

Panther Prey (Man to Panther-Person Mate TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Story Tier Prompt for TG Sorcerer

Gavin is a Vlogger and amateur documentarian who is making an attempt to gain views by surviving out in an area of the wilds where a supposed 'Man-Panther' is said to seek out its prey. Little does he know that his previous exploits have seen an invisible fairy vow to protect him, but when the Man-Panther does indeed strike, perhaps the only way to save him is to make him its mate?

Panther Prey

Gavin marched further through the thick forest wilds, lugging his heavy backpack and occasionally opening up his expensive camcorder in order to record his surroundings.

"Day Three of my search for the mysterious Man-Panther. Unfortunately, I have not yet seen any trace or evidence of this strange black-furred cryptid, despite the fact that numerous small-town locals warned me not to come up here. All I've seen so far, disappointingly, are trees and dirt and grass, some deer and a wildcat - that last one had me scurrying for the hills, I tell ya. I'd go so far as to say that my biggest fear is that I may be lost. My compass is beginning to act a little oddly, and I'm not getting any reception here despite the cell towers supposedly giving service to the whole region. I'll have to move to higher ground and climb a tree or something. Let's hope the Man-Panther doesn't get me, but as we all know, I don't call this series *Cryptid Bust* for nothing!"

He closed the camera, sighed, and then replaced it with a bottle of water. He'd need to find a freshwater stream soon, because he was running out and the days were far, far too warm to go without water for too long.

"Damn it all. I can't believe my followers voted for *this* as my next cryptid bust. I wish I'd known how damn impossible these wilds were to navigate!"

Gavin took a moment to rest against a tree and lower his pack to the ground. He could hear the murmur of a stream ahead. This was as good a place as any to camp for the night. It was getting closer to sundown, and he was too tired. It wasn't like Gavin was some kind of professional hiker or muscle-man. He was just a dark-haired dude with glasses and a rather nebbish appearance, something that actually worked in his favour when it came to his Vlogging and Youtube series devoted to busting supernatural myths. The man began setting up his carry tent, exhausted and lost.

"Damn these wilds, seriously," he said, before cracking a small grin. "Thank God the supernatural isn't real, or I'd be screwed if the Man-Panther actually existed."

Teardrop fluttered invisibly around Gavin's head, unheard and undetected, as he said these words. The little fairy rolled her eyes in annoyance, tensing her fists and sparking all the more brightly, not that she could be seen by mortal eyes anyway. How could mortals be so blind? Had Gavin really missed the black fur that she had so easily found upon the ground? Why hadn't he been able to sniff out the ravaged carcass of a deer that had fallen prey to a mighty and terrible predator when it had only been thirty feet away at its closest point during his ascent up the hill? Did he not sense the aberrant winds? The sensation of the supernatural in the air?

No, of course not. Despite the fact that he had a literal pixie protector keeping him safe, the man denied any evidence of the supernatural, and in fact made a living recording videos and novice documentaries about how fake it all was. It was maddening, and yet despite how much her human bothered her, the blue-skinned little Teardrop with her bright turquoise wings could not bring herself to abandon Gavin. She owed her human a life debt, and one that she fully intended to repay. The young man trekking uselessly and obliviously through the woods didn't even have a clue that he had saved her life when he'd entered a long-abandoned factory to investigate rumours of a 'ghost incursion', but he had. The ghosts were indeed real, horrid spirits that had spawned from the ghastly pollution of the plant's nasty chemicals which had seeped into poor Mother Earth. Such places become hollowed and broken, and require a fairy to heal the supernatural wound and prevent the spread of undeath into the physical realm. Teardrop had assumed she was up to the task all on her own, but she had misjudged it. Tendrils of hate and despoilment had clutched at her form, preparing to pull her down into darkness, when all of a sudden there was Gavin, stumbling in with his camcorder and performing a crude banishment ceremony to see if he could, quote, "freak out the local ghosts." He'd found nothing, of course, and 'proven' their nonexistence. In reality, he'd actually pushed the dread entities back just long enough that Teardrop was able to use her magic to banish them for good.

A fairy saved from death by a mortal must be willing to return the favour, and she had followed him in the months since. She rather liked Gavin, despite thinking he was a bit of an idiot, but in disproving legends he was at least helping keep the inhuman world a secret from mortal kind.

"C'mon, silly," she said to herself as she flitted around his head. "I want to save you, but is this really the way? The Man-Panther is real, and he is very, very old, and very hungry! He will tear you to pieces, and a fairy only has so much magic! Gavin, you know from your studies that cryptids have strange effects upon their environment. Their power makes the

region around them their lair! They influence it! I could save you from a regular ghost or a nature fey, but a being like this, in all its savagery? I don't know how my magic might be affected!"

She pouted. The man wasn't listening to her. He was already falling asleep in his little tent. The fairy sighed and flitted up into the hollow of a nearby tree.

"Fine!" she called out, unable to be heard by mortal ears. "I'll keep watch then!"

She was yawning heavily ten minutes later. She was asleep another ten minutes after that.

Teardrop was suddenly woken by a strange shifting below her tree perch. Quickly, the pixie rubbed her eyes and flew out a little, only to squeak in terror. A dark, void-like shape was sniffing against Gavin's tent, its body large yet sleek, muscular in a lithe and dangerous way. It took a moment for even her magical eyes to adjust, but there was no doubting that this was more than just an ordinary nocturnal predator. It had the shape of a man, and it rose upright in a bipedal stance, though it was completely covered in midnight-black fur and it stood upon clawed toes just like a feline. Its head was panther-like, with rounded triangular ears atop its head and white whiskers revealed by the light of the moon. Its face was pushed out into a cat-like muzzle, but most animalistic of all was its golden eyes as it turned to look in Teardrop's direction. The fairy froze, terrified as she fluttered in the air. There was an eerie intelligence in those eyes, which flashed as they reflected the moonlight, golden and pure and predatorial. This was no animal. This was no creature of lower intellect. It lowered a hand and unzipped the tent with ease, its tail shifting in that tell-tale way that preceded a murderous pounce.

"No!" Teardrop cried. "I won't let you hurt him! I owe that man a life debt!"

She lashed out with her magic, trying to craft a solid wall of light between the Man-Panther and his prey. He felt at it, prodded it, then looked at her with an amused, interested gaze.

"My prey," he uttered, his voice low and terrible.

"No!"

"My prey. He is mine."

And with that, his claws extended from his paws with an audible *shink*, and he *slashed* at the magical barrier, which exploded into shards and brilliant light. The Man-Panther reared back, growling in a way that exposed his incredibly sharp teeth, but the commotion was enough to wake Gavin inside the tent, who suddenly opened his eyes and promptly screamed.

“Oh God!” he screamed, switching on his torch and nearly blinding the Man-Panther a second time. “It’s real. Oh fuck, it’s real!”

“Prey,” the Man-Panther said, its voice low and deep and strangely sonorous. “Prey for the hunt. The moon makes it so.”

Teardrop flew down, and once more she put up a barrier that was invincible to Gavin but not her and the Man-Panther. The cryptid beast-man slashed at it, snarling in a rage, his form naked and wild as he tried to get to Gavin. The young Vlogger was terrified as he extracted himself from his sleeping mattress and tripped out of the tent. He barely avoided a slash from the creature, and then he was running through the dark, a flashlight in one hand and his camcorder in the other.

“Viewers! I’ve - I’ve met the Man-Panther! It’s real and it’s hunting me! Oh God, I might die. I might freaking die! Please, if anyone sees this, know that it’s real! I don’t want to die! Someone help, PLEASE!”

But there was no one to help but Teardrop, and her little wings could not keep up with either of them. The Man-Panther slashed and tore through her barriers. She tried to get the tree roots to immobilise him, but his claws were supernaturally sharp, and he began to bound from tree to tree, completely silent and stealthy again, hunting his prey. Gavin had no idea, but in the darkness he was now running *towards* the Man-Panther. Teardrop flitted as fast as she could, trying to think of a way to save the man she owed her life to. Nothing was working, and the moment of violence and death was soon approaching.

“Please, please, please let there be a way to save him, please!”

She flew into a slight clearing, and witnessed a terrible sight: Gavin had fallen backwards and was stumbling back, his camcorder still recording the best and his dropped flashlight illuminating its hungry maw. It indeed looked like a true mix of man and panther, a perfect hunter, black as moonless night and yet, in some kind of pure and horrifying way, beautiful at the same time.

“The hunt is over,” it declared. “Blood begins.”

“Oh God!” Gavin cried, his hand shaking as he recorded his own last moments. “If anyone finds this footage, know that I was wrong! The Man-Panther is real! HELP!”

Teardrop flew down towards the pair and used the only magic left she could think of. Nothing was affecting the Man-Panther, but perhaps she could do something to Gavin. She flicked out a powerful magic spell, one that drained her almost completely and shot her back, leaving her to crashland on a nearby fallen log. For a moment, Teardrop was terrified that she was too late, because the Man-Panther leapt and Gavin screamed, but then at the very last second the cryptid predator stayed its claws, and its golden eyes drew wide. Gavin whimpered, even as little shocks of purple magic buzzed across his form. The Man-Panther

was sniffing him, regarding him, and for good reason, because Gavin was starting to grow fur. *Black fur.*

It took him a moment to notice, because his eyes were squeezed shut, but when he opened them and saw the Man-Panther watching him with curiosity in its golden eyes, he was too scared to move.

“What - what are you doing? Why do I feel so - ughhh! Ohhhh! What the frick? What did you do to my hands!?”

Black fur was pushing through the pores of his skin, growing thicker and thicker by the second. Gavin crawled backwards a bit, still too afraid to run from the predator, but soon the fur was spreading all across his body. The man shuddered as the itchiness turned to pain, the fur pushing forcefully from his skin and setting off other changes. His muscles spasmed, his legs extending and causing the tendons to stretch painfully.

“Aghhh! Ohhhhh! What’s h-happening to me - oh God! Make it s-stop!”

The process was painful, and Teardrop could hardly bear to watch. Gavin was in agony as his hands pulled in, and then he wailed as sharp claws erupted from the end of each digit, only to slide back in again. The same occurred with his feet, and she knew this because he tore at his shoes, flinging them off and then pulling off his socks with a mad look in his eyes, which were slowly turning a primal and striking gold just like the Man-Panther’s.

“I’m ch-changing! The camcorder, I n-need to record! It’s r-real, the creature is t-turning me into some kind of - AGHH!!”

His feet broke, the bones fracturing and then remaking their structure to give him a digitigrade stance. His hips spread, the pelvis stretching to the point where he thought he might pass out. At the same time, his muscles rippled and developed, though his body became sleeker. Gavin tore at his clothing as the pain continued to overwhelm him, shredding apart his sleeping shirt and longjohns until he was entirely naked, and his fully furry form was on display. He howled like a big cat himself, but his voice cracked, leaving it sounding much more female. His jaw was pushing forward, his nipples felt like they were on fire, and his penis had gone numb and felt like it was pulling back inside of his body.

“Wh-what are you d-doing!? Stop it! Please, Man-Panther, d-don’t make me one of y-youuuu!”

“It’s me, actually,” came a little female voice, and that’s when Gavin momentarily forgot the pain as an actual fairy, blue-skinned and pretty and with turquoise-coloured wings, perhaps only three inches in height at best, suddenly flew over to him.

“You - what the hell is g-going on? You can’t be real! I’m seeing - nnggh - things!”

“You aren’t, Gavin. I’m Teardrop. You saved me without knowing, once. You couldn’t see me, but I promised to save your life in turn to repay my debt. And now that you’re becoming a supernatural creature, we can finally talk. I can save you.”

"Then s-save me n-nowwww!" he growled, a black muzzle and feline nose forming. His whiskers pushed out, causing him to scratch at them, but other changes were taking place: new ligaments were pushing out from his backside, for instance.

"I am saving you," she declared. "I'm sorry, but this was the only way. The Man-Panther here was going to kill you. The only way I could stop him from hunting you was . . . was to change you into his mate."

Gavin's golden eyes widened. His new tail was pushing out from his backside, causing him to pitch his black-furred rear high in the air and snarl loudly. The Man-Panther watched this and licked its lips, entranced by the transformation it was witnessing.

"His m-mate!?" Gavin cried, his voice now husky but undeniably female. "You - you've got to be joking! No, just let it eat me! I don't want - ughhh! OH GOD!"

Two furry breasts, small but obvious, bloomed from Gavin's chest, and several more nipples formed lower down until he had three rows of them poking through his fur. His penis withdrew into his body, and no amount of struggling or grasping could hold it there. Bones reshaped, tendons were stretched in new directions, and the former human's teeth sharpened until he had the true jaws of a panther. The man almost fainted as his genitals opened up, forming a pussy between his thighs, the space otherwise unoccupied. Gavin snarled and growled like a great cat, tearing at the ground, her tail swaying in frustration. Her mind was already changing, new instincts pouring into her brain. She was female. She was a Woman-Panther. She was a goddess of these wilds, just like her mate. The creature tried to rail against these instincts, scratching at her head and tugging at the new, cat-like ears atop her head. But the mental change was too powerful, just like her form was too powerful and wild to ever exist outside of nature.

She was a woman.

She was a panther.

She was the Woman-Panther.

And now the Man-Panther was looking at her in a very, very different way. The new female she-beast got up on her feet, ready to pounce in anger. Her eyes were darting about, trying to find an exit, some way to turn back. She looked over at the fairy, who gave an apologetic smile.

"I'm sorry, this is the best I can do," she said. "And, um, I guess this is a life debt repaid?"

"Turn back," the she-beast insisted, even as she found herself feeling warm and wet, her body aching for the touch of the male opposite her. "Turn back now."

"I can't. It's . . . irreversible. This is you now. I'm sorry, Gavin. Woman-Panther. This is as much as I can do. I wish you all the best. No harm will come to you. Hey, at least you became part of the legends you loved exploring, right?"

The fairy gave another embarrassed and sympathetic smile, and then took to the skies before the Man-Panther could swat her down out of irritation. That left the changed former human with her claws extended, her body ready to fight, even as the Man-Panther extended.

“No prey,” he said with surprising softness, lowering his own arms to show he was no threat. “No more hunt. You are now mate. You are now Woman-Panther. We mate together.”

The Woman-Panther purred. She didn’t want to, but every instinct in her wild new furry body was telling her that this was right. She was a cryptid now. She was one of *them*. And now the Man-Panther before her was the most handsome, attractive, and enticing thing she’d ever seen. As wrong as it felt to say, she could not resist saying it:

“We mate now,” she purred back.

The two came together in primal lust, and once they got started, there was no going back for the creature once known as Gavin. She was of the wilds and the supernatural world now, and when the Man-Panther finished in her and the pair of them roared up at the moon, the she-beast knew it was far, far too late. She had entered the myth. Perhaps someone would find her camcorder one day, and tell her story? It mattered not, she realised. She belonged to the Man-Panther now, and would simply have to adapt.

And hunt. And mate. And reside in the shadows that would grow her urban legend.

The Legend of the Panther People.

The End