

"I don't think I understand how this is a testing exercise..." Belle muttered to herself as circular panels opened in the walls, allowing slimy green tentacles to slither out and populate the room. A voice chimed in over the loudspeaker high above.

"This is an efficient way to test your strength, among other things. Every one of those restraints you break will cause the next ones to be a little tougher. We want to see at what point your physical strength and the sharpness of your claws will start to fail you, as well as determine how effectively you can deal with an ever increasing number of hostile targets."

"Err, if you say so." She closed her eyes, focusing on the well of power that always burned in her chest. Her skin turned blue, and patches of thick, bright blue scales appeared over the top, covering bits and pieces of her thickened hide. Sharp claws stretched from her fingers and toes, and four large horns sprouted from her skull, the tips pointing behind her. A long tail extended from the base of her spine, and split into two prehensile tips. She grimaced, gritting her teeth as her face stretched into a muzzle, and her teeth replaced themselves with snarling fangs. She huffed, shaking off the tingling sensation that rolled through her body post-transformation, and lowered herself into a combat stance.

The first tentacle lashed out at her and wrapped around her arm. She pulled at it, wrapping it up further until it was pulled tight from its port on the wall, before yanking hard and ripping it in half, letting it slide lifeless to the floor. One made a bid for her neck, and she snapped it between her jaws before it got that far, the squishy material offering no resistance to the sharpness of her fangs. She grinned and snickered, enjoying being able to give it her all without the risk of injuring an actual person. That brief moment was all a pair of tentacles needed to get themselves wrapped around her legs, and they pulled her to the floor.

She landed with a grunt and a scowl, flipping onto her back and digging her claws into the smooth floor, scoring it with claws marks as she tried to ground herself. With nothing to grab onto, she wasn't able to pull those tendrils apart despite her thrashing. She snorted and threw her weight forward, managing to toss herself back to her feet. She stooped low and quickly severed the living bindings with her claws. "Damn things."

She looked around, more ports were opening, and the newer tentacles were a slightly darker shade. They lunged at once, and she leaped over them, her strong legs sending her several feet into the air. They tied themselves into a wiggling knot, which she eviscerated with claw and fang. Another volley, and she grabbed at them, tugging them and pulling them apart, though they offered more resistance than before. She soon found them requiring multiple rends with her claws to cut through, and her arm and leg muscles strained against them, getting into tug of war matches that she only barely won.

She batted one away with her tail and kicked at another, puncturing it with her talons but not quite killing it. With more of them filling the room, it was all she could do to keep them from grabbing her and dragging her in. She stomped one into the ground to kill it and snarled as she chewed another in her jaws, working through the tough core of the writhing appendage. They began to snake up around her legs and around her tail, and she tried to twist free, releasing the damaged tentacle that was clutched in her jaws. It made a move to grab her snout, but missed, ramming into the side of her head before falling dead.

Dazed, Belle shook her head to dash away the stars that floated in her vision, but her half-second blackout was a half-second too long. Her limbs had all been bound and tied, with

dark green tentacles squeezing tight around them. She struggled against them, pulling as hard as she could, but they pulled harder, keeping her from moving her arms and legs beyond some fruitless wiggling and thrashing. She grunted, roaring as she strained against them, but they held tight, lifting her into the air in the middle of the room. Her torso was soon wrapped up, her stomach and chest getting squeezed just hard enough to make it difficult to breathe, pacifying her further. She opened her mouth in a vain attempt to snap at one that was moving to bind her muzzle, but it seemed to change its mind as her mouth opened, and it dove in, wiggling down her throat as she choked on it with a gag and a throttled cough.

The slimy thing shoved down into her belly and coiled up inside, stretching her insides until her stomach visibly bulged. She gurgled around it, her thrashing lessening from the exhaustion her body was experiencing. Her limbs went limp, struggles ceasing as she accepted the fact that this form had reached its limits. She drooled, eyes rolling back as her stomach bulged to capacity with oozing tentacle. The entire mass of them seemed to relax in turn, ceasing to function as they lowered her to the floor. They laid her on her back and retreated almost reluctantly back into the walls as the stop command buzzed through the loudspeaker.

"Alright, good show Belle. Get yourself together, and get some rest, we'll run the same drill tomorrow and see if you can last longer."