



THE SULTAN'S TIGRESS

“Accursed passageway! Who would even think to build something so small?! What are these people even, sentient rats scurrying about on two feet! Tenacious vermin, the King was right to order their extermination...” Cursing loudly to no one in particular with a thunderous echo running the length of a cuboid corridor constructed from dusty yellow blocks of sandstone. A knight adorned from head to toe in sturdy plate armor trudges along like a bumbling oaf, clearly disgruntled by what he could only see as ‘shoddy’ work all around. Treating the place as if it were supposed to be built with the likes of himself in mind instead of it being a testament to another culture’s architectural skills altogether...and the fact that said space should’ve been plenty enough were it not for his flamboyant poise and broad shouldered frame compounded by bulky armor further alienating him from the ornate yet minimalist design aspects boasted by his surroundings.

Heavy boots left indents as he went, ignoring strange murals carved into the walls for they mattered little to him. Unable to recognize them for anything else besides childish scribbles and nonsensical portrayals reminiscent of a child’s imagination fed ramblings, nothing like what the painters of his homeland could produce with a brush dabbed in colored inks. *‘Truly savages...all...’*

Sent on a mission of extermination, *Eustace Fjord* had been one of a few carefully selected knights to form a special lance sent out to cross their home’s increasingly strenuous borders after rising tensions with a nearby tribe of desert dwelling people had escalated. Their assignment?

*Harassment...Sabotage...*targeted strikes to induce fear and confusion behind enemy lines in the hopes of weakening them before the fighting began once both sides could no longer hold back their contempt for each other.

The militaristic empire saw the tribe as nothing more than a nuisance poking at their sides with blunt daggers; faux threats and pompous warnings said to have come from the ‘divines’ themselves about venturing into and plundering the desert’s bounty for themselves. And many among their ranks had wasted no time in convincing the King of the need to sweep this distraction away before it could become more of a problem...hence Eustace’s current task of clearing out the inhabitants of what looked to be a forward encampment of sorts, filled with an assortment of crates and armaments a blooded knight like himself could only scoff at the sight at.

Stones on sticks and flimsy, curved swords? *‘Unsightly and pathetic’* had been the arrogant man’s immediate thought. Thinking even less of this supposed enemy he was here to strike down with the bite of swift steel, just like the many foes his empire had crushed before, just like the hapless maiden whose neck he had disabled to prevent an early warning near the entryway to this abominable rat hole...

So far however, that first taste of bloodshed had been the only metaphorical morsel to whet the xenophobe’s insatiable appetite for murder. Leaving him increasingly disgruntled and on-edge to the point where he had begun to take his frustrations out on the surroundings; kicking at the occasional

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pottery lying innocently by the side to smash and bask in the cacophony of ceramic being sundered in place of the lack of human bodies being rent apart by the scarlet soaked edge of his trusty longsword.

“I can only hope the others chose better hunting grounds to partake in than I have...why build something this large so close to enemy lines when it's got nothing but a paltry wench strutting about its depths...the mindset of animals I swear...”

After what felt like an hour or so of endless walls and the amber light of freshly lit torches, Eustace would take note of the gradual widening of the corridor into an antechamber as the dark shade of ebony came into view just a few steps ahead. A door of some sort to whatever laid in the heart of this incredibly vast yet simple subterranean structure, a heart Eustace hoped would play host to the warm bodies he had sought to drain of lifeblood for so long now...

But once narrowed eyes acclimate to what awaited him beyond the doors he had bashed aside with his shoulders however, a frustrated sigh escapes from between cracked lips at the disappointing lack of opponents to be found in a spacious room dotted with monolithic pillars interspersed by hanging cloths of exquisite velvet and gilded gold with a single beam of light pouring down from above. Sourced by an unknown object contained within a cuboid sphere composed of some form of mineral that illuminates a raised platform and the lone figure seated atop the intricately carved throne protruding from the middle. Wearing an expression that looked to be just as bored as Eustace's was, minus the tell-tale craze of a man whose worst aspects had been nurtured and indulged upon in a depraved land.

Prior experience told Eustace all he needed to know about the man he was staring down. A high ranking officer maybe, or even a nobleman of sorts. Either way was fine however, he had been told to capture such notable individuals whenever possible for the value they held as hostages and sources of valuable information but never really thought it possible considering how such targets were often surrounded by throngs of guards. And in the heat of battle...well, 'accidents' were bound to occur that were beyond his control. Or so Eustace and the many others like him had claimed when the situation called for it...not today however, for it seemed his (im)patience had finally paid off.

But before he could leap right into action in an attempt to secure the target in a hurry to outpace whoever might show up to complicate things, the lackadaisical man speaks. Filling the hall with a reverberant voice oozing with charisma that stuns the knight, not because he was impressed with the smooth baritone but because the foreigner had spoken to him in his tongue. Forming fluent sentences he could understand unlike all the undecipherable gibbering he had heard others mouth off before meeting their eventual end at his hand.

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"So...the impudent ones have finally begun to act I see...I was wondering when one of your ilk would show. And just when I was starting to get tired of waiting it out so far from home, the main attraction reveals itself. Tell me; does honor mean nothing to your people?"

Smirking at the hint of anger at the edge of the stranger's voice, Eustace retains his sword stance before replying to the man's query. "Seems I've struck a nerve haven't I? Did that cur mean much to you? One insignificant subject's death was enough to rile you up hm? Then it's no wonder our King has ordered the complete subjugation of your-"

"SILENCE!"

Simply being ordered to quiet himself would not have been enough to quell the vulgar words coming from a debauched man as merciless as Eustace was. But the moment the man on the throne's explosive shout had reached his ears, the thug had found himself unable to make even the faintest of noises. Not when what felt like a numbing cocoon of energy had encased his oral cavity and everything within, preventing his tongue and vocal chords from forming the faintest of grunts in protest to this sudden violation of his will. "I've heard enough from that contemptible mouth of yours...perhaps our forces meeting in battle was destined fate after all. For I see now how empty you are...and they say any one person can be representative of the land from which they hail from...no longer will you and your King be allowed to continue this farce, I'll see to that myself!"

Curses aplenty were burning strong within Eustace's raging mind against this heretical display of witchcraft, fuming with 'righteous' rage as a swift hand unsheathes the blade hanging off his hip with the intent of spearing the fool where he sat. A futile endeavor not yet known to the foolhardy knight who had no idea as to the true capabilities possessed by the enemy he had made right then and there as he leapt into action. Thinking little of the scantily dressed man who had not even a shred of protective gear on his person save for elaborate raiments and golden accessories adorning his burly form. Missing out on the faint glimmer originating from what looked to be a sapphire gemstone embedded into the slim headgear secured around his target's temple, burning with ethereal energies that seem to strengthen alongside the look of determined grit on the wearer's face as he locks his gaze with Eustace's frenzied expression. Showing no fear even as the sword he carries begins to draw closer and closer, its polished edge aimed right where his heart was. Knowing full well it would never be able to come even an inch to its mark as the desert ruler closes his eyes, ready to begin the strenuous effort of purifying the evil before him just like he said he would, not through bloodshed or brute force but rather; a more delicate means to remake the putrefied soul that was Eustace Fjord into something far more...agreeable...

And in the man's ever thinking mind, the perfect mold to cast Eustace in had come to fruition. Taking after traits present in the proud and aggressive striped felines prevalent across the roiling dunes and lustrous emerald forests of his homeland, meshing those with the qualities of the fairer sex and a mind

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imbued not with ways to kill but with the wizened knowledge to nurture the next generation, the skill to impart care upon the ill and most of all; the talent and finesse required to entertain a court...and with the powers afforded to him by the unknowable beings that once governed the world before mankind's arrival, he would make that figment of imagination a reality. Focusing entirely on the charging knight who likewise, would not cease until he too, saw his fantasies made true, no matter how despicable they were.

But once Eustace's shape and form had been reconstructed within his would-be victim's mind, all hopes of seeing his mission through and the perversions that accompanied it satisfied were snuffed beneath his notice. For a bloodthirsty mongrel such as himself did not have the perception required to notice how the flow of time itself had slowed to a crawl in an undefined radius around the stoic man still seated on his throne. Lean lashes shut tight in perfect concentration as fingers borne of effervescent energy invisible to the naked eye reach out for Eustace's bestial form, entwining around it like coiling snakes before eventually; peculiar anomalies begin to affect the imperiled knight. Bypassing battleworn armor by doing away with them entirely, disintegrating the tested plate into fine ash-like particles that fade in the wind. Leaving only a fettered tunic and baggy trousers that would similarly not last long against the metamorphic touch of the mysterious azure energies swarming over Eustace in force like a swarm of antagonized bees.

'You were a man, given the gift of freedom. To choose how you live your life. To redeem your horrid actions many times over. And in light of all you have refused to do in preference for a debauched life, perhaps it's best for now that you learn from those mistakes with a figurative leash around your neck so to speak...' Following in the stranger's disembodied decree, Eustace's body would begin to tremble as sweat soiled skin writhes in tandem with shifting layers of biomass; shedding wiry strands and chiseled bulk representative of masculinity in seconds as the magic works to soften the knight. Reducing firm bundles of nurtured muscle until only a modicum of its former splendor remained, nicely accompanied by the presence of newly grown pockets of supple flesh that serves a fine fit for radiant hide cleansed of all blemish that had overcome Eustace in one fell swoop spreading from head to toe. An effect that applies a rather 'untouched' quality to the former knight's overall appearance. As if the many battles and one-sided skirmishes he had participated in were nothing more than lucid dreams after the many marks left by those non-existent experiences had been washed away.

And as if to cement that fact, more changes ushered in by the desert ruler's machinations work to remove any signs of Eustace ever having been a knight at all. Doing so by rendering herculean arms weak and slender after the swift departure of the man's overall musculature, gripping at his longsword with waifish hands that had been shrunk down to dainty proportions matching up with a bevy of other edits that came in the form of a subtle tightening of the waistline that draws a lithe upper torso inward before a gradual expansion flourishes into fertile hips formed from a widened pelvis. Making way for internal changes unseen to deposit new organs and a shifting of the flesh that causes Eustace's posture to slant further as it gains a perpetual, inward facing curve that accentuates a growing mound tenting the tunic

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in a similar fashion to the growth that threatens to shear Eustace's trousers clean through as a perky sphere droops with a healthy sag. Ending off with a wispy sigh a few octaves higher than its former gratiness that goes unheard, escaping from moistened lips as a bulging six pack crunches inward to form a matronly core; pudgy, soft and perfect for one to rest their head upon...not very indicative of a physique one might expect of a battle crazed knight like Eustace still seemed to think of himself as, none the wiser to how that oily, unwashed mop of his had already begun to lengthen past shoulder length. Snaking downward in stiff tufts that had been bathed by the watchful caretakers overseeing the subject's transition from foreign invader into something more...

By the time what were obviously breasts had grown past the B cup range, Eustace had become a shadow of his former self. Looking far more effeminate while his shrinking form continues to compact into a shapelier silhouette. Supplemented by an abundance of curvature in the form of wide handlebars leading into plump thighs and firm calves that taper off into petite feet sporting razors that were just as sharp as the ones protruding from feminine digits whose knuckles had turned white around the hilt of a sword that looked to be an ill fit for the emasculated lady frozen in time, an undeniable truth the quiet man would agree on with gusto as his voice returns to dominate the silent hall cast in shades of blue from the supernatural phenomenon that had claimed dominion over Eustace. *'And a woman you are, for no man could ever sport fertile udders such as the ones hanging off your chest. A fine pair of succulent fruits from which a mother's bounty would spill forth with a simple command. And behold, the sight down over yonder, within the tempting crevice formed from enticing legs that carry your weight without effort. For there lies the unshakable flower of a woman's modesty...a gash of scarlet formed of tightened flesh, sealed and put aside so that it might one day part for your destined one to take the plunge...and seal the deal...'*

As the last words loose themselves from the silent man's unmoving lips, Eustace's flimsy clothes vanish in one fell swoop, leaving the nubile woman that had taken the Knight's place in the world as naked as the day she was born, allowing for easy access to warping privates as sculptors hands shove at a pathetic wiener before a blanket of pink encapsulates it's shriveled length. Forming a brand new clitoris once the urethral opening at it's tip was sealed forevermore, allowing for another puckered orifice to widen into existence just beneath the tingling nub, lubricating the flowery folds that had swallowed wrinkled testicles whole in a testament to her reproductive system's functionality as milky semen that could no longer serve a purpose besides filling the surrounding nerves it rushes through with the thrill of a man's orgasm for one last time alongside shimmering globules of ejaculate gleaned from new glands linger in the air after dribbling forth from the fattened vagina exposed so shamelessly between widespread legs parted mid-sprint. Crowned by a flurry of unkempt ginger pubes styled heavily after the wild mane hanging down from Eustace's cranium, a frenzied bush done up into low-tied buns ending off into ashen gray after a neon citrus coloration stemming from the root after it had usurped drab brunette. But even this drastic state would not be enough to satisfy her opponent who, with omniscient eyes, could sense the presence of Eustace lurking within her feminized shell. Edited to a point where not even her gender

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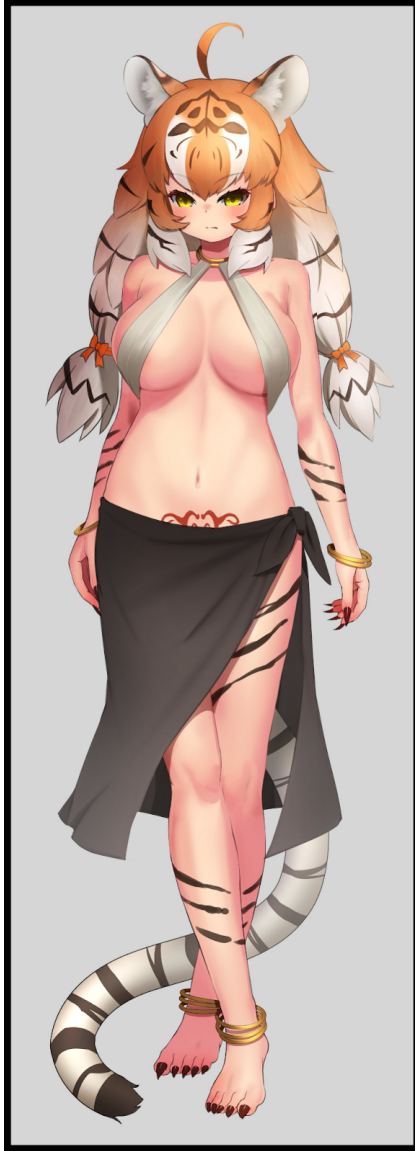
seemed to correlate with her place of birth; looking more like a foreign woman than a local born citizen of the empire.

'I see within you that which disgusts me, something I cannot allow in my court. So hear my voice lost soul and heed it's every command...' Within the sphere of slowed time, Eustace's consciousness would snap to attention after being freed from the temporal trap, barely given a second to take in the sight of her twisted body before what feels like an extremely heavy weight slams down on the front of her skull to leave her stunned and addled. Unable to protest or formulate a single coherent thought as everything else quickly becomes a blur, trapped in a confusing fuzz as her vision of the frozen world begins to haze over, represented as a dulling of scarlet irises and dilating pupils. Obeying just as she had been told as the victor's voice returns once more to fill her stupefied brain, annihilating swathes of established memories as each word, no. Each reminder of her purpose in life triggers the last steps of Eustace's rebirth... *'Many a man like the you of eons past have taken many an innocent life, so with that in mind. You are to be my concubine from here on out. Nothing more, nothing less. Your profession in the art of swordsmanship is null and void, for a sword is as unfamiliar to you as the notion of the woman before my eyes ever being a remorseless brute is to everyone else. No, dancing is where your talents lie. And with a hybridized body such as yours, ceremonial or otherwise, all forms of this most sacred art should come as second nature to you, shouldn't it? My Tigress?'* Without a single thought left to contest those words, all the nameless woman could do was accept those words for the irrefutable truth. Believing in them with the blind faith of a naive child who couldn't have known any better now that the underlying layers that composed the tyrant Eustace had been smothered by everything the man had told her. A man whose name and title she had previously thought insignificant soon takes up a hefty portion of a renewed knowledge base to replace what had been lost.

While a dark childhood not worth remembering would remain, the events following them would deviate immensely from the path that had led to Eustace becoming such twisted fodder for the empire to send whenever they needed dirty work done, with a major departure being the sordid memories of a little girl born with curious 'deformities' that had earned her a quick disowning from parents whose faces she had never seen before. Finding herself with a preference to move on from that darkness once a level-headed persona takes its rightful place within the hybrid's magic-touched mind. Gradually gaining cognitive awareness of her surroundings with every disjointed piece of herself that comes together to paint a life leagues different from the one she had been unknowingly pulled from.

Instead of the grueling time spent in the empire's knighthood after forcibly being enlisted, all she could remember were the tutors and instructors of the Sultan's court leading her by the hand through all she would ever need to know as expected of a maiden destined to walk by the side of divine nobility. From simple etiquette to literary texts, all she knew today had been drilled into her through persistent effort and the help of many kind souls acquainted with the man who had bought her from that dark place so many years ago when she had still been an adolescent whelp, and not the mature woman who had been in

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the middle of yet another routine performance for her husband's entertainment to ease the burdensome time spent waiting for the enemy's advance, lest he go mad. But if that were so...what was she doing with a sword in hand? And one with such an alien make as well...it was an affront to bear arms before her Sultan!

Almost as if spurred by the recognition of her offense, a brand sears itself across the pale, oil coated skin of her navel. Forcing a pang of fiery arousal to course through her nethers upon the sensation of her womb kicking fiercely, loading a second batch of precum to be fired should she snap out of her stasis. Shivering against the throes of mental bliss, the glorious white out she had experienced many times after a heated session with the Sultan that oddly enough, aided her in the process of thinking...

And with her head straightened out and cleansed of the darkness that once infested it like a worm-eaten fruit, the Tigress' nude form becomes shrouded in a coalescing mass of sapphire particles as they gather into the distinct shape of a modest dancer's garb distinct from the ones other women of the court wore for their performances; with the most notable being an utter lack of polished gemstones...or even any bright color or remarkable design to catch the eye with. Just a skimpy pair of straps slung over her tits connected to a ringed choker lying snug over her neckline and a plain brown cloth tied inches lower than a regular dress that falls down to knee height with a titillating curtain in the form of a gratuitous slit showing off the entirety of her left leg in all it's glory

just as dark splotches begin to smear themselves over various parts of her body in an asymmetrical manner reminiscent of the felines from which her unique genetics hailed from. Experiencing the same elsewhere as human ears melt and shrink back into biomass before a fluffier pair extends from above her skull, twitching as they come under the effects of frozen time before they could do so much as flap in response to the wide range of audio stimuli the enhanced organs allowed her to pick up on. Like the swaying of her tail just as it erupts out from the base of her spine or the subtle shifting of sand from the pirouette she had been performing. All of them, familiar sounds she had since grown accustomed to after her umpteenth performance in this underground theater. Dismissive of there being any other reason for her purpose here besides what she already knew, maneuvering so that the clenched fists were relaxed and freed of the ugly thing in her grip once time begins to slowly tick back to its original pace with the fading of the cold blue aura being maintained by the sapphire gem within the Sultan's crown. Opening his eyes to the resonant clang of metal hitting the floor that masks the sound of miniscule droplets making

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landfall alongside the featherlight landing of his newest dancer as the last vestiges of Eustace's stance fluidly shift into an elegant stance that oozes sensual femininity; standing with one leg tucked closely behind the other in such a way as to make her thighs squish together. Darkening the shadow over an unclothed snatch that spasms at the sight of the Sultan's handsome features staring down at her from where he laid, ignoring the jangle of a matching series of golden anklets and bracelets looping around her extremities to complete the look. Leaving not a single trace of the armored murderer who had come bursting in through closed doors moments earlier in the wake of the loyal Tigress awaiting her next orders. All while hoping the Sultan had not noticed the mess she had caused, for despite her best efforts to staunch her vagina with cotton inserted before the performance to soak up any unintentional release as was to be expected from dances revolving around the carnal arts. The Tigress' penchant for massive overflow had easily soiled the absorbent through, doing a terrible job at hiding it when said efforts to do so only made her vaginal walls clench harder around the fuzzy mass, wringing them of the juices they had already absorbed while further stimulating the woman's sensitive innards. Producing faint, glimmering trails of slick grool spanning the length of both her legs. Following her husband's gaze before realizing he was more than aware of her little 'accident', a realization that paints a subtle pink blur upon her cheeks while brilliant eyes of polished gold narrow in embarrassment. Making the Sultan smile for reasons divorced from the train of thought running through the meek Tigress' silly little head. "*Dear? Why haven't you said anything about your predicament till now?*"

Even though the man was no stranger to the stone's effects, watching its work was still something to behold. Thorough and efficient in its task, the act of changing someone so utterly to the point where they resembled not a bit of who they had been born into the world as was an ability that made the Sultan shiver in both wonder and fright. Taking in the sight of the newest addition to his harem while noting the drastic departure from the foreign interloper who had been remodeled to give rise to the buxom Tigress struggling to hide her arousal for him; the equivalent of wetting herself in broad daylight...hardly the bloodthirsty murderer she had once been when, for all intents and purposes, she looked like a native girl born to the sands they called home, afflicted with a rare disorder that would leave the afflicted with the features of certain animals. Bestowing an appearance many in their society found unappealing, hence the horrid treatment and their popularity in the seedy underbelly of the slave trade. The reminder of which only served to steel the Sultan's heart in the righteousness of the act he had performed here on this troubled night, for even with a wretched soul salvaged for the greater good of all. The stone, a powerful artifact simply called the Eye, could not bring back the dead as they were. True, he could imprint one's appearance and memories onto another hapless subject as if they were nothing more than meat puppets to reshape as he pleased, but the result would not be the same. And unlike some others granted the benefit of wielding various duplicate productions of the Eye, he was not that keen on subjecting everyone in sight to the unknowable magic's effects.

But with a war soon to come, he knew his reservations would have to be set aside for the greater good. Just like how he would shelve these concerns for future ruminations, not when his lascivious wife was

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about to say something to excuse her tardiness. “I-I apologize...it’s just...I hadn’t expected to feel so bothered tonight, as if something has overcome my better senses. But with how vital this performance was, I didn’t want to delay any-” “You claim to understand the importance of the dance, but how can you when you fail to take the basic measures beforehand...you needn’t fear asking me of things you know? You might think the position of concubine to be lowly, but in my court. All who share more than a bed with me are my equals...so what do you think we should be doing right now my Tigress?”

A vapid look crosses the ginger’s face before a warm, happy smile takes over. Knowing full well of the insinuation behind her husband’s words as the Tigress begins to stalk forward, kicking aside the forgotten weapon lying by the side of the steps she would ascend, disrobing in a manner only a sultry seductress would know how until the last bracelet ends up rolling down the short flight, passing by crumpled gray cloth and creased loops of white elastic stretched thin from the demanding nature of their job holding up two heavy masses on an almost daily basis. Leaving the woman barren and nude save for the anklets left around her legs as they part to make way for the Sultan’s own. Straddling him with her peachy ass held tight in his warm grip and her leaky vag pressed against his loincloth, straightening her back with an added sway that coaxes her man to tease her wanton form. Poking at her clit with an adventurous index



finger that makes her cry out in a loving tone before sighing in ecstasy as he runs said finger up the length of her tummy before coming to rest in the valley between her pendulous breasts tipped with nipples that swell from the stimuli. But the core in particular was a place the Tigress had high hopes of seeing in a different state altogether once her husband’s virile length would finally find success in inseminating her. A desire rivaled only by her earnest wish to one day be given a name of her own. A moment the eager woman could only pray would come on this most strangest of nights as excited hands struggle to find a firm grip over the Sultan’s broad shoulders while trembling legs raise themselves up for a moment to position themselves just a little ways forward until her man’s mighty javelin brushes against her pussy, grinding against it’s length. Mixing a manly grunt and slovenly moan together before the concubine shares a gaze reserved only for her husband and no one else; an unwavering gaze that could not be broken by anything, not even the sparkly blue gemstone inlaid into his headpiece until the cramping of her inner walls forces them shut, wincing in pain, twisting in pleasure before curling into an expression of utter bliss once the head, and then the entire, veiny length passes to take its place in a wet, organic void carved into the shape of the phallus it had been made to embrace. Screaming out with reinvigorated enthusiasm

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in an unabated attempt to have the Sultan know just how much she cared for him without a care in the world.

While the fires of coital bliss raged deep below the sands as bodies of sweat caked vanilla and pumping tan came together in union. The bone chilling bite of evening desert winds would harbor a calm in the strenuous period before conflict would explode across the length of the border separating the empire and the antagonized desert people who had already dealt with the scattered lance in a similar fashion to the fate suffered by a long gone Eustace, who would never again be able to lay his sword on anyone else. Not when she would be busy entertaining her love life with the Sultan she would come to stand by forever more.

THE END

SOURCE GLOSSARY

Images by Deku-Suke : <https://www.pixiv.net/en/users/31078157>