

Part 02: Ice Age Huntress and Berserker

Rita Repulsa, the Empress of Evil, has just set her ultimate plan of conquest into motion. Finster's newest creation, the Dinonator, has been sent down to deal with the Power Rangers one by one. A shroud had been placed to separate them from Zordon and to keep them from helping one another or even just to contact each other and anyone else. Now the Dinonator currently has dealt with both the Red Ranger and the Pink Ranger, the two which would've proven to be the most troublesome of all. They had been converted to dedicated saurian subordinates, completely under his command. Now, the Dinonator initiates his next move and sends them to add more to their ranks outside of Angel Grove. Meanwhile, he heads on his way to deal with two more of the Rangers.

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Far away from the city, there was a dance-off going on between some of the best dancers across the region. It was taking place in a concert stadium at another high school far south of Angel Grove. Spectators were all gathered around a dancing square where numerous selected individuals would dance to certain mix tapes while being judged by the usual trio—the Hipster, the Nice-One, and the Cynic. Many had already been scored harshly yet fairly with more yet to be tried and tested. In the end, only one person would come out on top as the “King of Dance”—winner take all.

In a corner, Zack was loosening himself up, getting ready for just about anything. It didn't bother him how badly the judges were being critical with all the other competitors up to him. He was too focused on winning. In the past, he'd been constantly told he didn't have what it takes to win. However, his time on the Island of Illusion taught him to believe in himself. Who cared what anyone else thought of him? He knew and felt that he was good, not to mention his friends believed in him, and that's all that mattered.

Zack stood out in the team as the only African in the group. His street styled “Hip-Hop Kido” demanded more loose clothing for easier maneuvering as he flowed from one stunt to the next. He always loved to wear black to signify his color on the Power Rangers, but mixed it with gold and red to stand out. He was fairly built with a Flat-Top hairdo, his face clean shaven. He had to look his best for the show. Zack Taylor was many things besides a hero—magician, lady lover, and even a prankster; but the most important part of his life was music, hip-hop and dancing. He was always one to step up to a challenge, and what better challenge than an event like this? Plus, there hadn't been reports of any monsters or Putty attacks as of late. Zack was going to enjoy his time off while he had the chance. Shame his on-and-off crush, Angela, left on vacation with her own friends...

Zack was getting his groove on really good when the current music stopped. The dancer on the floor—some white guy with a bandana on his head—became lifeless as he turned to the judges for approval. It started with the Hipster. “Yo, Dray, I thought you had a good start, but...I don't know.” He shrugged, “It kind of got a bit lazy at the end.”

The room was deathly silent when the next judge spoke, playfully scowling her fellow judge before looking at the dancer sweetly. "I don't know what he's talking about. I thought you were just fine with how you were rolling about the floor like that." The crowd applauded some at that, but they knew better.

It was the Cynic who truly determined whether or not he was going anywhere. By the look on his stoic face, he didn't appear moved by that at all. "I thought that was just awful," Though the crowd began to boo at him and he was being punched in the arm by the Nice one, he continued unfaltered, "No, I seriously thought that we'd seen this before at least a half dozen times. You have offered nothing new to this performance. Thank you." Despite the beating he was getting by that Cynic, to his credit, the guy was able to take it well and with a smile on his nose-pierced face. Walking off with grace to the sound of applause, the judges banged a rock on their table and called for some order.

"All right, quiet. Now up next, we have a, uh...Zack? Zack Taylor. Where is he?" At the calling of his name, Zack immediately leapt onto the dance floor, already making a spectacle of himself to all the people around him; including his companion. As usual, the watching Trini could expect nothing less from him. It wouldn't be Zack if he were far more modest and humble. Still, this had been pretty entertaining and Zack was the best at Angel Grove High. Surely he could make even the Cynic's frown turn upside down.

Trini stood out as much as Zack in the team as the only Asian in the group. Trini's long and dark hair fell well over her shoulders, a golden hairband fitted over her bangs. She wore a short open blouse over a striped tube top with dark short shorts and women sport's shoes. Her red lipstick glossed in the fluorescent lighting and her teeth were a flawless pearly white smile. Trini had a rather maternal presence about her, showing maturity beyond her years. As such, she was the heart of the team and often did her best to support the others, particularly Billy and Kimberly. Both of her best friends were taking care of other things like the rest of the Rangers though, and Trini wanted to be there for at least one of the team. Zack technically asked her to come along, anyway; and had asked first, so her weekend was set. Angel Grove would have to wait. What was the worst that could happen?

"All right then. So, Zack was it? What exactly are you going to be doing for us?" The Hipster inquired curiously.

"Oh, I'm doing a particular style I came up with a little while back. I call it 'Hip-Hop Kido'. It's awesome, you'll all love it." Zack declared with conviction.

"It's really all that?" The Cynic raised his eyebrows. "Well then; we'll see, won't we? What kind of song you got for this?"

"I have one you can use. It is a classic I like to call 'Walk the Dinosaur'." Some heads turned at where that voice was coming from. Zack and Trini didn't like the sound of it.

Suddenly, the doors burst open and the floor shrieked with inhuman cries and hisses. Strange looking anthropomorphic prehistoric reptilian creatures had flooded the floor and were beginning to attack everyone—the spectators, the judges, and even the dancers. Strutting up the dance floor was one hulking over all the rest present, resembling an Allosaurus with green scales and dressed in attire reminiscent of a barbarian warlord. He looked over at Zack smugly as Trini rushed up by his side. “Lucky me, I find two of you here right out in the open...Power Rangers.”

Zack took a stance and narrowed his eyes at the intruder. “Who are you? How did you know who we are?”

“What does it matter how I found you? I have been looking for you, especially knowing what you are capable of. As for myself? I am the Dinonator; and you, Black Ranger, are exactly what I was looking for in terms of muscle. A Mastodon truly does suit you, and you will not want to be anything else once I see to it.” The reptilian warrior declared while pointing at Zack with resolution before turning his sight to Trini. “Well now, aren’t you a pretty one? The Yellow Ranger, right? The Sabertooth Tiger? How suiting. You will be feeling plenty catty when I am through with you as well.” He then spread his arms out as he backstepped to the entrance. “Now follow me if you value the lives of everyone here.”

“He’s getting away!” Trini pointed.

“We have to stop him before he does something else!” Zack agreed.

The two Rangers followed the Dinonator outside the building where he stood on the stadium grounds next to the parking lot. He had a pleased smile upon his face and arms crossed in anticipation. “You have both fallen right into my trap. Now I have you both right where I want you and there is no one to get in the way out here. I want you to show me your powers and the prehistoric animals whose mantles you wear.”

“Oh, yeah? Well, we’ll see about that,” Zack pulled out his Morpher with Trini doing the same next to him, both shouting together. “It’s Morphin’ time!”

“Mastodon!”

“Sabertooth-Tiger!”

Like before, the Dinonator watched with interest as the two humans’ appearance transform in a flash of light. In place of their casual attires were bright, skin-tight, full-body outfits with thick boots and gloves and weapons holstered around a belt which bore their Power Coins. Their faces concealed behind their prehistoric animal-themed helmets and black visors. Were it not for the black and yellow colors, one would not have been able to discern who they were.

Zack reached down for his Power Axe to take a run at their opponent, but Trini quickly stopped him before he could even touch it, "No! Hold on, Zack! Listen, the sounds from the inside have gotten louder! He has hostages now! We're at a huge disadvantage!" Trini pointed at the stadium where even more animalistic shrieks and roars resonated from within as well the occasional screams of civilians. Zack was looking awkwardly at the Dinonator and then back at Trini, "Uhh, we really don't have time for this..."

"That is right. It is exactly as you hear it. Either of you attempt to draw your weapons or try anything else and these civilians all die," The monster sternly warned. "Something I would rather not have any more than you would, believe it or not. I would rather it not come to that, but do not put me to the test."

"He's got the upper hand here, unfortunately." Trini sighed and then lowered her Power Daggers, looking sullenly at the monster before them, "What do you want with us?"

"Oh, you will both see soon enough. I promise you that. After all, you are making the right choice. No need for things to be any more difficult than they should be, right? Trust me, this is for the best. Now, hold still..." The Dinonator flashed his talons, looking back at the two of them before scraping the two of them; sparks flashing from their suits as they attempted to absorb the damage. Trini grabbed her arm and winced in pain while Zack reeled back. Trini didn't even have time to ask what that was about when she felt her body convulse in heat.

Trini fell to her knees, her weapons falling to the ground; her eyes tightly shut behind her helmet as she tried to not think about the pain. She did not notice it, but her Power Coin upon her belt now resonated bright yellow. She found herself frantically removing her helmet in an attempt to lessen the pain she now felt. When her eyes opened again, they were now large and golden; feral like a large jungle cat's. Yellow fur was now sprouting around them and spreading quickly. A distinct pressure was digging into her wound. When she looked down, she realized that it was herself. The nails on her hands had changed, shifting into sharp, retractable claws which now tore through her gloves. As her nose pinkened, a pressure was building against the back of her suit pants. How was she suddenly able to hear so well, she wondered to herself; not seeing her ears tug and shift higher.

Zack himself was in his own pain, especially from his head which resulted in him dropping his weapon and removing his helmet in haste to relieve the pressure he now felt from inside it. Unbeknownst to him, his Power Coin now resonated a bright black light. He found himself getting incredibly hairy as well, though his ears were now so much larger than Trini's. He clutched at his head from this great migraine he was having. Perhaps it was because his nose was now extending outwards, getting long and thick like an elephant's trunk.

Trini was noticing a rather earthy scent off of Zack. It smelt awfully like a pachyderm and made her feel...a desire for something. A inner wish she might not have known she had for a long time. Her tongue was licking her darkening lips and growing saber fangs.

Part of her was not sure if she was thinking of attacking her teammate or something else, all Trini knew was that she was feeling incredibly warm from the fur on her body underneath her straining Ranger suit. "Mrrrr...so hot...and warrm..." Trini chuffed, her now bigger feet bursting out of her boots. Padding thickened on her palms and toes as her hair began turning golden, receding and melding into the fur of her flattening skull. "I need...you, Zack...need to..."

"Yes?" The Dinonator asked, amused. "What do you desire now, dear cat? Please be specific for your new suitor..."

"Cat? Suitor?" Trini blinked before realizing her new master was right, purring, "Yes, I am a cat...a cat-woman...I'm a...mrr...smilodon...Sabertooth Tiger...and his soon-to-be mate!"

Zack was watching Trini giving in to the animal that Rita's new valet was telling her to be. He wanted to protest, but he was getting lost in the changes; including his new furred muscle mass and massive hands which shredded apart his gloves. He could feel his tusks coming in and realized how liberating his changes were. It was making him accept this new form very easily as the Dinonator came to check on him. "How are you feeling, my powerful Mastodon?" Dinonator asked Zack. "I feel goooood, Master! Real good! In fact, the best I have ever felt in my entire life!" Zack trumpeted with his trunk, stomping the ground with his now bestial feet which had burst apart his boots. "I just wanna wreck stuff up!"

"Oh, you will get your chance to do so; I promise you that. Just for that, you can have personal pleasure with your former fellow Ranger...I am more than sure she will be your match if you are strong enough..." The Dinonator promised with pride. He then reached down and collected the Black and Yellow Rangers' belts with the Morpher's attached. "Before you begin, however, I would like to give you both another gift. Something to help you both, to welcome you to my side...fit in better with the new way of things to come in this place." With a quick wave of his empty hand and snap of his clawed fingers, the Power Coins on the Morphers held in the Dinonator's other hand lit up once more as the remains of the Rangers shredded costumes shattered into sparkles of light which then gathered and reshaped onto the bodies of the newly transformed Rangers. When the light faded, the former Black and Yellow Rangers now wore attire akin to what would be worn in the Ice Age. Zack now only wore a light black loincloth strapped around his waist by two ties which went down to his shins. Trini now donned a set of minimal light yellow rags and leather strips which covered her waist and chest.

"Mrrrr...yes, Zack...please, I need you...I need you to prove yourself to me...and I am a big, eager, and hot pussy cat...mrowr!" Trini mewed and growled, her muzzle beginning to stretch out to accommodate her full set of predator's teeth. Part of her couldn't believe what she was saying, but that was likely the human in her fading away. *Good*, she thought; after all, Trini now found the growing prehistoric cat inside her much more to her liking, anyway. She was feeling so good and powerful right now and yet so restricted within her Power Ranger suit. She needed to break free of her garb, to feel

the wind on her fur and skin beneath as well as the ground under her foot-paws. The quicker they were off, the sooner she could just be the most beautiful and sexiest Smilodon possible. Her sharp claws began to tear as much of her suit that remained off instinctively before her growing muscled body tore the rest of it off for her. Trini looked and smelled herself while turning around; admiring her now much larger chest and her purrfect, professional model and champion wrestler-esque body in all its golden glory. Trini's hand-paws started feeling all over her mighty chest as much as possible, taking all her definition; the feeling making her mouth hang open in a long, relaxed, feline moan. "Oh...oh, yes...sabertooth kitty feel so good now...if only there was a good, powerful male to share the strength with!" Trini yowled, hoping that Zack would hear that. She was the perfect match for him, the dominant alpha prey who could tame the apex predator of the Ice Age.

Zack was busy flexing the last of his tightening Ranger suit off his powerful anthro pachyderm body, resembling a perfect blend between human and the ancient mastodon. All the while, he was locked in a posing routine like a professional bodybuilder and model. As he smelt the air with his trunk in the midst of his flexing, his thick fingered hands tightening as if wanting to grip something. When he heard Trini's cries, he lumbered straight for her, the earth shaking with each step of his foot.

Trini looked up in shock at how much bigger her companion was compared to her. That was both nerve-wracking and also quite exciting. She spread her digitigrade legs apart and set her hands as fists to her sides. The sabertooth breathed in excitement and looked up into Zack's dark eyes as she waited for him to match her. "Mrrrr...was I too ambitious? My prey has the upper hand...but now he should show how powerful he is! Mroooowr!"

Zack wasted no time into matching strength with this wild wildcat, her scent and aura driving him wild with his fighting instincts already pounding out of control. He got right in front of her, his own legs spread apart as he then thrust his balled up fists into her open hands. Trini yowled and pushed back before him in excitement, her claws burying and locking into the thick hide on his hands. Her eyes narrowed as she roared out in pure primal excitement, unable and unwishing to for this exchange of strength against this noble and powerful beast to end. All the while, their eyes now glowed the colors of She briefly looked up at her master's pleased smile and then at the door still open to the dance floor close by to her and her new mate and equal.

All over inside, people were changing, giving in to their own primitive animals. The three judges themselves were engaged with an animalistic dance with the last dance contestant as they welcomed him in to their pack of anthro raptors, the new male engaged in a slow-dance with the only female. Both Zack and Trini could overhear the Cynic commenting how he was truly talented at what he did...the transformation really sweetened his mood, it seemed.

Soon, the entire floor was a procession of anthro dinosaurs and ice age mammals performing a specific *courtship* ritual/dance of sorts with one another. The Dinonator

looked on proudly at his work and laughed. Soon there would be no one left to stop his conquering of the world. After he gave these two new primal warriors their next instructions, he had urgent business with a specific traitor; one who had turned on his creator and (from his perspective) earned his status through little merit on his own. Soon, Tommy Oliver would learn his place...