

A few months followed Tygriss and Tess's misadventure on the farm, the pair had finally been brought in by concerned residents at seeing their increasingly ragged appearance with no money and nowhere to go.

Tygriss seemed like your average tigress morph, sporting a six foot tall and strong but lithe build, forest green eyes, bright orange fur and a nice mane of dark red hair and a curvy and busty figure.

The pair of them were far from normal circumstances though, having been brought to a different time in the future thanks to a malfunctioning portal.

Living off the land seemed to be a no no since people got protective about what little nature was left on this stinkball of a planet. They were given what was called protected housing. Basically redone shells of houses to livable standards and given just enough money from government funding to live off of whilst Tygriss tried finding some form of work.

Meanwhile her daughter Tess had being put forward to an education program for those who had missed out on school, designed to help her catch up. The tigress had insisted she didn't need it but when they threatened to take her into custody, she growled in anger but consented. She could have fought them off but they couldn't risk making a scene again.

Pulling up to a large, old building that had morphs of varying ages, she hopped down from her bike that seemed to keep upright of its own accord and helped her claimed daughter down. "Okay hun, I will have to go to one of these jobsearch appointments to keep money coming in, but I hope you have a good start to your day."

Tessa was a petite folgeress, much of her look came from her fox and wolf blood, though she sported dark stripes she had inherited from her mother. Her fur was a vivid red-orange and lilac coloured socks on all four paws and the tip of her tail. Her brown hair was pulled back into a ponytail most of the time, the fringes sharing the same purplish colour.

She barked as she slid off of the bike with her mother's help. Her tail hung down, her fur seeming flat, obviously giving up her view of what she thought of being at this place. "Bu-But I don't want to go in, I want to stay with you momma." She said softly before seeing the look on her mother's face, then reminding herself that taking the classes was one of the requirements for staying with her mother.

"I wish I could stay with you Tess...but I'm confident you'll be fine," she said with a smile her way, bending to kiss her head just outside the double doors to the building, dressed in a black hoodie with a tigers eye on the chest and back. "Have a good day sweetie, I'll have...something ready for you when you come back," she said with little confidence, still finding these modern appliances alien and

confusing.

Her ears fell back as she pressed into the kiss and hugging the older tigress around the neck, holding on tightly. "O-Okay momma...they...showed me about the buses yesterday...I'll just take that home so you don't have to come and get me." Tess said with what she hoped was an encouraging smile.

"No daughter, I will pick you up personally," Tygriss said, punctuating her statement with a soft growl, hugging her into her hoodie, pressing her muzzle between her DD breasts. She made no secret of been a bit protective of her daughter and her tail seemed to echo her thoughts as she turned to leave her, wrapping around Tessa's waist. Mounting her tiger shaped bike, she gave a last, wistful look at her, blowing a kiss before revving the engine up and roaring off out the gates.

Tessa gave a small bark and blush as her muzzle was unintentionally pressed into her mother's cleavage, surrounding her with the strong feminine scent. She pressed close, burying herself even further as she just enjoyed the warmth. Tessa's mind was still young. A lot younger than her body implied. Tessa had breasts just short of D cups and a curvaceous form. She looked to be about sixteen years old, but acted and thought like a cub of eleven or twelve. Thanks to this, her mind was still a bit pliable and was adjusting easier than Tygriss. Her ears twitched as she heard the doors open to the building, her teacher coming up to the pair.

"Ahh Tessa Wilde I assume?" the tutor said, her form a little smaller than the folger. A red fox looking to be 40 something years old and standing at just over five foot tall didn't give her a very demanding presence. "Yes they told me you would be easy to spot, it isn't often we have a cross species like yourself around, they tend to have a number of health problems what with species compatibility issues. But ah listen to me go on, come on in out of the cold, we are based on the upper floor, the ground floor belongs to the adults for study and teaching," she said, leading the way in with a swish of her white tipped tail.

Tessa gave a soft whine as she let go of Tygriss, but not before giving another tight hug before she nodded, "Y-yeah, that's me." She mumbled before following the vixen. Her own thick foxish tail swayed and twitched back and forth nervously. She gave a glance back at her mother, ears wilted back as she gave a slow wave before disappearing into the halls.

The tigress couldn't help a lingering look after her, wishing she could be there alongside her but she least had a plan to help make them a little extra money. Her bike fired up with seemingly no input as she drove off back home, praying they would both be okay in this strange world.

Leading the way up some stairs the building itself was nothing special, just cream painted walls and a few vintage wooden beams from its heritage as they entered a classroom marked simply as 127.

Passing a pair of metal doors that pinged and opened, a cub in a wheelchair got off with a wide eyed look at the strange furred folf.

Leading upstairs, a class that had just ended had a crowd of juveniles stream down by them, some giving the folfger a curious look, some sniggering and pointing and one or two boys just a look of interest at her figure.

She looked around the building as she trailed behind. Her bright green eyes were wide as she tried to take in every detail, no matter how simple it was. Tessa's cheeks burned with a blush as all the other furs looked at her, she could just hear their whispering and sniggers. Her ears fell back as she followed the vixen to the front of the room and in front of all the other students there.

The classroom was laid out with a number of books, references, inspirations and computers with a whiteboard at the front of the class and a projector on the ceiling.

"Now class, settle down," she said as the talking and babbling quietened. "My name is Mrs Redthorn and we have a new student with us, so I hope you will make Tessa Wilde feel settled and welcomed. Maybe she can tell us a bit of herself before we start with class?"

"Uhm. We...Me and my momma just moved here...I was adopted after she'd uhm...left - left the military, the army." Tessa stumbled over her words, her tail curling up into her paws, tangling the fur in her digits. She blushed dark and looked away. "I wasn't able to go to school...and so I got put here when we came into town." the folfger commented, just above a whisper. Her green eyes looked over the crowd of students before turning to look over at Mrs Redthorn. "Th-That's all that I can remember..." She said, mostly to herself, though knew she could be heard by the tutor and the class.

"Oh?" Redthorn said in curiosity, her brow arching, "would you mind sharing why you didn't go to school? You don't have to but it might help me understand how you learn dear. I have had kits myself and know it helps me if I understand them."

Tessa's ears stood up when Redthorn asked her question. She turned her head to the vixen and gave whisper before repeating herself a bit louder so she could be heard. "I-I was all on my own before my momma found me..." Tess said shyly, untangling her digits from the fur on her tail. "She saved my life and..." She trailed off, ears flat back.

"I'm sorry my dear, but you don't have to talk about it in class," the tutor said softly, her own bushy tail wrapping around the folfger, "it is good you were adopted by a caring mother. Just try and mix with

the students and enjoy your day, you'll get on fine I feel," she said, though there could have been a slight doubtful sound in her tone.

Tessa gave a slight nod, ears falling back against her head as she walked down the aisle of desks, tail curled up around her waist, paws buried in the floor once more. Her eyes lifted to see the male wolf sitting at a long table.

"Hey," a brown, male wolf said as he patted the seat of the table next to him in invite. He was handsome with a long, styled fringe and athletic body before a female manx rolled her eyes and leaned in as Tess passed.

"Don't, he's a total girl stalker and fancies he has a way with them, here," she said, pulling a chair out from the desk next to her, the wolf shooting her a glare.

"Th-thanks..." Tessa muttered as she sat down next to the manx, a blush on her cheek as the wolf glared at them. "I-I'm Tessa." She whispered, not really knowing what to say to the manx. She gave soft smile, but even her blush showed through the red fur on her cheek.

"Hey don't mention it, doesn't matter how you look girls look out for each other," the manx said before shuffling through her work material on her desk.

Behind the wolf, an otter sat, his thick tail waving slightly as he leaned forward and whispered into the wolf's ear; not so quietly. Tessa could just barely hear that he was talking about her, and that he could do better with a pure breed canine. She bit her lip and lowered her head again, eyes looking over the desk, then up to the tutor at the front of the class.

"Right class, most of you know what you are doing so I will start Tessa on her assessment. If you need my help you know just to call out," she said before placing a small stack of papers on the wolf's desk along with some tools such as rulers and a calculator as well as a pen and pencil.

"Right Tessa, this will be your analysis paper. What you don't understand don't worry on, this is just to assess where you stand and what level you will be working towards. As you may or may not know, classes are tuesdays, wednesdays and thursdays with Tuesday been Maths, Wednesdays English and Thursdays ICT skills."

Opening the paper up in front of her, she turned to page one of the questions, "They start easy but get harder, so just do the best you can and I am here if you have a question. Just write your answer in the box next to the question," she said, making to leave back to the head of the class.

Tessa nodded slowly and looked at the booklets in front of her, she grabbed a pencil in paw, leaving

the other to hold her tail. "O-Okay...I can...sort of read, Mrs. Redthorn, but..." She looked at the papers and put her finger down just below the first word. "I-I'm just not very good at it yet." She started to read, partly in whisper, partly in her head when she came across words she knew well. Her tail tip started to twitch as the day progressed, her paperwork going much slower than the rest of the class.

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"Ma'am, if I could have you fill this out, along with this packet, we can get you right into the system. If we do find something that will be a good match for you, we'll be sure to notify you. Will just need you to fill out your phone number here." the squirrel said quickly, her large, curled tail dancing behind her. She didn't seem to see that Tygriss was falling behind with how rushed the conversation was going.

Tygriss kept glaring up at the squirrel from her paperwork, littered with misspellings. Well being a mercenary hadn't exactly given her an education and was just thankful the language here was similar to what she had, just about confirming they were in the future somehow. "Yeesh hold on there okay, I'm not exactly the best writer," she said, her paw cramping up as she did her best to rein in her temper.

The squirrel raised an eyebrow and gave a slow nod. "Of course" She said quietly, sensing the anger coming from Tygriss, even as much as she kept it in check.

The building felt stuffy, the process for her claiming money was soulless and she felt more and more like a collar was tightening around her neck. This world had so many restrictions; No monsters, no one fought any more and the use of magic had all but vanished. To top that off she couldn't be a drifter what with having Tess, they needed shelter and someway to get food.

"There, done!" she growled out, slamming the pen down on the counter. "So, long as I look for work I get money right?"

The list of jobs she was suitable wasn't exactly long, her only skills would be only manual labor and farm work...long as she behaved this time.

She sorted through her paperwork as the feline finished, nodding and stamping the papers as needed. Tapping them on the desk to straighten everything, she looked at a few of the pages before nodding. "As long as you are looking for work, yes, you will, Miss Wilde. Funds will be deposited in an account we've made for you each week." She set the papers in a folder, pulling out another paper with a card attached. "You can draw out of it at any ATM, or use the card as you would a credit card..." She spoke as though she figured Tygriss understood anything she was saying.

“Additionally for vocation, we will contact you when jobs send us notices that they are hiring. If you need any other sort of help, you can contact us anytime during the weekdays before closing.” She said and pointed to one number. “Or in a situation of emergency,” She pointed to a second number.

Tygriss nodded, pretending to understand but she got the basic gist. “So I just put this piece of plastic in a...machine and punch some numbers in and money comes out?” she said, looking the card over in wonder. “Damn wish they had things where I came from.”

The squirrel’s eyebrow raised again at the comment. “That’s...sorta the way it works...it’s not endless. The amount indicated on the bottom line is how much you will have weekly, If you overdraw, it will be deducted from next payment with a small fee.” She paused. “How do they not have any ATMs where you lived? It must have been quite a tiny place.” She whispered softly as she closed the folder of paperwork. Her attitude seemed a little more disbelieving of Tygriss’s lack of knowledge of the items she was given.

“Well where I come from is basic, very basic, the basics of the basics,” Tygriss quickly explained away. “Um but that isn’t important, I’ll figure things, thank you!” she said, quickly gathering the items up and slinging them inside of her rucksack and quickly leaving the building, her tail wafting in agitation and ears half back.

A few in the building stared her way as she left, admiring how her breasts bounced with her quick walk.

“Hey, I’m always up for a hot Milf,” a young bobcat in jeans said, making to grab her arm before she pulled him close. “Ooh, frisky are we-ugh!” he gasped as she kneed him in the stomach discreetly, the youth collapsing in a pile.

“Guess he was just tired huh?” Tygriss said aloud with a flash of a smile. “And some things always stay the same, people are pricks no matter the timeline,” she muttered to herself.

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Tessa gave a soft sigh, looking down at the paperwork she’d managed to do, much of it illegible with her scribbles, she rubbed her finger and put down the pencil. Many of the other furs were getting up and heading out the door. She’d barely managed half of the packet that she was given, even with the help of Mrs. Redthorn. She heaved another short sigh as she piled everything neat and tidy on her desk.

"Don't worry Tessa, we all need to start somewhere, I'm confident you'll get there in time, just work at your own pace," the older vixen smiled, squeezing her shoulder gently before seeing the time. "Okay, everyone on a fifteen minute break, then back to class."

Standing after she was told she could go to lunch with the others, she only nodded, not really able to find her words. She walked out into the courtyard that was used for breaks, a place to go and stretch their legs and enjoy the outside between classes.

As they left class, the wolf looked at the otter, a nasty smile on his muzzle as the pair followed her at a distance, seeing where she would go.

Tessa stepped onto a grassy part, not too far away from the building, but well away from the others, she sat down and gave a content murr. The grass felt nice, better than the cold stone of the pavement. She rested and stretched out, eyes closed when she felt the presence of another come up to her, she quickly opened her eyes and saw that it was the male wolf from earlier.

"Man, I feel sorry for her," the young wolf said to the otter, making sure that Tess could hear him, "I mean look at that poor runt who just joined us. Who is going to want to know a filthy cross species breed like that? And that stink of feline on her is bound to put any mates off. Not to mention how stupid she is, yeah I see her living on the street, probably with whatever bitch spawned her and living out of trash cans and...oh hey there," he said, feigning mock surprise, "I didn't know you was there. I thought you was something discarded at first," he flashed a nasty grin at the otter.

Tessa clenched her fists as she heard the wolf speaking, the otter chiming in with laughter and constantly agreeing with the canine. Her body heated up with each comment, that they made; her fur growing more rugged and unkempt. The pupils grew to slits as she felt the rage fill her. Her body slowly started to change; she fell on her front as the bones gave soft pops with her transformation, she got onto all fours as she grew, her clothes tearing as she became more and more feral.

"Aw sorry, did we hurt your feelings. Why don't you...just...what...?" the wolf's next nasty comment faltered as he saw the petite folger bulk up and suddenly shift shape before his eyes. He turned towards the otter only to see him slowly backing off away from the shifting morph.

Tessa lunged at the wolf, a mixture of a roar and howl erupted from her muzzle. "DON'T YOU TALK ABOUT MY MOMMA LIKE THAT!" she tackled the wolf, pinning him easily with two large paws. Her thick fox tail taking out the otter easily, snarling and baring her fangs right in the canine's face

The otter felt the powerful tail slam into his chest, knocking the wind out of him as he hit the floor

several yards away. Coughing in attempt to catch his breath, the otter darted off, running back towards the building.

“Ahhh! Aaaahhhh! Get off get the fuck off! Freak! Monster!” he cried out, batting at her with his fists and clawing ineffectively with his blunt claws as she pinned and held him down, a dark spot starting to show in his pants as he wet himself in terror. “Heeeeellp!” he screamed out.

The commotion had attracted the attention of the students on break, ranging from terrified to interested with more than a few on their phone, taking photos and a few on call.

Tess growled, barely flinching from the strikes to her muzzle. Her large forepaws pressing firmly against his chest, both easily covering his ribcage and pressing the air from his lungs. The claws tore at the wolf’s shirt as he struggled. “Take it back.” She growled, not sure if it was in a recognizable speech or just barking and growling.

“Hello police?” the Lynx from before stammered through her phone. “T-there is a wild beast or something...I don’t know what she is, she used to be this new student and now...please help before it kills someone,” she said in a trembling tone on her phone.

Tessa’s ears twitched back, hearing the sirens, but paid them no mind in favor of the wolf under her paws.

“What is going on...” Mrs Redthorne stopped in her tracks as she came rushing out the doors, only to look upon the scene...“that looks like Tess...but no it can’t be...” she trailed off as the police cars screeched to a halt in front of the entrance, two furs in uniform climbing out of vehicle.

“You! Whatever you are, if you can understand me, get off the student and take two steps back or we will be forced to open fire!” The cop, an antelope in a police gear, shouted through the loudspeaker at Tess with its cop buddy, aiming a gun at her.

Hearing the police officer speaking over the loudspeaker, Tessa raised her head to see the antelope and his greyhound partner pointing a pair of hand guns right at her. Her growling slowly subsided. She heard the antelope and understood exactly what he said. Looking down at the male below her, the feral folger’s facial expressions softened. She quickly scuttled off of him, ears flat against her head. Her body shrank, the ripped clothing fell from her form as she became her anthropomorphic self again.

The juvenile wolf scrambled for cover behind everyone else, a few smirking at the known stalker and bully, hurt and bleeding but nothing serious.

Without the clothes covering her, her C-cup breasts were in full view, pink nipples peeking from the white fur, hardened by the cold. Between her shaking legs could be seen her sheath, slipping on a patch of ice, her legs came up and revealed her dual genders. Quickly she curled her tail up around her waist to cover herself. "I-I'm sorry. I...I don't know..." She shook violently, scared of the cop's weapons, and suddenly of herself. "I didn't mean to...h-he was talking bad about momma...." quickly trying to explain herself and stand on her paws once again.

"That is no excuse, you're lucky to still be breathing after...whatever you did just then. Either you're good at pulling tricks or you are something unnatural," the antelope said as he marched towards Tess. With a firm grip on her shoulder he spun her around and handcuffed her before turning to the tutor, "we'll take it from here, phone the ambulance to have your student checked out."

She took a quick step back as the antelope came forward and gripped her wrists. She tried to pull away with a bark, but the male's strong hands held firmly. Tess felt the cold metal hold her paws together, only giving her inches of movement. "Please..!" She barked as he moved her back towards the car. "N-No I can't. No!" She tried to pull away and fight the antelope all of the way to the car.

"Earl, you radioed the station to let them know we are on our way with a fugitive?" the Antelope barked to the greyhound, marching the folfger to the police car. "And you, quit struggling unless you wish to be in more trouble?!" He said in a low, threatening tone to her, opening the rear door before coaxing her in.

Tessa barked and tried to fight the handcuffs, and the Antelope's strong grip. "Please. I-I didn't mean..." she was cut off, tears rolling down her cheeks as she was put in the back seat, her tail curling up tightly to her naked form.

Earl nodded and saw the vixen walking towards them, he moved forward to intercept her before she got to the cruiser. "Yeah, they've got a solitary cell ready for her." He said before stopping Mrs. Redthorn.

"Please don't, I-I don't think it was intentional!" Mrs Redthorn said as she tried approaching the greyhound at the driver's seat. "It may have been provoked with...whatever happened," she ended lamely, not having an explanation for the teens sudden transformation. "At least let her mother know where you're taking her!"

"Intentional or not, assault is still a crime, ma'am." He said and raised a paw to keep her from coming up to the car. "We will notify her kin after we have her answer some questions." Earl said and turned to get back into the car. "What's your name, kit?"

“T-Tessa...Wilde...” She whispered from the back, shaking violently. The greyhound started the car and drove off, back towards the jailhouse

“Tessa, Tessa, hmm. There isn’t a lot on the database, its like they just appeared out of nowhere. “The only thing I have is their address, name and phone number and that is it. Not even a clear age for this one, says she is roughly sixteen but roughly is a bit odd if she is her mother.”

The antelope turned around to look at the folfger through the bars, “You. Your mother isn’t a known fugitive is she? Or some...whacked out scientist who experimented on you?”

Earl raised his eyebrows as he drove, coming to a stop light and taking a peek at the screen. He gave a shrug before his partner turned to look at Tessa.

“N-No, she isn’t. She’s my momma.” Tess said softly, giving a soft whimper. “We just...” She paused a second, her mind seeming have drawn a blank on what her mother told her to say. “She tries her best to do good for me! We just moved here. And She saved me...” Tessa struggled to speak clearly, the fear of not knowing where she was going getting a hold on her. “She’s the best Momma.” Tess squeaked

The greyhound turned into the parking lot of the police department, going around back to where the jails were. Showing his badge quickly to the guard so he could get the number off of it. Driving through, Earl looked back at Tessa, seeing her face matted with tears, her body shaking uncontrollably. “So...What’s the plan?” he whispered to his partner as they came to the jailhouse door.

The antelope looked at the trembling folfger. She looked so vulnerable now and not at all like the beast they had seen before. But she was still a danger and until they knew what to do with her, she had to be put away.

“Put her in the holding cell for now,” he said with a tired sigh, “it will be more comfortable...maybe someone could check up on her just to make sure she’s okay or...that she is as she should be.”

“Right, I’ll take a look see when we get her settled, and call her mother...” Earl said and nodded, slipping from the vehicle, taking Tessa’s elbow and helping her out and into the precinct.

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Meanwhile back with Tygriss at home, she had set up her own...business, of sorts. She hadn’t seen any news on TV about people mysteriously turning into females from her milk after

the farm incident, so she had set up her own milk rounds via a cheap breast pump she bought. After handing out a few tasters her milk had gone down a storm with the locals, and it turned out long as she kept hydrated, her milk supply seemed endless.

With the pump's hoses plugged directly into her nipples, she was able to extract a lot more milk than normal plus, it felt so much better than with the suction cups as she laid on the floor, moaning as the automated pump drew milk from her into a large glass bottle.

Suddenly though, her pleasure filled milking was cut short as the phone rang. Cutting the machine off, she pulled the hoses as quickly as she dared from her nipples, popping out with a spray of milk onto the cheap carpet with a curse and reminder to find some mats to lay on for her milking sessions.

Picking up on the tenth ring, she took a few steadying breaths before answering as calmly as possible.

"Hello?"

"Hello...Miss Wilde?" the voice of her daughter's tutor sounded over the speaker.

"Mrs Redthorn, this is a surprise. Is...everything okay?" Tygriss said, faltering as she heard the tremor in her voice.

The middle aged vixen told her about what happened to Tessa, and the arrest and near shootout that occurred before saying what part of town she had been taken to.

"I see...thank you..." Tygriss said through gritted teeth, the handset hissing and crackling in her paw as her fury boiled over, the handset melting before she tore out of the door and to the government owned garages.

Hopping on her bike Tygon, she willed him to go as fast as possible, following the cheap GPS she had on the handlebars, having a loose grasp by now how it works as the bike's engine sounded her own fury.

"I...hope I did the right thing," a nervous, red vixen said when the line went dead.

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The greyhound heaved a bit of a sigh as he put the phone down into the cradle, he walked back to the holding cell where Tessa was kept. She was given a large, oversized tshirt when she came through, so she wouldn't be completely nude while sitting in the cell. "Well phone's out, and I don't

think that you have any other way of contacting your mother, do you?"

Tessa looked up at the police officer and shook her head. "No-No, we don't have any other phones, or computer..." She whispered in response, her legs tucked up against her form. Thankfully the shuddering had stopped. "What's going to happen to me?"

He gave a sigh, "When we find your mother, we'll bring her in for when we question you. And we have a few for her as well." He said and looked her over.

The roar of the bike could be heard clearly through the window, making both of them jump as it came in close. "M-Momma?!" She barked and stood up, lifting herself to look out of the window and see the Tygriss storming up to the building. "That's momma!"

Hopping off her bike, it tried to follow Tygriss inside the station like a faithful mount when she growled an order for it to wait outside. Its eye-like light flashed before she grabbed hold of the tail, twisting it off as it snapped into a six foot staff, charging towards the double doors of the station.

Barging through the doors of the station, Tygriss found a pair of batons barring her path. "Let me in to see my daughter you fuckers...how Dare you take her!" Tygriss growled through clenched fangs.

"I'm afraid we can't do that," a handsome antelope said as he walked out the office. "I take it you are Tygriss? The...supposed mother of Tess? Your daughter was found to be assaulting a student and somehow she seemed to turn feral. She is to have various blood samples taken and sent for tests and pending a trial be released if found innocent."

"You expect me..." Tygriss growl lowered, sounding more a true tiger, "to leave..." she stepped back, her staff glowing red in her paws, "my daughter..." she raised her hands up, clutching tight of her staff, "HERE?!"

As her staff cracked, they reached up with batons to defend the strike, only to be sent hurling back as though propelled by an explosion where the guards slammed the antelope through the hallway doors where, with a groan, lifted his hand to raise the alarm.

"You people are no better than the law from my time," Tygriss growled as she ran in the direction she guessed was where her daughter was kept.

The greyhound heard the tigress shouting and roaring up stairs, his ears wilting to the side. "What

the hell is going on?" He mumbled to himself. Earl flinched as dust and bits of the stone walls clattered down on him. He stood by the entrance, shoulder pressed to the wall as he heard the heavy footfalls of the tigress. Looking around the corner he saw her coming down the hall. Quickly, he stepped back and raised his gun. "Hold! Put down the weapon!" He called out, thumbing the hammer of the pistol down.

"Momma!" Tessa cried from her cell, paws clutching the bars, tears welling up in her eyes again.

"You're Tessa's mother?" He barked, keeping his weapon raised at the tigress. He stepped back a pace or two, allowing her to see into the holding cells. "Tess is right here...She's not in any danger... I just need you to put your weapon down." He said calmly.

"You jail my daughter, an innocent bystander and..." Tygriss paused as she could see the tear stained cheeks below her eyes. "You made...her...crrrryyy!" she growled, dropping her staff as her body bulked up.

The male gasped as she started to change, he pulled the trigger, firing at the feline, just missing as her form fell to all fours and changed.

A shot streaked by her but she had already dropped to all fours, finishing her feral shifting before pouncing him, bashing his head against the floor and leaped past the comatose canine. Grasping an iron bar between her teeth, she began twisting the metal between her feral muzzle, bracing herself with forepaws as she tried to make a gap large enough for Tess to crawl out between. With a creak and groan, the bars gave way a little before she let go, working her jaw to ease the strain.

Tessa gasped as Earl fell to the floor with a sickening sound as his head hit the cement. She shook on the spot, tears still rolling down her cheeks. "Mo-Momma I-I didn't mean to, I just..." She quickly wrapped her arms around the feral Tygriss's neck, falling to her knees.

Tygriss wanted to turn back so she could wrap Tess up in her arms and comfort her, but she couldn't afford to waste the energy she had for she would need it breaking back out with sirens blaring. Instead, she nuzzled her large head into her daughter's belly before arching her head to lick at her chin, trailing up to lick away her tears away.

"C-Can we go home...momma?" She asked softly when there was a loud thumping from above. Upstairs there came over a dozen voices and the sound of heavy boots on the floor. The cavalry had arrived, answering to the alarm that the antelope set off.

A nod and chuff of agreement sounded from Tygriss, her rounded ears swivelling as she heard the pounding of boots. Circling around the folger, Tygriss scooped her up onto her broad, striped furred back. "Hooooold, ooon," was about all she could get out of her feral muzzle before charging back the way she came.

Her fur stirred as the commotion upstairs grew louder, she could hear the shouts from the top of the stairs. She nodded "O-Okay momma." She said and held onto her mother, straddling her back like a proper mount and held on tightly as she could to the nape of her mother's neck.

"We've got you surrounded!" Came a deep booming voice from the head of the stairs. "Lay any weapons on the ground and put your paws on your head!" He called down again, heavy thudding sounding, letting them know that the first of the officers were stepping down the stairs.

With a snarl, she charged forward, surprised yells coming from the police she ran into as she used the staff in her muzzle to bulldoze her way, catching the odd baton swing with the pole. Feeling her daughter's arms tighten around her neck, she did her best not to linger though the warriors blood boiled in her, roaring for her to take down the enemy before her but she knew with the modern technology they had that time would be short for their escape.

"This is Haven station calling anyone in range, we have a...feral tiger with a staff in its muzzle escaping with a prisoner!" a guard shouted in disbelief into a handset before he was sent flying by the charging tigress.

Bursting out of the doors, she glanced around frantically before shifting back to her bipedal form, her tiger bike rumbling up to her from around the corner of the station.

"Tess, I know this is a lot to take in but...we need to flee to cover. I passed some woods just down the road from here, we'll have to hide and then figure how we get back to our time...we just don't belong here," Tygriss said with a flattening of her ears, bending down to pick the folger up in her arms and clutching tight to her bust.

Tessa barked as she held on tight, her eyes were closed tightly, missing all the carnage that was going on around her. She heard the familiar roar of Tygriss's bike rolling up next to them as the feline slowly changed back. Tess shivered, holding onto her mother tightly. "Do we have to leave again?" She asked before hearing the shouts of the officers as well as sirens coming from down the road.

"Yes...if we can leave. I don't know if that is possible in a world nearly devoid of magic," Tygriss growled, pushing the bike as fast as it could go despite feeling the drain on her own energy. She had

already exhausted herself, fighting to free her daughter and then even more spent between changes and charging through the guards.

They clambered onto the bike again, taking off down the road away from the police station. Cop cars chased them down the road, sirens wailing and ever growing louder. Reaching the end of town, they came to a thick forest, the trees parted just enough to allow them through, blocking the police from following. Eventually the only thing that could be heard was Tygon's roar, slowly fading as it began losing power. Holding her ear to her mother's back, she could hear and feel the energy draining from Tygriss.

"M-Momma...We should stop...You-You're tired." Tess said in concern, lifting her head to talk over her mother's shoulders.

"Damnit...this...soul link between this machine and I is a double edged sword..." Tygriss growled as the roar of the engine became a gentle rumble as they slowed down in the woods. "We have-have to get deeper in the woods daughter, they can still follow us on foot...and..." her next words cut off as the bike seemed to run into an invisible wire, throwing the pair of them up and off the bike and into the dirt.

Tygriss struggled to stand back up, staggering like a drunk before falling over her daughter, using her body to shield her.

"I'm not...letting you take h-her," she growled, ears flat but it was all an empty threat as she had nothing left to fight with.

There was a soft squeak as Tess was pressed underneath her mother, looking towards the voice, just able to see passed the bright red hair that hung over Tygriss's shoulder.

"Don't worry," a husky voice said as a black and red figure emerged from the shadows, "we are not taking you back, least not for now."

The last image Tygriss saw before she lost consciousness was of an extremely large, bushy tail and a petite black panther.