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Big Cat Leggings

by Fidget

Chapter 2: Cheetah

Amy was still buzzing with arousal when she arrived home that evening. Stepping out of her car and walking down her driveway to get the mail, the sound of weights clanking drew her attention to the garage of the house next door, where her older neighbors' son Brad was working out. Brad was on a track and field scholarship to the local university, and Amy appreciated the way his tank top and gym shorts emphasized his wide shoulders and rippling muscles as the young man continued his workout.

Her mail forgotten, Amy felt herself drifting over to the garage next door, her lusty body drawn to the youthful masculinity on display like a moth to the flame. As she walked over, she began to rub her hands up and down her silky, spandex-clad thighs, like she always did when she was getting horny. "Hi Brad, are your parents home?"

Brad looked up from the barbells he was curling, momentarily confused by Amy's unfamiliar appearance before recognition dawned on his surprised face. "No Amy... uh, Ms. Stevenson," the boy corrected, looking her up and down. As young as she was, Amy *loved* being called "Ms. Stevenson", and she felt herself getting even wetter at his obvious interest in the new, curvier body she was displaying for him.

She toyed with the low neckline of her blouse, enjoying the sight of his eyes dropping hungrily to her chest. Little did he know that she was hungry too. "Do you know when they'll be back?"

"No, Ms. Stevenson. They should be gone for a few more hours, at least. You.. uh, you sure do look different today. Those tights are, uh, really colorful, and that shirt looks good on you."

"This old thing?" Amy asked casually as she pulled her plunging neckline even lower, disguising the motion as adjusting her top, and revealing even more of her creamy, lightly-freckled cleavage to the hormonal young stud in the process. "I do like wearing it, but I'm always worried that I'm going to just *pop* right out of it," she laughed as she pushed her breasts together with her upper arms, demonstrating just how poorly her blouse hid her swollen tits, still braless from her tryst with David earlier that afternoon. They threatened to spill out in front of Brad's wide, eager eyes, which suddenly looked like *they* might just pop right out of his head as well.

"I'm glad you like them though," she said, letting him know that she knew precisely what he meant by his compliment. "That reminds me - would you mind coming over to my house for a few minutes to help me with something?" she asked, cocking a carefully plucked eyebrow at him so that he would know exactly what she intended, as she shamelessly pushed her tits even further up out of her blouse for him.

His face took on the anxious look Amy loved to see on all of her prey, but the overwhelming need to sow his wild oats in his unexplainably hot, MILFy neighbor had sent hot blood throbbing insistently through his body, and so he nodded and began to towel off the sweat from his workout as Amy turned back toward her house.

As she led the eager cub back to her den, Amy briefly wondered if she should really be seducing the neighbors' kid, especially since she knew that she was only doing so because the changes the leggings had caused her in mind and body. Still, Brad was an adult, and was responsible for his own decisions. One more look back at his delicious physique made up her mind for her, and as Brad gave in to his own lust for her body and began to follow her to the house, his eyes locked onto his mature neighbor's thick, bouncing ass, every line of which was shown off to perfection by her tight Calico leggings. He managed to convince himself that this was only a social call, but as Amy bent over to unlock her front door, his honorable intentions flew out the window. A light patch of fabric in the crotch of her bright, colorful leggings was clearly outlining Amy's swollen vulva, which they both now knew that Brad would soon be sliding himself into.

Once inside the house, Amy felt a brief flush of irritation at seeing that Brad was still taller than she was, but she knew how to bring him down to her size, and wasted no time in opening her blouse for the young man. The sight of her heavy, pendulous breasts had the same effect on Brad that they had had on David, and seconds later he had bent over, and was sucking and groping as Amy began to squeeze his cock through his tight athletic shorts.

Finally having her prey exactly where she wanted him, Amy led her enraptured young lover over to the couch, freed his throbbing erection, and pulled him down on top of her. His hard, muscular body felt just right against the soft tissue of her curves, and she could tell that Brad was enjoying himself as well as he continued to grope her willing, mature body. Amy felt him instinctively probing and searching with his cock, and though the leggings were still between Brad and his goal, he couldn't help but rub himself against the soft material nonetheless.

Brad continued to slide his cock against the smooth fabric covering her pussy, the slight tingling sensation he felt in his dick somehow making him even harder, and filling him with a greater need to thrust himself into the tempting Amy, who, while still intimidating and powerful, was also soft, inviting, and receptive. "Ms. Stevenson, your leggings feel, uh, really good."

"They're about to feel even better," she responded huskily, gently grabbing his dick and lining it up with the hidden hole at her crotch. The smooth, pleasurable sensation engulfing the head of his cock was too much for Brad to resist, and he felt himself instinctively sliding further into the tight hole, wrapped in soft fabric, until he finally found himself inside the slick, wet embrace of his MILFy neighbor's pussy. Brad wasted no time and began thrusting vigorously into her, overwhelmed by the powerful sexuality of his neighbor's seductive body as Amy exerted her will over his own, directing and shaping his youthful strength for her own pleasure. Her prey was helpless to resist, and Brad felt himself driven closer and closer to orgasm by the slick friction of her tight pussy.

Amy's body was on autopilot as well, and she continued to slam her crotch against his as that thick, throbbing cock finally started to scratch the deep itch that had initially driven Amy to such wanton behavior, and would inevitably do so again. Right now, however, as her body began to seize up with the

most powerful orgasm she'd ever felt, and her young lover began to reflexively stiffen within her as her slutty MILF body drove him over the edge, she felt the deep sense of satisfaction and contentment that came from a successful hunt, and she moaned and yowled her feral delight as she gripped and pulled at the tough, stretchy material covering her legs in ecstasy, as it rewarded her for her obedience.

This continued for the next few days - Amy would clandestinely have her way with David at work, and then seduce Brad for a quickie when she got home. Neither stud could resist the powerful, mature sexual energy that she was radiating, or the lure of sexual pleasure and release that her body promised, and then delivered. Even though Amy had grown larger in both height and measurements, she still somehow felt small and fierce, spunky and powerful, and life had never been better.

All too soon, however, her perfect new life came crashing down after Brad unexpectedly rebuffed her a few days later, when she once again tempted him with her body after work.

"Sorry, Ms. Stevenson, I can't today. I've got plans with Mrs. Hernandez across the street this afternoon. Maybe some other time," he concluded, though from his words and the guilty look in his eyes it was clear that she had been replaced. Amy was dumbfounded - that shouldn't be possible, given the newfound power over men that had come with her erotic transformation and increased appetites. Her hunger hadn't decreased, but her influence somehow had, and she didn't know why.

Even so, she was preparing to respond, to overpower his reluctance with her breasts and irresistible sexuality as she'd done each day prior, but just then she caught sight of movement out of the corner of her eye, and glanced across the street to see the new and improved Mrs. Hernandez marching down her driveway toward them. Her raven hair shimmered in the wind, and Amy immediately recognized the Panther that was stalking her way as Mrs. Hernandez' powerful leg muscles flexed in the tight leggings she was wearing, black with purple highlights. Her neighbor's massive tits stood high and firm, looking almost fake in the audacity of their overt sexuality, and she had a savage look in her eyes as she continued to close the distance, towering over Amy with her new 6'2" stature.

Amy was suddenly stricken with an inexplicable feeling of fear and inadequacy at the sight of her previously friendly neighbor, knowing instinctively that she was no match for the apex predator striding over, and she quickly fled for the safety of her own home in shame, outclassed in every way, forced to surrender her tender prey to the larger, more capable hunter. She watched, red with embarrassment and sexual frustration, as Brad followed those powerful thighs back across the street, helpless to resist the call of the wild.

Amy spent the next half hour looking despondently out the window, watching all of the tasty men who walked past, but also noticing that her neighborhood suddenly seemed to be overrun with sexified women, wearing what were clearly Big Cat Leggings. Apparently the other women in her subdivision weren't able to resist the lure of the leggings' transformative seductions any more than she was, Amy thought helplessly, enjoying the sensual sensation of rubbing her legs together in spite of herself. Most

of the women were wearing variants of her own housecat-themed leggings, mostly Tabbies of various colors and patterns, but she also saw a few of the bigger cats, including a young, spry lynx and even a dignified, elegant ocelot, both of which elicited the same instinctive feelings of unease and jealousy that she had felt with Mrs. Hernandez, with their more enhanced curves, superior muscle tone, intimidating height, and aura of aggressive authority.

Amy even recognized old Mrs. Edgefield, who she knew had to be at least in her sixties, but who suddenly looked almost ten years younger, with her sagging tits beginning to fill out against her daring blouse, and her ass looking higher and tighter than it had any right to at her age, highlighted by the cream coloring of the Siamese leggings they were encased in, giving way to the characteristic grayish brown midway down her calves. Her face was starting to take on the hungry, searching look Amy had seen on so many other women that day, and which she knew was reflected in her own face as well. She understood that each of these women was just as much a victim of their new bodies and desires as she was, all of them trapped by Big Cat Leggings, but all she could feel for them was jealousy, knowing that the new, predatory instincts the leggings had imbued them with were directly competing with her own voracious appetite for cock.

Disappointed and horny from an afternoon without sex, Amy decided to give up the hunt here at home and go clubbing, where there were sure to be plenty of virile young men to go around.

Amy knew this was the right decision as soon as she was waved in by a bouncer whose hungry eyes never made it above her breasts, which were on full display, accentuated by a tight, midriff-baring top with a plunging neckline that hugged her swollen curves and left very little to the imagination. Matched with her tasteful, attention-grabbing Calico leggings, Amy knew that every eye in the club would soon be on her.

She went straight to the dance floor, enjoying the weight of her heavy C-cups swinging around as she danced, feeding off the energy of the music as her keen eyes scanned the crowd for her next victim.

The guy Amy settled on was cute, not as muscular as Brad, but still with an appealing physique. From the drink in his hand, she could tell that he was at least 21, but from the way he tentatively sipped at it, she recognized the inexperience that she found so appealingly irresistible, and began to make her way across the floor, adjusting her cleavage for maximum effect as she did so.

"Hey cutie. Wanna dance?" she purred warmly, pressing her tits against his arm as his eyes lit up with desire, but then narrowed suspiciously.

"Another one? Man, it seems like I'm constantly getting hit on by old women these days."

"I'm only 24 though," Amy responded with feigned offense, deciding that a disarming demeanor would be less likely to scare her prey away. For now.

"Oh, nevermind then. Sorry about that," he said, red with embarrassment at having committed such a damning *faux pas*.

Amy quickly took advantage of seeing him off-balance. "It's ok! I went through a bit of a... growth spurt," she said, playfully running a fingernail across her chest and watching his eyes widen at being

offered a free glance at this woman's soft, sexy tits. "Everyone thinks I'm older than I really am because of these." She gave them a quick squeeze to sink the hook.

"I'm Aiden," he said, awkwardly sticking out a hand, which Amy softly took and massaged with her thumb, looking into his eyes with an intensity that let him know that, once again, he had been snared, and wouldn't be able to resist giving her exactly what she wanted. She could smell her prey, the combination of his sudden unease and the testosterone-fueled musk of his desire for her.

"Hi Aiden, I'm Amy."

"And I'm Glenda!" she heard a low, husky voice rumble, and a *massive* body suddenly came between her and her prey. "And you're coming with me, so I can show you what a real woman is like!"

Amy looked up in surprise, and saw a woman of practically Amazonian proportions pulling Aiden away. She stood at least six feet, eight inches tall, and was far hippler, bustier, and more toned than Amy could ever hope to be, clad in skintight, unmistakable tiger-print leggings, and radiating a fierce, dominating energy that brooked no argument from either Amy or Aiden. Her breasts were gigantic and practically spherical, standing proudly off her chest like two basketballs that had been bolted on, and her ass was the same, two globes that had somehow been stuffed into her skintight, tiger-striped leggings.

"Hey little girl, where did you get those Calico leggings? They're a fine starter model, but they won't get you very far in this economy," the woman laughed, bending over the completely cowed Amy as if to offer friendly advice, though the fierce look on her face let her know that Aiden was now firmly off the table.

"Oh, I bought them from my neighbor, Karen Saunders."

"I know Karen!" the large woman boomed. "I'm her upline! I sold her her first pair of Big Cat a couple of weeks ago. What are *you* doing here though? Housecats aren't big enough to play in the clubs with Tigers."

"What about me?" Aiden interrupted suddenly, a bit miffed at being ignored, but still trapped in the woman's steel grip.

"Here honey, play with this," the giantess said distractedly, grabbing his hand and cupping it around the bottom of her ass, only inches away from her thick pussy lips. Aiden fell silent immediately, his attention fully focused on exploring the lower curves of that ass, and before long his small, probing fingers found a spot to tease that began to drive both of their arousal higher.

Amy answered. "I don't even really want to be here, but I can't seem to stop seducing younger guys! I wish I could just say 'no' to these stupid leggings!"

"Oh hun, no one says 'no' to the leggings," the Tigress said sympathetically. "Look at me - all of this strength as a Tiger, and I'm just as helpless to resist what they've done to me as you are. I might be able to help you out though, since it's pretty clear that you're in a bit over your head. Now, I can't get you tiger print, like I have, of course, but I do happen to have a pair of Cheetah here that would definitely be an upgrade over the Calico you've been wearing."

"Do you get better pairs by selling the leggings yourself?"

"Hun, that's the *only* way to get the good models, the ones that will get you all of the hot young cock your little pussy is craving now," the blonde Tigress replied, pulling a pair of leggings out of her handbag with a massive arm, and holding them out to Amy at practically eye-level. "Here, see how they feel."

Amy reached out without thinking, but as soon as her fingers touched the creamy yellow and black speckled fabric it was already too late. She immediately recognized felt the warm, tingly sensation she'd felt when she first touched her Calico leggings, but this time the sensation was even more intense, and once more she found herself overwhelmed by the need to rub the leggings all over her skin, to drown herself in the irresistible tingles that would give her the body she needed to get what she craved.

"Since you're already a Big Cat customer, I can let you have those for \$300," the Tigress said with a suddenly predatory look on her face. Enraptured by the Cheetah leggings, however, Amy quickly handed over the money and went back to stroking the smooth fabric.

"Would you be interested in becoming a Brand Ambassador for Big Cat Leggings? If you meet certain sales goals, you'll gain access to new, rarer leggings for yourself, and you can restock at an increasingly discounted price as you meet certain sales and recruitment goals."

Through the pleasant haze that came from initial contact with a new pair of leggings, Amy had a sudden clarity of mind as she listened to the Tigress' sales pitch, and resolved then and there to aim for the top and beat all of the competition. She knew that she would need to join Big Cat Leggings if she was ever going to get the power she would need to compete with apex predators like the Tigress, and, with the need for young cock she could feel burning inside of her, forced upon her by her leggings but irresistible nonetheless, her course of action was clear. She would sell more Big Cat Leggings than anyone else ever had, and the next time she saw the Tigress, *Amy* would be the one stealing the men.

She quickly signed the paperwork for her first order and headed straight for the club restroom, where she couldn't get her old leggings off fast enough, driven by the new, stronger tingle racing through the skin of her hands, but she pulled on her new pair slowly, savoring the cool sensation as they slid up her legs, followed by the familiar pleasant tingling that set her pussy ablaze. She willed her new transformation to hurry up so that she could compete with the apex MILFs out on the dance floor, but she knew that as amazing as her new leggings felt, they'd still ultimately prove inadequate. For now.

The next morning, Amy's eyes shot open and she was instantly awake, full of a boundless energy that was almost electric. She felt fast and powerful, which was reflected by the increased muscle tone of her arms and legs, the latter highlighted by the tight fabric of her tingly Cheetah leggings as she lifted and flexed her new limbs. Sitting up, Amy could immediately sense the strength of her core muscles, which would absolutely come in handy for the extra-curricular activities she had in mind, and she ran a hand across her stomach, feeling her new, pronounced abdominal muscles. She couldn't *see* her abs, of course, because her tits had continued to swell as well, and they now hung higher and firmer than they had before, unnaturally gravity-defying to the point that they almost looked fake, sticking out from her chest rather than hanging off it.

Amy hadn't just gotten stronger and curvier, but larger as well. She was now at least 6 feet tall and likely still growing, if the promising tingles she could feel running up and down the lower half of her body were any indication. Bounding out of bed and across the room to her full-length mirror, Amy had to tilt it upwards to be able to fully see her muscular, tanned, gym-bunny body, complete with the large, impossibly-round boobs that advertised exactly what that body was for. They couldn't match the Tigress' massive tits, but they were a clear upgrade over her housecat body, which now seemed so unimpressive in comparison to the boundless energy of her new, muscular physique.

Her face had a new maturity to it as well, lean and experienced, but with the light wrinkles and early sun damage to match. She looked like a 35-year old trophy wife and mother of two that had had some very successful work done, but was otherwise in by far the best shape of her life. The age was nothing a bit of thicker makeup couldn't take care of, and she knew that the power and raw sexuality her new body exuded was more than worth it.

Amy had coveted the MILFy bimbo bodies of her Big Cat neighbors, and now she finally had a body of her own that could compete! But with great power came an even greater need for dick, and Amy soon found herself squeezing into a stretchy white top that not only showed off her still-swelling, bouncy cleavage, but also highlighted her big, puffy nipples and larger, darker areolas through the thin, translucent fabric, so that she could prowl next door in search of Brad, who was in the garage, working out as usual.

"Hi Brad. You're coming with *me* this morning," Amy purred, somehow both enticingly and threateningly.

"I can't! My parents are home!" Brad protested, but upon looking up and seeing the lean, muscular-yet-busty body of a gym bunny straight out of his wildest wet dreams, his dick immediately sprang to attention. Its need for the sexual release that Amy's toned body could provide quickly eroded his resistance, and he found himself clumsily stumbling toward her as Amy approached, cupping her tits for him, pleased to see that she was now a few inches taller than he was.

"It'll just take a minute. Don't you want to see what my new boobies feel like?" she asked shamelessly, jiggling and squeezing them in the young man's face to demonstrate just how good they felt, still being slowly pumped bigger and fuller by the tingly influence of her eye-catching Cheetah-print leggings. They were so sleek and smooth on her legs, and so tight against her needy, swollen labia, the outline of which was once more clearly visible through the thin fabric.

It had caught Brad's greedy eye as well, and as his gaze bounced up and down between Amy's heavy tits, toned abs, and thick cameltoe, Brad found himself nodding in agreement, and meekly allowed himself to be led back to the irresistible Cheetah's den, where he was promptly mated once again. A few minutes later, balls satisfyingly empty after his brief but fulfilling time inside his neighbor's plump pussy, he wandered back over toward his house, a glassy-eyed smile on his young face.

Amy was still writhing on the couch in bliss, sliding her legs together and running her hands over the creamy yellow and black mottled fabric covering her thick hips and powerful thighs, overwhelmed

with the orgasmic pleasure radiating outward through her body from her tingly pussy, once more full of the hot, gooey evidence of her latest conquest.

All too soon, however, the itch was back, and stronger. Brad was good, but Amy was driven to go out in search of new prey, which she should have no problem capturing, thanks to her new leggings.

Still, she now recognized that she couldn't get complacent - she never knew when her neighbors would earn their next upgrade, and so she also began to plan for when her own shipment of leggings would arrive, so that she could finally become the self-made boss babe she was always destined to be.

End of Chapter 2

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