainesque big game hunter, decorating his home thoroughly in order to bring the savagery and wonder of uncivilised land right to his doorstep. The air was thick with the scents of the jungle, and Coop had to cover his mouth to stop himself from yelling in shock when some colourful bird flew past him, darting up the hallways and up to the second floor.

"This place is nuts."

"Shush," Boyd warned. He was trying to keep a level head, but that just translated to an incredibly nervous silence as he moved throughout the building. Leaves covered the ground, and there were even scratches upon some of the walls, lending evidence to the idea that Alexander Livingstone really *did* have a big cat wandering his halls. Perhaps it had scratched his face off, hence his lack of public appearances? Boyd tried not to think about it;

he just wanted to get the idol, fence it, flee to a tropical island with Cooper, and the two could spend the rest of their days enjoying sun, surf, and sex with the local ladies. Even Boyd's rather unattractive figure would be a lot more tempting when attached to tens of millions of dollars in his name.

"Are we nearly there?" Cooper whispered.

Boyd nodded, recalling the large central display chamber in the heart of the estate. It was a winding series of paths to reach it, and the scents and appearance of a true deep jungle seemed to only grow stronger the closer they reached their destination. Boyd was gobsmacked to see that actual *trees* were growing inside the apartment, forcing their way through upper floors, their roots descending from above as well. He'd never seen anything like it, and neither had Cooper. Clearly some maintenance work of great complexity had been done to allow this, but it just reminded him of the Robin Williams film *Jumanji*, especially with the exotic bird calls within the house.

"Stop," Cooper whispered.

Boyd did. This path was clear - he'd taken out the last of the detectors, and strangely the centre didn't seem to have almost any. They were nearly here now, but he trusted his partner's judgement.

"Keep very still."

Boyd did again, though not some sweat began to form on his neck. He could feel something crawling on it. Something large, and with many legs. Out the corner of his quaking left eye he could spy a large, hairy spiderleg feeling for its next purchase.

"G-get it o-off," he murmured.

Quick as a flash, Cooper reached out and batted the spider away. It landed to the ground and scattered along with several others.

"They were fucking tarantulas," Cooper said to the shaking Boyd. "You were right, this place is *off*. Double-time, but careful."

They had to be, because after long minutes of working their way through the borderline labyrinthine halls of the manner, they arrived before the Jade Cat Idol. It stood alone in the centre of a room that could have been a jungle environs, its glass case the only unnatural thing in there. The walls were covered in thick vines, and flowers bloomed all around the idol as if it were bathing its surroundings in pure fertility. It even seemed to glow a little, a permanent light source upon it thanks to numerous insects, fungal growths, and other natural emanations of light in the room.

Boyd went to step forward, but Cooper stopped him with a gesture.

"Wait, did you hear something?"

It was almost like a low growl. A rumble. The predatory sounds of a big cat ready to leap upon its prey. Boyd heard it too.

Without even a shared word between them, they acted *fast*. Cooper kept a lookout while Boyd dealt with the glass cutting, and together they dismantled the alarm system attached to the case. There was something so very strange about seeing the idol up close; it was far more beautiful and astounding than any photo could suggest, but it also felt . . . wrong. Like something warbled or thrummed in the air around it. Cooper sweated in the presence of it, and Boyd couldn't stop looking at it. This was their ticket to riches, and yet he couldn't deny that the idol did possess a certain . . . allure. It was as if it wanted to be touched . . . to be held. To be pressed against the flesh in order to absorb its blessing.

He reached out to the glass case with its sensitive alarm system, ready to touch it, if only to be closer to that idol.

"Boyd, what are you doing?"

The larger man shook his head, then pulled the circle of glass free with his cat burglar cutting tool. "I - I don't know. I told you, this place is weird. There's something weird about this idol."

For once, Cooper agreed. "I feel it too. Let's just take it and get out of here."

Carefully, the pair helped extract it and smuggle it into their readied back. It was heavier than expected, and still it seemed to shimmer unnaturally, its carved eyes upon them before it went in. The air around it was thick with a sensation of ancient power.

"I really don't like this," Boyd whispered.

"Me either, mate. C'mon."

They began to exit the room, but then both halted as one. The glowing fungi were retreating, darkening, and the same was true of the flowers too. The natural light of the room faded as if recognising what had just been thieved, and as the two stepped out of the chamber an even greater darkness greeted them.

Except for a pair of green eyes in the darkness.

"Coop," Boyd said, voice flat with fear.

Slowly, hand trembling, Cooper flicked on his torch and raised it up to those eyes. They shone beneath the light just like a cat's, but the creature that was revealed was neither cat, nor man. Instead, it appeared to be *both*. White and black crossed its fiery orange fur, and two tiger's ears were perched atop its skull. It had white whiskers, sharp claws, and a cat's tail that swung back and forth slowly, curling at the end, as if demonstrating the being's curiosity. But it did not have the shape of a cat. Instead, it was crouched like a man, and had a man's torso, massive and positively rippling with muscle even beneath the sleek fur. The face was that of a man's too, and would have been handsome were it human, except that it too had fur, and slitted pupils, and sharp teeth that were revealed when its jaw opened slightly, its tongue lipping its lips.

"*Welcome to my home,*" the creature said, its voice a deep baritone.

Boyd and Cooper screamed, fleeing in the opposite direction, taking them even further from their exit strategy. They ran, tripping over vines and smashing through indoor trees, swatting at insects and cobwebs and hanging plants and fleeing birdlife as they made a dash in any direction that was away from that terrible beast. A terrific roar, equal to that of a lion or tiger's display of dominance.

"What the fuck was that?" Cooper cried. "What the fuck was that!?"

"I don't know! I told you we should never have - shit!"

They had just reached an exit hall, only for the creature to already be there, the moonlight illuminating only part of its terrible being. It stood like a man now, its legs powerful, its manhood concealed within a furry sheath, its claws extending as it growled.

*"You would steal my idol? You would steal from me, Alexander Livingstone!"*

Another scream, and another dart down the wrong direction, further into the jungle space.

"That's Livingstone?" Cooper gasped. "How on Earth-"

"I don't know! None of this was in the plans!"

Again, the creature appeared, jumping out from behind a painting through a path neither had known about, and landing right before them.

*"You wish to be blessed by the idol? As I was? Then so be it! But why wait, petty thieves, we can do it HERE!"*

He slashed out with his claws, catching Cooper across the shoulder. The thief groaned as blood was drawn, darting to the side and pulling Boyd away before his friend could be hurt. They were running out of places to go, and it was very clear that this creature - this former man! - was faster, more agile, and dangerous than them. Their only hope was just plain *leaving*.

"I think I can see it!" Cooper said. "The main entrance!"

"We won't make it," Boyd replied. "We won't."

"We will! We - fuck! Oh God, please no!"

The sounds of a bounding big cat surged from behind them, the rake of claws upon the floorboards, the heavy weight of pure predatory muscle thudding with each leaping motion. In one great burst of speed the cat man launched over their heads and landed directly before them, blocking the exit and already posing for the kill.

*"You are not leaving,"* the cat man said in a growling, bestial tone.

"We're sorry!" Boyd cried. "Take the idol! We don't want it anymore!"

But the creature just grinned madly, and it looked appropriately enough like the smile of the Cheshire Cat. Its tail flicked behind it almost playfully.

*"Touch it,"* he said. *"Remove the idol from the bag and take hold of it before me. BEFORE ME."*



Boyd nearly jumped out of his skin, but he did indeed remove the idol and place it on the floor.

“I - you can have it back.”

“Yeah, we - we don’t even want it now!” Cooper replied.

The cat man just advanced further. He was incredibly tall, at least six-foot-four, and his tiger-like patterning only emphasised his ferocity further. His musculature was immense, his arms huge, and his thighs were swollen with muscle, all the better for him to pounce upon his prey. He bared his sharp canines and growled like a big cat.

*“I said . . . TOUCH IT. Both of you, hold it. Together. Stand before me and bask in the idol’s radiance, and embrace the curse that comes.”*

Shaking, both men took the idol, first the more terrified Boyd, and then Cooper. The large cat man breathed a cathartic exhale, briefly closing his feline eyes.

*“I can sense it. Can you?”*

The two thieves exchanged a glance.

“S-sense what?” Cooper asked.

And then the idol glowed. Its jade surface bloomed with ethereal green light, casting the entire room in that same colour and revealing more of the cat man’s mighty form. Roars, meows, purrs, growls, the fierce screeching of fighting felines were among the many sounds that emanated from the idol, as if it were personifying the very existence of cats itself. The two men trembled, trying to let go of the idol, but it stuck to their skin, and soon in their desperation they were trying to break it against the floor.

*“DO NOT!”* the cat man boomed.

But Cooper and Boyd were too scared to stop, trying to break themselves free from this attachment. They crashed it into the floor, but at the moment they did so a blinding light shone from the idol, bathing them in more intense power than they could have dreamed of. It coursed through them, punishing them, though they did not know that yet. The pair cried out in a mix of pain, discomfort, shock, and - strangely enough - a lightning bolt of pleasure that shot right through them.

And then they collapsed, unconscious, infused with the supernatural power of an idol that they were never meant to hold.

The idol rolled from Cooper’s hand right into the waiting paw of the cat monster. Alexander Livingstone picked it up, checking over it for any obvious signs of injury, but the jade was very much intact. The multi millionaire purred slowly with approval at this.

“These two did very well,” he mused to himself, allowing more of the human to seep back into his voice. “Very well indeed, to get so far. Perhaps . . . perhaps they are the ones who shall give me release.”

Certainly, he had seen the flash of power enter into them. In the half-decade since he had been transformed, he had never seen such an occurrence, no matter what steps the transformed being had taken to try and turn another. Now, hope stirred in him again. Darting quickly, he returned the idol back to its glass case, and reminded himself to place another upon there for next time. Then, still moving with the speed of a leopard and the ferocity of a tiger, yet also the sleek elegance of a predatory jaguar, he made his way back to the unconscious forms of the two thieves. Still that power within them was present.

“Fat and thin,” he purred. “Short and tall. What an odd pair. But then, who am I to talk?”

With great ease thanks to his incredible musculature, he hoisted both men over his naked furry shoulders, then moved upstairs to where the master bedroom and guest chambers were. These men *were* his guests now, and it was time to teach them the rules of their new host, and what to expect ahead of them during their mandated stay.

A temple of the Cat Lord needed its priestess, after all.

\*\*\*

When Cooper woke, he knew instantly something was wrong. He had always been an alert one, and instantly noted that he was still within the estate he had meant to flee the previous night. Tangles of roots and small trees were in the guestroom with him, as well as a number of chirping birds, but the bed was one of utter human comfort.

“What the hell?”

He got up quickly. His clothing had been torn from the previous night’s failed escapes, and his balaclava was entirely missing. Why hadn’t the police been called?

“The cat man,” he said, that particularly terrifying memory coming back to him. “How could he be *real!*?”

He coughed. His voice had cracked, slipping up half an octave.

“It can’t be real,” he repeated, voice still softer than it should have been. Higher. He rubbed the side of his head, trying to think even as he got out of the bed.

“Need to get out of here. Need to find Boyd. Need to get away from this freakshow.”

It was then that Cooper made another horrid realisation, one that put *him* fully into the category of freakshow.

He didn’t have ears.

They were gone. No, that wasn’t true, he could still hear. In fact, his ears were still there and sharper than ever. So much sharper, enough that he could hear Boyd groaning and mumbling in his shock two rooms over. But the problem was that his ears *weren’t in the right location*. They were no longer on the sides of his head but springing forth from the top

of it, and what's more the shape of them was all wrong: thin and high and *pointed*, like triangles.

"What the fuck," he said flatly. "What the actual *fuck!*?"

He roamed around the room, nearly tripping over several times as he tried to find a mirror. His backside ached, and there was something wrong with his hands. When he pulled aside a curtain and found the morning sun's rays peeking through, he accidentally ripped a massive tear straight through the cloth.

"Claws!?" he cried, staring at his hands, which now had very thick and sharp nails, more like talons, pushing out instead of his fingernails. "I've got freakin' claws!?"

He curled his hands, barely able to believe what they were seeing, and then by some unintentional instinct those same claws retracted, now looking just like thick and sharp nails, the kind one would see on a woman who'd just had quite the eighties manicure.

"*What's wrong with my fingernails?*" came Boyd's voice, and once again Cooper's ears flicked, literally shifting slightly in the direction of his friend. The panicking thief found the mirror on the other side of the room, pulling away vines to stare at his reflection. He already knew what he expected to see, but the reveal made him gasp and whine pathetically anyway.

A pair of ginger cat ears were upon his head, enlarged to scale with his body. His eyes widened, and as they did so he could see another changed feature: his eyes were now the same emerald green of the idol that had done something to him, and they had a vertical slit for a pupil, rather than a circle.

"Oh God," he moaned. "The curse. The fucking curse is real!"

He darted out of the room, intent on finding Boyd. He hadn't even noticed that his clothing was strangely loose upon his form.

\*\*\*

Alexander listened to the two men bicker and argue. He had witnessed them a couple of times in the night, moving stealthily yet trembling with excitement as he beheld that the idol had finally come through; the men had changed, and were still changing. Soon, he would have companions, and if the engraved script in that ancient temple proved to be right, more than just companions too.

*Mates.*

Another ruckus from down the hall: "*Cooper, I told you we should have stayed clear! My voice is all funny, and there's something pushing out from above my ass. And I'm losing weight!*"

*"Never mind that, look at our ears! Our eyes! Our - our claws!"*

*"I told you the idol was cursed!"*

*"Well I bloody believe you now, don't I? So what do we do about it? How do we break it? God, my voice sounds so ridiculous."*

*"Mine too. And - uh - I don't know about the idol's curse, just that it has one. Maybe . . . maybe it changed Livingstone into that monster?"*

"Point for the smart gentleman!" Alexander called out, resting on his best and deciding to end this rather amusing farce.

There was a pause of realisation that he could hear them thanks to his feline senses, just as they could now easily hear him. Then they ran.

"Ah, another chase. How droll."

Alexander *bounded*. He had been in his cat form for five years now, and was easily able to catch up to the still-changing pair. Once more he leapt over their heads, gripping the walls with his claws and landing before them. He had to chuckle: both men were still in their clothing. Did they not see that they were already no longer human? That clothing need not matter in a place like this? Ah, but hadn't he gone through the same education? Well, in that case, he would be for them what he had never benefited from; a tutor.

"My guests, it is rude to slip out without dining with your host, first."

Cooper and Boyd stood there, both deciding whether or not to try and re-enact their hopeless chase from the previous night. Alexander took the time to note that the tall one's hair was longer than it had been, the flabby one a little less pudgy, his own bald head showing slight evidence of regrowth. That was good.

"Please, we just want to leave. We don't want to be eaten, or cursed! We just wanted to make a quick buck! Tell 'em, Coop!"

Cooper swallowed, trying not to show terror in the face of this inhuman being. "Look, cat man - Mr Alexander, or Mr Livingstone, whatever you want to be called - this was all just a big mixup, okay? We heard this place was abandoned! I mean, no one's seen you properly for years, right? We just figured it was all squatters' rights, ya know?"

Alexander folded his arms, letting his powerful claws extend slightly.

"I mean, what Boyd here is saying is that we can leave! Please, just get rid of this curse and get rid of our cat ears and weird eyes and the claws and everything else! We're really sorry, but we shouldn't have to look like this for the rest of our lives, right?"

Alexander growled, just a little. That shut them both up.

"So, Coop and Boyd."

"Er, Cooper, technically."

"I did not ask for your opinion, thief."

Cooper fell silent again as Alexander continued.

“You wish to be free of the curse? That is up to me, and the idol. Which means I won’t be letting you go anytime soon. In fact, I rather think you deserve the whole story over breakfast. Believe me, I make a fantastic breakfast.”

The cat burglars looked at one another, seeing how much more literal the ‘cat’ part of that descriptor was now. Cooper could have sworn that Boyd looked a bit less bald, and was certainly less fat. He himself was feeling a bit more slender, and his nipples were oddly puffy in his shirt. He didn’t even want to think about the strange pressure at the end of his tailbone . . . or else the ‘tail’ part might become a literal descriptor soon, too.

“Um, I am feeling a bit peckish, actually,” Cooper said.

Boyd nodded eagerly. “Me too! Me too!”

\*\*\*

Given the jungle-like nature of the dining room space, the pair of terrified burglars were worried that the meals they were getting would be some desiccated cockatoo corpse or something, perhaps a rat dangling from the cat man’s claw. They waited at the long table, both racking their brains on how to escape.

“When he’s asleep,” Cooper whispered, aware of their host’s cat-like hearing. “We’ll be extra quiet.”

“Maybe during a cat nap?”

“Yeah. Stop scratching your nose.”

“Sorry, it feels funny. And you’re scratching your ass, Coop.”

The taller man scoffed. “Not my ass, just above it! My tailbone is jutting out. It feels like something is damn well growing there.”

“That’s how I feel on the corners of my upper lip. Have I got anything there?”

Cooper examined his friend. His face was already thinner again, and his cheekbones - previously hidden under flab - were becoming quite prominent. As were, he knew, his own. But what really got his attention were the dark points jutting out from his friend’s upper lip, right at the edges; at least half a dozen or more on each side.

“Holy shit, Boyd, you’re growing whiskers. Wait, shit, so am I!”

His were less far along than Boyd’s, but when he touched his lip he could feel them: they were surprisingly thick, but then they weren’t really hair but full-on cat whiskers.

“Goddamn this place, and that idol.”

“I told you it was cursed,” Boyd whined, voice cracking a little higher. He scratched his nose, and the pair of them tried to ignore that it was looking a little more prominent than usual, its shape readying to become the inverted triangle formation of a cat’s nose.

"I know, I know, alright? I'll get us out of this before we become cat men. Let's just treat this guy like another figure in the business, right? Someone to appease, to maybe work out a deal with, run a job for. I'm sure he wants something, right? All we gotta do is find out what it is before he turns us into cat men."

Boyd nodded. "Yeah, cat . . . men."

He didn't want to tell Cooper that when he'd freaked out that morning, part of it had been because his own manly member had reduced in size quite noticeably, and even now a strange numbness was coming over his junk.

Thankfully, before Cooper could notice what was going on with his glummer, more paranoid friend, the doors at the end of the dining room open. Still expecting some awful micey meal, they were surprised to see the enormous feline form of Alexander Livingstone himself enter with two large platters in his hands. He set them down before each man, and a manservant in his fifties with white hair and what looked to be a nineteenth century imperial adventure outfit on came after him. This figure was pushing a large banquet tray. It was filled with only meats, but what meats they were! Salami slices and kabana sausages and fatty chorizo and chicken drumsticks and turkey cuts and so on and so forth. Both men perked up at this, sniffing the air uncharacteristically.

"Oh no, gentlemen, this is all mine," Alexander boasted. "The platters are yours. Don't worry, you'll get used to an all-carnivore diet. Oh, by the way, this is Gerard, my manservant and butler. Say hello, Gerard."

The man, who was completely ordinary other than his outfit, gave a professional bow. "So good to see some guests in the house again, Master Livingstone."

Cooper stood, gesturing to the large cat man. "Are you blind, man? Can't you see that you're serving a freak cat guy here?"

Boyd tugged at his friend. "Get down, Coop. Stop it!"

But Alexander just smiled as Gerard bowed acknowledgement again. "I admit, I did not expect my master to be cursed by the cat idol, but I was there on the trek to retrieve it. My family have served his for generations, and Master Livingstone is a kind master. Besides, I rather like the new aesthetic."

That much was clear, given his outfit. He gave yet another bow to his master and exited. Cooper was good at reading people; he already knew he'd have no luck turning Gerard on Alexander, but perhaps he could talk to the man later and get information?

"Eat," the cat man said, taking his own seat opposite them. "Trust me, you'll like it."

Both men lifted their trays cautiously, only to be greeted by the best cuts in the house. What Alexander had in excess they had in refinement, and the smells of the various meats wafted into their noses, setting of new carnivorous senses, and *changes*.

"God, why does that smell so - ahh!"

Cooper grabbed his nose, and Boyd did the same thing a moment later. Both felt a constriction and then dilation of flesh, a discomforting rippling as the very nature of said flesh changed, taking on a new texture. When both pulled down their hands, the reflection in the silver trays showed the obvious: both now had the inverted V shape of a cat's nose, complete with pinker skin around the nostrils and underside of the bridge.

"You've got to be kidding me!?" Cooper whined. "Another change? Are my ears bigger? Ugh, what's going on with my waist?"

"Your waist!? Look at mine!" Boyd added. The pressure there was unbelievable, and he wheezed as his fat literally contracted, pulling inwards to give him a figure that was almost standard, rather than oversized. Entire pounds of weight just . . . disappeared, though some seemed to distribute to his rear. Both men held their heads in their hands as they examined their facial changes. They were softer once more, sleeker, and small ginger hairs were creeping along Cooper's neck while Boyd was growing pale white ones to match his white-furred ears.

Boyd didn't want to do anything to anger the cat man, who was already looking at them pleasingly between taking large bits from the carnivorous meal before him. Cooper, on the other hand, was shaking with anger.

"You said you would turn us back if we had breakfast with you, not that you'd change us any further!"

Alexander lifted a clawed finger before skewering it into a chunk of pork.

"One, I never said I would change you back, only that by remaining my guest you would have a chance; running away would doom you entirely. And two, I am not changing you further."

"How do you explain this, then?" Cooper demanded, indicating the ginger fur now pushing out from his palm, covering his fingers to give him humanoid cat's paws.

The cat man stopped eating for a moment, despite his clear enjoyment of the meal. He grinned at the two men, sniffing the air. They smelled . . . promising.

"It is the idol's work, not mine," Livingstone said. "How do you think I got back to the States and in my home when I first touched the idol and was changed by it? The changes did not all happen at once for me, though I suspect the changes were also slow because I was not in the presence of any other cat people."

"How do we stop it?"

Alexander gave a growly sigh. He loomed over the table, and the two men. He could feel their gazes upon his naked, muscled brilliance. The one named 'Boyd' in particular was looking at his chest. Another promising sign.

"Do you have no curiosity, Cooper? You clearly did your research breaking into my home. No one has evaded my security system like that; the police always arrive and Gerard

provides the necessary statements. Instead, your partnership reached the heart of my sanctum, and required me to intervene. Very . . . cat-like.”

“That doesn’t answer my question,” said Cooper, who was starting to eat the meat before him. His stomach was growling as much as any big cat, and he wanted more.

“I am just commenting that you are both clearly intelligent and resourceful, but I am saddened by your lack of curiosity. But I should not condemn you; I was once the same. To understand how you stop the curse, perhaps it is best to explain its origin point.”

He put down the meat entirely, scratched part of his chest with his claws for comfort, but also an excuse to flex before the two men. Both felt a new vertebrae form out of their backsides, and elected to ignore it for fear of having to reckon with it.

“I was once the man you see in the portrait behind you; tall, dashing, handsome, and rich. Quite the looker, as you can see, though I am quite the looker these days, in a very different sense. Oh, and I was successful, and still am with my many businesses, though I am hands-off now, for obvious reasons. My great hobby was in tomb diving and artefact collection. I liked the danger of it, the excitement. Looking back, I was just a tomb raider; a skeleton thief. But back then I was convinced I deserved to house these treasures. I was a master in my world, after all. How truly humbled I would become.

“The Jade Cat Idol I retrieved from a temple heretofore undiscovered by anyone. Some locals tried to warn me that the temple was cursed, but ignored them as much as you ignored your own knowledge of such matters when raiding my own ‘temple.’ As it turns out, after braving traps and entering into forbidden spaces, the curse truly was real. As soon as I touched the Jade Cat Idol, I felt its power flow into me. For a time, I chalked it up to a hallucination; I wasn’t giving up my prize. But soon my body began to slowly change, especially the more I handled the idol. I grew cat ears like yourselves, and the nose, and my eyes gained slitted pupils, perfect for night hunting. I began to grow fur, gain height, and my muscles swelled. I gained the appetites and instincts of a big cat, and my claws came in. All of this was slower than your current advancement of changes, but by the time I was back in my estates I was forced to become a recluse. Not long after, only Gerard remained with me, the only human to truly know my fate, cursed to be a cat man.”

“Why not, I don’t know, return the idol?” Boyd asked.

Alexander snarled. “Do you think I have not tried? Ah, but I cannot return it. It is literally unthinkable for me; part of the curse, I suspect. The temple was dedicated to a great cat god, and clearly I have become imbued with his essence, hence my unchecked strength and brilliant reflexes. I am meant to fulfil my new function, and run a temple to such a Cat Lord once more, hence the environs of my estate, recreating that continent’s wilderness as much as possible, with the Jade Cat Idol at its worshipful centre. But until now, I did not have fellow priests. Now, it seems, you have proven worthy of curse and blessing.”



Cooper grunted. There were more pressures. His teeth were becoming more pointed, his canines growing, particularly the upper pair. He clacked them, running his tongue over them. Even that felt different; a tetch longer, and with slight hairs upon it. He'd owned a cat once - the unimaginatively named Fluffy - and he knew what those hairs were for. Anyone who'd put out a saucepan of water or milk for a cat knew. The idea of being on his hands and knees to drink from the ground . . . it should have disgusted him. Instead, an odd sense of appeal shivered in his core, one he had to consciously pull away, just as consciously as he pushed away his strange desire to stare upon Alexander Livingstone's impressive furry pattern and manly figure.

"This isn't some blessing, it's just a curse, and you still haven't told me how to stop it."

"Y-yeah," Boyd said. "Is there s-something we can do? I don't want to grow a tail, but I can f-feel one forming, can't you, C-Coop?"

Cooper put a hand back and winced at the furry growth pushing out from above his ass. He didn't like the feel of the growing fur there either.

"Keep focused, Boyd," he snapped. "Listen, Cat Man, we'll do whatever we can to make it up for you, we swear. But we're here, eating, and we've listened to your story. What do we have to do?"

Alexander took one last major bite from his breakfast of meat, then stood, pressing his clawed hands on the table.

"Keep me company for the day. Just one day, that is all I ask, and I shall reverse the curse. Besides, it must complete itself; your body must change fully."

"Are you seriously telling me we're gonna end up like you?"

At this, the cat grinned its Chessire grin.

"Not exactly," he said, sniffing the air one more time. Yes, things were indeed promising. They certainly weren't smelling nearly as *male* as they were before.

Promising indeed.

"Come, let's get some fresh air upon my estate grounds. All the better to test those new claws and loosen those delightful tails, hmm? Trust me, you can get rather used to it. You might even ditch the clothing by evening's end."

"Not bloody likely," Cooper said, moving to follow glumly.

Boyd followed after, trying to keep his pants up. His body was getting thinner and thinner, and his nascent tail was already starting to show.

\*\*\*

Gerard had confirmed that there were no guests coming that day, and that repairs to the security system would be a week from now, making the day entirely free for the reclusive

Alexander to tour the pair of thieves across his vast lands and extensive recreated wilderness. In some places the canopies were so thick as to bring utter darkness, and numerous exotic birds chattered and chirped and sang within their recesses. There were other cats too: a number of tigers who seemed to worship Alexander, moving up to him freely and terrifying the absolute *shit* out of Boyd and Cooper, especially when one approached the pair of them. Alexander just laughed.

“Don’t mind my darling Boumant! He is a mighty specimen, isn’t he? And still he recognises us as the top of the pack! Well, me at least.”

Boyd tried backing away, but ended up against a tree. As usual, he wasn’t aware of his surroundings outside of what was in front of him, and what was in front of him was a huge damn sumatran tiger.

“Good kitty kitty,” he whined, voice even higher so that it sounded almost feminine. “Good kitty kitty.”

“Keep your footing, partner!” Cooper hissed. “Don’t show fear! Make him recognise you as the alpha male!”

Alexander smirked. “That won’t work. You see, given your relative sizes to me, he assumes you pair are my mates.”

Cooper twisted his face up in disgust. His whiskers pushed out a little further.

“Mates? Are you serious? We’re not your damn mates!”

The cat man shrugged and said nothing. Instead, he just placed his hands on his hips, letting his form speak for itself. Cooper licked his lips without thinking, pupils focusing on the man-creature’s impressive-looking sheath. He looked away quickly, back to his friend, who was slowly patting the tiger, which licked his face back.

“Stop it!” Boyd giggling, losing his fear. “Stop it! I can . . . smell him! He’s not going to hurt me.”

“Your catsenses are kicking in,” Alexander remarked. “Though be warned, contact with cats can also bring changes.”

“What kind of changes?” Boyd asked.

“Yeah, what kind?” Cooper added, as a female tiger pushed along his backside. “You’re not telling me that - NGH!”

“Ah, these kind of changes,” the cat man said, amused.

The two men grunted and groaned; Boyd clutching his face and chest, which had been touched the most, while Cooper rubbed his backside. The former experienced the alien sensation of white fur pushing out from his face and collarbone, his neck’s hair also growing out. It was longer than Alexander’s fur, and softer too, like that of a longhaired cat with the most wonderfully white fur. His face shifted further, becoming sleeker, and his chest filled out a bit more, even as his stomach retracted yet again, now looking impressively slim.

“Ohhhh, it itches like crazy!”

Cooper, meanwhile, was bending over, his clawed hands scratching the ground in an almost instinctive manner. Alexander’s member slid slightly from his sheath just at the sight of Cooper’s rear expanding, his hips widening with an audible click. That same sound accompanied the rapid growth of a tail. Cooper whined as it extended, voice going up another half-octave.

“This c-can’t be happening - ahh - to meeeee!!!”

But it was, and his fur was spring forth too, accompanied by a brief wave of itchiness that was exacerbated by the awful sensation of his clothing rubbing up against said fur. He even got a sharp electric shock from the kinetic effort of him shifting his thighs back and forth. His ginger coating had white patches too; some rose to his stomach, which maintained taut muscle but a more feminine slimness to it. Soon, his ‘undercoat’ of sorts, was a white overall surrounded by ginger, and this was true of the insides of his thighs and undersides of his palms as well.

The biggest change, however, was definitely the tail. Vertebrae after vertebrae formed, and Alexander had to hunch over to conceal his obvious sexual excitement. Cooper raised his ass further in the air, still clawing at the ground until he could bear no more, and the last length of the tail exploded outwards, alright waving back and forth in a panic, the tip curling at the end. Boyd’s was not fully grown yet, not even being half as long, but he too was grappling with the intense strangeness of possessing a new limb, one that was semi-controllable and yet seemed to also read his panicky moods.

“Oh God, what the hell?” Cooper cried. His pants were now too loose and long around the legs, his spine having lost some height along with his limbs, even if just subtly, but it was too tight around the hips at the same time. He scratched at the pants. “It’s fucking itchy! Make it stop!”

“Why do you think I’m naked? Just remove the pants for now, you still have your underwear.”

Reluctantly, the two men followed this advice, but both were ashamed by the addition of so much fur, especially for Boyd, whose face looked far more feline, and even quite beautiful as a result.

“This is humiliating,” Cooper muttered. “How much more are we going to change? You said we won’t become quite like you.”

Alexander’s vertical pupils narrowed as they took in the sight of Cooper’s package bulging against his underwear; it was quite unimpressive in size, and he had no doubt it was once bigger.

“Like me, but different. Compatible to the interests of this new temple to the mighty Cat Lord.”

“Don’t tell me you actually worship some long-forgotten loony cat god?”

Another smile. Alexander scratched at his whiskers. “If he answers my prayers, then I most certainly shall.”

The vagueness of his comments were not lost on Cooper, who was always trying to find an angle on things. Boyd, on the other hand, was more concerned with the clauses itself. Did it have instructions? Loopholes? His more mechanical mind was hungry for details. If a modern security device could be readily dismantled without putting out an alarm, then surely ancient magic had to obey some kind of rules? He continued to pepper Alexander with questions as they strolled into the wilderness of his enormous ‘backyard,’ as he liked to call it. A transplanted jungle, more like.

“So many questions from both of you! I assure you, your changes will proceed apace regardless. But as I’ve said, I’m a magnanimous host, so perhaps I shall make things easier for you: I know of a way to aid your transformation and bring you closer to the moment you can reject it. It will require you to step further into the role of the cat, its playfulness as well as its predatory nature, and its *speed and stealth*.”

“We’re not cats,” Cooper said, though in his irritation a cute snaggletooth was obvious over lower lip. His tail twisted behind him, curling in irritation, and it was a very bizarre new sensation for the normally unflappable thief.

“With that gorgeous tail and whiskers, not to mention that spreading fur and those cute pointed ears, you could have fooled me. In fact, Boyd here seems to be blessed with not just hair on his head, but his face as well. What delectably feline features you possess, my lovely.”

For reasons beyond his understanding, Boyd’s body shivered from the compliments, eagerly taking them in. He had to catch himself from smiling and fall in line with Cooper, who was already suspicious.

“Stop that!” he exclaimed. “We’re damn thieves. Professional ones, and damned good at it! We deserve some respect; you yourself said!”

Alexander stroked Cooper’s shoulder, making him shiver too, though he stepped back.

“This is my respect, an appreciation for your increasingly lovely form. But very well, I shall get to the point. I often get lonely out here, with no other cat people to be my partners, friends, allies, or even . . . mates.”

Again, the shiver at that word, which caused their ears to prick up and tails to automatically straighten. Boyd coughed awkwardly.

“But I digress yet again. I often wander into my own piece of backyard here to enjoy myself and feel like a wild creature, for that is part of my soul now since my transgressions upon the temple. Now, I have you two to play with as well, and for us to give in and accept

something . . . bestial, within us. All you have to do, the pair of you, is flee. Not beyond the boundaries of my estate, not unless you wish to be enrolled in the local freakshow, but wherever else in my ground, provided it is in the nature scape. Embrace your inner cat, and try to hide from me. I shall be predator, aiming to catch you.”

“And kill us!?” Boyd declared.

Alexander strode forth and laid a powerful clawed hand on Boyd’s furry shoulder. The thief had actually gained some height, as opposed to Cooper, but the male cat man was so much larger. The scent of him was borderline intoxicating.

“Nonsense, I do not intend to hurt you. Perhaps pin you to the ground, my cat-to-be.”

Boyd swallowed. A rather seductive image appeared in his head that he would never tell anyone. He had no awareness that Cooper was struggling against that same image himself. The thoughts were all wrong, and yet so enticing.

“I’ll give you ten minutes head start, both of you,” Alexander said. “You won’t be the most dangerous game, but you will be the funnest. And our collective interests will advance *when* I catch you.”

There was a slight pause, and then the cat man roared.

“GO!”

They both fled, in opposite directions. Alexander began to count the time.

\*\*\*

Boyd was trying to keep close to the one place he knew here: the main estate. He’d studied the plans extensively when it came to the building and its surrounding grounds, and as always his meticulously but unadaptable mind brought him to where he could stand on solid intellectual ground rather than improvisation, as his friend was so fond of. He kept to the nearby treeline, and with his powerful new legs was able to literally *spring* up into the trees. He managed to suppress a giggle of high-pitched, slightly husky-voiced laughter.

“Since when could I do *that!?*” he said to himself, unbelieving his new strength and agility. His claws popped out of his fingers, easily helping him grip the tall tree. He made it onto a branch and jumped to another, then another, finding an odd glee in it. Yes, this would throw off Alexander’s hunt, and even allow him to jump directly to the estate if needed. His mind was already reeling with possibilities regarding the idol: perhaps if he could read the inscriptions on that glass altar again. There had been a stone tablet there . . .

But even as these plans formed, the man founding himself relishing his slimmer body. Further changes advanced over him. His chest was swelling at a much more rapid pace, and soon began to shift and jiggle and bounce, with each leap through the trees. This was accompanied by a further slimness in his belly. Boyd tore away his shirt, tired of the irritation,

and it was only when he stopped to rest for a moment, keen to avoid making further sound, that he looked down at himself and realised that while his stomach had shrunk, the fat had gone elsewhere. To two particular, quite furry places now indeed.

“Breasts? I’ve got fucking titties!?! I knew we shouldn’t have come here!”

He groaned, feeling more internal changes. Something was happening within him, something in his lower belly and between his furry thighs. His coat was a gorgeous white now, and relatively thick and long compared to what he’d seen of Cooper’s own ginger covering. He briefly went to lick it, using his increased flexibility to clean away some of the grit and keep his fur perfect. It was important to look good for Alexander, after all, which was the same reason he removed the remainder of his baggy clothing.

It was at this point that he saw something out of the corner of his pale blue eyes: a movement. Something was coming his way. His ears flicked, shifting towards the racing blur, and Boyd took in the sounds of Alexander’s low growl as he raced across the forest floor and then leapt up into a tree.

“Oh God,” Boyd said. His voice was now utterly female, almost demure. The now graceful and beautiful white-furred feline jumped to the next tree, using his claws to catch on. The cat man followed, and soon they were both involved in a direct chase, Boyd only just out of reach. More changes were stirring throughout his body, leaving him even sleeker, more agile, more beautiful. He puffed, taking in the magnificent scent of the cat man, but still she managed to stay just ahead. She should have been terrified, but instead a powerful excitement raced through the catwoman, driven by the chase, as if she were tempting the powerful male and making him *earn* her in some way.

She leapt out to the next treeline and caught on, only for the bark of the tree to come loose. With a loud “*MEEEOOWWW!*” she fell to the grassy ground, only for Alexander to catch her easily in his arms.

“My, you are beautiful, my lovely catwoman,” he breathed, his bright eyes upon her, his tiger-like strength powerful around her body.

Boyd pulled away, despite the sheer comfort his body provided.

“I’m not a w-”

She paused, looking over herself and examining the state of her own mind. When had she started thinking of herself as female? And when had her genitals become . . . not male? She retracted her claws and felt the naked space between her legs, finding only a feminine slit. Her body was indeed in the shape of a woman, with gorgeous white fur coating and an hourglass figure. Her face, no doubt, was also gorgeous, the hair thinner to support her anthropomorphic features. Boyd had never been pretty before, never, but as she advanced to a nearby pond and stared at her cute ears, her delightful nose, her slender,

acrobatic body, and the way Alexander was staring at her, she couldn't help but feel absolutely beautiful in that moment.

"What's happening to me?"

Alexander grinned. "You're the brains of the operation, when it comes to you and Cooper. Tell me, what do you think is happening?"

He came up behind her, placing an arm around her midriff and stroking her fur lovingly. She purred - actually *purred* - as her mind put it together.

"It's the rules. Of the idol. *Meow* . . . the more we act like cats and indulge the more we become like them."

"And this fine female form?" Alexander asked, playing with her tail. It made her shiver in response.

"The - the idol needed priestesses, like in the pictures in the room. And you needed a mate. It's trying to recreate the t-temple. We were always g-going to be w-women."

"Catwomen," Alexander stressed. "My catwomen. Remade from professional thieves into perfect priestesses, to help me usher in a new worship. To give me what I have prayed for over five years now: a *mate* to hold, to love, and to *pleasure*. And I know well from the transformation, that it comes with some immediate . . . *temptations. Instincts. Desires*. Does it not?"

Boyd swallowed. Indeed, her body was lightning up. Her furry breasts were large, pendulous. Her nipples, one of the few parts of her flesh uncovered, were tingling as they stiffened. A wet warmth was growing within her new pussy. She rubbed her furry thighs together, trying to push against the sensations, but still she made an obvious purr.

"I wasn't . . . it was meant to be one last job," she whined.

"And it still is," Alexander said, beginning to fondle her breasts, his cock extending from his furry sheath to press against her backside quite noticeably. "The idol is still yours, and my estates and wealth are great indeed. You could retire to a place that is perfect for your new form, and know that you would experience pleasure beyond your imagination. Already, you have experienced the delights of your catform. Let me show you another, one I have longed for, for a great deal of time."

Boyd purred, unable to hold herself off any longer. She could work her way around traps and systems, could read blueprints and instantly ascertain the best way in or out of a situation. But when it came to improvisation? Social situations? She'd always relied on Cooper, and Cooper was off hiding somewhere else, probably thinking up a far more brilliant plan. There was no escape from this; not from the feelings of arousal that were sweeping over her as if they'd been her mating instincts all her life. Boyd purred, turning her body, nervously shaking even as she pawed at the hard cock extending from Alexander's body.

"Please," she said, her voice slightly whiny in its demureness. "Be gentle."

He grabbed her by the arms, pressing her lips against his in a passionate kiss.

“I shall be *dominant*,” he promised, and it was enough to make her practically swoon. Boyd gave herself over to him, caressing his tiger-fur even as he strokes her own coating, clutching her rear and playing with her tail, which felt rather erogenous in its own right.

“Ohhhhh, mmhmm, *meowwww* . . .”

It didn't take long before Alexander had grabbed her by her fertile hips and lifted her against the mighty trunk of a nearby tree. Boyd's body was on fire now. She was in estrus, she simply had to be; her body *demand*ed that the cat man become *her* cat man. She nipped his neck and he returned the favour, and he used the scrape of his feline tongue to lick her nipples, sending delightful jolts of bliss through her body. The fur between her thighs was becoming slick with her wantful fluids.

“In m-me,” she moaned. “Just do it! I don't understand but I n-need it already!”

“You'll be my priestess?” Alexander asked. “She who will bear my cubs and kittens? Who will watch over them, and make sure nothing can harm them.”

“I'm - ohhh, *meow* - yes. I'll update your s-systems. Make everything secure. I'll do it all if you'd just f-fuck me, already! And then Cooper! Don't let h-him off the hook!”

“I don't intend to,” Alexandre growled, “but first, you.”

He inserted himself inside her, his slightly barbed penis clinging inside her as he thrust into the new catwoman against the tree trunk. Boyd hadn't experienced many relationships in her life, and sex had been largely a solo affair for some time. To be desired in this way, to be dominated and told what to do, it was like a far more sexual mirror to what she'd had with Cooper. In this way, she could lean into it.

“Mhmmmeow! Ohhh, s-so big!”

“You'll learn to love it.”

He stuck inside her, preventing any escape, not that she wanted any. His was too strong, too virile for her fertile body to resist. Already, the call of the Jade Cat Idol was upon her. She whined, scratching at his body and even drawing blood in places, but Alexander only thrust harder in response, the pair of them turned on by the feline violence of the act.

“Yesssss, I've waited so long! So long! And now, I finally get my blessing!”

Boyd's words escaped her lips before she could even realise what she was saying.

“And I'll get miiiiiiine!”

The cat man roared, his cock throbbing inside her, his hot seed spurting deep into her new womb. The cat women roared in delight with him, the pair making a chorus together in their shared pleasure. They stayed in that position for some time, until he had emptied himself into her. Then, slowly and carefully, he helped her to the ground, where Boyd murmured incoherently, overcome with all that had happened. She gripped her thighs



together, not even realising that she was trapping any of Alexander's feline sperm from escaping.

"Stay here, my beloved," Alexander said, caressing her coat and making her purr.

Boyd nodded, still murmuring. She was almost ready to go to sleep after such an expenditure of energy. A catnap, perhaps. It would be deeply appropriate. Alexander admired her for several seconds, viewing his conquest with deep satisfaction.

"And now," he said, his voice a low, bestial baritone. "For the other one."

\*\*\*

Cooper ran. With each hurried step, he could feel his legs continuing to change. They were becoming slightly digitigrade, the ankle elongated to give more spring to his step. Fur pushed out from the skin, and he couldn't help but scratch it. He paused for a moment beneath the shade of a tree, grunting as his hips widened further. They were changing configuration, but when he ran again, he achieved yet greater speed, his toes gaining claws as he left his boots behind. There was something rather freeing about it, especially as energy flooded through his changing form, gifting him with enhanced senses.

"This is madness. Utter madness. It was meant to be one last job!"

And yet still he ran, his movements sleek. His chest ached, fur growing from it but the flesh there becoming softer as well. The numbness between his thighs was something he attributed to his heightened state, but it worried the thief all the same. He'd always been charismatic, in control, every situation accounted for. But who could account for this? Who could account for ginger fur springing from one's body, for a tail bouncing behind one's rear? His clothes were practically falling off, and he'd already rolled up his sleeves because of the irritation it gave his fur.

"Damn it all!" he cursed. His voice was still cracking. It was sounding almost female, and a check of his Adam's apple found that it had withered. The man growled, sounding more like a beast than a man, and kept on running. He didn't even want to think about what the rippling inside his lower belly was signifying, or the growth in his chest.

"I'm sorry Boyd," he murmured, even as he reached the interior of the estate, leaping easily up to the second floor. He had no tools, but his claws were simple for slicing a circle through the window. His new senses could smell that Gerard was on the other end of this part of the estate, and that gave him the perfect window.

Just as he was about to enter, a pair of roars emerged from the forest; one male, and one very female. Cooper blinked his bright emerald eyes. He looked at his arm, which was completing its ginger and white fur. He could feel the pressures in his chest, the numbness between his thighs.

“Damn it all,” he said, voice quite womanly by this point, borderline seductive even. “It really is happening.”

He was becoming a female cat person. It was obvious, really, and had been for some time. He’d just been in denial. And now Boyd had turned completely, and . . . done something with Alexander.

He felt bad at what he’d done. Boyd had always trusted Cooper, and Cooper had always been reliable. But this situation was on another level, and if it came down to a choice of getting stuck like this, or dangling Boyd as bait while he took a wide circuit through the forest and then doubled back to grab the idol? Well, he’d take the second choice every time.

“Never trust a mark’s words,” he whispered to himself in his new voice as he slipped into the building. “That idol is the key. I know it is.”

He hadn’t trusted Alexander at all. The fact that his mind was trying really hard not to think about the enormous, muscular figure of the cat man just threw up further warnings. His body was becoming female, and the cat man wanted a mate. Well, if it made Boyd happy, he could have her. But Alexander had been very clear that the idol would not change them back, and that they’d have to wait until the changes finalised.

Which, in Cooper’s mind, meant exactly the opposite. He needed to get to that idol *before* he finished changing, and it *would* change him back.

He ducked low, listening for any sounds. His breasts grew a little further as he hunched over, and more fur came over his face, which gained more prominent cheekbones and a rounder jaw. It distracted him, but he quickly refocused.

“Not becoming some cat woman priestess,” he mumbled. “Especially not to him, not matter how fucking sexy he is.”

He grunted, annoyed at his own words, and where his thoughts led. He placed a hand over his genitals. God, they were so tiny. He swore he could almost *feel* a vaginal passage forming behind the skin. A *pussy*, appropriate for a cat woman-to-be.

He had to move quickly. Cooper raced, embracing his cat reflexes even as they sped up his changes. His tail whipped behind him, his whiskers growing out further, and in moments he had gone to all fours, adjusting his stance easily to run like a predator. His claws gripped the carpet, and the joyous sensation of power and agility and dexterity was undeniable. When he finally came to the chamber that held the idol he nearly sped past it entirely, so high was he on the feelings of being a cat in humanoid form.

“Damn it all,” he said in a husky contralto. He looked over his body. His breasts weren’t large, nor were his hips wide. In fact, his body was quite petite and slim, appropriate for a feline shape. Fur covered everything now, except for his nipples, which were a light pink in colouration, and rather prominent.

But the Jade Cat Idol was before him. He stepped forward gingerly, fighting the female impulses in his mind. They were telling him to think of himself as a *she*, as a *cat woman*. It took every part of his willpower to fight it off; no wonder Boyd had apparently succumbed, to judge from that roar of pleasure earlier.

"I won't be," he muttered. "I'm not a woman, let alone a damn catwoman. I'm turning back, and then I'm selling this shit and moving to bloody Barbados!"

He was almost to the idol. It was green and luminescent. Something in him told the changing burglar that all he needed to do was touch it and recant; to reject the blessing before it completed. He hadn't violated a temple, had he? It wasn't a temple yet, by Alexander's own admission. The cat man was cursed for good, but that didn't mean Cooper would have to be.

"I apologise for desecrating you," he said, ignoring the slight shift in his hips, the withdrawing of his penis yet further. "I ask for forgiveness. I ask that you undo the curse. My friend is already . . . staying like this, as penitence. I won't come here again, I promise. I'll recant and be good. Just not a good *kitty*. C'mon, I'm just asking to turn back. You can't leave me like this."

He reached a pawed hand out, trembling towards the idol.

"I'm gonna touch you, okay? I'm gonna touch you, and trust that you turn me back. That's all I ask. No more bother, no more fuss. I'm sorry, and that's that. So please turn me back now."

He gulped. The sensation between his legs was almost complete, his changes almost there. The final spread of fur was coming over his face. It was now or never. He reached out his clawed hand to the idol and-

"Are you sure it won't transform you even further?" came a booming voice.

Cooper startled, jumping on the spot, hair all over his body raising.

"You!"

Alexander was right behind the near-cat woman, idly stroking his own chest.

"If you touch that idol before you are transformed, you might become even more of a cat woman, with bountiful breasts, perhaps more of them. There are such images in the ancient stone tablets I took with me."

Cooper looked around the room. Was he bluffing? It was hard to tell; his face was human but not quite human enough, and that damn musk of his was distracting. It was almost . . . intoxicating.

"Stop doing that!" he screeched, baring his claws and teeth automatically.

"Stop doing what, beautiful tabby cat?"

Cooper groaned. "That! The smell, the muscles, the looming over me. And put your damn cock away, I can't stop staring at it! This is all that damned curse, and I'm about to end it!"

"Perhaps you are, but how can you be sure? Furthermore, do you even want to?"

The thief hesitated. A heat was coming over him; *the heat*. The one that made his cat body tremble with desire. Cooper's nipples throbbed, yearning to be touched. He covered them with his hands: when had he taken off his clothing? He could have sworn he'd still had a shirt on when he'd entered the estate. Even his underwear was gone, leaving him naked and vulnerable before the mighty cat man.

"Fuck you!" he moaned, though it sounded more like a promise than a threat. "Of course I want to ch-change back. I'm not some cat lady."

"Ah, but you look like one, Cooper." Alexander stepped forward, closing the gap between them. "And you smell like one too. And I can sense the heat in you, the burning estrus. I feel it too; that mating instinct."

He lowered a hand and rubbed his manhood, which was erect and throbbing also. It had a slight barb on it, and Cooper knew enough to know that once it was in it would catch within him, forcing him to continue the act. With his estrus only growing in strength, the notion that this would actually be a *good* thing bubbled up in his mind.

"I - I don't!"

"Boyd felt it. She was quite happy to take my seed and be fulfilled. After years of waiting, I have a catbride to call my own, a mother to my future kittens."

Cooper backed up. The idol was right behind her. *Him*. Right behind *him*.

"I'm not like Boyd, I've got willpower."

"Yes, you are the leader of the pair. She was fastidious and thoughtful, so demure. But you have even more of the soul of a cat; independent, fierce, self-interested. And more than that, you have the confidence and desire to live in comfort, partaking of life's pleasures. Am I misjudging you, Cooper?"

He wasn't, that was the worst thing. He had her pegged down. She knew that, just as she knew that she was having to rub her thighs together just to cope with the anguish of her growing wants. Already, the need to have his member within her was dominating most of her thoughts. The idol was just there, and she-

"I'm not a she!" she called out loud, scratching the sides of her face loosely. "I'm a human man. I'm a thief! A good one! And I'm not losing my damn life to this insanity!"

He - she - he - she - he - she - whatever he or she was now reached out to grab the idol, only to stop with just a few millimetres remaining. Cooper trembled. The idol was *right there*. But in that quick space of movement Alexander's hand had begun to caress her flank,

the other gliding along her tail, making it rise. The last remnants of her manhood were pulling up inside of her, the final change before she was a cat woman too.

“*Meowwwwww*,” she moaned, purring with reluctant pleasure. Her tail rose further, and without thinking she widened her stance. “This wasn’t meant to . . . ohhhhh, yesssss.”

“You want me, don’t you?”

Cooper could barely speak. She - it was definitely a *she* now - was upon a knife edge. She could only nod, practically whimpering, her body vibrating with her cat-like pirs.

“Just do it already, damn you! Do it!”

Alexander needed no further consent; it had now been provided, and the new woman’s estrus was no longer in doubt. Cooper clutched the frame that held the idol, her face just inches from the resplendent artefact, the hope of turning back right before her. It was the ultimate humiliation and turn on both; she could see her face reflected in its glowing jade surface, and Alexander’s powerful form as well. The cat man pressed his body against hers, gripping her hips with his powerful claws and sliding his barbed penis into her.

Cooper whimpered as it went in, scratching away at the glass of the casing, panting like an animal as her new tunnel was invaded. Unlike Boyd she had bedded many women, always luxuriating in the most sensual women. Now she *was* one. Not a demure cat lady like Boyd, but a ravenous feline who slid her hips back to meet Alexander’s thrusts. She was the penetrated, his member caught within her, not letting her go, but she was ferocious too.

“I can’t b-believe I’m doing this - fuck me! Fuck me harder, damn it!”

“Ah, there is a feisty feline. So different from your modest friend.”

She meowed again, practically screeching as the pleasure rose. The position was marvellous: she was being mounted from behind just like her new animal instincts demanded, her body *mated*. All those dreams of a tropical island retirement were melting away, but with each thrust into her passage, each grunt as her powerful male mate took her, a new dream arose, one with her relaxing in the estates jungle, the sun soaking her feline body, her belly full of babies for her mate. She would demand all kinds of concessions - the finest meats, the best shade areas, sex whenever she wanted it - but would it be so different from her original dream? The wealth would be there, comforts and leisure, and she would always have a man to call upon in her times of heat . . .

“I am d-different,” she muttered. “I demand you cum inside me! This fucking body needs it, so hurry up already! I don’t want to d-draw this out any longer! If I’m gonna live like this, I just want the curse to be finished and no more thinking about it! Make me your sexy pussycat, baby!”

Alexander roared with approval, clutching her hips even more firmly. With one final thrust, he came within her, and this was an even more powerful and productive orgasm than with Boyd; he spent stream after stream of hot semen into his new cat woman, and she

screached in pleasure, thrashing wildly as if a cat in mid-fight with a rival. He had to grip onto her with his claws just to keep her in place, though his barbed penis also helped with that matter. Even the pain was sweet to the new female though, she grit her teeth and clenched her eyes shut, riding out the last waves of pleasure as they rocked through her core.

Then, finally, she slumped her head against the idol, purring happily as she felt its cool jade surface against her fur.

“One last job,” she murmured, coming to realise exactly what she had just signed up for. Cooper turned her head to face Alexander, meowing as he slid his softening cock out of her depths. “You better make sure I live in the lap of luxury, cat man.”

He smirked, patting her flank and producing a delightful purr from her.

“That *is* the life of a true cat, my new priestess.”

Cooper licked her lips, running her clawed hands over her furry breasts.

“Doesn’t sound too bad, maybe.”

\*\*\*

It was much later, and Alexander lay back in his bed, listening to the chirping of forest birds and the creatures he’d imported into his makeshift forest. He’d told Gerard not to disturb him, and his manservant had loyally decided to attend to matters on the far side of the estate, as well as organising further repairs to the building. For now, the cat man just wanted to be among his own kind.

His own kind.

It was a wondrous thing to experience. After five years of living as the only one cat person in existence, he now possessed two feline companions to please him, and to please them in turn. They lay against him now, purring peacefully in their sleep. Both had been blessed anew with female identities, and now female names to match their new aspects.

Bella, formerly Boyd, was pressed right up against him. Her body was curvaceous, her furry white breasts voluptuous, everything about her beautiful and elegant and *fertile*. She was already planning, he knew, what her own quarters would look like, fitting for a fastidious mind. No doubt she would help change the estates for the better in years to come. She would have other duties, though, in the meantime. Alexander sniffed the air, happily detecting a change in her scent. Yes, his seed had already taken. Her role as priestess mother of this new, modern temple would begin as soon as her belly swelled.

Another sniff of the air, another delicious scent. Cora, formerly Cooper, was much more possessive and aggressive than her partner, fitting for her leading role in her old profession. Her tail was wound around his leg, and her claws were extended on one hand, raking softly against his chest as she clung to him, one leg also slipped around his. She

wouldn't let him go, nor would he try to escape; he enjoyed her feistiness, and looked forward to her willful mind grappling with her own pregnancy. Judging from how he had expended himself inside her, Alexander's instincts told him that despite her more petite ginger form, hers would be the larger of the pair of litters. Even as she dreamed, she clung to him more closely, whispering words of desire and purring loudly. He caressed her back, and she tightened her grip again. The pregnancies may have taken, but the cat man had little doubt that the mating rituals had only just begun. It was a blessing for this new temple, after all.

At this thought, Alexander Livingstone's eyes flicked to the Jade Cat Idol. It was sitting on the mantelpiece in the master bedroom for now. Eventually it would be returned, but for now it seemed . . . right in its new position. Watching over them, the Cat Lord's eyes pleased by the conjugal relations that had unfolded before its gaze. For so long, the cat man had felt cursed. Then he had relished his new power, embraced his feline form. But even then, the loneliness that had pursued him was relentless. Only now, having embraced his full worship as a priest of the Cat Lord, had he gained his uttermost desires.

He caressed his two cat women, slowly falling to sleep with them. Yes, this life would finally be a pleasurable one, now that he had his mates.

"Thank you, great Cat Lord," he whispered to the statue, before he fell asleep.

He dreamed of all the pleasures to come.

\*\*\*

Selina dreamed of all the riches to come. The estate had good security, but she'd managed to get the blueprints, and she was the best cat thief in the business. Far better than that oddball pair Cooper and Boyd, who had obviously failed to steal the Jade Cat Idol over a year ago. The gorgeous woman ran her fingers through her short black hair and zipped up her catsuit. How appropriate to have a black catsuit, and to be known as the 'Mysterious Cat Thief', when she was about to steal a cat idol? Some great stories told themselves, she supposed. It wouldn't hurt the tale that she was very good looking, either.

The cat thief swung in from the rooftop, using her agility and reflexes to somersault and leap silently past all the security systems. The interior was like a jungle, and Selina could hear the echo of what sounds like kittens. Clearly, Alexander Livingstone had a fascination with cats. All rich types had their eccentricities, she supposed, flipping past another motion detecting laser.

With that, the chamber to the idol was clear. It glowed a faint green as if it were magical, leaving Selina's eyes to twinkle. She moved to the glass casing, carved through it

with ease, and was about to remove the idol when she was suddenly startled by a nearby 'mew?'

Selina turned, only to smirk in relief. It was only a kitten lurking in the darkness.

"Hey there, cutie," she whispered.

But then the unthinkable happened: the kitten stood up, like a human.

"Coo . . . ee?"

Selina stepped backwards, jaw dropped as the figure resolved itself in the light of the Jade Cat Idol into the form of a humanoid toddler with cat features. Its fur was smokey grey, with a lighter pattern around the face, but it appeared to be some kind of cat person, looking up with confusion and interest.

"What the hell?" Selina managed, falling back. She knocked the glass casing, causing the idol to fall forward. She caught it before it hit the ground, and it grew brighter, sending a strange and powerful energy through the burglar. She couldn't take her hands off of it, and the sight of the strange inhuman creature held her attention just as greatly, and even more when a second curious child, this one ginger in colour and with white whiskers, leapt down beside it. It sucked its thumb, looking adorable - were it not for sheer impossibility of the sight.

"This - this can't be real," the cat thief moaned, struggling to release the idol as it continued to do something to her.

"Trust me doll, it can," came another voice, this one female. Something leapt down from above, and Selina nearly screamed again: it was another cat creature, but this one had to be the ginger toddler's mother, having orange and white fur herself. She also had what appeared to be a slightly pregnant stomach, and was rubbing it pleasingly as she looked over Selina.

"Looks like another burglar in the house, my mate."

*"Indeed, and the idol responds to her. A most pleasing development, Cora. What do you think, Bella?"*

Another figure appeared from the shadow, a woman holding a small cat toddler and breastfeeding it. She had longer white fur and was shockingly beautiful despite her inhuman appearance. She too was pregnant, and had another ginger cat belonging to her friend clinging to her leg. 'Bella' gave a demure smile in Selina's direction.

"Trust me, friend, it's not a terrible curse once you get used to it. I couldn't go back to the life I had before Alexander."

Selina could feel something happening to her fingernails, to her hands. Black hairs were sprouting from them, and there was a pressure in her spine against her cat suit.

"I don't understand, Alexander? Alexander Livingstone? Did he make you into this? What's happening to me?"



There was an amused purr, a deep brassy-toned one, and the final figure emerged from above, having watched the entire time. He landed to the ground with a quaking thud, looming over Selina like a titan. He was a powerful tiger-striped cat man, powerful and impressive.

“Hello, cat thief,” the figure said, extending a clawed hand. “I am Alexander Livingstone, and these are my lovely cat priestess brides. Don’t worry, you’ll soon be joining them. The Jade Cat Idol has chosen you. As Bella here said, it will seem like a curse at first. But eventually, just like these two, you’ll come to enjoy its blessings.”

Selina bit her lip, trying to push against the strange changes. It was all too much. The black fur was sprouting along her arms, causing her heart to panic. But even as she tried to search for a way out, another thought sprang to mind:

My, my, wasn’t this cat man surprisingly handsome?

**The End**