

New Life of an Old Tigress

Peeking her head down the stairway filled Janet with dread. Waiting for her below in the living room was a congregation of animal people of various colors and sizes that made up her closest friends. As she had hoped, they looked completely unaware of her intentions as they socialized around free drinks and food for an impromptu house party. Her eyes were drawn to the elderly tiger couple sitting in the corner. Recognizing the usual attire and warm, furry faces of her parents did little to ease her nerves.

Ducking her head back up before anyone noticed, her mind recalled the fateful night only a few days beforehand. Cursed with being a scrawny, young, tiger woman, she had wished on a falling star on a whim. Her wish was simple, to be like her childhood hero, Bronya "The Brusier" Dasvidanya. Thoughts lingering on the image of the retired, heavy-weight wrestling tigress, she had no idea the star would grant her wish, nor take it so literally. Thinking only of the terrified reactions she would receive for her strange form, Janet took a deep breath and slowly descended the stairs.

She had to crouch down to avoid bumping her head into the ceiling, a problem she was still getting used to ever since her black and orange furred body grew to nine feet in height. Her mane of bright red hair slid across the ceiling, pushing back the streaks of grey that were gradually overtaking her natural hair color. Pressing down her pointed ears with her muscular arms, she continued to descend with her body taking up most of the stair well. The once oversized t-shirt she had used for sleeping was skin-tight against her bulky chest. She grimaced as she caught a glance at her engorged breasts peeking through the fabric, the sight of her visible nipples a necessary cost to keep her boobs from sagging. A pair of shorts were tightly wrapped around her wide hips and bubble butt, leaving her tails to lazily wave across her buttocks. The

outfit left her bulbous stomach exposed, showing off her white-furred underbelly and her strange mix of fat and muscle.

Stomping her way down the staircase, Janet's nerves were slightly alleviated by the friendly looks she received from her friends. Giving a soft wave hello and bearing her teeth in a small smile, she carefully maneuvered her bulky form between the guests to reach her parents in the corner. "H-hello," she said, still unused to her mature voice.

"Hello dear," her Mom said, embracing what she could of Janet's body in a hug. "How are you?"

"Um, fine, fine. Hey, there's something I wanted to ask you."

"Shoot kiddo," her Dad replied.

"How old are you?"

Her mother looked up at her with a strange look. "Now Janet, I told you it's not polite to ask a woman's age, even if it's your own parents."

"I know, but it's something important."

Her father scratched his beard. "Well I'm 55 and your mother will be the same age in a few weeks."

"How can that be possible since I'm 60?"

There was a pause as her mom and dad looked to one another only to give a shrug.

"It's just always been that way ever since that science experiment," her father replied.

Janet tilted her head. "What science experiment?"

"You know the one you participated in during college," her mother answered.

"Yeah, it was some kind of pill or radiation or..." Janet's father trailed off as he scratched his head. "Sorry, it's been so long I've kind of forgotten the details."

“Regardless, we love you very much,” her mother added, locking her arm with her husband’s.

“But that doesn’t explain-“

“Janet!”

Janet stopped talking to address the familiar voice coming from the kitchen. Standing in the doorway was her boyfriend, Steve. He was a tiger person like her, but his buzz cut, black hair and lithe form showed a drastic comparison between the two of him. Despite their massive age gap of him only being 20 years old, he still showered her with the same adoration from when she was her younger self. As she shuffled towards him, he showed no hesitation as he buried his face in the fur of her belly.

“Why don’t we save it for later?” Janet asked, gently pushing him away. “There was something you wanted to talk about?”

“Oh yeah,” he replied, holding out his phone. “Your manager wanted to talk to you.”

Daintily picking up the phone for fear of crushing it, Janet held it up to her ear. “Hello?”

“Hey there, how’s my favorite champ doing?” the voice on the line asked.

“Fine, just having a little party at the house.”

“Ah yes. Always important to give yourself some time for rest and relaxation. Are you free tomorrow? You’re about due for your routine physical and I want to talk about your up and coming match.”

“Match?” Janet asked, her eyes going wide.

“Eyyy, no need to fear. It’ll be an easy one. Anyway, we’ll talk about it more tomorrow. Enjoy the party.”

“Right, thanks,” Janet replied, hanging up and handing the phone back to Steve.

“Everything alright?” Steve asked.

“Y-yeah, why?”

“You’ve been acting strange lately. Is something bothering you?”

The desire welled up in Jane’s chest to spill everything. Her mind was racing trying to figure out the rules of her new reality. Along with her body changing, it seemed like the universe itself and been rewritten to work in her aged up, strong fat body. Rather than fruitlessly try to argue with the new life that had been etched into everyone’s minds, she simply let out a sigh and grasped Steve’s hand.

“Nah, just a little stressed out I guess,” she said, leading Steve back into the living room. “I’ll deal with it tomorrow.”

Easing herself down onto two reinforced chairs, Janet recoiled at the sound of the metal straining underneath her weight. It was one of the many sounds her body made that still made her recoil, alongside the tightening of her shirt and shorts around her bulky body. Trying to keep calm, her head swiveled around the office to take in the view of the various wrestling articles and awards put on display. As she lingered on the numerous pieces featuring her name and image, she involuntarily jumped in her seat as she heard the door open behind her.

“Glad you could meet me here today champ,” said Tony her manager, a rotund badger man dressed in a purple suit and glittering rings on his fingers. “How’d the trip to the doc go?” he asked as he took his seat opposite of her.

“Fine,” she replied, shuffling around to try and get comfortable in her seat.

“Don’t be so modest champ,” he said, thumbing through a stack of papers. “I have the medical report right. Despite being way older than anyone else in the league, they say you have the vitality of a 20-year-old.”

“Ha, ha, crazy right?” she replied scratching the back of her neck, still unused to the folded up skin around it.

“It’s to be expected considering your track record in the ring. You were a god damn godsend after my last champ got an early retirement from a broken neck.” Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out a wad of money and flopped it on the table. “Here you go, get yourself something nice. Call it a down payment for your match next week.”

Picking up the cash, Janet’s eyes glittered at the sight of more money in her paws than she ever thought possible. It took a moment for her manager’s words to fully register, causing her to shake her wrinkled face to regain her composure. “About my upcoming match, do you have some footage from the last one? I um, want to...relive the sense of victory.”

“Sure thing,” he replied, digging through his desk to pull out a blank DVD case. “It’s a little rough since it’s just the raw footage. I’ll get you a more cleaned up version once the pre-orders are sent through.”

“Thank you,” Janet replied, slipping the case between her bosom, an impromptu extra pocket that she was glad to have. “Is there anything else you need me to do for you? I want to get home and watch this as soon as possible.”

Tony let out a chuckle. “Can’t wait to cuddle up to your boy toy and have a little fun, eh?”

Janet gave him a blank stare, a red tint appearing on her wrinkled cheeks. “N-no.”

“Whatever you say champ,” he replied with another laugh. “Now get on out of here. I’ll call you up when I get more details on the match. Have fun out there.”

“Thank you,” Janet said, shoving her wide hips through the door in an attempt to leave as fast as possible.

Getting a lift back to her house via a limo driver, Janet helped herself to a bottle of wine in the back. Given the entirety of the back seat to stretch out, she poured herself a glass and tried to console herself. As she arrived at her home, any chances for a peaceful day to look over her wrestling persona was dashed by the sight of Steve’s car out front. Thanking the driver and giving him a decent chunk of her money wad, Janet entered her house. She found Steve lounging on the couch watching TV. Upon seeing her, he gave her a small wave and scooted over to the side to make room for her.

“How’d the meeting go?” he asked as Janet walked over to the entertainment center.

“Fine,” she said, feeling his eyes gazing at her raised up posterior and tail as she bent down to insert the DVD. “Is it alright if we watch something together?”

“As long as you sit next to me,” he replied, patting his hand against the cushions to beckon her to the couch.

Janet stood up and loomed over him and the comparatively small piece of furniture. “Are you sure we’ll both fit?”

“Wouldn’t be the first time and I really hope it’s not the last.”

Giving a small nod, Janet eased herself down onto the couch. Taking up all of the available space left Steve pressed up between the armrest and her hips. Just as she gasped at the thought of accidentally suffocating her boyfriend, she breathed a sigh of relief as he crawled out onto her lap.

“Ready when you are,” he said, resting his head against her gut as a makeshift pillow.

“Okay, just...let me know if it gets uncomfortable,” she said, picking up the remote and pressing play.

Janet’s eyes went wide at the image on the screen. Hundreds of people were crowded together in an arena, most of which were wearing shirts baring her face and name or holding up signs of encouragement for the upcoming fight. The crowd went into an uproar as she made her appearance, stomping down the runway in a black leotard that showed off very muscle and curve of her titan-like body.

The announcer could barely be heard over the roar of the crowd as Janet flexed for her adoring fans. While her opponent made their appearance, Janet was sure to give them an aggressive glare that sent a shiver down the muscular rhino woman’s spine. Reaching the middle of the ring, the two of them momentarily shook hands, looking comical as Janet had to crouch down to reach her opponent. Walking over to their separate corners, they let the crowd hype up before the ring of the bell sent them charging at one another.

Grappling the rhino woman by the horn, Janet lifted her high into the air only to send her slamming down onto the mat. Wrapping her arm around the rhino woman’s neck, Janet proceeded to put her in a chokehold. Unable to take the force of fat and muscle bearing down on her, the rhino woman called out for mercy in a matter of seconds.

Releasing her opponent, Janet stood in the center of the ring to bask in the glory of victory. Her confident stride and excited expression at the roar of the crowd made the Janet on the couch get a hint of what it felt like. While she might not have remembered the match, her body helped her recall the feeling of power and control she commanded in the ring.

Unconsciously, Janet began to mirror the image of her smiling self on the screen, wondering when her next fight would come.

Janet's mood drastically altered as she felt her zipper being pulled down. Turning away from the scene of two more competitors jumping into the ring to challenge her recorded self, she looked past her belly to see Steve shoving his hand down her pants. Before she could ask any other questions, she felt a twinge of pleasure as he rubbed his fingers against her womanhood.

"Sorry, but watching it all again made me a little excited," Steve said, continuing to stimulate her.

Powering through the pleasure, Janet gritted her teeth and lifted Steve into the air with one hand. "You. Me. Bedroom," she said, a domineering smirk across her wrinkled face.

"What about your match?"

Hoisting him up further, Janet shoved him between her breasts. "It can wait," she replied, walking towards her bedroom with her partner and rising arousal in tow.

Giving a final wave goodbye to her adoring fans, Janet stomped down the hall towards her dressing room. The walk there let her soak in the feeling of victory as well as the copious amount of sweat she had built up after her match. She was still getting used to her new career, but each fight brought her one step closer to mirroring the Janet she saw on the screen in both fight performance and personality.

"Great work out there, champ," Tony said as he ran up beside her.

"Thanks Tony," she replied, rubbing off some of the sweat from her whiskers and wrinkles with a towel.

“Already got people clamoring to book you for another gig. Not just fights either. Talk shows, meet and greets, conventions, the whole works. I even have a special exhibition match in mind with a returning champ. Come inside my office and we’ll-“

Janet silenced him by gently grasping his back. “I appreciate the work Tony, really I do. However, there’s something I want to take care of back in my dressing room. Privately if you will.” A wink was all it took to get a reaffirming nod from Tony.

“Alright, you go have fun champ,” Tony said, walking off with a quick pat to her lower back. “Just make sure you call me when it’s done.”

“Will do,” Janet said, ducking her head down to enter her dressing room.

Tossing her towel to the side, Janet smiled at the gathering of people that met her. Up and front was the ever loyal Steve, ready to lavish her with attention in exchange for burning off any excess excitement the two of them had built up over the match. While his presence was appreciated, Janet’s eyes were drawn to the group of women that looked like twigs swaying in the wind compared to her. The girls had been hired on under the pretense of being Janet’s personal towel girls. In truth, they were adoring fans that were both able and very willing to help her unwind after her matches.

Drawing her claws, Janet tore apart her leotard to release her constrained muscles and fat. Jostling around her prominent belly and sizable breasts, she took heavy strides towards a couch to let her audience ogle at her jiggling but cheeks. With a flick of her tail, she turned around and lowered herself onto the furniture to use it as her makeshift throne.

“So, who wants the first go at cleaning me?” Janet asked, smirking as all of the women came running up to her.

Tossing aside their clothes, the women dogpiled onto Janet's body with towels in hand. The towels helped, but the majority of Janet's sweat was absorbed by her loyal fans' fur. They crawled and climbed across her body, dousing themselves in her post-match musk. Janet reveled in all of the attention, feeling a mix of comfort and arousal as they continued to mop her up. Glancing over at Steve, she smirked as he saw the bulge in his pants growing larger the longer he watched the girls comb over her body.

"That's enough for now," Janet announced, the girls stopping on a dime. "I think it's time we move along to the fun part. Starting with...you," she said, pointing towards a scrawny, grey mouse girl dampened by her sweat.

"M-me?"

"Yup," Janet replied, gently picking her up and placing her in front of her belly. Lifting up her gut, she gestured towards the dark abyss of her groin. "You have the pleasure of getting me warmed up."

"What about us?" the fox girl said, sharing the sentiment of her black bear woman companion.

"You'll be taking care of him," she replied, pointing towards Steve. "I want him good and ready."

"Yes mam," the girls replied, leading Steve over to a chair opposite of the couch while they removed his clothes.

"You may proceed," Janet said to the mouse girl. "I know it's your first time, but don't worry. Just have fun."

"Y-yes, mam," the mouse girl replied, crawling beneath her gut.

Within seconds Janet felt the mouse girl's erratic tongue movements across her womanhood. She bit her lips, enjoying each lick and suck of her erogenous zone. The movements were frantic, owing to the mouse's inexperience, but it was more than enough to get her in the right mood.

While Janet was getting personal attention, she glanced across the room to see that Steve had been undressed and was sitting on a chair. The pair of girls took turns rubbing his cock with their hands and breasts, ensuring it was at full erection. Just as they began to slide their tongues along the length of his shaft, a telltale grunt from let Janet know he was ready for her.

"That will be enough," Janet commanded, her entourage stopping in their tracks. Lifting up her gut again, she carefully pulled out the mouse girl. "You did an excellent job, but I want to be the one to finish him off."

Nodding her head in agreement, the mouse girl stepped aside to allow Steve to approach Janet. Placing his hands on Janet's knees, Steve ran his face along her gut to soak up whatever was left of her musk. Waiting for her signal, he slid his member inside of her dripping womanhood and began to thrust his hips.

Janet's claws dug into the armrests of the couch as Steve continued his hip movements. A snap of her fingers called over the girls to once again climb over her body. While Steve gave attention to her pussy, the others took turns sucking on her heavy breasts and intertwining their tongue with hers in deep kisses. Steve was the first to release, the combination of sensations making Janet follow suit. Filling the dressing room with a moaning roar, Janet slumped in her seat.

"S-sorry," Steve said, crawling up Janet's belly to rest on her chest. "I'll get a pill for tomorrow morning."

“Don’t worry about it,” she replied, caressing the ears of her tired attendants. “I think it’s about time we start a proper family. This old tigress isn’t getting any younger and I want to raise some kids while I have the energy.”

“Your manager won’t be happy when he finds out,” he said, eyes gradually closing as he drifted off to sleep.

“He’ll just have to deal with it,” she added. “Not like I haven’t earned enough to give us all a comfortable life.” Nestling in the comfort of her adoring fans and her future children’s father, she started to doze off.

A rapid knock on her door woke Janet right up. Letting out a frustrated groan, she carefully pulled off her lovers to avoid waking them up. Wrapping her body up in a white bath robe, she opened up the door to shoo away the unwanted company.

Janet’s eyes went wide as she stared at what she first thought was her own reflection. As the doppelganger started moving, she slowly comprehended who was standing in front of her. Dressed in a red tank top and black gym shorts, the woman Janet had based her entire new life on, Bronya “The Bruiser” Dasvidanya greeted her with a wave and a warm smile.

“Am I interrupting something?” Bronya asked.

“N-no no,” Janet replied, stepping out into the hall and quietly closing the door behind her. “What are you doing here?”

“Word of your success has been spreading through the wrestling world, far enough to reach my little town. I wanted to see what all of the fuss was about.”

“Oh my god this is such an honor,” Janet said, eagerly shaking Bronya’s hand and giving into her fan girl excitement. “I’ve seen every one of your matches multiple times. You’re a huge inspiration for me career. I have a massive collection of your merch and-“

“Woah there lapushka,” Bronya said in an attempt to calm down Janet. “While I appreciate your enthusiasm, I’m here to do more than just chat. I want to have a match with you.”

“Are you serious?” Janet asked, her eyes gleaming with child-like wonder.

“Da, do you accept?”

“Of course,” Janet replied without skipping a beat. “Do you want to do it now? I’m sure the ring is free.”

“I don’t think now is the best time. Especially when you have guests,” she said, a raised eyebrow cluing Janet in that she had heard everything from her dressing room. “We meet with your manager tomorrow to discuss details, da?”

“Da, I mean, yes,” Janet answered.

“Very good, I’ll speak with you tomorrow then,” Bronya said, waving goodbye as she strolled down the hall.

Clasping her hand against her chest, Janet attempted to calm herself down. Leaning her back against the wall, she replayed everything she had just heard in her head. The weariness from her match and orgy were shaken off, leaving her a mess of excitement and anticipation. Needing release for her excess energy now more than ever, she walked back into her dressing room to re-awaken her harem to properly celebrate achieving the new life she had always hoped for.