

## Mini-Story: New Kind of Adventurer (Man to Anthro-Cat TFTG)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*Flynn is a brave adventurer, delving into dungeons and fighting monsters in pursuit of treasure. But when one treasure chest is opened, only to release a strange and mischievous cat spirit, Flynn quickly finds his body transforming to the cat spirit's tastes. Now the new adventuress is looking to drown her sorrows over becoming a rather attractive female catfolk*

### **New Kind of Adventurer**

Flynn raised a paw and ordered another tankard of ale. Gods knew she needed it. Across the bar, a number of male adventurers were smirking in her direction. With her enhanced hearing, she could pick up the predictable jokes and puns: "Nice lookin' pussy" and "love to scratch that cat" and all that. Of course, she couldn't help it that her long tail swayed from side to side in an almost sensual fashion, or that she had a low purr that rumbled when her thoughts were occupied. She also couldn't help the fact that she was now 'blessed' with splendidly wide hips and a not too unimpressive bust either. What was it about catfolk that managed to feel so exotic and alluring? One would think that men would be turned off by all that fur on a woman, but that only intrigued them further.

Flynn would know. After all, she used to be a man. A human man, at that.

It all started over a month ago. At that point, Flynn never imagined he'd be turning into a new kind of adventurer. He was a confident, handsome fellow who delved into dark dungeons and fought monsters with his trusty sword and crossbow. He could track, he could hunt, and he could certainly explore, and this adventurous streak had made him quite the hero to a number of towns and villages across the land. He'd even saved a noblewoman a few times. His real interest was not romance, however, but riches. Flynn wanted the greatest success there was: he wanted wealth beyond imagining, and just before his transformation into a catfolk woman, he thought he'd found it.

The treasure was well-guarded in a drake's lair. He'd chased rumours of it for over a year, but he'd finally found it; located beneath a split oak tree that grew in two directions. Naturally, he explored the cave carefully, going deep and fighting all sorts of creatures. The final drake was the toughest monster he'd ever thought, and there were near misses where he nearly lost his head. But as usual, he prevailed, and the way to the treasure chest was open. It was ancient, wrought with images of cats. He'd never been big on cats, though he had slept with a lovely catfolk once or twice and enjoyed it. But he knew they were once worshipped, during a time when empires were plentiful with magic and gold.

He opened the chest expecting gold.

Instead, he got magic, in the form of a cat spirit that leapt into the air.

“Oh, what’s this here? Hmm, a human! A human male! And you’ve freed me! How wonderful! I just can’t wait for all the adventures we’ll have together! Oh, but this form is all wrong. No, no, no, far, far too boring! And not nearly cat-like enough! Well, if you’ve found my prison and released me, that means you certainly understand the importance of cats! It’s time for a few changes - oh, don’t worry, just some whiskers here, fur across there and there and there, padded feet, paw-like hands, a cute dark nose, enhanced senses, some purring, a tail! There! No, wait, that’s not enough! Of course! I’m a female spirit, and you’re a male one! Let’s get this fixed: nice wide hips for breeding, some good ripe breasts for the menfolk to stare at, and a good figure. Yes, long legs, and a good behind. Cute eyes, oh, we’re nearly there, I can feel it!”

Flynn was horrified, of course, but utterly helpless. He couldn’t even get a word in despite his desperate pleas. Instead, his body was transformed into that of a very attractive catfolk with dark brown fur and a swaying tail. Her feet were now bare as catfolk preferred, and her ears were now on top of her head. Her senses were all enhanced, and even her armour became a lot more cute and somewhat revealing, leaving much of her furry thighs and arms bare, and plunging to reveal some furry cleavage. She begged the cat spirit to turn her back, but it was a one-way thing apparently, and now the spirit resided in her sword as a companion, one she couldn’t even bring herself to throw away.

“I’ll be your guide! And you’ll be mine! You’ll show me the world and how much it’s changed, and I’ll show you how to be a proper catfolk, and a female one at that! Oh, I can’t wait till you go into heat, won’t that be fun? We’ll have to find some lovely men to take care of you!”

This was Flynn’s life now. She was a sexy catfolk female, one whose hips had an impressive swagger. She was getting used to it, she supposed, but she still didn’t like it. But of course, as she sat at that table, contemplating which dungeon to investigate next, which town to visit which might be in need of heroes, she felt a strange warmth trickling through her. She looked back at the table of male adventurers, the ones who were clearly interested in her exotic sight, and then she sighed knowingly.

“Great, that’ll be my heat, I expect. Of course it wasn’t enough to change me into a catfolk and woman, you had to make me into men as well.”

The cat spirit answered in her mind: “Trust me, you’ll love it when you give in! Just wait!”

But Flynn just ordered another ale. She needed it, if she was going to experience this next part. At least her cat-like reflexes and senses were aiding her lately. Maybe, even with all these changes, she could still get rich, and even quicker at that. It wasn’t like her fighting skill had suffered at all, and she was making a good success recently, thanks in no small part

to the annoying cat spirit's aid. If life was an adventure, then she still aimed to make hers the biggest.

She just had to deal with a few personal 'needs' her form came with first.

**The End**