

Crimson Clover  
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## Chapter 1: Introductions

Hi there... my name's Daniel McLeod. Heh... no, not Daniel as in Dan... *Dan-iel*. As in Dani. I'm a girl...

Anyways, you're here to hear about my story, but to tell that story, we need to cover a little bit about my past, and for that matter, we need to cover a little bit about my lineage.

Nearly a century ago, a potato famine in Ireland caused thousands of immigrants to move over the great Atlantic between Ireland and New York. This created a situation where there were more Irishmen and women in the city of New York than there were on the actual island of Ireland.

During the great push west that began at approximately the same time as the great immigrations, a great deal of those Irishmen and women and their families moved to where they could work, functioning as lumberjacks, teamsters, seamstresses, cooks, and of course... farmers.

After the State of Minnesota was successfully logged to the point where it was nothing but endless plains, all its pines clear cut and made into fertile farmland, a great deal of these Irish and Irish descendants settled the land as farmsteads and became the second largest ethnic concentration here short of those who were of Swedish decent.

After a few generations, as Minnesota became more and more heavily populated thanks to the Iron Range, Fort Snelling and the Mississippi, with a central city of the combined Minneapolis and Saint Paul urban and sub-urban areas that were over a hundred miles across, the Irish steadily settled into more main stream jobs, while at the same time filtered their blood and heritage down through the lines till a great many Minnesotans can claim that they are at least a quarter Irish.

Me, I'm about three-quarters Irish, or at least that's what my mom told me. I have a grandmother who's fully Irish still, but thanks to such a concentration of Irish descendants, I'd been born so Irish that I had red hair and green eyes, but I was English enough – as my grandmother called me – that I didn't have the full-bodied freckles like she did.

Essentially, what all this means is that I'm short, strong-boned, tough-skinned, red-headed and green-eyed young woman, with pert little boobs and barely any hips to be noticed due to my size. I was only five and a half feet tall, but that at least is an improvement on what my grandmother boasts, she being less than five feet tall. You just watch out when you upset her and she's been cooking... that ladle comes out of nowhere!

But nonetheless, she makes the best beef stew and corned beef and cabbage, and she can make a mean horseradish sauce that could put hair on anyone's chest... even if they're a woman.

You must see me talking about my grandmother a lot... wondering why I'm speaking of her instead of my parents. That's because I don't know my parents. They both died in a car wreck a long time ago. Mom was pregnant with me at the time, and the doctors were able to save me, but not them. Dad died instantly; mom much later of internal bleeding that came about from the crash that killed them, and from internal hemorrhaging from having me.

But that's the past, and there's not much use dwelling on it. I do have pictures of them at least, so I'm happy... and Gran has been like a mother and father in one hardy little woman who looked like she gave

birth to my mom while working in the potato fields in Ireland. She was an energetic little ball of energy that carried a Shillelagh instead of a cane.

Being that she was so Irish, we had an Irish household, where the principal decorations were red and green, and when other kids are being regaled for bed time stories from mother goose, I was receiving bed time stories from Irish, Welsh and Gaelic Bards. Honestly... Bard stories are a lot cooler than Mother Goose anyways, because they were of heroes and heroines against great and mighty threats like dragons and invading Viking hordes.

But there was one series of stories Gran told me that I always loved and asked for as a child, and those were the tales of a woman named "Crimson Clover."

She was a woman like unto Sir William Wallace of the Welsh, and Gran made tale of her, dressed all in red, as tall as a giant, with breasts like mountains, and stronger than a thousand men! She fended off Ireland thanks to her Shillelagh and her own sheer strength and powers that were easily equal to those of the Fae; those mystical God-like Fairie folk of old stories like Shakespeare's "*A Midsummer's Night's Dream*." and the like.

In comparison to her, Super Man was a sissy...

## Chapter 2: Crimson Clover

I was rather independent for a nineteen-year-old; I thank my Gran for that.

She made sure I was brought up just like her, which meant that I could cook and sew my own clothes and act like a lady should, but it also meant that I didn't have to rely on a man for anything. I fixed my own car when I was able to, changed its oil and tires... I even changed a water pump and an alternator on it once.

Not bad for a two-door blue hatch-back with a brown door with no heater or air conditioning that cost two hundred dollars, but at least it gets me from place to place.

One of those places is near to where my mom and dad got in their untimely accident that robbed me of their presence in my life. Gran brought me here once a summer, but now that I was old enough to drive and I had my own car, I came here on my own from time to time. It was the only place on Highway Fifty-Two - a highway that ran between Saint Paul and Rochester - on the north bound side of the road where you would find a strangely growing fact. In fact, I'd wager that it was the only place in all of Minnesota that this plant grew wild...

The name of that plant was the '*Crimson Clover*.'

It wasn't hard to miss, with the big green leaves and the bright red tassels of flowers that grew on the end of them surrounding an ornate knee-high stone cross set in the ground baring the names and the dates of birth and death of both my mother and father.

The DNR would probably be upset at Gran for planting a non-native European plant in the wild of Minnesota, but if she went to jail over it, I'd gladly go with her. Besides, the Crimson Clover didn't grow anywhere else but around that cross.

Pulling over to the side of the road, after doing a U-turn at the first available place that I could from coming from Saint Paul, which was about a mile south of it, I exited the vehicle wearing nothing but a pair of moccasins, ankle-length socks, a set of jeans that accented what feminine wiles I did have, and a simple white shirt. I didn't wear a bra... I didn't have a reason to with these little boobs I had... but boy did I have big nips, and when they erected, like they were now, then it drew the attention I wanted now and then with boys. Sadly, I was still a virgin, and I'd yet to have a boy between my legs despite how much I wanted to have sex at the moment, I just never thought that any of the young men I met were worthy enough to take my virginity from me.

Coming to stand before the car with my long fingers sticking in my front pockets with the thumbs hooking on the outside, I looked down at the cross and the flowers. Not able to think of anything to say, I just stared at the epitaphs and their names.

People might wonder why a lone girl like me might want at the side of the road, some might honk, some might even pull over, but when they saw what I was doing, they never really said anything and just quietly left.

Every time I came here, I always brought a gift for them, and this time, after standing there for awhile, I took it out of my pocket, and placed it around the top spoke of the cross, leaving my first silver cross and its rosary of beads around it.

"See ya later, mom and dad." I said quietly, and bent like my grandmother showed me to do and kissed the top of the cross like I was kissing a Blarney Stone.

After standing, I looked at the stone cross that marked the place of the accident and was on my way to my car when I heard something that I'd never heard there before.

“Faith n’ begora!” I stopped dead in my tracks as I heard an Irish accent say that, and turning around on my heel, I had to blink and shake my head as I saw a little man, about twelve inches tall and dressed all in green except for a pair of brown shoes and a white shirt, hop from within the clover around the cross and sit on top of the stone cross before putting a pipe in his mouth. “Hello there lassie. It’s been a long time, hasn’t it?”

### Chapter 3: O' Finnegan

I blinked and then did a double take as I looked at the smoking little bearded man puffing on a long-stemmed pipe.

“W-who... *what* are you?” I gasped.

“I could be a twelve inch pianist... but without a piano that’s not very likely.” He grinned around his pipe. “Name’s O’ Finnegan, an’ if ye haven’t gotten it by now, I be... a Leprechaun!” he finished this by taking off his hat, showing some musty hat hair and then bowing with his hat with a flourish before righting himself and donning that hat again.

“W-where did you come from?” I asked, squatting in front of the headstone and looking at him.

“From Notre Dame lassie. I be th’ half-back fer th’ football team. Where d’ ye think I came from, ye daft lassie? I come from th’ Emerald Isle!” and the little man puffed himself up with his hands on his hips. “And that’s a long way fer a wee little man t’ be travlin’, so I thank ye kindly if ye no give me no guff.”

“Sorry... sorry. I just... well I never... ah...” I tried to apologize, but I was still taken by this situation.

“...Never thought th’ little people exist?” Finnegan finished for me with a smirk and then lit his pipe. “Ye might be a bit surprised about what things really exist, lassie.”

“But then why...” I began but he finished for me.

“...Why am I here?” he said and puffed on his pipe before sitting back down atop the headstone. “Ye are a lassie with a questing mind. Good... that’s good, an’ th’ mere fact that ye be speakin’ with me states that ye be willing t’ accept th’ truth that I exist. An’ if ye accept th’ truth that I exist, then mayhap ye can accept other truths... like that monsters exist, as do dragons, and magic...”

“I-I guess.” I admitted. “I mean there you are, right in front of me. And leprechauns are supposed to grant wishes, which means they have magic... and gold!” I said excitedly all of a sudden. “Do I catch you or something; do I get your pot of gold if I do?”

“Not so fast about that, lassie.” He said. “First o’ all, when we grant wishes, we grant wishes in accordance t’ th’ kind o’ wish. If it be a selfish wish, then we can twist the wish all we want, an’ asking fer a pot o’ gold is rarely a wish that isn’t selfish lassie... But if a wish be true, an’ a wish be pure, then ye get what ye want with pride! But all in all, it be th’ little people who judge as t’ whether a wish be selfish or no.

“That explained, th’ reason why I’m here is fer ye, lassie...”

“Me, but why me?” I asked. “What can I possibly do for you?”

The leprechaun smiled. “A great danger be arisin’ in th’ form of an old an’ foul dragon... shoulda been put down as a hatchling if ye ask me. Been defeated by yer family many a time, an’ each time he comes back, he comes back darker, an’ meaner an’ eviler than before.

“More horns, darker scales, bigger n’ bigger body... till he’s nothing but a big ole scalie with a bad temper bristlin’ with fangs, claws, spikes n’ horns.”

“My family? Are you sure? I mean... look at me, I’m just a tiny lassie... er... girl. What can I do against a dragon?”

“Ye know about that guy named Thor, right? From th' comic books? Bangs onna stick an' suddenly he's this big muscley god-thing that vanquishes evil with that big hammer?” I nodded. “Well he's a rip off o' th' real thing, Lassie.

“Crimson Clover!” and he leapt to his feet and stuck a finger in the air and pointed right at me.

“Crimson clover?!” I laughed and fell back on my rump. “You must be mistaken. I'm nothing like her.”

“Not yet ye're not.” He grinned, and then took on a serious tone. “Lassie... ye are the last o' yer blood line. Ye're younger than all yer ancestors were, but th' power be attuned t' th' female line o' yer family. Mother t' daughter, on an' on through th' ages. Yer gran'mother had it, yer mother had it, an' now ye have it, but unlike them, ye must use it.

“I wish I could choose someone else, lassie, but yer gran'mother is far too old, an' your mother, God bless her departed soul, is not available. This leaves only ye, lassie.”

“B-but I'm just a girl. I'm not even really considered a woman yet.”

“Pardon stating th' obvious, lassie, but th' moment ye bled fer th' first time, ye became a woman. All ye need do now... is be given the right nudge.”

“B-but what if I don't want to do this? What if I can't?”

The leprechaun fixed me with one squinty eye as a car rushed by behind me on the highway.

“Then lassie... the world will be thrust into darkness, an' all mankind will be made th' salves o' th' dark dragons... including yer gran'mother.”

I blinked away tears, frightened tears as I stared at him, and compressing my lips and taking a deep breath...

“Then... what do I do?” I said at last.

## Chapter 4: Crimson Clover

O' Finnegan beamed at me and then slapped his knee. "Excellent Lassie!" he said and then rose to his feet with a quick hop. "That be what I always loved about yer family... always willing t' help, an' not being afraid o' anything!"

"Oh don't get me wrong... I'm pretty frightened." I said with a quavering voice as I hugged myself. "A little green man appears out of no where and says I'm the descendant of Crimson Clover and then says that I've inherited her powers because I'm her direct descendant, and I'm the chosen one to go fight a big mean black dragon to keep some kind of time of darkness from the face of the Earth.

"Yeah... I'm freakin' as stalwart as the Rock of Gibraltar."

"Sure'n ye are lassie." O' Finnegan beamed. "You have a lot o' power in ye, lassie, you just need a might bit more confidence t' level it out.

"Yeah. Sure." I said and hugged myself tighter. "What do I have to do to become this great and mighty heroine?"

The leprechaun leapt like a flea then and landed on my shoulder before sitting down and holding onto a few wisps of my hair.

"Sure'n ye be more than y' think y' are, lassie. Ye can feel the yearning in ye' already I'm sure. Time t' become what ye were meant t' become." And he pointed forward into a rolling forest that was on the side of the road. "Walk that way, lassie. I shall guide ye to where we need t' be."

I knew that this was ludicrous, I knew that this was perhaps the strangest thing I'd ever done... I mean, here I was with a leprechaun on my shoulder, and he was telling me that I was the direct descendant of Crimson Clover, who was supposed to be a super heroine-like legend of old Ireland!

"Mister O' Finnegan," I ventured as I stepped forward in the direction of the forest. "Please, while I do this totally maddening thing that is reminiscent of a nervous break down, tell me why I can do these things that Crimson Clover did."

"T' answer that lassie, ye need t' know who she was." O' Finnegan said while puffing on his pipe. "Yer first mother was born in th' wild when her mother, escaping from her fellow witches fer being impregnated by a druid, a most unlikely an' forbidden union, was crippled by their witchery an' had just enough strength to give th' child life 'fore giving up her own. There in th' rain, with her mother dead and not even able to give her new baby suck, Clover howled an' cried fer days till she became sore in th' throat by the time we little people came across her.

"Taking pity on the child, we took her back to our hidden and secret places and raised her till she was old enough t' fend fer herself. So promptly at th' age o' five, we little people booted her out of our homes, mainly cause she was getting' so big fer our holes.

"But Clover possessed the forbidden combination of witches and druids in her, an' despite only being five years o' age, she possessed great power that began to assert itself on her as she grew older. But th' magic in her, since she never used it, was never trained, and instead it just kept building up in her.

"Eventually, she grew tall as a giant as strong as a thousand men.

"We little people kept an eye on her, watched her grow, an' such a sensually powerful creature she became too. Killed a bear with her bare hands – pardon th' pun – befriended a great red wolf so large even she could ride it into battle, and boy was she a hellion, with a wail that was just like a banshee's"

“You speak of her like you knew her.”

O’ Finnegan smiled. “I did.” He said and I gasped as I turned to look at him on my shoulder. “I’m th’ official watcher o’ yer family, lassie. Ye see, I was made responsible fer Clover way back when, cause I was th’ one who stumbled upon her as a wee babe.”

“How old are you exactly?” I asked him then.

“My ye’re a curious one! Just like yer first mother...” he chuckled, and then thumbing his nose gave me a wink. “A wizened wee sprite am I, lassie. I’m a good eight centuries old by me own reckoning.”

I smirked but then my face fell as I remembered this great evil dragon he talked about. “How did she meet that dragon, and how are they connected?”

“Th’ dragons be fierce creatures, an’ this one be sick in th’ head t’ boot. A wit like a razor’s edge, an’ about as vicious as a pack o’ rabid badgers fightin’ inna sack.”

I bit my lower lip as the two of us entered into the stand of trees here, suddenly growing very nervous about all this.

It was impossible! It was incredible! I enjoyed fairy tales, but here I was entering into one. I like hearing stories about heroines and dragons and fairies, but I never thought that they were really real, and as I walked, my mind screamed at me.

*‘This is stupid. This isn’t real. This cannot be...’* But the little leprechaun on my shoulder smoking his pipe said otherwise.

“W-what else do you know about this dragon?” I asked with a bit of a quaver in my voice

“Nary much more than that, lassie.” O’ Finnegan stated. “Every time he reappears, he’s bigger, stronger an’ more powerful than ever. What’s worse issat he just won’t die!”

“Then how do I defeat such a beast, especially when...” my voice trailed off and I looked at my hands at the ends of my spindly arms, and I worried at how small and insignificant I was.

“Don’ ye worry about yer lack o’ strength or power lassie... we be fixing that soon.”

I paused in my step, slowing to a halt as I blinked before turning my head to the leprechaun. “H-how do we do that?!” I gasped. “Little old me, a hundred and twenty pound weakling is going to take on a multi-ton *Dragon?! How am I going to do that?!’*”

O’ Finnegan smirked around his pipe as he inhaled a long draw and then exhaled a smoke circle.

“One o’ th’ things that be lacking in this here world, lassie, is faith.” He said with a wink and a nod before me, and turning I saw a clearing in the woods. “Head to that there clearing over yonder. That be where we begin yer life as th’ new Crimson Clover.”

I followed his gaze and walked over to the clearing, looking around me, knowing that there was something strange here. Looking up at the towering pines and their towering trunks, I realized that the clearing was perfectly circular, and with the way the trees were spaced so close together, the place where I was standing was the only gap wide enough for someone even as petite as myself to get in here.

“This here be a Ley Nexus, lassie, a point where two or more lines of natural energy converge and intersect.”



I lifted my hand into the air before me, feeling something there, and as my hand passed through a section of air, suddenly it glowed blue and I saw wafting mists rushing about it, felt a tingling energy that made both nipples on my chest harden and I squealed before drawing my hand back as if having just touched a very hot thing. Blue mist with tiny motes of light still wafted about my hand as if they clung to it, but also the lights were rushing back into the dissipating mists that my hand had somehow ignited which was then disappearing like a closing hole.

“W-what was that?!” I cried.

“That be raw magic, lassie. It be th' stuff that makes things grow an' change, gives them energy t' do normal everyday things, but it's also th' stuff that lets those who can draw on it t' do extraordinary things as well.

“Look to your feet.” He said and I did.

Beside one of the trees nearby was a gourd with a cork on its top held by a leather thong. Bending down I picked it up and heard something liquid slosh inside it.

“What's this?” I asked; turning it and hearing it slosh inside.

“That be concentrated magic, lassie... what some in the world might call '*Juju*,' or what we call '*Sweet water*.' Drink it lassie, ye need a bit o' a boost t' do this next trick.”

I looked to O' Finnegan to see if he was joking or not, and he stared back at me stone-faced while smoking his pipe. Sighing, I opened the gourd and smelled it. Some of the mist that'd appeared about my hand just a minute ago wafted from it. I expected for it to have some sort of smell, like ozone or earth or maybe even something sweet, but there was no smell at all...

Looking at the gourd it was in again, I sighed. “Bottoms up.” I said and then upended the gourd and began to drink.

Both my eyes opened as wide as they could go the instant that this juice touched my tongue. The substance was like water, but the moment I began to drink I felt as if I were drinking water after living ten days in the desert without a drop! I guzzled and swallowed, breathing heavily through my nose as the liquid rushed into me, down my throat and into the gullet. Each swallow bobbed the flesh of my throat, and once the gourd was empty, I tried sucking more of it out, sticking my tongue up into it and licking its edges, trying to shake more of the precious liquid out, breathing in the vapors that exited its mouth.

I began to cry as I realized there was no more, weeping for loss of such a thing as I swallowed, still thirsty for more of the substance.

“Everyone's first time is painful.” O' Finnegan said.

But then something else was happening to me, and I slapped both hands over my crotch, gripping it and pressing those fingers against it as the pair of labia there swelled hard and fast, disgorging the vaginal folds inside me and erecting both clit and nipples on my body as hard as they could go.

“Oh!” I groaned, biting my lower lip and rolling my body deeply while I rubbed those taut chords of woman flesh.

Breathing nasally, heaving for every breath, which likewise made my chest heave, I felt the waters sliding through me, creeping along every vein and capillary in me, suffusing every cell and every sinew and energizing the whole of the nervous system holding me up. Then there was a tightness in me, my flesh tightening over every inch of me, firming up as the muscles and bones beneath that flesh all thickened and

squirmed. Micro spasms occurred over all that tightening flesh while I continued rubbing my sex, fingering it and caressing it toward a steadily growing orgasm. I felt those vaginal muscles quiver suddenly, and I gasped as the pocket of flesh behind them inside me suddenly became flush with juices that immediately rushed outward in a minute squirt into the panties I wore, moistening my loins and getting me all hot and bothered, ready for a penis to penetrate my virginity.

But something else was happening, and I began to huff and puff, feeling that tensing flesh all over me firming up as the muscles and bones inside me pressed against the insides of my skin, filling me outward in every direction. I heard cracks and groans as muscles and bones realigned, tightened and stood on end, barreling my chest and broadening both my hips and shoulders, forcing this body of mine to fill the clothes I wore and make them too all the tighter around me.

“W-what’s happening to me?!” I quavered. “O’ Finnegan!” I moaned and felt a little more nectar escape me to moisten my panties, and right beneath my hands, I felt that vaginal mound of mine quivering and pulsating, and what was more was that it, like the rest of me, was also swelling!

The pocket of flesh was distending, swelling, filling me with such sexual tension the likes of which I’ve never known before, and as I arched my body, I felt my shirt un-tuck, revealing the expanse of tummy that it hid and the deepening hole of a belly button at its base.

“Ye’re doing what th’ fems o’ yer bloodline have been able t’ do since yer first mother, lassie. Ye’re all able t’ take in th’ mana that be magic an’ absorb it into ye. Great power both magical an’ physical comes from th’ mana, an’ in ye, it’s most potent. Especially in ye, ye being th’ twenty-seventh daughter of Crimson Clover.

"Three times three times three...

“That be an especially magical number, lassie... it means that in ye... magic be not only extremely efficient because o’ yer blood, but it be also amplified ‘cause o’ th’ number o’ yer birth.”

And I groaned and arched myself again, feeling like all that sexual tension that had been building within me for a good five years was now focusing right in between my legs, all of it growing hotly beneath both hands and between both thighs. I was afraid that I’d wet myself with a torrent of sexual juices once I really came, and explosion of juices that would wash into the crotch of these jeans and panties and create a big wet spot.

I clenched down and pinched those two vaginal lips together tighter, using my fingers to help while I clenched my teeth and butt cheeks in an effort to hold that rising orgasm in. I clenched every muscle, feeling myself growing longer as the hem of the shirt I wore rose steadily up along my belly, and the cuffs of my jeans slid up over both ankles.

I slid the edge of a hand against my pussy again, the twin lumps swelling to either side of the zipper before them, creating two long lumps there as the creases in those jeans tightened into the creases of both legs that were within them, the fabric tightening about the flesh while the flesh was being pushed outward by the sinew and bone beneath it, and I felt myself thickening steadily as I moaned in utter elation and felt more nectar slip from inside me to create a hot, syrupy wetness that spread from navel to the seat of both butt cheeks.

Sighing and moaning, hunching both shoulders upward about a thickening neck and arching myself tantalizingly, I felt every bit of me lengthening and growing, filling outward. I felt pinching and bulging from tightening flesh and swelling bones and muscle, and of course from the clothing about me, but it was the sudden sensation of inflation against my chest that made me slowly open both eyes and look down, and there I gasped and beheld the steady growths against that chest as the pert little mounds of both breasts steadily began to swell outward!

Swallowing hard all the saliva that was filling my mouth and dragging both hands upward along my bodice, I cupped those breasts and gasped at the feeling of them both throbbing ecstatically, their areola puffing outward, their nipples thickening even larger than ever while I felt a tingling inside the swelling mounds from the glands in them filling outward and swelling.

I was developing pecs beneath those tits, which were adding to their size and firmness, and biceps, triceps and a tightened slab of abdominals that formed between two widening hips too. My thighs thickened and so did both calves beneath those thighs, the wedge of pelvis holding the base of all my abdominals and that swelling vaginal mound with those distending labia being drawn further beneath me as they sank between the thighs guarding them. I felt my neck lengthening along with both arms and legs, as well as my navel as I grew taller, and I gasped, breathing more heavily as squeezed those swelling breasts of mine; my legs pressing about that throbbing pussy between them would have to suffice in calming it down.

I felt those breasts as they both swelled forward and outward, rapidly filling both palms of either of my hands as those tits filled outward to D-cups, the shirt I wore rapidly sliding up along my navel as those breasts swelled and my chest burgeoned outward, revealing more and more of my tightening abdomen as the garment folded about those firm pair of tits.

The rounded girths were soon pressing against each other, their nipples and areola standing on end and creating punctuations on the ends of either tit through the white shirt I wore while the collar of the shirt stretched downward about them and its hem slid upward and tightened about me along the ribs.

With both arms thickening, the shirt sleeves tightened about the thickening muscles of those arms, and I hugged myself and moaned, feeling more juices sliding from between my twin labia while the whole of me glistened now with gathering sweat.

And then I felt something tantalizing... A bead of sweat gathered at the base of my throat and began to slide downward. At all times before this, with no breasts squeezing together and that spot of flesh being covered by an absorbent shirt of some sort, a bead of sweat never before trickled down between my breasts. But now it did, and I felt it trace its way down the gap formed between those two heaving mammaries, down between either bulging pectoral, over all the ribs beneath them, escaped down passed the hem of the shirt I wore, and then trickled down along all my abdominals.

Closing both eyes, I reveled in this feeling as I massaged and kneaded those tits, pulling them away from each other and then pushing them back together, and looking down at them, as I squeezed and rolled both nipples, my thoughts began to become filled with feelings of kinky sexual things to do to myself... Like suck from my own tits; something that as a small-breasted woman that I was before this, I always dreamed of doing.

I moaned and gasped again as I felt the pressure of growth lessening, and opening both eyes, seeing the red color of hair sliding down along my face, I realized that the short cropping of hair atop my head was growing longer and fuller as I grew.

Shaking and shivering, groaning as I stuffed a hand between both legs to cup my pussy again, rubbing both breasts with the other hand as I watched them grow ever outward, either swelling past Double-D's, past F's and G's, and they kept on swelling through the alphabet and ended right at P.

The moment they reached that mountainous size, though, the pressure of growth ceased and I gasped, collapsing to both hands and knees, breathing hard while those heavily laden mammaries drooped below me within the confines of the tight shirt around them like the precious yet forbidden fruit of a tree of life.

“Zounds what mounds!” O’ Finnegan laughed and I lifted my head slowly, panting at him in annoyance to such a lecherous comment.

“W-what the hell was that?!” I gasped and fell back onto both my heels, immediately stuffing a hand between both thighs as I caressed and cajoled a breast that, with its mate, were barely covered by the shirt I wore. “What’s happened to me?” I asked and then blanched and clearing my throat, I blinked, realizing that my voice had changed, becoming deeper, more feminine and alluring... like those breathy women that were a little too oversexed for their own good. “What happened to my voice?!”

“Now calm down lassie... It be all part o' gaining yer birthright. Much strength, beauty, power n' skill come with those birthrights. This be just th' tip o' th' iceberg! An' if ye realized how wonderful ye looked right now, ye wouldn't be askin' questions an' just be enjoyn' it.”

I gripped my crotch with the one hand, squeezing some of my juices out while I felt the utter firmness of the tits atop my chest with the other hand, and unsteadily getting to both feet before planting the soles of either shoe in the dirt, I looked down at myself, turning and twisting, getting used to these changes, I indeed did take enjoyment in them. Though the moisture within my crotch was a little uncomfortable, and the tightness of everything was a bit uncomfortable too, it nonetheless showed off this new shape of mine in an alluring and sexy light that I never hoped to ever possess.

I had the body that only one in a billion women could claim to have! And since there were only about six billion or something on the face of the Earth, half of whom were women, I had perhaps two peers on the face of the Earth who could be like me.

Wide hips, huge boobs, pleasingly narrow waist and the perfect musculature for the rest of me, which included a firm, apple-shaped behind that the seat of both pants and panties were sucking into. With a longer body than I had before, it made all the clothing I wore maybe a size or two too small. It turned the jeans I wore into capris my shirt into a belly shirt, and also, I found that my navel had narrowed so much that I had to take the belt I wore in by two notches.

But the shrunken clothing also meant that I was a size or two too small of shoe size, and all the toes in ether shoe were scrunched up to an almost painful measure.

I felt myself, caressing breasts and belly teasingly as I slid both hands all over my front before eventually both hands joined and I cupped the pair over the firm and swollen vaginal mound, feeling its power and strength before both hands migrated to feel out the conoturs of both hips and bottom.

“Ooo...” I said as I moved in a seductive stance, and the long strands of fiery red hair atop my head sliding before both my eyes and face gave me a seductive look.

“Ok lassie, ye can stop doin' that now... yer given me a big head.” O' Finnegan grinned around his pipe.

I laughed and then began lowering both hands toward my sides, but I stopped, seeing faint images of that blue mist about both hands and bare arms that the shirt I wore no longer covered.

“Finnegan... What's this?” I asked, showing him the light on either arm and hand.

“That be residual magic clinging t' ye, lassie.” He said, still smoking on his pipe as he exhaled a great puff of gray to either side of his mouth. “You're charged by drinking th' sweet water, an' it's claimed ye now... s' now ye have th' power t' absorb residual magic, an' likewise, ye have enough in ye t' use some o' it now.”

“Use some of it?! Me? Use Magic?!”

“Aye Lassie.” Finnegan said. “See those rocks?” and he pointed. Looking to a series of three rocks that were in the center of the clearing, half submerged, I nodded. “Focus on them, try t' lift them with yer mind while using one arm, either ye're most comfortable with, an' try t' lift them from here.”

I stared at him, and then turned to stare at the rocks, and swallowing, I reached out with one hand with the palm up, like I were cradling them in that hand, and I thought about lifting them.

"Concentrate harder, Lassie." he said, and I closed my eyes, imagining that I was a powerful sorceress from the story books, that I had this ability and power, and such a thing was simple and easy! All I needed to do was just do it.

And I felt a twinge inside me, felt it click together with power that was outside me with another power inside me that was somewhere behind my navel, and thrusting that hand higher, feeling the wonderful sensation of both boobs atop my chest wobbling and bobbing with the sudden motion, some of their soft and firm flesh sliding out from beneath the shirt I wore, I felt that power actuating itself, etching a pathway up my body and into the arm I had raise, slid from that arm as I mentally reached out with that power, and immediately I heard a rumble.

My eyes snapped open with a gasp as I looked at what I was doing and immediately the rumbling stopped, but nonetheless, I saw the rocks moving.

"Ye were doin' it lassie!" he grinned, taking his pipe from his mouth. "Try again! Try again!"

And this time, because I knew I could do it, I did it!

The ground beneath us began to rumble, and dirt flew up into the air as the rocks I was trying to lift were pulled right out of the ground, but they were pulled out with all sorts of other rocks all around us!

The earth and ground split open all around us, and I began to hesitate.

"No! Don't stop lassie. You're doin' right!" O' Finnegan cried, and I kept doing it despite the fear I felt as huge pylons of rock were thrust up from the ground, a mound rising and then opening up into a cave right before me as the rocks atop it, the ones I was lifting, unfolded away and a blue flame erupted from the top of it which ignited the blue mists of the Ley Lines to throw the world around us into some ghostly sort of world lit oddly by floating blue flames and the pillar of blue fire in the center.

What was more was that I saw the rocks that were rising around us folding together as well, and I held that rising motion till the last rock slid into place.

When I dropped my arm, looking about us both in amazement, I saw a miniature Stonehenge, with the spaces between the three stones of each rock formation - the sides and cap stone - shimmering with images, and in the center where the mound was, there was a hole that led into the Earth.

"Very good, Crimson Clover." O' Finnegan said. "Ye've taken th' first step into a new world. Now I ask that ye take th' second..."

"The second? The first was a pretty big step!" I gasped. "What do I do?"

Finnegan hopped back onto my shoulder and pointed into the hole. "We must journey into th' underground, lassie... An' claim all yer many birthrights..."

## Chapter 5: Birthright

I stood there with O' Finnegan on my shoulder, staring at the portal and swallowing once before, almost against my will, I stepped forward toward a hole in the mound at the center of the clearing that led to a path that immediately sloped downward and then spiraled into the Earth. Placing both hands on the outside lip of the cave entrance above my head, I peered inside and down around the corner before I walked in and began to walk downward into the bowels of the earth, dragging one hand along the earthen column at the center that seemed to support the whole of this spiraling ramp and the clearing above me.

Several full turns around that pole passed by before the ramp opened again into a large chamber, and stepping out and looking around the darkness, feeling the odd sensation of my breasts wobbling with every little motion, I paused and slid the hand that I'd been drawing against the wall right between both legs and palmed the still throbbing pussy there.

Gritting my teeth, I caressed the throbbing mass of woman flesh and then began to rub it with one finger, getting myself aroused all over again when a subtle glow began to brighten ahead. Lifting my gaze, I saw the room illuminating slowly as grooves set in the walls and the ground steadily began to illuminate as if dozens of glowing blue lines were drawing themselves everywhere around me. There was a great spiraling pattern on the ground, and ornate scrollwork on the walls, with five towering pillars here, each capped by a crystal. At the center of the spiral on the floor was a great altar, the sort of which one would make large animal sacrifices on. The altar itself was likewise becoming illuminated by the grooves.

I saw pictograms illuminating in brilliant color, and as the grooves grew brighter, a second and then a third color, of yellow and then red to make white light sped down the grooves to illuminate the room brighter and brighter, while one of the five crystal orbs on the pillars suddenly lit up like a halogen bulb.

And then I saw someone here, a man wearing a great black robe, with dark brown leather on the shoulders, chest and head portion of the hood, standing there.

"Who's he?" I asked, noticed that I was still fondling myself and slid my hand nonchalantly away from my sopping wet pussy to belly any guilt I might have for pleasing myself like that.

"Eric MacDonald," O' Finnegan said. "He be... A special envoy..." Finnegan said with a little sarcasm. "...From th' Druids."

"Druids?" I gasped. An actual druid?"

"You are correct my lady." this man said, and lifting his head so that I could see into the shadows of his hood, I felt my lips involuntarily purse as I looked upon his face.

He was young, not much older than I was, and very handsome. He looked like he'd be some football star or some such, and the size of his frame that was hidden by his robe told of how masculine he would be. And his voice just sent chills down my spine.

A little more moisture slipped from me.

"It's a pleasure to at long last meet the heir of the fabled Crimson Clover." he said, and I blinked, realizing that he was speaking with an American accent instead of an Irish one like O' Finnegan did.

"Are you from around here?" I asked, squinting my eyes a bit as I approached, fighting my sudden desire to get naked and dance before him.

"New York, actually..." he said.

"Strange, you don't have a New York accent either." I commented once I was before him. He was wearing some kind of subtle scent that was tickling my senses slightly. I wasn't sure what it was, but it definitely drew me toward him.

"I was taught by a tutor who stressed *'proper diction'* over *'slurred speech.'*" he smirked, smiling at me, and I giggled like a little girl till Finnegan cleared his throat.

"Ahem. If we may... Th' lassie needs t' be movin' along now, Eric. If ye would be s' kind t' do what ye were meant t' do instead o' ogling th' lassie's *'assets.'*"

I shot Finnegan a sour look. This could've been my first lay! But then I blinked. *Is that what I was trying to do? I asked myself, Try and jump his bones? Gran never raised me to be like that...*

"Right you are, Finnegan." Eric said, and turned to the pillar with the lit orb on top of it. "There are a total of five strengths, Crimson, that you must acquire. Sadly the birthrights of Crimson Clover are the sorts that must be earned, but luckily, only those who bare her blood in them are able to claim them, and then, only the women of your bloodline can do even that. Likewise, only the direct descendant has any real hope to claim them all." he turned back to me. "I will admit that you are the only one even appropriately befitting the task, my lady. You must collect these powers if you have any hope to defeat the dragon."

I shivered at the mention of the dragon again. "What must I do first?"

"First?" Eric said and turned toward me. "Crimson Clover was known to carry a certain weapon. Do you know what that weapon is?"

"Her shillelagh!" I said suddenly with some excitement in my voice.

"Correct." he smiled at me again, and I practically swooned as I hugged myself girlishly, both boobs atop my chest compressing together between both arms and their slightly enlarged biceps while both tits hefted high atop my chest. As a final tantalizing sight, this stretched the cloth about both those firmly engorged mammaries, which likewise made punctuation points from the thickened nipples attached to either tit.

Eric's eyes flickered to those righteous mounds briefly before flickering back to my face, and I smiled warmly at him and creamed a little more, knowing that he at least had some interest sexually with me.

"In the clearing above us," he continued. "There are five doorways... One of them led you into the clearing from your old life; the other four will take you likewise to other places in the world.

"O' Finnegan will guide you while I prepare for the next stage of your trials, Crimson... But your first task is to claim the weapon for your own.

"Worry not about the passage of time, for you are in an enchanted realm now, and time does not move the same here."

"Ho'kay." I bemused, and Eric turned to direct his attention to a book that was on a stand hidden amidst the pillars. He immediately began to chant in some language that sounded similar to Gaelic, but not quite.

"Come, lassie, we must be on our way." O' Finnegan said, and still looking at Eric's back, we soon left the chamber.

## Chapter 6: Strength of Wood

Soon we were within the field of glowing blue mists again. The world was blue here save for the single stone archway in which I and O' Finnegan had entered this clearing through, which was the only part around me that looked real.

Something in me longed to just walk through that gate and leave all this behind me, but intrigue and curiosity led me forward... As well as a muted sense of... Well, what would one call it? Duty?

"There lassie, that there be our first gateway." Finnegan said and pointed.

Turning toward it, I saw a forest scene beyond, but unlike the straight pines and oaks of a Minnesotan forest that were all straight up and down with the common duff on the ground that was made up of the varied detritus of leaves and other vegetable matter, the forest that I looked upon now appeared to me like it was right out of some fantasy book of the deepest, darkest most uninhabitable portion of an ancient fell-ridden stand of wood.

I half expected Snow White to come running across the field of view the doorway offered me.

The trees didn't always run straight up and down, many curved and arched, and there were brambles and browned and blackened matter that I was none to sure was entirely cast off vegetable matter.

Swallowing, I stepped forward, standing right before the portal, and holding my hand out, I touched a filmy barrier between this bluish world and that forest. I tapped the film, getting it to shimmer and ripple like the surface of a pond after a pebble had been thrown into it, and I chuckled nervously before I stuck my hand through, then the rest of the arm through and then all of me through... And the moment that my hand exited the blue film it disappeared!

"Hey! What happened to the door?!" I gasped and tried to jump through, back and forth underneath the stone archway but whatever magical force had created the gateway was gone now.

"Calm down, lassie... This be th' Fell Wood... A Wood set apart from th' world. Th' door doesn't open fer ye fore ye dinna have enough power t' activate it. Ye need t' claim th' Shillelagh an' absorb th' power o' th' wood t' return t' th' clearing."

I rolled my eyes in exasperation and turned to face the wood again, and right out of certain movies, the trees here closest to the path had face-like visages of monsters ready to spring.

"What is the Fell Wood?" I asked, trying to keep my mind off of everything.

"It be a shard realm where the trees be warped by th' nightmares th' wood produces. At every corner be things that be creepy an' heinous an'..."

"Enough!" I squealed, not liking this place more and more the more I heard of it.

"Ye need not worry 'bout this place, lassie. Ye need only fear going t' sleep here. Be careful o' th' bite of th' bugs an' don't breathe in th' spores o' th' mushrooms. They be meant t' put ye t' sleep in this damnable wood.

"And my first mother's Shillelagh is in here somewhere?"

"Sure enough, lassie. Just keep following th' path, an' don't stray off'n it no matter what ye do."



And I did precisely that, but the path was narrow and crooked, and the deeper I went the narrower it became.

I began to walk, O' Finnegan guiding me and talking to me and I was glad for it as well. I had no idea where the light I was seeing from was coming from, but it was perhaps from all the glowing eyes in all the trees and bushes that watched me as I passed, whispering and chittering as I walked.

"A-are there any dangerous creatures in this forest?" I asked after awhile, hunching my shoulders up as I held myself from a growing chill that was in the air.

"Nay, lassie, though they be a mischievous lot. Gremlins and Goblins, and Oni mostly. If ye have anything in yer pockets I'd guard them, fer they like t' steal whatever not be nailed down."

I didn't have anything in my pockets. I'd left my car keys in my car when I came to look at my parent's marker stone. Didn't think anything such as this would happen.

But after what felt like hours of walking, and getting snagged by branches and brambles that looked like clawed hands griping me and clawing rends open in my flesh, I suddenly felt the cool chill in the air intensify with the coming of a strong breeze that took up the stray wisps of hair atop my head and made the whole forrest begin to click, clack and creak. What was more was that the wind suddenly reversed directions, a totally unheard of thing in the real world, and with it came a roiling tumultuous bank of thick fog.

I squealed, frightened, especially when I felt that the wind kept moving forward and backward, sounding like some great creature breathing.

"Mind yer footing now lassie." Finnegan said. "We're nearing the center of the forrest."

"Why would my first mother's Shillelagh even be in here?!" I squeaked, shaking in fear now.

"To tell ye the truth, lassie... It isn't."

"What?!"

"Keep t' th' path, lassie, an' I'll explain." O' Finnegan said and lit his pipe again. "Yer first mother, when she were only a wee lass o' eight, journeyed into this detestably foul forest, searching fer a particular tree. Ye see... A shillelagh is best made out of a plant called Black Thorn... And only here in th' Fell Forrest can th' blackest, as well as the strongest and eldest, o' all Black Thorns be found.

"I went t' watch over her, lassie... An' I will tell ye what, that ye are braver than she were then."

"I d-don't t-think that I would be as brave as I a-am now if I were eight right now."

"Per'aps, but regardless, lassie, ye be doing fine."

I heard a squish beneath my feet as I walked and I stopped immediately.

"W-what was that?" I squealed, a little higher pitched than normal, or at least, higher pitched than my new womanly voice should've allowed.

"We're in th' bog." Finnegan said simply, keep moving." but he nonetheless rose and held onto a tuft of my hair as he stood atop my shoulder, suddenly vigilant.

I walked, holding myself, feeling a spot of warmth between my thighs and arms at the pits of both breasts and pussy, and I settled on those sexual feelings, drawing what little warmth I could from them as I walked steadily forward.

The squish-squish of steps slowly got sloppier and sloppier, till I suddenly sank by at least a foot and squealed again as water rushed in over my feet and ankles.

"No worries, no worries, lass... It just be water. Keep moving, but quickly now."

The unease I felt combined with the incredible chill in me and O' Finnegan's words made me rush, trudging forward. I tried swallowing the fears I felt, blinking away approaching tears, even as I sank again to my chest, and dirty muddy water flushed my clothing and chilled me further. And then I felt something brush against me.

I churned, and squealed, trying to push it away from me.

"Keep moving lassie, don't look down, and keep moving!" O' Finnegan said loudly into my ear, and I continued, squealing as more and more fleshy things brushed against the bared flesh all over me, and suddenly I was rushing up a steep slope and onto hewn stone stairs, kicking and thrashing as I forced myself upward, pulling my legs out of the way of the water.

"Don't look, lassie... Don't..."

But I nonetheless saw it. The mists cleared from where I exited the water, and I saw faces, faces with wide unblinking eyes that seemed to move as they floated in the water, their hands clawing and moving. Dead naked bodies, both male and female, young and old stared at me, and I screamed as loud as I could manage.

I screamed and screamed.

"Lassie!" Finnegan shouted, hopping up onto my chest and standing there as he took one hand and slapped me.

He was surprisingly strong for such a little guy, and his little hand hit me hard enough to turn the whole of my head, and I was too stunned to do anything else for several long seconds.

When my head snapped back to him and then looking back down, I saw the faces with their surprisingly bright eyes staring at me, their mouths opening and closing repeatedly as the fog wafted back in and sealed them from sight.

"W-what are those?!" I shouted, and Finnegan leapt off my chest as I rose sharply enough to make both tits atop my chest jostle heavily.

"The Drowned." Finnegan said quietly. "Countless ages o' those who entered th' forest through dreams or through reality and succumbed to th' forrest before becoming trapped by it.

"They are th' source o' bad an' evil dreams in th' world, an' their ghostly echoes an' their remains all over th' world created those creatures ye might know as Rusulkas, poltergeists an' ghosts, an' from our own native land, they make banshees an' worse.

"Drowning in a hell o' their own making..."

I realized I was panting as I crawled further away from the water and those Drowned, determined not to become one of them.

"A-are they dangerous?" I asked and held myself as I immediately began to shiver.

"Only... If ye fall asleep or die here."

I shook my head disbelievingly and held myself as I shivered more from what I'd just experienced than from the cold now, feeling both teats and nipples atop either of my breasts throbbing heavily and aching from the frigid cold, and turning my back to the leprechaun and crossing my arms, I took the hem of the shirt I wore and pulled it up and off me, disgorging the swollen mammaries adorning my bodice now as I wrung the shirt out.

"Lassie, what're ye doin'?" Finnegan gasped.

"I'm wet and I'm cold." I said angrily, using anger to cover my fear before I donned my shirt again, seeing it rippled in dirt marks and being truly transparent now that it was wet.

To make matters worse, it wasn't a simple thing to get both tits inside anymore, and tugging and pushing down on that shirt only heightened the aggravation I felt, driving me straight to tears. With a sob and both tits still hanging out, I folded both arms and placed a hand over my face and began to cry.

"Tis ok, lassie..." Finnegan said, holding onto my calf as he looked up at me.

At that moment I didn't even care that those firm and undulating bulges of woman flesh topping me were hanging out and naked.

"Th-thank you." I wept and tried clearing my eyes of tears before attacking the problem of these clothes again.

I found, truly by accident, that I was too large-chested now to just pull a shirt down over these newly enlarged boobs, and handling one and then the other, I stuffed each into the front of the shirt before pulling it back down. I had to lift, separate and then adjust the pair of them to get them to settle right and evenly. And then I began to undo the belt I wore to strip out of pants and panties to squeeze the water out of them too.

"Lassie, do ye know that that not be necessary?"

I was standing there, with the belt undone, the button at the top of the fly opened and the zipper undone, revealing the dirtied triangle of white cotton panties that I wore and one hand down the front of those pants and panties in order to push the garments down. When Finnegan spoke I froze amidst touching the downy hair covered labia of my femininity as I turned toward him.

Even he looked to how I was situated, but I didn't care at the moment... The heat suffusing me from touching my cunt and caressing its slit and clit with one finger pushed away much of the fear and cold I felt and replaced it with hot arousal.

"What do you mean? I could freeze to death or catch cold if I don't get these wet clothes off and at least get the water out of them."

"Yes... But there be a better way than getting naked before me."

"Well avert your eyes!" I said and slid my other hand in with the other and made to push both pants and panties down when he shook his head.

"Nay lassie. Ye can get dry an' clean using th' most basic o' spells."

"Now listen close love... This be how we use th' most basic o' spells... The Cantrip."

I sat down there at the edge of the great stone as O' Finnegan taught me the basic principal of actual factual magic, and suddenly I forgot all about the cold and fear as he explained it.

Magic was a force of will, and the stronger the force of will, coupled with the amount of magic in a body, the greater effects a magic user can create.

The Cantrip was using common will combined with ambient magical energy to create the most basic of effects, like lighting a candle, creating a gust of wind, summoning sweet scents and so on. Because of the Sweet Water I drank that gave me the initiatory priming charge of magical energy that I needed, I'd been absentmindedly recharging my '*mana battery*' as O' Finnegan called it, and now, I could cause some basic effects.

He had me try many things first, and then we moved onto my clothes.

"Basics... Use effects that don't seem magical. Imagine yer clothes drying out wit' steam, an' th' steam taking all th' impurities with it like those steam cleaners I hear so much about here."

I imagined that, I closed my eyes and entered a Zen sort of mental flow, and soon I was feeling dryer, and opening both eyes, I saw in glee that I was doing it!

"Look! I'm doing it!"

"Tha's good lassie. Now up ye go... It's time we continue our little journey. We're past th' worst, an' it be only a short journey t' th' plant from here."

O' Finnegan leapt back up on top of me once I'd rescued the fly, button and belt protecting my loins, but I nonetheless caressed the bulging twin pads of vaginal muscle that was forcing the crotch of the jeans I wore to contour around them. There was a profoundly growing warmth between my thighs, and I cupped the pubic mound with one hand as we walked.

I absentmindedly used my will, practicing as I blew wafts through the low lying mists noting eyes in the mists that I blew away quickly only to reveal a little rat-like man with a tail that shied away from me and scurried away now that it was uncovered.

The feeling of chill and cold didn't penetrate me as much now that I was becoming aware of what was here, and I could've been taking a walk through the fog on a fall day. But also, the growing warmth inside me, suffusing both breasts and my sex, were assaulting me with whole new strengths that were penetrating through the whole of me. I felt stronger, more energetic and alive!

But then I noticed that as I walked, that we were climbing higher and higher. Every few dozen feet or so was a step, and the distance between the steps was getting shorter and shorter with each step. Each step brought us higher and higher till the mists began to thin, and then we rose high enough where I stepped above the mists at long last, only to see atop this gray world.

A forest as far as the eye could see spread out in every direction. Gray mists surrounded this artificial mountain of sorts, while the leafless trees of the forest just barely showed above the mist that suffused this part of the forest. Beyond all that were clumps of black and brown.

Then turning and looking above us, I saw a great bush like thing arrayed within a patch of earth at the top of all these stone plates that acted as individual steps, as if it were the crown of the hanging gardens.

The plant had black stems and black thorns with dark purplish-blue berries and white flowers about its midst.

"There it be. There be th' Elder Blackthorn." Finnegan said and pointed at it the tree. "That be where we claim the Strength o' th' Wood fer ye, lassie."

"Strength of the Wood?" I asked turning to look at him.

"Aye, Lassie. Yer first mother spent her life obtaining th' five Principal Pillars o' Strength. Strength o' Light t' name one ye've already claimed from consuming the Sweet Water, Strength o' Wood be next, and eventually be the Strength o' Stone, Beast an' Iron.

"Each pillar will make ye stronger an' more powerful than b'fore. But there be no idea as t' what these pillars will do inside ye, lassie. Being that ye are the twenty-seventh generation from Crimson herself, in whom these gifts pass to through her direct line, possibly, ye can not only equal yer first mother's legend, but mebe even exceed it!"

I swallowed and approached the bramble covered tree known as the Elder Blackthorn. It was like some great rose bush, but instead of having flowers that were the most precious and beautiful in all the land, this had simple little white flowers that were quite common. But also unlike a rose bush, with its little prickly thorns, the Blackthorn had long thorns protruding from it that ended in sharp little points.

Just being near to it, though, filled me with some strange resonating feeling that quivered and slid through every sinew, fiber and cell in me, enticing me as if I were lying nude atop silken sheets and pillows and a good dozen beefy men were licking me with their tongues while caressing every bit of me with their hands and bodies while their beefy, powerfully thick and vibrant pricks rested on top of and against my flesh. The feeling made my heart quicken and pulled a gasp from me as I felt their hands caressing my arms and tits, bottom and thighs... Just as one of them took the pussy between those thighs in one hand and spread the lips open with his fingers, even as one of them began to kneel between my thighs, arching his self toward me and...

I shook my head, blinking that whole image away as I felt a brief jet of vaginal juices squirt from me as I orgasmed, and biting on my lower lip; I gave off a long nasal moan and cupped that vibrating pussy with both hands to quiet it before another minute trickle of vaginal juices escaped me.

"Ye all right, lassie?"

"Y-yes." I answered, blinking and shaking my head again. "I just got a little dizzy. There's a power coming off this plant." I said to cover up the fact that I just wet myself with wet sticky juices, even as a third but smaller yet jet escaped me to moisten that crevice of mine.

In the back of my mind, I still felt that beefy male leaning into me, penetrating me, pulling me up onto his lap to...

Again I shook my head to clear it. I couldn't believe how arouse I was, and how hard both nipples and clitoris were as they ached against this body of mine.

The whole of my loins were throbbing in tune with the beating heart inside my chest and bosom, its thumping blood puffing out both labia, nipples and areola to whole new thicknesses and heights than they'd ever been before.

"Ye must talk t' th' wood, lassie." Finnegan said then, and hopped off onto a rock outcropping of stone that was left from a stone wall that'd been made here. "Kneel before th' Elder Blackthorn, place yer hands onto its wood but be careful o' th' thorns, and concentrate yer power into it. Ask it to be yers."

I nodded, and as I kneeled on a circle of stones around the base of the plant, both hands still stuffed between my legs as I did, I settled on my knees and lifted those hands and delicately pushed them through the brambles, but felt my pussy throbbing between those thighs energetically now that I wasn't holding it. As I passed my arms into the recesses of the tree, I found that the thorns were sharp and hooking, and though my arms slid against them from time to time, I was careful enough so that they didn't rake open my skin.

Pushing myself forward and feeling both tits press against the branches and brambles of the tree, I slid both arms deeper into the plant as I was poked in the boobs with the great and massive mounds of my new P-cup breasts, as well as in the arms by yet more of the prickly spines.

Then at last I palmed the wooden trunk of the tree, with now spines against my face and brow, all the spines poking but not puncturing or snagging either me or the clothes I wore, and now that I was in contact with the trunk, I felt the full power of the tree sliding into me. Both nipples that stood on end of either tit felt as hard as the thorns that were pressing against me, and that wasn't saying anything on how hard my clitoris felt right now as a brief jet of vaginal juices squirted from within me. gasping now with each breath of air in the elation throbbing between my legs and against both tits, I bowed my head, closed my eyes and concentrated on the plant, and I slid what little power I had into the flow radiating about the tree.

Almost immediately I felt a heartbeat inside the plant, it pulsed powerfully... Radiating its natural energy constantly through the great tree-sized bush, and I gasped, feeling the calm of the plant seize me as if I were a part of it, and the passion that was rising inside me slid into it, and I felt myself pulsating in time with its heart instead of my own.

I felt its ancient strength, the plant being older than even the race of man was. It was old when the elves were new, it was old when the Fae ruled the world, it was old when the dragons were ravaging beasts during the age of dinosaurs, when the dragons were barely cognizant and survived only because they were smarter than their reptilian brethren.

And then suddenly the world melted around me, and the bush and I were suffused within a rush of mist so that there was only it, its plot of ground that it grew within that was surrounded by its stones, and me.

And then, surrounded by white, its thorns suddenly snagged at the clothing I wore, creating great rends as its vines were like tendrils that slid about me, ripping my clothes off till I was naked before it but likewise cradled by it in a bed of softened flowers and berries. Then the vines pushed me inward with me gasping, its thorns not hurting me and only the silken feel of its petals and berries brushed against the soft skin of my body.

I arched and churned, feeling a knot of wood pressing against the vaginal lips of my sex, pushing and growing till it penetrated me, and an explosion of vaginal juices burst from me as I churned against it before the vines embraced me, pressing me against the body of the bush. But then the whole bush folded backward, the vines becoming new and green, with flowers and berries in them as the trunk changed and churned, just before the body of a soft-fleshed woman appeared, though she was framed by the wood as if it were a second skin or a form of armor.

I watched as a pair of immensely huge breasts formed out of her chest, ballooning outward and becoming punctuated by a pair of hard nipples, even as a pair of hands that were wooden yet velvety slid about my body, gripping one of my naked tits and sucking on it briefly.

It was then that I felt that wooden thing inside me thicken and lengthen in me, and I moaned and churned against it, writhing atop its skewering mass, and looking down the length of soft flesh of this lusciously evolved form of mine, looking between the mountainous orbs of either breasts, I found what was piercing

me, and gasped as I saw that this maiden had a monstrously huge penis and a pair of nads, with the erect shaft of that penis projecting into me.

She was a Shi!

I looked to hir as shi smiled and leaned against me, hir breasts pressing and sliding against mine, hir nipples flicking off mine, hir body as silken soft as flower petals and new leaves rubbing hir scent against me while shi closed hir eyes and kissed my lips. Shi slid hir tongue into my mouth which tasted like some form of sweet berry I'd never tasted before, hir saliva draining into me in the form of that berry juice, and into my head flooded a wellspring of power and knowledge from that kiss that had me writhing and orgasming and making love to this strange planted creature even as shi deposited more power straight into my womb through that immensely long shaft of hers.

I understood why shi was both woman and man, for being a plant; shi contained both of those traits in order to asexually reproduce just like any other plant. But I also felt hir desire for contact, hir desire for love that very few of my mothers before me were able to give hir. She loved my family, shi loved me, and gave all that shi was to me.

Shi caressed me and massaged me, making me moan in pleasure as hir arms and vines wrapped me closer to her bosom, and as shi rocked hir pelvis into me, churning my pussy with hir erection, shi palmed one of hir immense breasts, which appeared to be the breasts of the Earth Goddess Gaia, and shi massaged and cajoled it, squeezed it and worked out a bead of what looked like milk as shi then drew me to it. I felt myself reacting to hir, felt the milk splatter onto me a couple times before I opened my mouth and caught some of the sweet, sweet milk and swallowed as she inserted nipple and areola into my mouth and let me suck.

Instead of just milk hir breasts gave more of that sweet berry juice mixed with the creamy milk of a woman, and I drank freely from hir as I felt one of her hands slide between the cheeks of my bottom and tickle the thickened labia of my womanhood as well as pressure the puckered anus just behind it, while hir other hand lifted and massaged my breast.

I lifted one of my own hands and grasped the one she was massaging that tit with, sucking more energetically now as I felt more and more of hir power sliding into me, and I came again, my juices sliding down her shaft while the cooling mists churned about us both.

Shi was so strong and so beautiful, so wonderful in the love shi offered me.

"Do you want me?" I heard her resonating voice with both ears.

I left her soft malleable tit and looked up into her face, feeling her berry juices from both her breasts dripping onto me, making me sticky as its juices formed rivulets down my bodice, over all the abdominals lining my belly and then washed between both legs and the cunt that was between them.

"I want you." I breathed and rolled my hips to slide deeper onto hir. "But want isn't a strong enough of a word."

I was enamored with hir beauty, wanting what shi had for myself.

My hands fondled hir breasts as I rose to kiss hir then, and shi returned my kiss in kind just before that knot of wood penetrating me thrust a few times to make me weep from the pleasure before shi climaxed load after load into me.

"Then my sweet, take all of me that there is, all of me that you can take... And I shall make you strong, powerful and beautiful!"

And with a snap I was back in my own body, fully clothed, just as another jet of juices escaped from me to further moisten the panties I wore into a sopping wet mass.

I gasped with the first real orgasm that I'd ever felt as it repeated over and over again while I held onto the wood, the Elder Blackthorn writhing as I felt the heart inside me thickening as it grew stronger and stronger, beating with the power of the heartbeat of the plant now.

The vines drew backward and rustled, and like a massive Cat of Ninety-Nine tails, the Elder Blackthorn whipped backward and struck the earth, scoring the stone as it writhed beneath my hands upon its naked bark.

I felt like I was making love to a woman with a penis still projected into my bowels, and I heaved, tossing my head and shivering, and soon the motions I made were mimicked by the plant, just before its bark writhed, and the bush began to twist and churn beneath my hands.

It uprooted itself, the whole of the plant twisting and turning, coiling in on itself and tightening itself into smaller and smaller coils. I found myself feeding on the tree's energy, all its mighty ancient power flowing into me through both hands, flooding into my body as the bush arched and twisted some more, some of its vines and branches reverse in its ageless growth, growing young and new and green before they retracted into sprouts and the buds of the sprouts pulled back into the bush. Smaller and smaller it became, twisting and curling at its end now, the remnants compressing tight and hard, with one huge cluster of berries swelling together and bulging into a green emerald that was wrapped and surrounded by the coiling wood, until my fingers closed around the compressing wood as it became a short staff like thing.

A shillelagh.

But that staff filled me with more power, and I felt myself tensing like before, felt pieces of me swelling and thickening. Opening both eyes with a snap then and gasping, I watched as both my tits began to swell outward, stretching the shirt that was over them even further about the bulging orbs and their erecting nipples as they swelled past P and Q cups now, and right into R, S and then T cup sizes; their areola and nipples standing firmly on end as even those swelled wider and thickened larger than ever before.

Both arms holding the staff thickened as the individual muscles began to cleave themselves from the rest of either arm, showing definite bulges for biceps and triceps, for forearms and shoulders. The sleeves of the shirt I wore even pulled backward past the elbows, revealing the whole of both forearms now as the sleeves stretched along with the chest region of the shirt and caught now within the arm pits of either arm.

But enlarging breasts and swelling arms weren't all that minimized that shirt of mine as all the ribs in me thickened and turned outward, thrusting forward and outward, spreading wider and forcing both shoulders further apart and thickening the bulges in my back while its spine turned outward. The neck hole of that shirt continued to broaden and stretch about a thickening neck, with the front of the collar plunging downward ever more deeply to reveal that deep crevice of growing cleavage between either tit.

The former base of the shirt was now tight about all my ribs, even as the abdominal muscles lining my middle sank below all the ribs and began to crease, rapidly; tightening over and over. A vertical line bisecting the belly button cleaved my belly in two and separating it into two long vertical planes of muscle as it scrunched into a perfect hourglass shape. Another horizontal crease made it into a four pack, and two more horizontal creases quickly made it into a six and then an eight pack.

Lateral oblique muscles cleaved outward and bubbled into view as my waist thickened against the tightened belt, and I groaned as both hips widened as well.



I gasped deeply, heaving for each breath as more moisture escaped from the swelling and distending lips of my sex then that had now formed into a bulbous mound between either thigh; with both butt cheeks and both thighs thickening as they developed. The cuffs of those pants rose further up both legs and split open on either seam at their ends around the flaring calf muscles of either leg.

The creases of all the clothing that I wore tightened even more firmly into the crevices of my body and stretched as much as they could; tightening under the arms, the crotch of either leg, wedging in between either butt cheek, and of course showing off more of the swollen labia at the base of my tightening abs and pelvis and developing more of that remarkably evolving Camel Toe.

I groaned, clenching my jaw and huffing through my teeth as I gripped that rod, feeling myself growing taller and longer, gasping for air with the belt about my waist cutting into the flesh beneath it again from my abdominals having swollen so much.

But something else began to happen then as I felt yet another jet of vaginal juices lance into the crotch of the pants and panties I was wearing, and that was a flushing of another sort, and this time it was focused within the mammaries atop my chest. The soft flesh warmed the mammary glands, and within those glands they began to secrete juices of their own, till soon either tit was swelling all over again but with liquid weight this time.

Either tit billowed and engorged itself, either tit filled itself to the brim, the nipples and areola puffing out as the ducts of my breasts swelled with fluids, and their bulging masses swelled even greater, passing T cup sizes, and then into U, then V!

I moaned and came again as the fluids in either tit swelled hotly with the rushing of blood keeping it all nourished, just before a compression of swelling pectoral muscles behind them squeezed the pair into the front of the shirt around them. I moaned deep and loud then, and with a repeating series of climaxes coming from those hard nipples, I felt an arousing climax of a different sort as I creamed into my shirt.

Milk rushed in repeating jets to moisten down the front of the shirt, making it immediately transparent again with moisture, milk sliding down the ribs beneath either tit and along the rippling and swelling abdominals beneath that to slide in under the belt of the pants I wore and into the waistband of the panties beneath them to wet my crotch down even further.

And with a rush and a snap, the series of growth ended and I half collapsed in on myself, holding the new Shillelagh in both hands, cradling it as if it were a lover of mine and I'd just made passionate love to it.

Judging on how I felt at the moment... I probably wasn't that far off from having just lost my virginity just now, but all that was all an illusion.

For a time I huffed and puffed before I rose, and then gasped as I noticed that there were huge wet spots on both the shirt and the crotch of the pants I was wearing, and blushing and glancing at a happily smiling O' Finnegan, I used Cantrip to clean myself off and make the wet spots disappear. But then, I also attacked the belt digging into me and undid it a couple of notches with a gasping exhale before I re-cinched it.

Now it was back to where it was before all this started.

Like a newborn babe I rose to my feet and stood shakily, having gained perhaps another foot in height and a good fifty or so pounds in weight, with every scrap of clothing on me as tight as could be. The pants I wore were wedging uncomfortably into every crevice on me below the waist, while the shirt I wore was now just barely covering the heaving and massive yet superbly womanly chest I now possessed.

The former waistband of that shirt was now drawn tightly across my barreling ribs and was mostly hidden beneath the twin swells of both my breasts, though occasionally, those swells would show themselves if I lifted my arms too high.

Holding onto that Shillelagh in one hand, planting its end against the ground, I smirked at how perfect its length was for me before I lifted one arm and flexed it. The sleeve around that arm scrunched a little higher, but I watched as a bulging peak rose out of that arm that flared as the forearms attached to it thickened and blossomed into heavy chords and blooming bulges.

I felt so powerful, so strong.

"How tall am I now?" I asked aloud.

"If I were t' judge, lassie, I'd say ye'd be about six-six. But that be th' judgment o' th' Little People, lassie."

"It's good enough," I smirked and turned to face him. "How do I look?" and I struck a pose with my new shillelagh held jauntily before me. The only thing missing was a bowler hat, but lifting an arm and scrunching my fiery red hair up about my head did well enough.

"Like a mighty maiden o' virtue an' dignity, lassie. Place ye into a gown and ye'd be at home at any manor. But let's be going now, for we got lots t' do an' so little time t' do it in."

"Go?" I said suddenly, uncoiling from my stance and all warmth in me faded away.

O' Finnegan caught the air in my tone, and turned to face me. "What be wrong, lassie?"

"Th-the lake... The Drowned. I-I don't know if I can do that again."

"I'm sure ye could, lassie. In this state, they be nothing but lifeless bodies at th' mercy o' th' ebb an' flow o' th' lake. I know it be creepy, but they be harmless like that.

"But if it be avoidance that ye be wantin', then perhaps a brief lesson or two is in order before we leave."

"Lessons?" I asked and relaxed at the fact that there was a way other than swimming through all those dead bodies.

"Quite, lassie. Ye got yer shillelagh now... An with it ye now have not only grown stronger, but ye've also grown more powerful.

"Take that rock o'er there." and he indicated. "Crimson Clover was known fer her use o' her weapon, an' though entwined as it be now, it has its many uses; enough where I be willing t' bet that not even yer first mother knew all of its many traits. But one that she did know about was its ranged ability."

"Ranged? Like a bow?" I asked, and sat down on one of the stones that had surrounded the plot of now freshly turned dirt that the Elder Blackthorn tree had been within.

"More like a whip.

"Now lassie, focus on yer target, imagine yerself striking it with th' whip, an' ye will do so."

"Ok... I'll try." I said and half expected the little Leprechaun to pull some Yoda statement like *'do or do not, there is no try.'* But instead he just stood there, crossed his arms and smirked.

I focused on the rock, and gripped the twisted wood of the shillelagh in my hand, and snapping my arm down like it was the back end of a bullwhip, I was immediately surprised as the cudgel unraveled at its end, spitting like a snake as a bundle of thorned vines with the occasional white flower and bundle of berries lanced outward and struck the stone. But not only did it strike the stone, snapping it up in the air, it kept striking it, its end, which was like a Cat of Nine Tails, only this version had ninety-nine tails, slashed and snapped at it forcibly as the stone was struck further and further up into the air.

The stone broke into pieces and then shattered into dust from the multiple attacks; the Green gem that had formed from a cluster of berries vaporizing what was left in a brilliant snap of green light and energy before the vines snapped back and coiled back over themselves like a bundle of coiled snakes. All the vines tightened and balled themselves again as they retracted, the green gem being held in their center again as it all recoiled like a metal measuring tape being retracted back to its home housing for transport.

I held the thing, gaping at it and the power that it held. It's potential abounded in my mind then, and I held the cudgel upward like my childhood heroine She-Ra had held aloft her sword.

Smiling impishly, I gazed upon it, restraining the desire to cry out *'By the power of Gray Skull'* or something similar.

"Very good Lassie! I knew ye'd have no problems with it. Now fer lesson number two, which will have to suffice in yer magical training till later. What we're going t' try next... Is flying..."

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"Flying?!" I said, immediately excited as I lowered the cudgel. "My first mother could actually fly?! I never heard of that in any of the legends."

"Men are a might bit strange, lassie. Where they elevate their heroes like that William Wallace fellow, calling him forty feet tall who could shoot fireballs from his arse," I giggled. "They dishonor th' women heroines, by reducing their legends jes' t' make their men heroes look better."

I smirked. "Story of mankind." I said. "But she flew? And you're going to show me how to fly too?"

"Flyin' ain't like yer superman and superwoman types, lassie. It be a magical effort o' lifting things off th' ground, an' in this case, ye be lifting yerself. All that flyin' round jes' because ye can be rubbish an' rot. Ain't no way t' fly without some form o' lift and thrust. In that sense magic an' science agree. Ye'd be amazed at how often th' two forces agree on how t' do things. It just be th' way o' doing things that they argue about."

"What do I do?" I asked, excited now, and O' Finnegan began to teach me, exercising my magic muscles, as they were, by learning to lift pebbles and stones, then many pebbles and stones, then rocks pebbles and stones, and then whole boulders.

"An when yer magic isn't enough, then th' simple act o' actually making the motions of lifting a thing, like fake moving a rock at a distance by liftin' yer hand, uses yer physical muscles in the act.

"Now," and he hopped onto my shoulder. "Let's try this with liftin' both o' us."

And I began the task of lifting Finnegan and me off the ground.

I must've gained weight, a lot of weight, and though before all this, in the scrawny body type I possessed till recently, I wasn't even able to do a single chin up, I was sure I could do a hundred chin ups with how strong I'd become now, but because of that, lifting myself, Finnegan and this cudgel was a bit of an effort, or at least it was before I felt something giving me a helping hand.

I felt it flowing from the Shillelagh, into my hand and thusly into me, supplying me with more power to rise off the ground!

"Finnegan... The Blackthorn... It's helping me!"

"Is that a fact now?! Honest t' Betsy I never heard o' it doing that out of it's own accord b'fore. Either it really likes ye, or yer many mothers leading back t' Crimson 'erself never liked t' admit it."

"Well I'm gonna admit it. I'm gonna admit it up and down all over the place... Just so long as it doesn't stop it so long as I need it."

I said this as we lifted high over the artificial mountain of all those many plates and planes of stone piled on top of each other where the Blackthorn had resided at its peak, the endless Fell Forrest stretching out beneath us as I slowed to a stop at a towering apex high above it all... Definitely at a height that would be deadly if I stopped the act of holding us all up with the shillelagh's aid.

"Now lassie... That-a-way..." O' Finnegan directed with a stubby little finger. "Imagine that there's a weight in ye, just tip it forward as if it were a weight on a balloon. Careful now, cause if ye tip it too far forward, ye can... Ah!"

O' Finnegan gripped the shirt about me as I suddenly rushed forward, darting like a speeding bullet, and I heard him shouting as he held on for dear life.

I'd just found that weight and tipped it straight forward, careening me forward at a rush, and I laughed at the exhilaration of flying without the aide of some other device like a plane or a parasail.

I slowed after a moment or two after Finnegan's curses began to grow louder, and I slowed to a halt and hovered.

"S-sorry." I said, smirking as I reached over my shoulder - over my tit too, apparently, being that it'd grown so large - and I pulled the leprechaun back onto his shoulder roost.

"Lassie... Don' ever do that again." Finnegan panted. "I be afraid o' heights an' falling ye know. Leprechauns live under th' ground after all, not above it."

"Sorry," I apologized again, and then felt the grip I had from holding us up slip a bit. "Ah, Finnegan..." I said and pushed myself back up. "I... Ah... I think I'm slipping."

"Stay calm... Stay calm lassie, just let yerself lower calmly straight down. Flying is a tiring thing, an' yer not strong enough t' be doin' it fer long. I'd meant t' just bring us o'er th' lake slowly... Not careening all o'er th' forrest."

I nodded and did as he said, and when I felt that power wane, I let myself glide gently downward, down into the mists, down toward the ground, but what I contacted with wasn't the ground once I'd sunk far enough... Instead... It was water.

Almost immediately I felt the hands and the flesh of the bodies in the water, cupping about me, gripping at my legs and clothing and pulling me down, and immediately I panicked, screaming at the top of my lungs as I struck with my shillelagh and thrashed, hearing O' Finnegan cry as I rushed forward in the direction that I knew was shore. But as I rushed, I saw black and purple blotches appearing all around me, and I gasped as I saw hands reaching through the spots as they grew, and the hands beneath the water took firmer and harder grips upon my body.

Screaming again as the world began to turn into a photo negative of everything, I whacked and attacked, moving backward, feeling my feet against the mossy ground of the bog surrounding the lake as I saw dark and despicable creatures screaming and wailing with the gnashing of teeth, things straight out of the scripture's description of hell before I crawled away from them, safe on the shore as the blotches rapidly closed and all the reaching arms and clawing hands retracted back inside them, leaving only the mist.

I was heaving; the wet shirt restraining the monstrous breasts inside them compressed my chest and made it difficult to breathe. I didn't care about the indignity of the shirt becoming transparent again as I heard a series of curses and squelches as O' Finnegan, as wet and as soggy as I was, stormed up to me, readying himself to berate me, but one look at my face made his features soften.

"W-what was that?!" I gasped, almost screaming at him. "I thought you said in their current state that they couldn't do anything!"

"Yer fear made it real, lassie. Yer imbued with magic now, an' yer very emotional state will effect th' world 'round ye. It can create truly beautiful things, make flowers bloom an' babies stop crying, or in th' Fell Wood... It can give life to th' fowl an' damned things o' th' world.

"Th' trick is not t' fear them, lassie. They cannot gain strength from yer fears made real if ye don' give it t' them."

I settled back, hugging myself tightly, both tits pressing together and hefting above both those muscular arms that now embraced me. I was crying, and I lifted a hand to cover my face to hide the tears as I settled there, shivering from the absolute cold I felt... As if I were never going to be happy again.

"There, there now lassie. They be only nightmares, an' though frightening they may be, yer safe now."

I wanted to say that I wanted to go home, I wanted to back down and go huddle under the blankets of my bed and never sleep again, but swallowing, holding myself still, I lowered a hand and took up the Elder Blackthorn Shillelagh and held it fiercely as a guard against all the dark things in the night.

"I... Will not... Be afraid." I steeled myself and rose from the ground, feeling a redoubling of my will and courage from Blackthorn as I straightened. "I'll be brave, I'll be sure..." I said it like a chant, towering over the little leprechaun. "I will not... Back down!"

"Now then, now that that be over..." Finnegan said while stuffing his pipe. "Where do we go next?"

## Chapter 7: Strength of the Beast

I used my Cantrip to dry myself off as we passed through the Fell Wood and back toward the door. As the scenery passed by I kept on finding myself thrusting down my fears, pushing them back, reminding myself that the only thing to fear was fear itself, and I was amazed that every time I did, the stronger I felt against those fears and the dark things in this forest.

Occasionally I saw a purple or black blotch before me, but I thrust my fears away and stood proud and strong again. The Cudgel-like shillelagh that I gripped tightly in one hand seemed to add to my bravery each time like it were a friend and perhaps a lover standing with me against the dark things of the world, and after awhile, I was able to focus on certain... Other things.

The further we got from the lake, the more sure of myself I felt, and also the more that I began to feel warmth suffusing me in both the chest and thigh region again. But after awhile, I found that what was actually warming up were my breasts and pussy.

I didn't know why I was getting aroused for what felt like several miles, but then I looked to my chest and realized that it'd turned transparent again with sweat... And...

"Finnegan." I said. "Can we stop for a moment?" I asked him, pausing in the path that had grown wide again like a well-traveled narrow dirt road.

"Yeah we can, lassie, but are ye sure ye want t' in this forest?"

"Yes." I said smartly. "I've got to... Ah... Do some girl things."

Finnegan turned his eyes to look at me as he took a few puffs from his pipe, spying my shirt and its transparent color covering both breasts before removing his pipe from his lips, letting a wash of smoke into the air as he did. There was something in his eye that told me that he knew what was bothering me.

"Aye Lassie... Whatever ye feel that ye need t' do." and he hopped off, and I turned into the forest as he hopped up onto a rock and sat there smoking that never ending pipe of his.

The forest had thinned here, and had sparse trees. They were dead here nonetheless, and even trees that appeared to be saplings were leafless and barren. Looking over a shoulder as I turned to hide behind one of those trees, I made sure he wasn't following as I found a nook in between the roots and squatted.

Now I know all of you are thinking that I'm about to do my business behind this tree, but that's not why I came here. The real reason why I came around this tree was curiosity, really, and I delved into that curiosity as I pulled the bottom of the shirt I was wearing up to disgorged both of the voluminous and milk laden tits that it held inside. Both tits immediately distended and inflated happily, either swelling several cup sizes now that they weren't so scrunched together anymore. I looked down at them atop the firm and thickened pectoral muscles beneath the tight band of crumpled up shirt across them, and I gazed at last at what had become of my boobs since this whole quest begun.

I'd gone from petite little sub-A-cups to bulging and heaving mounds of blessed womanly goodness that had both thickened to, well, I didn't really know how large they were now... I did know that they were many times larger than either one of my palms, and despite how strong I'd become; either was heavy enough where I could feel its weight. Especially with how much milk they contained right now.

I had a brief thought of walking into a milk barn and having a couple of suction cups attach to either of these hugely erect teats of mine so that they could suck all the milk out of me, just like a cow, but I buried that thought as soon as it arrived... Despite how tantalizing it may be to have my tits drained right now...

But that wasn't all that peaked my interest... For at the ends of either tit were the puffed out areola and the thickened nibs of their nipples, either fleshy and as hard as stones, flexible only at where they met the firm areola they were attached to. But from the ends of those nipples, as I rubbed and cajoled my breasts with either hand, I at long last discovered what was causing the shirt I wore to keep turning transparent with moisture and show off so much cleavage and nippleage.

I was lactating.

There it was, a beat of white silken milk slid from the ends of either tit, dripping to the ground one after the other, and now that both tits were no longer scrunched, I felt a rushing of fluids in them as they rapidly filled, bulging into a pair of perfectly rounded orbs that were attached to either chest muscle.

The sagging sacks of flesh steadily lifted right before my eyes as I massaged and cajoled them repeatedly, feeling the warmth in either tit increasing as the warm milk in them grew heavier and thicker, becoming creamier. But also as I caressed and massaged that fleshy pair as they firmed up with swelling mammary, definitely having grown well beyond Z-cups now with all their water weight, I began to feel a warmth of a different sort again, and while cradling one boob with one hand, I reached down and caressed the distended and thickened vaginal lips of my pussy through the fabric of the panties and the jeans over them.

A wave of emotion and feeling slid through me as I touched myself there, and I felt a brief jet of nectar flush into the silken panties before it as I caressingly moved the hand holding my tit down along by body to join its mate in caressing my pulsating vagina.

Not being able to stand it anymore, I fingered open the flap of denim covering the zipper and slid a finger up and down its length, its metal tangs holding on for dear life as they guarded the slid of my cunt as it steadily grew sopping wet from me squatting there. Then lifting a thumb and an index finger, I took hold of the zipper and drew it downward steadily over the mound of vaginal flesh, all the way to its base to reveal the moist and subtly transparent panties that guarded my sex. And then rubbing that soft fabric over the fur laden loins of my pussy, I slid that finger upward, slid it beneath the lip of the panties I wore, and then pushed it downward before promptly sticking a finger inside myself.

I may've masturbated maybe once or twice in my life, but gave it up because it didn't really feel any more pleasing. But as I slid a fore finger in and out of me, like it were a tiny little penis, even that filled me with erotic joy, and soon I inserted the ring finger of that probing hand inside me too.

Two fingers felt even better than the first, and with the two fingers able to curl and spread in different directions, it filled me with even greater pleasure. I sighed deep inside my nose, and then moaned as milk began leaking from both tits, and looking down between those incredible mound, biting my lower lip, I then curled both thumb and index finger and took hold of the bulging clitoris that was caught at the peak of those vaginal lips, and rolling its thickness between those fingers as I probed myself, now with a pinkie finger too, and more vigorously, I felt my back arch and hips buck, felt myself reacting as I moaned deeply, and gasping while I felt myself nearing climax, I quickly unbuckled my belt with my free hand, rose slightly against the tree and then slid both pants and panties down off those burgeoning hips of mine, struggling a bit with how tightly those pants had become against either thigh and the various deep crevices of my body as I pushed them down about my ankles.

There I stood, awed with the strength of this form I now possessed, and with how sexy I looked as that cunt throbbed and pulsated at the base of all the abdominals lining my belly.

I saw the downy red hairs decorating the twin and distended labia, and biting my lip, fingering all those hairs, I wished that they weren't there so that I could see what my pussy really looked like, and almost immediately I was granted that wish. Right before my eyes, I saw the scraggly red bush steadily thin, a prickling all over the vagina they rested upon that felt like a throbbing realm of goose bumps, and I realized that the hairs were steadily retracting into me!

It felt like magic, and I slid my fingers through those disappearing hairs even as they slid into the pores and the pores closed tight over those two pussy lips, leaving them with soft skin yet firm musculature, and as smooth as if I were just born yesterday.

I fingered that pussy again, squeezing the lips together before spreading them open again. I had no idea where all the vaginal hairs that'd covered it so recently had gone, whether or not this was just reversing puberty there or if they all just diminished and disappeared, all I knew was that it was the magic within me that made them go away. Ultimately, I didn't care what happened to them as I took to feeling its distended and fleshy contours, fingered the dual and meaty curtains that were appearing just inside the thick vaginal lips, just before I stuck a finger right inside me again and began to wiggle and rub it around.

I immediately grit my teeth, gasping through those teeth in an attempt to keep the moan that wanted to escape from me just then from getting out as I shivered and spasmed. That hear-shaped wedge of woman-flesh moistened and dripped a hot sticky nectar, the juices sliding into the hand that was probing it while my hips bucked again right before I stuck a second and then a third finger inside me, and leaning against the tree behind me, forgetting that it was a tree in the fell forrest as my knees grew too weak to hold me up, I began to play with myself.

And as I breathed harder and heavier, looking down between both breasts at what I was doing between my legs, suddenly I refocused upon the original expedition into this new level of sexuality I possessed, and the twin mammary orbs graced my view now. Lifting a hand and hefting one of them, watching its creamy milk leaking from it, suddenly I got a wonderful idea... Something I'd always fantasized of doing but never thought I'd ever get to do with these once tiny breasts. And without another thought, I hefted that tit higher and inserted it straight in my mouth and began to suck with no effort at all.

Milk immediately rushed from that tit into me as I drew heavily and repeatedly from it, feeling that creamy milk ejaculating explosions of that sweet creamy nectar with every heart beat that I took. Both eyes rolled back inside my head as I swallowed that milk, feeling its silken and creamy warmth and oh so sweet taste sliding down my throat.

Milk and saliva leaked out of the corners of my mouth as I sucked upon that juicy tit, the mixture trickling down my jaw, dripping onto either tit and then sliding downward in between those heaving breasts to thusly course its way down my navel. More milk leaked out of the other tit from the tremendous nipple at its end to slide down over the bulging swell, down over my ribs and abs, to mingle with the juices and nectar seeping gently from my cunt.

My probing hand gathered that mixture together as I continued to cajole both tit and pussy, sucking and drawing and rocking onto those probing fingers, getting orgasm after orgasm to erupt from within me to be caught by the awaiting hands.

I arched and shivered, gasping steadily as a slow build up of pressure inside me tensed and compressed, and then erupted powerfully from over my awaiting hand and fingers, and with a gasp, the tit I was sucking on flopped downward against its pectoral and ribs that it rested on and sloshed heavily as a torrent spilled from my loins and into both my awaiting hands.

I whimpered and gasped, just as another hot rush of juices lanced from within me, feeling like I was pissing cum as I did.

"Ye be all right lassie?" O' Finnegan called from across the way, and my head jerked to one side as I breathed heavily, breasts heaving while I gripped one of them to squeeze its milk out while at the same continued to coax yet another orgasmic rush of juices from within me.



"Ah-I'm ok!" I gasped. "I'll be alright." and then I whimpered and held my breath before I came again, harder than all the times before now as I squatted there with both pants and panties about my ankles, my bare back and bottom against the tree, and a pool of hot, clear sticky juices sliding against the ground about my feet to move the fragments of bark and leaves that were on the ground in its stream.

For many long minutes I continued to cajole my innards and caress the still soft flesh of this body, feeling both tits still swelling despite that I was draining them of their liquid weight.

I'd coaxed the fourth repeat in a chain of orgasms when O' Finnegan called out to me again, and though my loins burned and both nipples and clit ached for release, I nonetheless mentally cursed the Leprechaun and rose; pulling the clothes I was wearing back up and belted it before focusing upon that tight shirt again.

With both tits having grown with milk, it was an even greater effort than before stuffing both tits back inside the garment again, and when I finally did, both mammaries immediately evacuated what felt like a cup or two of milk. I magically cleaned the shirt off, but I could nonetheless feel the seams pulling apart here and there, and the fabric had stretched like a rubber band about my upper extremities to the point where I thought it might explode. As such, the white thing did nothing more to hide the womanly assets I possessed now than cover them. Each curve and contour stood so much on end, that when I returned to the Leprechaun, he looked right at my chest.

"Feel a might bit overstrained, lassie?" he smirked, taking another puff of smoke from his pipe as he sat atop a rock by the side of the path.

"A little..." I admitted. "Sorry to keep you waiting Finnegan, but... I had to relieve myself.

"Say nothing more lassie. We all have such urges... From time t' time"

I felt a burning on my cheeks and I wondered if the spry little man actually knew what it was that I was doing just now.

"Ah... Let's go." I said decidedly, and O' Finnegan leapt up onto my shoulder again and promptly sat down.

I was too embarrassed to say anything as we continued our journey forward down the path and to the door, where Finnegan showed me how to open the door by waving a hand over the two sides and the top of the door, making it shimmer blue and reveal images of the clearing beyond.

I was surprised at how easily I was doing these magical things as I passed through the door and into the clearing, which still glowed a bright blue with the swirling mists of the blue ether that was everywhere here, putting a strange hue on everything.

Once we arrived, though, I paused, planting my shillelagh on the ground and leaning against it as I planted a hand against my brow to calm a dizzy spell that hit me just then.

"Oh..." I moaned, and squinted tightly, feeling the wave of euphoria slide through me, flushing into every pore, hair follicle, sinew and bone as well as both breasts, and of course, straight into the distended and swollen vaginal mound between my thickening thighs.

"Ye all right, lassie?" Finnegan asked, but as I stood there, opening both eyes in surprise, I felt either of my tits suddenly swell several cup sizes more, growing to the point where the swells of the undersides of either tit bulged into existence from underneath the shirt I wore while both nipples enlarged themselves and stood even further on end.

They both swelled to the point where I became short of breath from the compression of all that weight against my lungs, and when I took a deep breath to alleviate it, there was a pop and a snap as the elastic

bands of the shirt over both shoulders and about my midriff suddenly snapped and the fabric stretched to its furthest extent.

But that wasn't all. The vaginal lips between my thighs bulged outward even further, rounding the crotch of the pants I wore even further forward along the lines of the two separate vaginal lips while enhancing the camel toe look that was being displayed there. In reflex, I tightened my butt and resisted the desire to caress myself again as I set myself to panting.

"S-sorry... I just got dizzy there for a moment."

"Perhaps it was th' transport between worlds." Finnegan supplied. "Some people get sick when they pass through th' gates."

"Ngh... Yeah." I said, and felt a slick of vaginal juices slide from within me.

I was surprised that I had any nectar left after having pleased myself so thoroughly only a short while ago. I guess if I could put on the pounds all in muscular and glandular development with these powers, then I guessed that all the fluids in me could also be spontaneously developed.

It made me think about the milk in my breasts, but the thought as I focused upon it was perhaps a bad idea, for my breasts swelled marginally again, and a slick of milk slid from them before I could focus again and stop the flow.

"Sorry." I said again, cantripping the moisture off yet again. "L-lets go Finnegan."

"We need be speaking with Eric again. He knows where all these Pillars o' Strength be hidin'!"

I nodded and stepped around to the cave entrance and again descended into the dark, dimly lit spiraling slope to emerge once again in the cavernous chamber beneath the earth.

Looking upward as soon as I entered, I noticed that a second of the spheres atop the pillars was lit, and lowering my gaze to the short knobby staff I held now, I smiled like one would smile at a lover at the wooden thing. The twinkling of the light made the green gem in the staff seem to wink at me.

"Welcome back, Crimson Clover." came the familiar voice, and I turned, seeing Eric appearing from between the pillars.

I blanched, looking eye to eye at the man now, but what was more was that he and I were looking more intently at each other, and looking at his muscles and the apparent bulge half way down his robes, made me think of what he might be packing there.

I blinked and blushed, just before I heard all the clothing I wore begin to groan in protest as I grew ever the more aroused. With both breasts - their areola and nipples erecting - and my crotch swelling and its clitoris erecting, and all the muscle on me tensing, every scrap of clothing on me tensed and groaned, seeking to simply burst from about me.

I held that gaze with him, only just being able to see the color of his electric blue eyes, the red hue of my lips turning white as I pressed them together, and the green light of my own eyes shimmering.

For a moment I hesitated, felt every muscle in me spasm in a desire to run to him while at the same time holding me back, and lifting both hands, I fidgeted amidst the ideal of stripping naked, spreading both thighs open as far as they could go and let him have his way with me.

And then he turned away, and I started as he went to palm one of the remaining unlit pillars.

"I've set the next door to lead you to your next Pillar of Strength, Crimson." he said, caressing the pillar almost as if he were caressing my thigh.

Yet more of the juices that were still within me slid sloppily into the front of the white panties I wore, and I felt both the seat and crotch of those panties wedge itself into the lips of my crotch and the firmly swollen cheeks of my bottom.

It was, suffice it to say, most uncomfortable...

"The portal to the north end of the clearing above us will lead you to that next Pillar, but as a warning, Crimson... To obtain all these powers and do the task that is needed, you must remain a virgin."

"A-a virgin?" I asked, disappointed, and suddenly afraid that pleasuring myself had already killed it for me, let alone Blackthorn having made love to me like that... But was that even real?

"Yes. Only as a maiden can you achieve the remaining three pillars. The moment you loose your virginity before you obtain all five pillars, all hope will be lost."

"I understand." I said with some disappointment. It appeared as if getting that dick of his inside me would have to wait.

"Good luck then." he said and remained where he was with the altar between him and me.

I hesitated... But ultimately I turned and left, and once I was well out of sight, I paused and palmed the thickened mound of my sex, exhaling deeply as I creamed what felt like a thick froth, making the panties covering that firm vaginal mound into a soggy mess.

I felt like I'd just wet myself.

"Ah, Lassie... What be ye doing?" Finnegan asked from my shoulder, and snapping my head toward him, being that I'd forgotten that he was still there, I nonetheless smiled and continued coaxing and soothing the twin bands of feminine muscle between my thighs.

"I'm caressing myself, Finnegan. Don't Leprechauns play with themselves when they're aroused and can't have sex?"

"Oh, is that what ye were doin'?" Finnegan laughed and then smoked his pipe again.

"Be quiet..." I sighed nasally with a grin on my face as I came again, feeling the moisture running up the knotted fabric between my legs, sliding up toward my anus and moistening and lubricating the spaces between both legs with a silken nectar that was made for easing the passage of a phallus into my body. "I'm enjoying this, and I can't have a dick in me now, can I?"

"So this is what this is all about? Yer in a sexual high, you want sex, and on top of that... You want it with Eric?!"

"Shh! Keep your voice down." I sad, abandoning any further caressing as I tried to find which of the stone doorways was the one I was to go through next.

"Only s' long as ye admit it." he shot back with an impish - or should I say leprechanish, maybe even lecherous - grin.

I paused, still trying to find our way, and out of frustration I stamped a foot and answered.

"Ok... You want to know the truth? Yes. Yes I do want him. I want him to do me rotten. I want his dick inside me, I want to suck on it, swallow whatever he shoots on me while we do every little dirty trick in the book.

"But now I can't have what I want, can I?!"

"It just be lust, lassie."

"So what?! He's the first male anything that's even had a remote desire for me, let alone an actual desire to make me an honest woman, and now I can't have it." I growled in frustration and pent up erotic tension that was years in building by this point. "Just show me which of these doors I go through."

"Ye'll have to work on yer direction sense lassie. Ye came in through th' west door."

I looked immediately through that door, at the forest that was on the side of the road of Highway Fifty-Two, perhaps the only forest, however small, that was on either side of the highway between Saint Paul and Rochester. Beyond that door was my car and my old life. But getting the direction straight now, I turned and faced the northward facing of the five stone doors, and saw a rolling plane of grasses with a stone wall curving over a deep hill there.

Taking a deep breath, ignoring the throbbing feeling between my thighs and the firm erect tension of both nipples and clitoris, I stepped forward and continued walking till I'd passed right through the blue film and arrived on a hill through another stone portal that was backed with a great oak tree that had literally grown up and around the gateway to protect it from this windswept hill.

It was dusk and gray skied in Minnesota and where I was now was bright sunny skies and very, very windy.

I stood amidst tall grasses that rolled and churned about me; snatching at the wisps of hair that was about my head and churning them all as if it were roiling fire. Stuffing all the fingers of both hands into the pockets of the pants I was wearing, hooking both thumbs on the inside of the thin narrow belt holding those pants up - stuffing the thumbs perhaps just a bit too far, being that I was probing to touch my pussy with my fingertips - I looked about and wondered at this landscape.

And of course, just like all heroes and heroines do whenever they are transported long distances and arrive in a seemingly alien landscape, I asked the same question that has graced their lips from every story from history, a question that is asked even whether or not they had a guide like I did. That question was, simply:

"Where are we?"

O' Finnegan replied by standing atop his perch on my shoulder, palming the top of my head and inhaled a nice deep breath.

"Ah. That unmistakable smell, th' smell o' rolling heather an' th' dells an' th' lochs, o' freshly turned earth an' potatoes... This here be th' Emerald Isle, lassie."

"Ireland?! We're in Ireland?" I turned back and looked at the gateway we'd just stepped through, seeing the blue film shimmering there almost imperceptible to even my eye.

I found it hard to believe that we'd just traveled clear across the Atlantic Ocean just by stepping through a door...

"So where is this pillar?" I asked at last, turning back to look before us both.

"Must be ahead o' us. Look there. There be a hill ahead o' us. Mebe that's where we need t' go."

I looked and did indeed see a hill, but what he called a hill looked to be a small mountain to me.

"You're kidding..." I said looking at it.

"Not like ye aren't able t' climb it lassie. Look at ye. Yer probably stronger than any ten women put t'gether. Even yer men folk don' get that big all t' often.

I smirked and flexed both arms, feeling all that muscle bulging and swelling, felt the burning as I tensed those arms harder. I could actually feel the shirtsleeves around both biceps stretching as far as they could go as they slid into the crooks of either arm. Soon I found myself blushing, feeling the blush suffusing both breasts and cheeks too, and felt my nipples hardening all over again... And then I felt a tear...

Immediately I stopped and looked down, fingering the torn open knot of trim that went around the neck hole of my shirt, now ripped right at the front. I immediately relaxed, hoping not to increase the size of the tear any further.

Then sighing and shrugging, I looked to Finnegan.

"You're right." I said. "Apparently I'm too strong even for the clothes I'm wearing. A mountain must be no problem at all for me."

I sighed and put my best foot forward, beginning to walk toward the mountain - er - hill. We crossed over one hill and then the next, climbed over a stone wall, and then another, and then another... I never saw a land with so many rocks in it! But as we neared the mountain or hill, or whatever it was, we discovered that there was a plume of smoke rising from a spot nestled between the smaller foothills around the mountain, and after a short journey further, we came to find that there was a small village nestled between the hills.

Smoke rose from many chimneys in all actuality, and cresting the hill and looking down at the quaint little village, I looked down at myself, seeing the shirt that barely hemmed in my breasts and the pair of jeans I wore that were splitting open at the cuffs, which were likewise so tight that they wedged themselves as deeply as possible into both my back and front sides, displaying off every lump and curve that made me a woman.

Caressing the lumps that were attempting to swallow the zipper of those pants-turned-capris, sending a tantalizing feeling of erotic satisfaction through me, I nonetheless shrugged again and continued onward.

The village was old, and there were pre-modern homes mixed with old school thatch houses. Whereas most towns I've ever been in that were built around a town hall, this one - or perhaps it was just Irish culture - was centered around the pub.

I must've been a sight to behold walking down the cobbles, especially with those that I passed pausing to look at me. I was a tall woman with imperious muscle all over me, carrying a shillelagh made out of blackthorn that ticked its way along the cobbles as I walked it with me.

"O' Finnegan... I think they're looking at you." I whispered out of the corner of my mouth as I smiled and waved hello.

"Nay, lassie. They can't see me. They be looking at ye. It be not every day that a red-headed an' green-eyed yank walks into this town who's taller an' stronger than a man an' with hooters as big as yers be who's

carry'n a shillelagh. Pardon them fer starin' but I think even in yer own home people might just look twice."

I was feeling nervous and self-conscious now, and I began to wonder whether or not I should turn right back around and leave, but I was already committed, and the only easy way to get to the mountain was through the town because it was between the hills.

I was nearing the edge of the town when I heard a particularly bouncy tune, and following it, I found myself eventually before the pub itself.

People were inside and they were singing, in English, which was one benefit to me for these people having been overcome by the British for so long, and soon I was finding myself tapping my foot as they began a new song.

*A long time ago, way back in history,  
When there was nothing to drink, except for tea,  
Along came a man, named Charlie Mops  
And he invented a wonderful drink, and he made it out of hops.*

*Oh, he must've been an Admiral, a Sultan or a King,  
And to his praises we shall always sing,  
So all raise your glass and give a great cheer,  
God Bless Charlie Mops the man who invented beer beer beer tiddley beer beer beer tiddley beer*

I was grinning and smiling as they started in with the next verse, just before I felt a hand grope my butt and I whirled on my heel with a heavy wobbling of tits to face two young men who were about as old as I was, and both with a pint of some alcohol in their hands.

"Oi, take a look a' this one... She's tall an' meaty, an' with boobies t'would keep a ship aloft." The taller of the two said before swilling his swill.

"S' yer th' one e'body's talkin' 'bout, love..." The second said. "Hearty bones, wide birthing hips, and an arse tighter than a ten-year-old boy! Green eyes an' red hair too! What's yer name, love?"

I eyed them, hearing Finnegan having some mirth about all this as I crossed my arms, tried unsuccessfully to put them where I usually put them across my chest when I did this on account of the enhancements both my breasts had gone through, so instead I folded them beneath the heaving pair. This in turn forced them together and upward over my muscular arms and likewise emphasized the size of either of those mammaries nipples, and both looked straight at them now.

I looked down and back at them and smiled. It was a rush, truly, having the power to control a man's mind simply by positioning myself a different way.

"My name's Daniel." I answered with a smirk.

"Was this now?!" The leader of the two blanched. "Tha's no accent o' th' Irish."

"Naw... And it ain't no British accent neither." the other added. "And she doesn't have th' accent o' no Auzzie either. So that leaves only one thing left:"

"A Yank." they both said in unison, and both chugged on their pints, lowered their drinks at the same time, and likewise wiped the froth off their mouths.

"Lookie here, lass." The leader said. "There ain't no place fer a yank in this here town. Ye better leave if ye know what's good fer ya."

"I can't." I said. "I came here looking for something, and I'm not leaving till I find it."

"Tha's quite a tail, lass." The smaller of the two said. "Then perhaps we can be making a deal then. Pray tell, if ye can drink us under th' table, then ye can stay."

"Drink?" I said, blanching a little. I'd never taken a drop of alcohol in my life that wasn't for medicinal value.

"Yeah... Come inside, lass... And mayhap we can come t' an agreement that would be mutually beneficial t' all o' us." the leader said, and the pair of them took me by the arms and propelled me into the pub.

I was too confused to do anything other than to let them lead me. I was sure I could throw them off and fight the whole lot of them, but I didn't want to hurt anyone...

They sat me down at one of the tables, warbled something off in Irish to the bartender, and there was a smirking all around the bar as suddenly the table we were on was rapidly covered in shot glasses and several bottles of ale, and I was pretty sure that some of those shot glasses had just recently gotten done being used.

"This be a simple drinking game, lassie." the bartender said as he appeared and began pouring drinks in a sloppy sort of way, spilling lots of the alcohol all over the table that then sloshed onto the floor. "Ye go 'round th' table, and each o' ye take a drink. Th' last one still upright wins, an since ye be th' one being challenged, ye take th' first drink.'

All the eyes were on me as I whispered under my breath through teeth that I hoped looked like I was smiling. "Finnegan... I don't know about this..."

"Never ye worry none, lassie. If ye are ye first mother's blood, ye'll be able to drink these inebriated louts right in t' their graves."

And I looked down at the amber liquid, and licking my lips, I took the first shot glass, smacked my lips and then upended the drink down my throat.

There were whistles and claps and whooping sounds as this action had the act of hefting my tits higher as I drank it all and lowered the glass, smacking my lips now.

It was tasty! Something within that liquid was tipping off something genetic in me... It was like I just found my Ambrosia!

"Now turn it over, lassie!" Someone called, and I turned the shot glass over and put it on the table smartly before me, and immediately the whole bar exploded in more whoops and guffaws, and music started up again as we began going round the table, one glass after the next, over and over again.

It was an odd new taste, and I drank glass after glass, round and round the table we went as I planted the glasses on the table, and when I could no longer do it on the table, I began stacking them on top of the others in front of me.

I laughed and sang with them, perhaps a little too eager to get to the next glass, hurrying the other two up as new glasses were provided and filled, and about half an hour into it, I suddenly blurted out:

"It's real nice of you to provide all this alcohol, mister," I said to the bartender amidst all the raucous noise, and he immediately grinned through his red beard. "Nah lassie... That isn't a problem. Ye see, the looser must come up with th' money fer all the ales. I sure'n hope that ye have some notes on ye when ye loose."

"Notes? But I don't have any money."

"Aye... As I thought. And with these two louts being th' heaviest drinkers in th' village," he indicated my opponents. "Then when ye turn out yer pockets after ye've woken up on me sticky floor, a shame fer yer fine red hair too I must say, then they'll be glad to pay fer yer ales... With some interest from ye fer both o' them."

"But I said I didn't have any money." I said, and the drinking round came back to me and I hesitated.

"It ain't money they want from ye, lassie. Yer a female, an' females be generally smaller an' light weight and therefore unable t' hold their liquor. That be a sure thing o' gettin' them both pussy fer th' night when ye go down first an' canno' pay."

My eyes went wide, and I immediately turned those eyes scowlingly upon Finnegan as I hissed at him. "Why didn't you warn me?" I growled, and then slammed the next glass.

"Like I said, lassie... If ye be Crimson's blood... Ye got nothing t' worry about."

I was angry at O' Finnegan as the minutes began to drag along and it began to get dark outside. Glass after glass, and I was starting to get the sensation that I needed to pee. I felt rather warm and lively, but slightly uncomfortable.

Especially after Eric had told me that I couldn't have sex...

If these two got what they wanted, then everything could go to hell in a hand basket. Though it impugned the honor my Gran taught me, I might have to fake going to the bathroom, and with them all being men that were too afraid to go in the women's bathroom, I could escape through the window or something.

But then something happened that I didn't expect... And the smaller of the two who lured me into this reached for his glass, took hold of it, began lifting it to his lips but rocked back in his chair as he did. The result of a drunken reprobate doing that caused him to fall over onto his back and slosh the drink all over himself. A muffled cheer and some boos came up from the crowd, and I saw money changing hands as the first looser had beer nuts and almonds thrown on him while two others hauled him out of his chair and out the door to lie him in the gutter.

"One down..." Finnegan chuckled as he leaned against the side of my head, lighting his pipe with more smoke.

Then it was just me and the other one, who himself was looking like three sheets to the wind. Five minutes later, and the other slumped off his chair, leaving me there with my next glass, which I shrugged and drank while everyone pointed at him and did the same to him that they did to the first of the pair.

"Omigosh!" Someone yelled. "Th' best drinkers among us just got beaten by a girl! What's yer name girl?!"

"D-Daniel!" I shouted back.

"Daniel?!" this one announced. "Not Irish enough! From this day forward, ye be known as Dani! Slayer o' hearts an' th' virgin that wouldn' be taken!"

*Dani! Her name be Dani!*



*She be a wonderful lass, as big as a man,  
As headstrong as a cow and defier of the plan,  
The stomach of a goat but the eyes of a dove  
Hair like fire and a body that we love!  
Dani...*

I blanched and was immediately taken up in dance and celebration, the sort of which the good book called 'eat drink and be merry' and though Gran said I might some day be tempted to drink that I should nonetheless exert temperance in the act, but nonetheless, I must've drank several bottles by now, and boy... Did I have to pee.

They swung me round and round, and I felt more than one hand grope my butt as they sung praises to me... And I was amazed that they came up with a seven chorus song right there on the spot about me. Oh yeah, that bit back there was just the first verse. The rest of it involved lots of lude and lascivious things describing various assets on me.

After awhile, I was at long last able to detach myself from them all and sneak into the bathroom, taking Finnegan off his perch and depositing him in a sink as I stole away into a stall. It was a small three stall room, but it must've been the quietest place in the pub.

"Ye all right, lassie?" he asked while I sat in the stall once I'd done my business.

"I'm a bit light-headed but..." I paused. "How did you know that I could beat them?"

"Simple weight ratios. Ye are twice as heavy as either o' them are, that... An' yer first mother was a stalwart drinker. Was able t' drink a hundred men under th' table once. Their plan was much ado what those two had in mind fer ye.

"After everything was said and done, she took th' biggest and strongest o' them all, and did 'im rotten.

"That man gave her the little girl who continued yer family line. A strong and virtuous man was he, and he just be there t' drink at th' time."

Getting dressed, being careful to resettle both underpants and pants about me so as to not overstrain them, the button of the fly of those pants was a particular problem to close; I opened the stall and looked at the Leprechaun.

"There's a big thing here about blood and continuing the line. Do I need to get pregnant or something here?"

"All in due time, lassie. Crimson was a grown woman, she was, by th' time she had her first daughter."

"First daughter... So there are others like me?"

"Nay, not like ye lassie. Ye are th' direct descendant from th' eldest daughter t' the eldest daughter. And though she did have five daughters, only yer line is unspoiled an' unbroken. As her blood line is concerned, lassie, th' moment a son was born when no daughters were damed by the mother, then the bloodline ended.

"There are other girls who have a chance, but ye were the best possible chance to claim all her powers. Tis yer birthright, lassie."

Exiting the stall and stepping toward the loud pub, Finnegan leapt to my shoulder again and sat down, and I was immediately met with more praise and more fun as I rode the tumultuous fanfare around the room in one direction, waved goodbye to everyone and then left, stepping out into the dusk of late evening that

permeated the world here after the sun had gone down. There was still light enough to see though as I stepped out of the pub, giving a mild hiccup as I did.

The street lamps were being lit and there were less people on the streets as I walked along, holding the Shillelagh, which had never left me the whole time I was in there, as I continued toward the mountain, wondering about all the distant cousins I had that could've made this journey instead of me.

But every time I thought about someone else doing this, someone else meeting a Dragon in battle, I remembered that none of them had as good a chance as I did.

I suddenly understood the burden of certain blood lines...

It was then, as I was leaving the village, that I heard the peal of a gun that made me spasm to alertness, and looking to Finnegan, I heard the gun peal again.

Rushing forward, feeling an instinct taking over, I ran after the sound and soon rounded a bend in the road that turned about a farmstead before rising up over a hill, and just over the hill was where I stopped. There before me, I saw the two men who'd beguiled me into the pub in the first place, with the largest of the pair holding a rifle and aiming at something while his partner drank heavily from a liquor bottle.

They were way past 'stupid drunk' now and were still drinking, but nonetheless their shots seemed pretty accurate. Stepping up behind them, one of them shot again, and this time I heard another noise, a yelp of some dog, and twisting myself and craning my head to look, I saw the shimmer of red fur in the waning light.

I started as I noticed what they were shooting at was a red wolf darting through the heather.

"Yeah! Got er!" The smaller of the two said as his taller friend actuated the bolt action and took aim again. Without thinking and with a yelp from Finnegan as I ran up the path behind them, I brandished my shillelagh with an expertise that I thought only my Gran was capable of with a ladle in her hand, and right as the one with the gun fired, I hit him over the head, sending the shot wild.

He slumped as I swung again, catching the second of the two on the skull, and he dropped as well.

"And stay down!" I shouted at them both, feeling a feminine rage in me the sorts of which only seemed to come on with menstrual as I reached down, took their rifle, and with a strength that surprised me only once the task was done, I broke the rifle smartly in half over my knee and tossed it on the ground beside them.

"Nice blows lassie..." Finnegan said, hopping down and then rifled through their pockets for loose change.

"We need to find that wolf they shot." I said and turned to leave, but Finnegan immediately leapt to my shoulder and yanking on my ear, turned my head toward him before he fisted the end of my nose.

"Lassie! Are ye insane?! Ye want t' go looking fer a wounded wolf." and he let go of his hold on both ear and nose and I rubbed the tip of that nose with several fingers while blinking away the approaching tears.

"Yeah I do." I said and marched off anyways. "You don't understand, Finnegan."

"No ah don', lassie... Help me t' know then."

"I can't stand it when things are hurt, Finnegan. Little bunnies and birds and things... I-I want to be a vet.... Or... At least I wanted to be a vet, before all this started. And I'll be damned if I'll abandon a hurt animal, no matter how vicious it is."

"Perhaps, lassie..." was all Finnegan said as I marched right into the heather and started looking for the injured wolf.

It didn't take long for me to find a splatter of blood all over the flaxen heather, and the blood trail wasn't difficult to follow either. It was everywhere!

*Those two must've hit a major artery or something*, I considered, looking around the darkening field for any additional signs of the injured wolf, but the sign that finally presented itself to me was the sound of a dog... Or a wolf... Whining.

I finally stumbled upon a ghastly sight, and biting my lower lip, I immediately felt tears cross my eyes as I saw the wolf laying on a rock, its fur a deep iron red, but a blast in its breast and along one flank was gouting blood.

Pressing both hands over my mouth, I knew that it was already too late. The only possible way to save the wolf was if there was a veterinarian hospital right here and now, and several skilled healers with lots of canine blood on hand to stop the bleeding, suture it up and administer new blood.

The wolf was suffering, bleeding to death, and as I approached it, it didn't even move to snap at me or otherwise defend itself. It couldn't keep its eyes open either... Which meant that it was losing the fight to stay alive.

Crying for it, I knelt beside it, and gripping its head and petting its fur briefly, I grabbed its muzzle and with a quick jerk snapped its neck.

I began to sob immediately as the Wolf spasmed once and died, and Finnegan removed his bowler hat and covered his heart with it.

"Ye did what ye had t' do, lassie." he said, and I wiped a hand over both my eyes.

"I-I know... But I..." whatever I was about to say stopped as I heard another smaller wined, and snapping my head up and turning it toward the direction of the sound, and I saw a low hole nestled low in the side of the mountain.

Rushing up to it on hands and knees to the hole, I then saw another sight that sent a pang into me.

It was the wolf's den, but it was filled with a litter of pups that were all dead. Several didn't even have their fur yet, and were bloated from having been dead a long time. At first I thought I'd just imagined the wined, but then one of the bodies moved and wined again, and with a gasp I reached in and moved several of the bodies to find a red-furred pup and immediately pulled it up into my arms.

The little red wolf wined and made a couple short howls as I folded her close to my breast within one muscular yet soft-skinned arm, covering the pup with my other hand.

The female pup was scrawny and I could see too much of her ribs, and she flailed her four legs in an attempt to make heads or tails of where she was.

"Lassie... Are ye sure ye want t' do that?"

"Of course I'm sure! She's starving and she's all alone." I snapped back at him, tears in my eyes again before I turned back to the pup as I nestled her against both my breasts now.

"A kind heart ye got, lassie, no doubting that, an' I know ye care fer th' wee beastie, but she'll die without her mother."

I looked around, knowing that the village wouldn't help me, cause they were probably shooting the wolves to keep them away from the town. I know those other two were shooting for sport, but that doesn't stop someone else from doing the same.

And then I looked to the pup as she howled low and weak again, still with an umbilical chord shriveled up and charred at her navel.

It was getting cold out.

The pup was probably using the bodies of her brothers and sisters instinctively to keep warm.

"You're a leprechaun... Why don't you help me? Use your magic or something?"

"I canno' do that, lassie." Finnegan said as he shook his head. "Other than guide ye from place t' place, an' maybe instruct ye from time t' time, ah canno' interfere with yer quest. Ye have t' do this alone."

I bit my lower lip, tears forming as my mind ran frantically, thoughts jumbling up inside me as I rose, strode a few steps toward the village, then a few steps toward the tree and stopped in indecision, and then clear as day, one thought entered my mind, and faster than I'd ever moved before, I snatched O' Finnegan from off his perch and held him firmly in one hand as he wriggled and writhed.

"L-Lassie... What're ye doin', ah..."

"I caught you!" I shouted at him, barked really, tears in my eyes. "I caught you and now you need to give me three wishes! And for the first wish, I wish that I had everything right here to save this pup's life!"

O' Finnegan stopped wriggling immediately and stared at me. His face was hard to read. "Aye lassie..." he said at last and lifted a small hand, "Granted."

And he snapped his fingers, and the wolf's den suddenly ballooned open, and things appeared inside it as the carcasses of the dead pups incinerated with fire. The den deepened, a hanging lamp appeared on a metal hook in the stone ceiling, and a wooden box appeared and dropped to the ground before popping open, overflowing with stuff.

Entering, stooping to a kneeling position, I put O' Finnegan down on the ground as I opened the great wooden box and found blankets and meat preserves and more food inside it. Ripping out one blanket without thinking, I bundled the pup inside it, and she stopped shivering, but that didn't stop her wining and howling.

I pulled out more and more of the blankets from the box and threw them on the ground, one landing on O' Finnegan and he was forced to find his way out from under it. Pulling out a tin of jerky then, I sat down without another word and tried to feed the wolf pup.

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I'd been trying to feed the pup for hours, but despite her sharp white teeth, she just couldn't eat. She was too weak.

Finnegan sat on the box watching me as I cried tears I no longer had to shed, rocking with the pup and singing.

Eventually I bit upon a piece of the meat, chewed it up and tried unsuccessfully to feed her that way, but she just spat up whatever I fed her.

I began to cry harder when the pup's movements were growing weaker, and with a sob I cried out. "Damn it!"

"Lassie..." O' Finnegan ventured.

"Shut up!" I snapped at him. "I'm not going to let her die! I'm not going to let another die!"

"Lassie... She's just a pup... I think she's too young t' eat meat. That... Or she's just too weak."

I looked down at the pup, biting on my lower lip to keep it from trembling, seeing that Finnegan was right, and I caressed the wolf's nose, trying to get her to eat what little meat I had in my fingers, and the wolf instead opened her mouth and began to suck on that finger.

I was so distraught at the moment that I didn't even realize that she was doing that, but when I focused on her, calmed down and began to hum for her again, the thoughts in my head suddenly clicked into place and I realized what she was doing.

"She's nursing." I whispered.

Without another thought I pushed the hem of the shirt I was wearing up from covering the pair of tits it hemmed in, disgorging the heavy pair as I pulled my finger from the pup's mouth and instead offered it an actual tit.

When actual milk came from me, the pup's actions suddenly redoubled and then tripled in eagerness, and she began to nurse heavily from me, so heavily that it drew painfully upon the teat and made it ache even as she lifted her paws and began to massage the fat milk tank.

But I didn't care... She was nursing, she would live.

"She's nursing!" I squealed eagerly.

"Aye lassie... Good fer ye." Finnegan said, managing a smile as the pup ate and ate and ate for all she was worth.

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I lifted my Shillelagh before the entrance to this small cave, imagined what I wanted, and the end of the cudgel uncoiled and spread open like a spider's web, brandishing its thorns, flowers and berries, obscuring any visitors from looking in here should they pass by.

The pup had emptied one tit and moved onto the next, and was now nursing slowly now. I was just glad that she had a big fat belly now, though I was surprised that the little thing was able to put away so much milk. I must've carried a gallon or two in these fat babies of mine, and this little wolfess didn't appear that she were big enough to hold all that.

I felt her paws, saw how big they were... She'd be a strong wolf when she grew up, which was perhaps why she lasted so long.

I'd lain against the blankets up against the box under the light of the dimmed lamp, watching as Finnegan sat smoking comfortably on a stone that was just big enough for him.

I stared at the leprechaun for a time as the wolfess steadily slowed in her nursing.

"Finnegan..." I managed at last, and the leprechaun looked to me.

"Yeah, lassie?" he said with a puff of smoke.

"I'm sorry... That I had to force you to do that... All the stories tell of the mischief of Leprechauns... But I think it's just that you don't like dealing with other people's greed all the time and all their petty requests."

Finnegan took a puff from his pipe before answering. "I dinna want t' see th' wee pup die either, lassie... No young thing should enter th' world under such conditions.

"But like I said in the Fell Forest... We do grow tired o' us being tracked down, just so that some undeserving sod can steal our pot o' gold from us. Though th' human makes th' wish, it be up t' us on how th' wish be granted. Some get very creative in how they be grantin' that wish.

"It be us leprechauns what coined the phrase '*Be careful what ye wish fer.*'" again he took a puff of smoke from his pipe and blew it out. "But just so ye know, lassie... Ye have two more wishes left.

I stared at the leprechaun once he said that as he sat there smoking, and slowly a broad smile crossed my features.

"Finnegan... I wish we had something to eat... Something hearty and filling. I'm kinda hungry."

"Granted." Finnegan smiled, and lifting his hand, snapped his fingers and the blankets were pushed back before a small iron pot appeared with a smoldering fire beneath it. There was a wooden tray nearby with wood bowls and wood cups and a huge round of bread. A glass pitcher of milk with a tray of butters and a wedge of cheese sat there for us. In the pot was a thick, bubbling hearty stew with thick pieces of beef and potatoes.

"And Finnegan..." I added. "...I wish for luck. Of all the things I think I'm going to need, I think I'm going to need that the most. You can't be here all the time, you know?"

Finnegan nodded. "Granted." he said and snapped his fingers again, and I felt something wash over me, like someone had just dumped a bucket of warm egg yolks over my head and it was slowly sliding down the whole of me.

"That be a special gift, lassie... A Leprechaun can grant it only once a century. This here be th' luck o' th' Irish, th' luck o' th' Blarney Stone, an' just plain ole Dumb Luck... Fer those times that ye miss-think yer way... All rolled up in t' one."

I rose from the bedding to face O' Finnegan, moving the wolf pup so that I cradled her instead of coddled her, and she now laid delicately in one arm, still sucking from me as I began to serve myself.

"Thanks Finnegan. I'm glad you're here. Honestly... I don't think I could've done any of this without you."

"Lassie... I've been there fer each Crimson Clover since yer first mother, and I ain't gonna abandon ye now..."

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I slept there; warm in that cave, cradling the new pup once she'd had her complete fill from me. I dreamed of dragons and growing stronger and stronger, with the uttermost power of a prime sorceress at my beck and call.

And I dreamed of a wolf, with red fur that was as scarlet as the hair atop my head, and I opened my eyes and immediately was met with the electric blue eyes of a red-faced wolf pup, who immediately licked my face with a wet slobbery tongue. I laughed and rose, wiping her slobber off before I picked her up and held her aloft. She was energetic now, looking far stronger than she was the night before, and the sheer fact that her eyes were open was a wonderful thing.

"Aw... The wee little doggy thinks yer her mum..." O' Finnegan teased from where he'd been sitting since last night. "Lucky fer ye that the pup opened her eyes today to see you. If she opened her eyes and bonded with her real mother first, than you'd have a wild dog on yer hands.

"There ain't no if's, and's or but's about it now, lassie... You're responsible fer that pup now."

Not that I mind." I laughed as the pup tried to lick my face again and again. "I'm just glad she has her strength back. But if I have to take care of her then I should give her a decent name." And I held the pup away, seeing her pant happily at me with the sort of undeniable love that only a dog could produce for their human while her little stub of a tail whisked back and forth rapidly. "Blaze!" I said at last... I think I'll call you Blaze!"

"A fitting name if I ever did hear one..." Finnegan mused as he puffed on his pipe.

"But a fitting name needs a fitting collar." I said and looked around for one, but then I noticed my Shillelagh which was still in the shape of a thorny bush pointing outside.

Gripping the wood, I pulled on it, and immediately the great and powerful Elder Blackthorn weaved itself rapidly back into the shillelagh with the green gem forming the center of the curling knot at its head. And holding the cudgel and placing Blaze on my lap, I touched her neck and immediately trailers from the wood slid from it, weaving into an intricate solid band about the pup's neck, with a green gem at her throat and her name emblazoned on a wooden tablet between her shoulders.

"There..." I said, and rising, Blaze lifting her head to look at me happily, her tiny little tail shaking rapidly again, I looked upon her and inspected my handiwork. "That should do nicely, I think, but now we really should... Should... Ngh!"

What words I was about to say were lost to me as suddenly I felt an explosion inside me, the explosion radiating to every inch of me as something bestial entered this supreme body of mine, and I immediately became short of breath.

"Lassie? Are ye all... Right...?" O' Finnegan's voice trailed off as a groaning sound began to emanate from every sinew and bone inside me, just before bits of me began to crack and bulge.

Both tits were engorging rapidly, their glands filling with milk so fast that I moaned as milk slid from both nipples and wet down the shirt I was wearing and making twin transparent spots over either tit. But both tits were likewise expanding faster than ever, pressing against each other, pushing against either bicep on the arms that were hugging me now, and with a tightening inside my bowels, I gasped and suddenly came in a heavy, spasming torrent that wet the crotch of both panty and jeans down with hot sticky moisture.

The twin labia tensed and throbbed while the thick and hard clitoris wedged in between them at the top of my vaginal slit suddenly began spasming as I came again and again. One climax after the next ejaculated into those panties, making them sopping wet and making the wet spot in the crotch of my jeans steadily slide down the insides of both legs and slowly seep up along the zipper just before those tumultuous orgasmic eruptions intensified.

Over and over did I cum, feeling those juices sliding down my thighs, and tossing my head and mane of fire red hair, I suddenly felt myself swelling. Uncoiling myself, I gripped the rock walls of the cave till the

nails on the ends of all my fingers scraped grooves into the stone, and looking down at myself, even as the swelling, bulging mammaries atop my chest swelled great enough that they formed rips in the shirt about them.

Both nipples and their supporting areola were puffing and thickening outward, the pair of them also ejaculating, though they ejaculated cream instead of my viscous nectar. Repeatedly they spasmed and ejected more cream that slid down the shirt front before them before straining onto my flesh, and then likewise dribbled off that garment and onto my navel before forming rivulets down toward the bulging vaginal muscles between both thighs.

I began to move and curve in tune with the sexual things erupting within me, feeling the first rip in the shirt I wore forming right between the long band of stretching cloth that was formed between either of the two nipples atop each tit; the tear ripping right in between the two of them and steadily spreading open as both tits filled outward. The pair of pectorals either tit sat atop were likewise continually thickening atop all the supporting ribs that were barreling outward too, and the combinations of growths would've easily have torn that shirt open on their own, but I nonetheless lifted both hands and helped the process.

I pulled and tugged, tearing larger holes in that shirt in an attempt to disgorge those swelling tits, panting heavily as at long last the pair of naked breasts I owned now swelled so large that that shirt no longer could contain them.

Both tits sagged heavily with all the water weight of the milk they both carried, but even then they continued swelling with more glandular might and more lactation. The pair of them immediately separated and rotated away as the point of my sternum pushed forward then, barreling the ribs and chest muscles outward before hefting both mammaries higher atop all the ribs beneath them before likewise stretching all the abdominal muscles below them into a lengthened realm of tight muscular bulges.

The whole of my upper body seemed to separate along all the major muscle groups and rapidly spread away from each other, fanning in every direction and broadening the width of all the creases between each muscle. Shortly in the wake of this change, each and every last muscle rapidly began to swell and grow to fill in the gaps between all those muscles, each sinew thickening heavily and forcing me to grow taller and wider by the simple fact that none of those muscles could share the same space and were pushing against each other as they grew!

When they couldn't push something out of the way, each muscle simply slid out of the way with the bones beneath them thickening and lengthening in order to support them. All over me this process of separation and growth and realignment happened repeatedly over and over again, and with it all came a flood of multiple strengths that hemmed me up and strengthened me to a sickening level of power that drove me into an erotic madness as it took hold.

On the upper torso, the whole of me simply spread wider and wider while my chest surged forward and my back flared wide. The deltoid muscles pushed both arms apart as the shoulder breadth widened. The neck muscles flared wider as my throat thickened, and a massive piling of muscle on my back began to create more ripping in that shirt I wore across the shoulders, popping seams and causing great rents in the weak fabric. The shirt became nothing more than a knot across both shoulders very quickly; the thickening and piling masses of both biceps piling taller and thicker till they tore the sleeves open to the shoulders, and those thickening shoulders tore them completely open to the body. The flaring back muscles began to repeatedly tear open gaping holes in the back of that shirt, till with a series of constantly shredding holes, that shirt was pulled completely apart across the bulging spine that was being pushed out from within me.

All this just before the thickening girth of either of my arms erupted the last seams and shreds of the sleeves, snapping the remaining halves of the shirt and allowing all that tattered cloth fall to the ground.



Below that upper body, connected by an abdomen that was rapidly swelling thicker as it sank further below the torso, gaining another couple pair of abs in the process to increase their number from eight to ten, and finally twelve. I felt every muscle supporting me on my lower body flare as well, spreading my bodice even further apart while thickening my middle, bulging abdominals forward down their center and rounding the narrow waist along my back.

Like cable-like chords erupted and cut themselves out of my back, popping outward and billowing in their growth in long arcs, thickening my body further and further as both my arms grew.

I rapidly undid the belt about my waist as it grew ever more confining, suffocating me and nearing the point of snapping open, and no sooner than I did that than the button of the pants that belt held up snapped off and the zipper fly was torn right apart, revealing the bulging expanse of my pussy and the subtle patch of the panties slowly sliding down from my pelvis as I grew.

The sopping wet panty I wore, the thing doing nothing to hide the contours of the wonderful vaginal crevice that it hid, was likewise wedging themselves firmly up into the crevice of my behind along with the jeans I was wearing. But as both my hips and buttocks widened and thickened, drawing more jean and panty fabric up between the twin bulges of my ass, the seams of the pants I wore began to pop and snap open.

The first holes formed on either side of me, right at the hip. The second and third formed about my outer thighs as those already thickened bulges thickened, creased and reformed with greater and greater feminine power. The remaining pair of tears were at the cuffs of those pants right at where both my calves were flaring wide and bulbous. As those muscles thickened, I felt the fabric splitting open at the bottoms of these jeans, ripping and tearing as they were rapidly pulled up along either leg and passed the knees, only to be split open further by the stresses of my growing thighs.

I felt like a growing hulk, and I moaned as I repeatedly tensed and unclenched muscles, feeling both arms growing to match the thickness of both thighs, and those thighs growing wider than my waist, all while both pairs of tits continued to swell and swell. But as those tits grew, they were then pulled further atop of my chest as both pecs puffed outward and both mammaries filled with yet more glandular mass which then rapidly filled with milk. They grew and grew till they were a pair of bouncy orbs decorating my front, and standing surreptitiously on end with their quivering erect nipples, apparently hefting themselves weightlessly as if they completely ignored gravity.

I didn't lactate as much now, now that the mountainous pair weren't scrunched so badly, but every so often they spasmed and ejected twin gouts of cream.

Another orgasmic lance erupted from me, so long that it felt like I was peeing cum, and its remnants slid from within me and all over onto the floor. I felt more seams breaking, and even shredding fabric as the legs of those pants tore open about the imperiously massive quadriceps and calf muscles that were forming from me, but then there came more snaps and rending tears. I didn't have to even look to know that these newest tears were forming from my feet tearing through both socks and laces of my shoes. They'd already been tight, and I felt them tremble and then burst forth to allow all ten toes out into the open. The toes of both socks were torn apart just before the tops of the shoes containing both feet burst open along their tops, snapping and popping seams and laces, while ripping both socks completely apart.

One hand of mine slid down the length of my bodice and stole itself into the soggy flap of white panty fabric to begin masturbating myself, and turning, I palmed the wall to help hold myself up, and as I did, I found that though my arm was extended fully against the wall, both my tits were actually pressing against the rock!

I came again about my fingers while the thickening legs on either side of that throbbing vaginal mound I now played with still thickened, individual muscles growing separately from the main masses now and

likewise tearing open the pants in more places than just the seams. Long bands of jean fabric fell to the ground as they were torn open, and the seams of both inside and outside pant legs snapped right up to both the knot of fabric at the crotch and the other knots of fabric at the waist where the thickest cloth actually held about the burgeoning hip bones and the deepening pelvic bone of this body of mine. But the seat of both jeans and panties now wedged themselves freely and so deeply into my butt that I swore that I'd never get em out without a spelunking team.

Even more did I grow, flexing these new muscles as they appeared, moaning now and again as I grew from this current six and a half foot height to a new seven foot height, and right along from there to eight feet in height, which made me taller than a man. The creases in each muscle group deepened as their individual muscles thickened, and as always, the mane of hair atop my head grew longer and fuller than ever, gaining a natural curl to it that rolled the long tresses down my swelling, flaring and heaving back muscles.

I was certain that the growth ended a good long time ago as I simply slid into the strengths that it had given me, enjoying the orgasmic lances caused by the burning in all those muscles as each erotic explosion erupted from me. But opening both eyes amidst one orgasmic lancelet, I gasped as I saw Blaze changing too!

Her little rounded puppy body was thickening and lengthening, and right before my very eyes, I watched her maturing rapidly from a pup to a full-sized wolf... But she didn't stop there...

She continued to grow past the size of a wolf even as I fingered myself, she growing as large as some arctic wolves as her flanks flared and her butt grew strong... Her tail growing long and fluffy and all her feminine wolfess features shaped toward adulthood, or at least with her growing strength as she shivered and barked from time to time.

The pleasures of growth waned from me as I watched her grow, and soon her girth was so big that she was pushing me against the wall, and her height so big that my boobs were now resting along her back!

Her shoulders continued to hunch, the bow in her back deepening, her paws growing ever larger, and she just kept growing bigger and bigger!

She grew so big that her shoulders soon actually lifted my tits higher! And then she began to muscle up, with flaring jowls and thickening neck muscles and fur, all while her legs grew stronger and more powerful, and her chest deepened to hold her body as it tapered to the lean belly she was developing.

Individual muscle ripples that could be seen even through her fur became plain to see as she grew thicker and more powerful, and I gasped even more deeply as Blaze suddenly finished changing, and tilting her head back, she howled long and deep.

I had to cover my ears and laugh at her as the sound of her howl echoed from the cave opening with such incredible passion and power.

The howl ended Blaze's own transformation as she filled out into that of a hulking, super-muscular wolf, and standing proud, she turned her majestically maned head toward me as if she knew and always expected this to happen to her. She was still a pup inside though, and she instantly turned to me and began attacking me with her tongue, licking off all the sweat and milk from off me before I pushed her down, laughing.

And then I combed her fur with my fingernails, and found that the collar I'd placed around her neck had grown into a thorned collar that was likewise joined by coils and framework for a saddle made from many overlapping vines and was likewise covered by a white seat that was as soft and as silken as the white flower petals of the blackthorn tree.

Lowering myself and picking up the Shillelagh where I'd dropped it, I grabbed hold of Blaze's neck fur and pulled myself up into her saddle, having to lay against her back due to the small ceiling, while feeling the mountainous pair of breasts topping me cleave to either side of her shoulders.

"Forward Blaze." I said and she hopped forward and skipped out into the still rising sun with all the energy of a puppy, and rising from where I laid against her back, taking a moment to re-buckle what remained of the belt I wore to likewise heap the remnants of the sundered and now legless and side-less pants I still wore on, I rode aloft Blaze's back and as she strode about before, with but a mental command - turned her to look back to the cave.

"Faith an' Begora!" O' Finnegan said as he hopped out from within. "Yer a veritable sight to behold, lassie. Ye're already as big as yer first mother were, an' I don' think I'd ever seen any of yer ancestors since her with a mount.

I struck a pose, flexing both arms and feeling all the muscles supporting them - back muscles, neck muscles, shoulders, biceps, triceps, forearms, delts and so on - all puff upward and outward, increasing five times their original size as I held the flex, feeling my strength growing steadily inside me the harder and longer I held that flex till I could grow no more and released it before laughing happily. And then I began to palm my navel, sliding a hand once again downward toward my love mound.

"Come on Finnegan... Let's go for a ride."

"A-a ride, lassie?" he fidgeted. "I don' think that be such a good... IDEA!"

His last word was a shout as I whipped the shillelagh down at him, and all the vines snaked outward in a whip vine-like motion, picking him up, snapping him toward me where I deposited him smartly between crotch and saddle, and kicking Blaze into motion, she happily snapped forward into a run.

No horse alive had the hopes of meeting the speed in which Blaze took off at, and I noted that there were flames about her feet, tail and mane as she ran; panting happily with the fun the effort of running brought her. The flames touched nothing of the heather, but she nonetheless ran at speeds that one just couldn't duplicate any other way. She was faster than a speeding train, faster than a sports car, faster than certain planes even...

And with the cool morning air rushing against my mostly naked body, the remaining tatters of the jeans I'd worn yesterday morning flapping about me as the moisture of the mists breathed against both huge naked breasts decorating my form - the pair jostling and undulating and bouncing nicely with every jarring leap Blaze took as she run - I laughed and whipped the Shillelagh about my head while I felt O' Finnegan cling tightly to the belt I wore, his little body snugly fit against the bulging and moist vaginal muscles between either of my legs.

And then because I willed it, Blaze came to a halt atop a high hill, and I whooped as she howled, and pranced upon her toes here and there before turning in a quick, tight circle.

"L-Lassie!" O' Finnegan said from between my legs as he staggered back. "Never do that again!"

He huffed and puffed, hopped off and kissed the earth, and sliding from off Blaze's back, I stood like some Irish Amazon, flexing one arm and feeling the muscles burn beautifully beneath the flesh while throbbing veins stood on end and jut themselves out from my skin all along that arm.

"I feel youthful and vibrant." I said, and huffed and puffed. "Like I'm a kid again."

"Faith, lassie, I think ye be getting a wee dose of yer animal friend's well-being in ye. It be even affected yer outward appearance a might bit." and he pointed at me.

"My appearance? How so?" I asked quizzically as the Leprechaun pulled himself up and stood before planting his hat back on his head.

"Check yer ears an' teeth, lassie." And I immediately reached up and felt one ear, and I blinked as I found that it came back into a point, and checking the other ear, I found that that one was likewise pointed. Then absently, I licked all my teeth, and found that all four canine teeth had lengthened and sharpened slightly.

"Well... Not exactly a bad thing is it? Now I look like a Vulcan."

"W-where? Where be those Darby pointed-eared bastards?!"

"Finnegan... That's just a show..."

"Nae, lassie. Real Vulcans do exist, but they be th' elves that herald in the spring."

"Oh yeah... Those red pointed hat guys." I thought about the Minnesotan Winter Festival in Saint Paul, and how they got a bunch of guys dressed all up in red with funny red hats to melt down the Ice Palace whenever one was built using the flame throwers of air balloons to do the trick.

"No, not them," I said with a smirk as I leaned on Blaze, fanning the fingers of one hand through her ever so soft mane and pausing to see that all the nails on all my fingers had lengthened... Kind of like claws. "I was talking about a science fiction show, Finnegan.

"But these new changes to my outward appearance aren't so bad." and I fanned a flock of hair over one ear.

"If ye say so lassie." he said and once again produced a lit pipe and inserted it into his mouth. "Well lassie... I can safely say that ye've found th' Pillar o' th' Beast... I'm quite sure that that beastie can hold th' weight o' th' work upon her shoulders if need be. In which case, we should be getting back to Eric."

"What about all the stuff we left in the cave?" I asked.

"It'll be retrieved, I assure ye." he grinned about his pipe. "Waste not want not... but this beastie, methinks, be th' real prize o' this trip. Best perhaps we return t' th' circle at best speed. We've spent far too long here, lassie... An' fer every second spent in th' real world, is another second that th' dragon can find us."

## Chapter 8: Strength of Stone

The emerald isle was indeed a beautiful place. I felt as if I had a sort of connection with this place now, as if a part of it were engrammed into me. Perhaps it was something in the blood that was in me, but I was unsure... But regardless, as Blaze, Finnegan and me were standing poised atop one of the still mist-covered hills of heather before the oak tree; I took one last look at the beautiful place before I continued forward.

But then there was a rumbling sound, and looking up, I saw a thunderhead approaching that roiled and churned.

"Best we be going, lassie." Finnegan said as he eyed the approaching storm.

Blaze moved almost as if she knew my thoughts, and stepping forward, her nose touched an invisible point between the stone slats within the tree, and suddenly the blue field of glowing light appeared just before a familiar scene developed on the other side of it. I flattened myself against Blaze's back as she stepped through, and I pat her flanks with one hand while Finnegan rested between her shoulder blades smoking his pipe again, and through the gateway we passed to emerge within the field of blue swirling light surrounded by a miniature Stonehenge, with a cave mouth set in a hill right in the center leading into the earth.

Dismounting and sliding a hand through Blaze's mane, I looked at the cave mouth and knew that Eric was inside it still. I looked down the length of this supremely muscular body that I'd developed over the last day, seeing myself and judging myself on what I'd become.

What a sight I must've seemed, though, a seven foot tall virgin woman of only nineteen years but with more muscle on her than a good dozen or so Olympian *male* body builders, and tits larger than any three women could possess could possess together. I was an Amazon with a long mane of fiery red hair and a pair of tapering and pointed ears.

Only tatters that hung round my but remained of the jeans I wore, along with a few strips of cloth that just refused to burst about this surreptitious form of mine. The belt I wore was the only thing keeping the remnants of those jeans up.

Strangely, I wasn't so inclined to get rid of them, especially now that I had to march down that hole as I was now, with my boobs hanging out for all to see. But having the crotch and the seat of these pants wedging themselves up inside my privates, displaying everything that made me a woman wasn't what I was afraid of, but rather allowing Eric to see so much of me. The sides of those jeans flared wide open to reveal both legs right up to the tops of either hip, and if one were to catch me in the right light and right direction on either side, they might actually see the tight and firmed vaginal muscles that were hidden by the remnants of the panties and pants remnants that I still wore. As it was, I pulled off and picked at these clothes every now and again that trying to keep two separate wedgies from happening, which was yet another disadvantage a woman had that a man didn't.

But I wondered whether or not if Eric would want me more or less because of these new assets...

But stepping forward, Blaze following along with me as O' Finnegan hopped to rest on my shoulder instead, I finally entered the cave and walked down the spiraling ramp leading into the cavern below, once again pulling the wedgie out of my butt. It was like I was wearing nothing more than a handkerchief and an eye patch about my nethers...

But as we descended, I noticed mystic etchings, emblems and runes all around me on the walls that weren't there before, or at least weren't visible before as I descended now. They were throbbing subtly as if with a heart beat, and I brushed a hand against them, feeling the warmth of life in them before I descended even deeper.

I held my breath as we stepped at long last into the chamber, and I paused, waiting for Eric to appear. Goose bumps rose up all over me in anticipation, firming both nipples while I clenched my vaginal lips together tightly in an attempt to keep them from throbbing as much.

The sensation of wanting a dick inside me was growing, and as I thought about Eric, thinking about what sort of erection he could support, I suddenly broke out in a sweat that made me glisten in the faint light, and I began to day dream.

I imagined he and I amidst the rolling heather of Ireland, me naked and powerful, he beautiful and manly with his erection projecting from him while he knelt between both my thick legs and kissed me. And then with a deft roll and a shove, he slid into me as I orgasmed, and outside of my dreams I took to palming my crotch, fingering the bare flesh of one of my two tight labia where its flesh met the inside of one thigh.

I was about to slide a pair of fingers beneath the crotch of both panty and jeans when Eric suddenly appeared, stepping out from beneath the pillars with the spheres as if he was being coughed up by the shadows in between them all.

There was now one less sphere that remained unlit, and three of the five spheres glowed beautifully for me, allowing me to see Eric in all his robes and finery.

He and I looked at each other then, I taller than he was now, with many times his body mass, and I did then what I truly wished that I wouldn't... And I fidgeted.

"Welcome back... Crimson..." he added the title at the last moment, like an afterthought, and I took that he was welcoming me personally back, and not this persona or avatar of Crimson Clover that I was developing.

"Thank you." I blushed. "I... Ah... I have my new pillar. Isn't she beautiful? I named her '*Blaze*' because of the color of her fur."

I grit my teeth and cursed myself for uttering such girlish banter.

"The coloring matches your hair." he said and I blushed even deeper till the blush slid into both my breasts, which then actuated both their attached nipples to erect and harden while both areola puffed out supremely.

His mere presence was arousing me, and I could swear that I could smell his scent... A manly scent made from Irish Spring Deodorant and soap, and Head and Shoulders shampoo. The scent was very simple, basic and direct, and he wasn't wearing any cologne at all... Or was he?

Nonetheless, the scent was making me even more aware of him, and a quick, minute jet of nectar slid from within me into the front of the panties I wore, keeping them moist still while I felt the build up of milk pressure in both my tits.

"You've done well so far, Crimson. Much better than all of your mothers before you. Much better than Crimson herself I'd go so far to wager."

"That's what I said." O' Finnegan said immediately.

"Then it must be so." Eric stated, directing his attention to the Leprechaun, and I tried to catch Finnegan's eye to tell him to shut up. "Out of the mouths of two or three witnesses shall the truth be made known, or so does one of the holy books state.

"But time is still of the essence, and the two of you have been away for too long. The signs are starting to appear."

"Signs?" I asked, suddenly attentive. "What signs?"

Eric faced me, and then opened his hand and a brilliant cloud of white mists formed above it, and within the mists came colors to show me of goings on in places that I recognized.

Huge waves on coast lines, hurricanes in several parts in the world simultaneously, fierce electrical storms, heavy rains and more.

"Systematically, every major city in the world is being targeted. Each storm, each natural happenstance is indeed magical... And greater energies since the Great Ghost Dance here in America are beginning to gather in abundance, and wherever they meet, darkness roils forth."

He closed his hand and then waved it through the mists to dissipate it before he stepped toward us through the evaporating cloud.

"I've found the next pillar, Crimson, but this time you journey to another timeless land... The land of Avalon, where King Arthur and the Knights of the Round sleep."

"Really?" I blinked, and he nodded and continued.

"Thereon lays a mountain that rises from the center of the island. What you seek is at the highest point of that mountain.

"Though time on Avalon moves differently, Crimson, and it moves slowly, you must still hurry."

"Right!" I said and mounted Blaze, and she immediately rose from where she'd been sitting on her bottom as I whirled her around and stopped, but then turned her back toward the druid.

"Eric..." I said and he turned from retreating to wherever it was that he was going to.

"Yes?" He asked kindly turning to face me and bow.

"Before I leave... Show me your face."

"Lassie..." Finnegan hissed but I held up a retraining hand to him.

"Please. I want to know more about this wise man who is helping me."

For a moment, I'd supposed that Eric would refuse, and for a time, all I could see was his mouth and the shine of his electric blue eyes deep within his hood. But then his smile rose at the corners, and lifting both hands, in which he had a huge ring on the ring finger of his left hand I noticed, he pulled back his hood, only to let some brilliant white hair spill out that was long enough to pass his shoulders.

His neck was muscular, which belied more of what laid beneath the robe, but his face was soft, almost boyish except for the cheeks and chin, which both came to sharp angles. I swallowed and felt milk actually leak from both my teats as I looked at him, and I came again in a longer, fuller jet of cream that felt like it was frothing against the panty and jean remnants I was still wearing.

My body was preparing to take him, and for a moment there I almost dismounted and went to him. But... Time was of the essence.

"Is this what you wished? Is this what you expected?" he asked.

"Yes to the first and... No... For the second." I breathed, and I absentmindedly covered my crotch and smiled at him.

Now more than ever I wanted him inside me, and my crotch grew yet soggy in the thought.

"Crimson... Please, you must hurry." he said in that dreamy voice of his, and though my head swam briefly to hear it, I suddenly shook it and then blinked fully awake.

"Right. Let's go Blaze!" I said and kicked her forward, and she sped up the spiral, and I rode her like one would ride a crotch rocket going at high speed around a corner, with my hard, knobby knee nearly scraping the ground.

We burst from the mouth of the cave, into the clearing with the five gates, and we found that one gate that led back to where my car was parked along the side of the freeway - probably towed by now - was open and real looking, but shimmered as if it were being seen through a pane of glass. Two more gates, of where we went through the Fell Forrest and that town in Ireland were likewise covered by that shimmering field of light, like a film on a bubble, which left only two unused gateways.

The first gateway was blank, and the remaining gateway showed the obvious image of a towering, white-capped mountain in a field of blue.

"That one Blaze," I directed with my Shillelagh, and she tipped forward and leapt through it, sending us exploding through the door in motion, only to come to a skidding halt in a cobblestone field.

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Rain was pouring here, rain that was warm and heavy, falling straight down without any presence of wind while lightning rolled with the thunder in the clouds above us.

"Where are we?" I asked looking around us.

We'd come out of another Stonehenge like place, but there were many stones here, not just the one we'd come through, but unlike the one we'd come through, the others weren't lit with magic.

Columns and balustrades, tattered flags and banners that must've been centuries old, and crumbled ceilings were everywhere here. There were also twelve separate pillars, each bearing the bas relief of a knight.

"This be th' ruins o' Camelot, lassie. As great an' as holy a bastion t' th' light that Camelot was, even it was wrought with its secret combinations an' petty politicking. Damn that Morgan Le Fey..."

"I wonder, perhaps, what would'a happened if King Arthur had let yer first mother into th' circle as a Knight o' th' Round."

"Crimson was attempting to get into the Knights of the Round Table?!" I gasped, surprised about this little tidbit of history.

First of all, I'd always thought King Arthur wasn't a real person... That he was based upon like a Roman Centurion around five-hundred A.D., but if Crimson Clover was real, and all this other stuff is real, then that surely meant that Arthur and his Knights were real too!

"Yea." O' Finnegan said, leaning up against my navel. I was surprised that he could do that, especially taking in how soggy my crotch was. "Ye remember me tellin' ye about that drinking contest that she partook in? Well, that drinking contest was against Arthur, his Knights, an' the captains o' all his soldiers."



"Yer first father was..."

"Lancelot?!" I beamed, but Finnegan smirked and shook his head.

"Nae lassie. Yer first mother would'a never have gotten in with no Frenchman, especially one that committed such lurid acts of adultery. Nae... Yer first father was actually Sir Gawain." he said and then gestured to one of the pillars, and Blaze automatically walked toward it so that I could look better, and I looked upon the face of the man who helped start the bloodline that I was now a part of. "Look at his shield, lassie. Notice anything about th' crest therein?"

I looked; I contemplated, and then gasped.

In one of the four sections of the crest, in the upper left even, was a Crimson Clover.

"Sir Gawain was th' greatest of Arthur's knights, even greater than Lancelot. He was th' holiest, th' strongest, an' th' bravest o' Arthur's knights." Finnegan smirked. "He was mortified when he woke th' next morning t' find himself still stuck in yer first mother, but after some... Maneuverings, he finally gave into her charms.

"Gawain usually said that yer mother was truly feminine an' gentle when they were alone together, where none could see either o' them. Sadly, Gawain fathered no sons out o' yer first mother's loins, only daughters, an' so this crest o' his, remained impassable to a new generation.

"It was his idea that yer mother try to join th' knights, he told Arthur that she'd be a great asset to th' round. Arthur refused on account that she was a she an' couldn't possibly be worth a man in battle.

"Crimson spent an age trying t' prove him wrong, but all in all, all Arthur, in his '*infinite wisdom*,' could see was her incredible breasts an' th' lack o' a penis.

"Stupid human males... His loss I say." and Finnegan continued smoking.

"But you said that the knights are still alive and sleeping. Does that mean that he's still around too?"

"I don' rightly know, lassie. Yer first father was th' sort o' man who would've wanted t' be buried with yer first mother instead o' sleeping his way out of it. Loved her greatly he did."

I looked up at the relief of my first father, feeling rain forcing the mane of hair atop my head back about the neck and shoulders of this powerful body, while more rain slid in rivulets about the many bulges of this incredible feminine form. It didn't really matter now that I'd ejaculated so much into these underpants that I wore, they were so wet with rain water now anyways.

Blaze turned, seemingly to loose interest as she walked automatically toward the mountain, and reaching down between my legs, I tugged the narrow strip of those white and nearly transparent panties back up over the bulging lips of womanhood it was supposed to cover, pausing for a moment to see the tight bands of vaginal flesh that was there. They'd very nearly slid off that bulbous clit of mine.

We traveled through the collapsed halls of Camelot, and I almost heard sounds from all the times of joyous revelry here, and likewise almost caught glimpses of the ghosts that would've represented the people in that most wonderful time of yore.

We traveled down cracked stone staircases and across rotting logs. It looked as if all the time of the ages had ravaged this place; despite that Eric had told me that time didn't pass like it did elsewhere here.

"O' Finnegan... How quickly does time pass by here?"

"It passes differently fer all things here, lassie. It is a chaotic land, it is. Fer some things, it makes that thing ageless. Fer other things, like th' castle, it is quick t' swallow up even th' stone t' th' ravages of time... But then, th' castle is th' place most closely connected t' th' real world. A century or two has passed, according t' me own bargaining, fer that once lofty castle, when a good dozen or so centuries have passed in the real world. Ye see that though th' walls still stand, they crumble an' such, but then if that derelict were in th' real world then there'd be nothing much left o' it aside from th' foundation stones an' yer scientists would be wondering what sorta edifice it coulda been."

"Oh." I said, feeling a little crestfallen.

"Why ye look so glum, lassie?"

"I was thinking, if it's possible that Gawain was still alive but sleeping, and he wouldn't have let himself die, then I supposed that he might be sleeping with my first mother... And if that were true..."

"Nae lassie. Ye canno' be inheritin' yer powers lest she were dead... Lest she an' all th' other women of yer blood line were either also dead or too old t' be considered th' youngest o' th' line. She's most certainly dead, lassie... I saw her die with me own eyes."

I looked down at O' Finnegan through the obese mammaries decorating my chest, seeing him nestled there with one leg crossed and sitting right before my swollen labia between either of those thickened thighs of mine.

Wondering, as one should wonder about the exploits of an ancestor, I asked the question that begged to be asked given this sort of a situation. I mean, how often does one get to speak to a person who was alive when a distant ancestor of yours was alive?

"How did she die?" I asked, and O' Finnegan removed the pipe from his mouth and thought.

"A stalwart woman she was. When none would help her, she faced th' dreaded dragon and all his many servants alone. She was pierced by so many arrows in th' back from th' dragon's archers that she looked like a hedgehog. But still she fought on.

"She was burned by th' spells o' his sorcerers, t' which whole sections o' her body were burned and her clothes were all fried off, but their might didn't kill her either. Still she fought on.

"She was pierced through th' belly by th' Dragon's own fore claw... I suppose he'd thought t' disembowel her, but instead she used her mighty shillelagh an' broke his claw off at th' nub o' his finger, pulled th' claw from her own body, and chucked it at him with so much force, that it wounded th' monster viciously.

"But she dinna' die from that either.

"What she died from was using herself as a blood sacrifice for a spell o' her own making that would seal th' dragon from th' Earth. She died upright on her knees, right before th' altar in which she created th' spell. She was so far gone anyways that rigor mortis struck the moment she gave up th' ghost."

I nodded and thought a little about this as Blaze continued onward with both of us on her back, the long grasses brushing about my legs about Blaze's body along her own legs, tail and flanks.

"But... If she created such a spell, then how come the dragon keeps coming back?" I asked then.

Again Finnegan paused as he inhaled more of his smoke.

"Th' dragon has many servants. Dark men that serve a dark purpose fer their dark master. They constantly work against that first powerful enchantment that yer first mother created, and each time th' dragon returns, he gains more an' more o' his terrible power that he had when he fought th' original Crimson.

"We think that this time, he'll have all o' it, an' mark me words, lassie, he'll not make th' same mistakes with ye that he did with yer first mother. But then," Finnegan smiled as he drew more smoke in. "He's in fer a surprise. Yer already far stronger than she was. An' none had th' aide o' this beastie here since she rode into battle atop her own great red wolf."

"Her wolf. W-what... Happened to Crimson's pillar of the beast?"

"Slain." Finnegan said simply. "I'm sure her pups must've contributed t' th' ferocity of th' red wolf in Ireland, t' which she had many litters."

I paused in thought as we continued to ride, and suddenly squeezed both thighs about Blaze's flanks.

"W-what was she called?"

Finnegan chuckled. "A most appropriate name. Ye see, therein ye and yer first mother share something, in which Blaze's probably ancestor was also called Blaze." I smiled and reached forward and patted Blaze between her shoulders, and she opened her mouth and panted briefly. She looked as if she were laughing briefly with her expression. "Strong, beautiful and powerful are ye both. Therein ye both share something with yer ancestors, but unlike them, I see in both of ye, something far greater in every respect."

I looked down the length of this body of mine then, between the two mountainous breasts that decorated my chest, over the ridge of rippling ribs and the repeating bulges of all the abdominals that led straight into the twin bands of vaginal muscle between two great heaping thighs at Finnegan.

The reddened lips that I'd gained that were red even without lipstick, spread into a wide smile as I looked down at the leprechaun, and turning my head, I lifted one hand, and slowly flexed it and the arm attached to it. I watched as every muscle began to flare and throb, the many veins feeding them puffing out and standing on end as all the might in me flowed through that arm. Every muscle that was used to flex that arm swelled, pushing a pectoral out, bulging a portion of my back, puffing out every long muscle strand of the attached shoulder while the bicep parted and swelled and creased many times over.

The forearm flared like a cobra's head, the fist grinding, and as I felt the unmitigated power in my arm, I began to feel aroused, felt the juices within me that were contained in both breasts and the gaping vaginal cavity inside me, began to leak, and I felt a minute squirt, like a quick jet of fluids, escape from my pussy into the panties I still wore despite how great this body had become.

I felt that arm growing still as I flexed it tighter, watching each muscle double then quintuple in thickness, muscles pushing against each other and thusly pushing other muscles out of the way so that the larger and stronger ones could grow, veins thickening greater and throbbing in tune with my quickening heart. The blood flushing into those muscles made the whole arm seem to glow red with a blush, and the slick rain that drenched it made it glisten.

I held that flex, feeling how strong I was, feeling how powerful this body was as I began tensing abdominals and wiggling my body to make more of the muscles on me dance and tense; both tits undulating, bouncing and swaying as I did while the one attached to the arm I was flexing was tensed into a tight orb atop my chest.

Blaze even paused and fiercely rolled both her front legs at the shoulder forward and back. I could just imagine how much strength my beast, my sister, daughter and companion, must feel before she started forward again.

But then looking to the mountain, I un-flexed that arm and felt it and all its attached muscles slowly deflate before I leaned forward, pressing my sopping wet pussy against Finnegan as I settled into a riding stance atop Blaze's back.

"Come on Blaze." I said, holding onto her mane, and automatically she kicked forward into a trot as we journeyed toward the mountain, the flaxen fields of tall grasses sliding against her flanks and my bulging legs and calves as we traveled.

The fields soon gave way to rolling hills, the hills rapidly becoming decorated by increasingly taller, thicker and more numerous trees, and Blaze automatically weaved through them, carrying Finnegan and me atop her back as she navigated the darkened forest with the utmost ease.

The slope of the ground began to rise, and we climbed higher and higher along the base of the mountain till we emerged above the tree line and paused between a sea of green below us and a roiling sea of gray from the storm clouds above us.

Rain found us again and began to fall more heavily here... Apparently we were in the place of the mountain where all the rain dumped before the rain shadow on the other side, but despite that, Blaze continued her way upward, following a game trail toward the summit. But then, half way up, she began to dig her claws in order to hold herself and us in place, and likewise the game trail made a sudden sharp turn and began heading back down the mountain.

Blaze tried to climb a little higher with our weight on her back, but with me and the incline and the slippery slope, she soon got to the point where it was too treacherous and too slow for me to remain on her back.

"Hold Blaze." I said, and swinging one thick and muscular leg and thigh from over her back, I slid off her and walked forward a bit to stand atop two separate rocks where the water had cut in between them. "I guess we're on foot from here." I mentioned, and lifting a hand, slicked back my mane of red hair, while the tit attached to that arm hefted high and bounced with the motion.

I marred and caressed it with the hand I was using to slick my hair back; sliding the fingernails of that hand over the flesh and feeling a realm of goose bumps rise up all over me. In turn, I felt both nipples and clit erect as I creamed again in a quick jet of nectar from between my legs that warmed that space between both thighs with the hot juices.

Amidst this touchy-feely moment, O' Finnegan climbed forward atop Blaze's saddle that was made of vines, leaves and petals and tried jumping over her head and onto my shoulder, but Blaze hopped up as he jumped and caught him in her jaws by the split coat tails of his green coat.

"Oi! Bigger off! Lemme' go, ye foul beastie... Lemme' go!" but Blaze trotted forward and slid beneath me between either of my spread open legs, flicking my crotch with her tail as she passed, and tried to climb, all with Finnegan twisting and turning in her jaws while trying to bop her on her sensitive nose.

"I think she likes you, Finnegan." I giggled, and skipped forward up the slope atop the stones like I was playing hopscotch on river stones across a river.

"I don' care! Tell her t' drop me!"

I came to stand on two more stones before Blaze as I turned to face her, and the look on her face seemed that she were laughing out loud though no sound emanated from her. Finnegan was hanging from her jaws by his coat tails, turning and twisting still as he pouted with both hands crossed now.

"Stupid beastie... This be no time t' play!"

"It's the perfect time to play." I said and squatted before them both as Blaze sat on her rump. "Besides... You didn't seem to dislike it when you were riding here, carefully nestled between my legs right over my crotch." he smirked and then opening my hand beneath him, Blaze dropped the Leprechaun into my hand and I turned and placed Finnegan onto his usual perch atop my shoulder.

"It's not like that, lassie." he pouted and promptly lit his pipe as I rose to a stand.

"But... Didn't you like it?" I asked. "I mean... You were right there, and... You weren't complaining like you usually do when you're on her back and..." I trailed off and began wringing both hands, looking sidelong at him.

Finnegan took on a somber expression as he finished resettling his coat and tipped his bowler hat down over his eyes to protect them from the rain.

"Lassie, ye're askin' me if I liked being nestled up against yer hoo-ha?" I stared at him, but didn't answer one way or the other, and Finnegan sighed and palmed my cheek with his tough little hand. "Yes, I did like it nestled there, lassie, but not fer what ye'd like t' think. No offence t' ye or Blaze, but I'm not one who likes t' go fast, an' o' all the places on her back, the safest place was safely nestled before yer womanhood, right between both thighs where th' physical laws o' inertia an' friction would keep me in one place.

"Th' fact that that place was th' gateway o' yer virginity is just... A plus o' th' situation." he smiled at the look on my face. "Yea, I liked being there."

I smiled at him, and looking down between both my naked breasts and all the vast musculature of this body of mine, I palmed the wide open flaps of jeans, the barely covering flap of panty and the belt that held it all up as I caressed the twin bands of woman flesh there.

"That's good." I said after a moment of caressing myself, which led me to lifting another hand to slide its fingernails against the tit that I'd been caressing a moment before, before all this with Blaze and Finnegan had started. "It means that there's still hope for me yet."

Finnegan settled where he was and watched me as I soothed the flesh of that tit with my hand, just before I rolled the nipple between thumb and forefinger, getting it fully erect before rolling that tit upward, drawing its nipple toward my mouth and kissing that teat before drawing it into my mouth to suck from it.

I teased the nipple with lips and tongue, sucking its milk out and swallowing every mouthful I got. The tantalizing feel of gumming that tit awoke more erotic feelings inside me, and I felt whole new levels of immaculate sensation writhe inside my navel, of the power of feminine sexuality driving its way home.

I felt a numbing tingling as I drew on that tit, and as I stood there, feeling my back arch and hips roll, I absentmindedly slid the hand that was caressing the ripened and distended pussy between my legs beneath the flap of silken fabric that served as my underwear, pinched the two vaginal lips beneath it together just before inserting ring and fore finger into myself.

The thumb and index finger of that same hand found my ripe clit and pinched it as I continued to suckle from myself, and I pinched and rolled that clit even further erect while drawing it out from within me; the two curtains of flaring vaginal flesh that were attached to it likewise being drawn out with that clit as I immediately came into my awaiting hand.

"Ah... Lassie..." Finnegan said, but it sounded like it was coming from far away and was drowned out by the sensation of all the hard abdominal muscles lining my belly clenching as a more forceful jet of nectar seethed from me, decorating all the probing fingers into that throbbing pussy of mine with a thick, syrupy

nectar. "...Lassie..." Finnegan urged again and with a snap I realized that I wasn't alone, and I stopped immediately.

The tit I was sucking on slipped from between my lips and gnawing teeth, and the whole mass fell back down against my bodice and bounced heavily with the sloshing of the milk that was inside it, spraying several individual jets of milk that splattered Blaze's face, and I promptly pulled my hand out from inside me.

"S-sorry." I blushed so deeply that it sent a glow across my face and into both breasts, and feeling the syrupy juices on the hand that had been probing me, I lifted it and began to thoughtlessly suck its juices off like I were licking some sort of sauce off.

Blaze in turn began licking her face off of the milk I splattered on her with her long tongue, and then moved to lap up some of the creamy sustenance that was leaking from both mammaries and was sliding down my body.

"Lassie... Why do ye do that?" Finnegan asked as he sat atop me again.

"I don't know." I said immediately, pulling that hand from my mouth and biting my lower lip. "I've never really been like this. Only recently, since I started all the changes and transformations and growths and such did it start to happen. When I'm not thinking about the tasks at hand, I'm thinking about a big, hot, erect dick inside me! It's like my mind's not my own any more. I just feel so... So..." I took to wringing both hands together again, not able to finish the sentence.

"...Horny." Finnegan supplied, looking to me from where he sat atop my muscled shoulder, tapping his knee with his fingers while he smoked. "Daniel... How old was yer mother when she died?" he asked suddenly, and I looked confusedly at him but nonetheless answered.

"She was about twenty-three, why?"

"Ye were a young lass then, weren't ye?" he asked then and I nodded, "Which would mean that yer mother was about as old as ye were when she conceived ye.

"Yer Gran herself be in her early fifties too now, isn't she?" I blinked, but nonetheless nodded again, trying to figure out where he was going with this. "That would mean that yer gran'mother was in her early twenties when she had yer mother." Finnegan stated. "Ye may not know this, but that is very young for an Irish woman o' her time t' have a child. Do you find that sort o' thing peculiar?"

"Should I?" I asked, and Blaze ducked her nose beneath one of my arms and stepped forward to that my palm rested on her head while she rubbed up against my side as I automatically began scratching her between the ears. I looked to Finnegan then to tell me why he was saying these things.

"Ye should, lassie, fer I believe like yer mother, an' yer mother's mother, an' her mother before her, all th' way back to Crimson herself, are under a Blood Imperative."

"A what?!" I gasped.

"Yer scientists would call it a psychological compulsion brought on by natural chemistry found within th' blood stream. They be compulsions that become more apparent when other natural chemistry finds its way into yer female bodies. In other words, as ye begin t' mature, those family traits begin t' unlock, and yer minds are affected by the heat of those chemicals in yer blood."

I blinked that Finnegan would use so many scientific words like that. But then he continued.

"But what it be, really, is an imperative imprinted upon yer blood t' generate an heir fer th' bloodline as quickly as possible, an' th' more powers o' yer blood that ye activate, an' th' more that ye mature, th' more that th' imperative suffers itself upon ye."

"Wait. You mean to tell me that I'm feeling this way... Because... Because my blood is telling me to have a baby?"

"Aye, lassie. It be a bred-in enchantment t' generate a new heir t' th' bloodline, an' more likely than not, that first child will be a girl."

I bit my lower lip and again lowered my gaze to look between either of the towering mammaries framing the view of my lower extremities, but instead of groping the sopping wet vaginal mound at the base of that view, I instead lifted both hands to cup the hard muscled navel just above it. A hand lowered to cup that pussy a moment later though, sliding all its fingers beneath the panty of course and slipping a finger or two just deep enough inside me to caress the slit...

But nonetheless, I began to think about all the things I'd been feeling lately.

"So... I'm not really looking for someone to love... I'm instead looking just for someone to give up their seed and make me pregnant."

"I dinna' say that, lassie, though I do suppose that those feelings will ultimately force ye t' choose a man not just t' be a lover an' take yer virginity away an' make ye a woman, but t' also t' be a viable father fer yer daughter..."

"And here... All this time... I thought something special was... Was happening to me." I felt tears in both eyes, but I blinked them away. I felt betrayed by my own body, and that was a certain betrayal that was most difficult to take. "I thought... He might actually be interested in me."

"Who, lassie?" Finnegan said and touched my cheek again, and I lifted a finger to wipe the tears that began to fall just then.

"I... I thought... Well he seemed genuinely interested in me, and I thought, maybe... He and I could... Could..."

"Daniel... Who?"

"Eric." I choked, and looked to the Leprechaun.

"I don't know yer heart, lassie, though I do know th' difference between love an' lust. Just think, if th' feelings yer havin' fer him are coming from yer crotch, then it be lust. If it be coming from yer head or yer heart, then ye know that it be true affection."

I looked to him and tried to think. Which one was it? I bit my lower lip, trying to think. I didn't rightly know!

"Think on it lassie. Till ye know fer sure... Best ye keep yer virginity fer a little while longer anyways."

"Thank you, O' Finnegan." I sniffed and wiped my eyes again.

Blaze whined and nuzzled my cheek before licking it, and I laughed before wiping the last of the tears away.

"Thanks to you too." I said and scruffed her mane up a bit. "But we need to get going..."

And I tipped forward, stepping lightly as the rain fell harder, pounding at us now, but thanks to the incredible strength that coursed through me now, I was able to weather the ferocity of the mountain as I climbed.

The paths cut by the water were the easiest to traverse, and I, with Blaze following, climbed upward, pausing from time to time not to rest or to get our bearings, though I faked that that was what I was doing, instead I paused to caress myself. A finger or two along the ridges of my cunt, fingernails or the whole hand over a breast to caress or massage it, and occasionally lifting the nipple to kiss it and suck off more milk.

The slope was steadily climbing, and I didn't feel winded at all. I could continue to climb, but I nonetheless rested two thirds of the way up and looked back down at where we'd come. Much of what I saw was obscured though. We were so high that the clouds were ringing us, and I saw flashes of lightning here and there within the clouds.

Balancing the Shillelagh across both thighs, I reached down and began to caress myself again as Blaze came to stand beside me.

The heat in me, in both breasts and pussy, kept me warm and energetic despite that I was nearly naked in rain that was getting colder the higher we climbed. And for a moment I dwelled upon the beautiful imagery of dancing lights in the clouds above a sea of waving green trees and the wall of rock I sat upon.

Lying back, one hand still between my thighs with the fingers inside me, stroking and coaxing the clitoris hidden inside there toward arousal, I kept caressing it as my breathing grew slow and steady. The pressure rose up inside me till my insides spasmed and clenched, and I orgasmed a long jet of sopping wet ejaculate that ran into the remnants of the jeans I was wearing and the patch of panty cloth that barely covered my pussy anymore.

The climax continued for several very long seconds, wetting those garments down and spilling outward around it to slide along the insides of both thighs, and when it was done, I wiped the juices from my loins onto my navel before rising, Finnegan sitting atop the Shillelagh that was lying beside me.

"Ye finished lassie?" he asked, still smoking his pipe.

"For now." I mused, and then tensed as a micro orgasm clenched those loins again and made me squirt more juices out.

The rock wall soon became sheer, and as I looked up at the rock that rose at least a hundred feet above me, I massaged my belly close to my loins and then tried to fly up. But a sudden gust of gale-force strait-line winds - a horizontal tornado - lanced against me and pounded me so hard into the rock face that huge stones crumbled beneath my body before I fell away, dizzy and smiling stupidly before I tumbled back to the ground, rolled several feet and then caught myself before I rolled all the way to the bottom of the mountain.

Blaze winced, looking at the rock and then at me as I rose, dusting myself off and pulling Finnegan from where he fell to wind the wind hit us and lifted him out from between the two monumental breasts decorating my chest.

"Thank ye, lassie, ah must've fallen in when that wind hit us."

I eyed him with a smirk, trying to figure out whether he was telling the truth or covering up for some lecherous action, but I nonetheless put him back on my shoulder as I strode to Blaze and palmed her head.



"No flying, apparently." I said, and then heard Blaze whine again, and I smiled down at her before scratching her vigorously between the ears. "I'm sorry, Blaze." I said and kissed her forehead. "I'd wanted to fly us all up there, but it looks like we have to climb, and your poor paws can't climb a surface like that."

Blaze lifted a paw onto my meaty thigh, and taking it with both hands I kissed it.

"You need to wait here, I said. Do you understand?"

Blaze barked and turned, stepping lithely to the base of the rock wall, looking at me and then looking up before I strode over to her. She lifted a paw and lowered her head, and scrubbing her head with one hand, I stepped on her paw and then up onto her back, her own strength great enough to hold me so that she was could help me up before she rose onto her hind feet to help me higher before lowering as I began to climb.

I climbed several meters before looking down at Blaze as she waited for me at the bottom of the cliff face.

"I'll be back as soon as I can!" I called back to her, and she barked back before I continued climbing.

After a few meters, it became immediately apparent to me why most female climbers were usually so small-chested. All that upper body strength they had flattening their breasts out, made it easier for them to climb rock walls because their tits didn't get in the way. Guys just made sure they pulled their units in tight, but girls weren't really able to do that. And with me, despite that I had such huge pectorals; the mammaries that sat atop them were so remarkably massive that their tips where the nipples were came all the way out to my forearms!

More often than not those naked tits had to compress solidly against the rock, scraping against those hard and sharp surfaces, and though it did hurt a little, I found that my skin didn't break and their sliding masses more often than not broke rock away instead of the rock breaking my flesh open.

Occasionally the mountain would batter us with wind buffets that made me clutch to the rock as if it were a great lover, holding myself there till the gale winds passed before I continued to climb again.

Higher and higher I rose, with Blaze's red fur standing out like a fire at the base of the cliff as I climbed. Though I'd never really done this before, I was amazed at how well I was doing it. My fingernails were just like claws that gripped easily into rock crevices, and though I hung from fingertips alone at certain points, I was ever so steadily able to pull myself upward till at long last I dragged myself onto the plateau at the peak of the mountain.

There I rolled onto my back and immediately stuffed one hand between both legs as I caressed myself, lifting one arm that felt as if it were burning like a reactor inside and flexed it before kissing the mountainous bicep that was there.

I rested there like that till I came in another subtle jet of moisture before I rolled to my feet and rose to a stand; both tits bouncing as I gave a little hop in my step upon rising to my full height.

We were at the top of the mountain, just above all the clouds. Lightning strikes created bursts of white light in the clouds around us as I turned slowly to take in our surroundings, immediately missing Blaze since I could no longer see her through the clouds. But as I turned, I finally stopped and settled upon a massive pillar here that looked as if it were thirty feet wide and another thirty feet tall, with its edge circular all the way around.

"What do we do here?" I asked, feeling this body of mine burning, and I was quite sure that my climb had exercised all my muscles thicker, till the remnants of both jeans and panties were tight and creaking about my lower extremities and the belt was nearing the point of completely snapping open. They were so tight that I felt an achiness over both loins and anus.

"The power o' th' mountain is a great thing, lassie, but it must be kept in check, lest any ole' fool come up here an' claim it fer themselves.

"After such a climb, ye must move th' capstone to uncover th' well beneath it. If ye canno' do it, then ye will never realize yer true power.'

"Are you kidding? Hercules couldn't even push that out of the way!" I gasped.

"Lassie... Crimson Clover coulda stole Hercules's milk money..." Finnegan mused, and I looked down at myself, flexing both arms, seeing their muscles steadily increase eight fold before I lifted my eyes to the great stone.

"Then if that's what I have to do..." I said and stepped forward, and taking a deep breath, rushed the stone and slapped painfully against its unmovable mass.

Both tits pushed against its surface, their long and thick nipples rubbing against the rough stone and bending out of the way of the tits behind them as all my back and arm muscles started to thicken against the strain. I felt the strength in me rising, felt all the power in me suffuse this body of mine, and I even used all the will power I had in moving this rock, but no matter what I did, it would not slide in any direction.

I even tried pushing it from different directions, unable to find a direction to move it before I settled back and began panting.

"Ye're not giving up now, are ye?" Finnegan asked.

"Of course not! I'm just... Trying to think this through."

"*Think* it through? Lassie, this be a test of strength."

"Yes, but what kind of strength does it test?" I asked, and squatted down beside the block, both thighs spreading open wide with the lips of my pussy flaring around the crotch of both panties and pants while both undulating breast drooped in between either leg.

It was then that I lowered a finger and picked at where the stone met the ground, and pushing a fingernail against that groove, I gasped as that nail didn't slide underneath the block when it met the top of the mountain, but rather went straight down along the block.

"It's in a recess." I said and rose immediately, both tits wobbling and bouncing with their fatty glands filled with their creamy water weight. "That means I can't do the simple task and just push it off."

"Then what does that mean?" Finnegan asked as he hopped down and looked at the groove himself, fingering his beard with one hand thoughtfully.

I bent down and took some of the dirt at the top of the mountain in my hands and rubbed them onto both palms.

"It means I have to lift it." I smirked, and rushed the stone again, but this time instead of trying to push the stone away from me, I Instead pushed my palms upward in an attempt to lift it.

The immediate rush gave me the momentum to slam the stone forward and upward, and Finnegan gave a yelp and leapt backward as the cap stone lifted several inches. I grit my teeth as I pushed upward, pressing both tits against the rock to add to the friction keeping it up, trying to arch my back to likewise lift the stone.

I arched harder and deeper, lifting the stone higher as every muscle in me puffed outward with the exertion, becoming riddled with veins as the clothing about my loins began to creak and moan as several of the remaining seams snapped and popped about me.

A flash of light escaped from the base of the stone then, and I quickly altered myself and hooked a hand beneath the stone, and then the other. More light escaped, buffeting every square inch of wet flesh on me while my mane of red hair rustled about me like a bonfire on top of a pyre as I lifted and lifted.

I huffed and puffed, feeling juices squeezing from within me to wet the remnants of the clothing I still wore, sweat mingling with rain water as I lifted a gap in the stone that was as large as me, and walking forward into the recess, palming the underside of the stone, I continued to push it upward, lifting it out of the recess above me, every muscle tensing, tertiary muscles even showing themselves as every muscle engulfed the subtle remnants of clothing on me still, popping still yet more seams so that only a tiny triangle remained of visible covering my cunt.

Steadily upward the stone went till I lifted it over my head, feeling the light from a spot at the very center of the recess beneath the stone bathing me subtly, seeming to feed me more and more of its power before I felt renewed strength suffusing me, making me grow thicker, and with a mighty groan I tossed the stone away and it landed with a deafening boom like thunder away from me, teetering for a moment on the edge of the recess before I pushed it the rest of the way out of the center of the recess and it rested on the small plateau atop the mountain.

I was breathing heavily, my chest heaving and throbbing, veins standing on end all over me as I flexed both arms and clenched both butt cheeks, arching myself to jut the bulbous pubic mound of mine forward. I felt powerful, I felt ultimate, but then I looked at the well at the center of the recess, even as the light that was like a liquid, pushed out from within to fill the recess to its fullest.

The light-filled waters rushed about my ankles as I strode forward, stepping toward that center recess before I stepped down into the well and immediately sank to my waist. I brushed both hands along the water, feeling the cool cleansing strength of it fill me, and looking back at Finnegan, who watched me from afar, I winked at him and then I squatted till there was nothing of me above the water.

I drank, I bathed and I washed, feeling as if I were inside the womb as I was bathed, anointed and baptized in this strange remarkable fluid. There I remained till I couldn't drink nor hold my breath any more before I rose from the well like a rising monster from the deep, gasping for air and spreading my hands open and shaking my head to stream the water from my mane away.

I stood there, gasping heavily, feeling some strange and remarkable power seeping into me from every pore and in through my gullet where I'd drunk so much of that water.

And then my heart pounded inside me, pumping fluids through to very ends of my being, and immediately I gasped and hugged myself as the heart in me beat again with the same pummeling affect that felt like it was trying to break out of me.

I felt the love muscle growing, swelling inside me, and each time it beat it was like a punch in the chest! I gasped, drooling out of the corner of my mouth as the force of each blow struck me again and again, hammering at me with each beat and forcing every vein, artery and capillary to stand on end all over me.

My flesh, a porcelain white, seemed to glow from the inside as every vein likewise seemed to glow with neon electricity, every muscle fiber pulsating now as I felt both labia between my thick thighs pulsating and leaking their juices in a nigh steady trickle.

I moaned deeply as I felt the muscles inside me, those that were behind the walls of my bulbous vaginal lips, throbbing as if there was a thick and heady penis throttling me, and I felt the resulting orgasm split those loins in a long jet of creamy juices that continued to erupt from me as if I were holding back a day's worth of urine and had been about to burst if I didn't pee right now. But in this case it was the pure sweet nectar of my vaginal juices squirting from me, and I climaxed with that incredible orgasm while feeling other fluids pushing into every muscle that I had.

It all suffused me with new power, making every bit of me engorge hotly and tense firmly about the skin that encased all of me inside it.

I moaned for help even as the waters of this pool began to ripple toward me, climbing up either of the already thickened legs that supported me, snaked in along my crotch and like a water worm, pushed itself about one side of the panties and pant that still encased my lower body, pushing the dual layers away from my crotch and thusly began to wriggle inside my pussy.

I was so surprised by this that I fell backward into the water, the mane of fire red hair that I owned growing longer and fuller about me as it floated in the rushing waters.

I felt the stream, newly personalized with the nectar that had spilled from me, rushing up into my body, and lowering a hand I tried to halt the rushing fluids but they just diverted about my fingers as if those fingers were nothing more than reeds and rocks in a swiftly moving stream.

But then the water worm became more solid, forming what felt like a penis with a massive head inside me as it grew with greater substance. Its thickness began to push the lips of my womanhood apart, and the crotch of the remaining clothes I still wore was knotted between pussy and thigh and the thickness of that undulating worm as it wriggled and thrust itself up into me. My clitoris erected stolidly atop those spreading open lips and flaps of vaginal flesh, and I obligingly spread both legs and rubbed the twin lips about that worm, tweaking my clit and moaning as my vaginal muscles ripened vaginal rapidly, thickening in time with the bulging mass piercing them.

I moaned more deeply as it squirmed and kept penetrating me ever more deeply, seemingly climaxing after every few seconds, and right after it felt like it came into me, my heart suddenly thudded harder inside my chest and washed me full with even more power that made my every muscle engorge and thicken subtly. Every time I came in return, that worm became washed with my nectar as it gathered it up and pushed it back inside me even as it delved deeper inside me. I gurgled, and tilting my head back into the rapidly draining waters as they rushed up inside me, I then lifted on hand and began to massage a tit toward ejecting its milk out into the pool in its own climax.

The legs framing that point of penetration flopped open even as each glute, each individual muscle of either quadricep, either calf, and every other muscle along the lengths of either of those legs thickened steadily. They billowed and bulged, popping occasionally like kernels of popcorn while a cracking sound sounded each time that a bone thickened or realigned itself.

The abdominal muscles covering my innards and the vaginal cavity that that water penis was penetrating continued tightening harder and harder, clenching with both an ever growing number of muscles that it held as well as the clenching of repeating orgasms. All those abdominals increased in number all the way up to twenty-four individual abs with eight lats to either side of them as they clenched and cajoled and even bowed outward like my womb were ballooning from how much water was being forced inside me.

But then I lifted a hand and looked at it, seeing the muscles in the fingers of that hand steadily thickening and lengthening subtly with the increasing muscle strength I was gaining while that water worm squirmed and jostled my insides. The forearms, biceps and triceps attached to that hand were likewise bulging outward and flaring wider, and gasping, looking to the other arm, I saw that swelling too.

The individual muscle strands were thickening, tearing apart and the new separate strands swelling and thickening all over again, creating a repeating spasm over every square inch of flesh on me. To help it all along, I began to hug and caress myself; rubbing those muscles and flexing them, feeling them pop and explode with ever increasing levels of physical might over each passing second.

Both biceps and triceps bulged in opposition to each other, the forearms billowing outward and flaring wider as thicker bands and chords of tendons and muscle etched themselves from out of the porcelain-like smooth flesh of this growing body.

Either shoulder rounded outward and creased into an increasingly greater number of muscle striations that rounded out the tops of either arm even as the whole of my upper body swelled; ribs pushing forward, spine turning backward into a thickening muscle hump, back flaring wider and hugging the ribs along my sides while at the same time all those ribs hooked over the still tightening muscles lining my belly.

I gasped and flexed my body in new and enticing ways, experimenting with what felt good and what made me bulge faster, churning and arching myself deeply, thrusting both tits up into the air and caressing the pair of them, feeling their nipples thickening and lengthening while their areola puffed further outward atop either mountainous tit. Those tits in themselves simply swelled with even greater density of mammary gland which immediately filled with creamy milk.

I moaned and came, all my insides tightening about that water worm inside me, and I gasped and jolted suddenly as I felt another mass pressing against my anus, wriggling its way between both butt cheeks, and I tried to stop it but it wriggled inward and immediately started thickening with mass and throbbing just like the first one that still pierced me. Both hands slapped to my abdominals as they swelled outward even further with rising strength, and I felt both thighs and calves and feet ballooning outward as this new water worm began climaxing inside me as well, adding more power to me.

I shivered, and gasped again, just as the rushing water began coiling up along the rippling abs lining my body, and I looked down to see the rushing waters form another water worm that turned into a snake that slithered up between either of my breasts as it rose, turning into a penis as well as it seemed to look at me with its one eye. I shook my head vigorously, but it nonetheless pressed against my mouth, became liquid briefly to slide between my closed mouth and clenched teeth that way, just before it grew together and forced my jaws open before it wriggled down my throat.

Eyes wide and nostrils flaring in order to breathe, I moaned as more of this energetic fluid was forced into me, and I swallowed every last bit of it, trying to stop the gag reflex.

After awhile I tried to relax and enjoy what was happening to me... Gallons and gallons of this water pushing into me through pussy, anus, mouth and pores, inflating me steadily with ever thickening expanses of musculature that stretched the flesh and made me grow and grow.

I grew taller and longer with my arms and legs lengthening while my neck and waist extended, telescoping me into a sinuous form that bulged sexily here and there with each and every last muscle on me continuing to swell into a titan's might. Even my bones were thickening and hardening, and I could hear them creaking as I was treated to a new level of sexual experience that was strumming my heart strings and making me into a goddess of muscle and beauty.

The red mane of hair atop my head grew longer and bushier as I turned and even gyrated against the worms' affections, and I even stroked off the one in my mouth to get more of its nourishment.

Either of my tits filled outward, the twin plates of pectoral muscle beneath them pushing outward as well as lifting atop the barreling and thickening ribs that supported them all. Those tits were soon projecting from me the size of medicine balls, either firm and perfectly rounded, and drooping only slightly. They were so engorged with new mammary growth that was likewise so filled with milk that the ache nearly hurt me, and

lifting both arms to hold the water projecting into my mouth, my beefy arms pushing those mammary orbs downward and together as I breathed in and our nasally, I felt gouts of milk begin to eject from me with every beat of my heart.

My body spread wider while remaining compressed about the middle, deepening the hourglass shape as individual muscles on me pressed against each other, and the stronger muscles actually pushed others out of the way.

Muscle striations that should not exist in a human being literally grew inside me as I grew stronger yet, and all the while, the water in the pool grew thinner and shallower.

I suddenly swallowed and felt the last of the worm in my mouth slide inside me to sink straight into my belly, and I blinked and gasped for air, as all the flesh and bone in me pressed firmly against the panties and pants remnants I was still wearing. I heard the remnants of that clothing groaning loudly about me now as I still swelled thicker than ever. Milk leaked from me as I came again, and as I did, the worm that was invading my anus seemed to slip right up inside me with one final climax from it, and that balloon knot it had been invading immediately tightened harder than a snare drum in its passing. The spasm that caused made me cum harder than ever, and I moaned like a whore as my loins exploded with all my silken juices.

I was gasping for air as the clothing about me strained and groaned louder, and then with a mighty pair of snaps, the crotch of both panty and pants snapped apart and flipped upward, revealing the tantalizingly naked and bulbous vaginal mound between the ballooning thigh muscles surrounding it that was flared wide open by the worm still passing inside me.

I took to jerking off the one and only remaining worm that was thickening larger than ever as it began spasming inside me harder and faster than ever, and I moaned and groaned and hissed and growled in its enthusiasm as the last of the water of this magical spring surged from its recess into me, sinking deep within my body, leaving the well dry.

I panted and groaned, and with a shuddering spasm, I came in a torrent that splattered a spraying lurch all before me as milk poured from both tits into a growing puddle around me.

Sliding a hand down my body, I pushed a thumb against the remaining strands of clothing drawn tight along with the belt about my waist, doing nothing to hide my nakedness anymore, and the remaining strips of cloth snapped immediately from about me with only the slightest of pressures. The belt popped open as the crotches of that clothing tore immediately open along the comparatively tiny little crotches to the rest of me, and the remnants fell to the ground behind me with a wet sloppy splat.

Gasping, I palmed my sex and rose, feeling weak though light as a feather as I massaged the twin vaginal muscles, and pressing both super muscular thighs together about my hand, I hissed and inserted three whole fingers into me and began to masturbate into orgasm again before I roared with the pleasure of this monstrously feminine body of mine.

I was still bubbling with minute growth as I flexed and turned, feeling the incredible power in me, in my loins, in my breasts, and in every muscle that I possessed as well as within every sexual trait I had on me; most especially within the firmly and powerfully beating heart inside me.

But physical might wasn't all that I'd claimed here... I'd also claimed a burning well of magical power that was churning in my navel that was compressing steadily from all the water weight in it that had made me look like I was at least half a year pregnant before now, all of that power vibrating enthusiastically while sending pulsating lances of pleasuring sensation through the veins and arteries feeding all my muscles.

This posed an additional problem, for this pulsating sensation was most particularly felt in the distended and bulbous vaginal muscles between my legs that were now punctuated by an erect super clit.

I approached O' Finnegan and lifting a hand, summoned the Elder Blackthorn shillelagh to me, the cudgel lifting from the ground and floating into my waiting hand, and as I gripped it, it suddenly shuddered and grew thicker and longer, more complicated, absorbing the excess power that seemed to burn inside me till it was long enough for me to hold properly. When I first took hold of it, it would've been the size of a black jack in comparison to my new enhanced size that was somewhere around eight or nine feet now, and now that it absorbed all that power, it lengthened into a shillelagh that was proper for my size.

"Hmm," I mused, and kissed the shillelagh's head, the green crystal sparkling as I did while the leprechaun looked up at me.

"I must say, lassie, that I've never seen anything so... Graphic... In me life..." he mused, and I held out a hand for him to jump up to before I lifted him to my shoulder.

But as I lifted him to his usual perch, I also lowered the shillelagh down to rest over one bulbously chorded thigh, and felt the head of the cudgel pressing against my raging cunt.

With a small smile, I turned the cudgel slightly, and pressed its head against the gate of my womanhood, and it slid easily inside me as I began to use it like a dildo.

"Ah..." Finnegan said from his perch.

"I suppose that you're about to tell me that this is unbecoming of Crimson Clover."

"Quite th' contrary, lassie. As a matter o' fact, yer doing what all yer mothers before you did with th' staff. I was about t' object o' ye doing it before me, but then I remembered me place."

"Finnegan," I prompted, and with a wholly wonderful wet slurping sound as I pulled the staff from inside me, which then prompted a brief jet of climax to squirt from me. "If this bothers you..."

"Nay lassie... It doesn't bother me at all, but if I can remind ye... Ye should practice some restraint at th' very least till we get back t' th' grove. Though time moves slowly here, it still moves, an' we're on a time schedule."

"Oh... OH! Sorry." I blushed, but nonetheless licked some of the juices I'd deposited upon the shillelagh off and felt it shiver in my hand as I did before I stepped to the edge of the plateau.

As I looked down at the cloud cover, there was suddenly a grinding noise behind me, and turning I saw the great circular stone sliding back into place, the underpants and pants remnants that I'd left there suddenly incinerated into wonton vapors, and I watched the stone as it slid fully into place and lurched to a final and thunderous boom as it locked into place.

With a thought in me as to how strong I was, and looking down at an arm that was as thick as any one of my thighs, I stepped forward and palmed the stone, and pushing against it, I saw exactly what I'd expected as the stone lifted easily with only just the one hand pressing against it. I even removed several fingers to hold it up with only index and fore fingers, and finding that easy, retracted the fore finger just to hold it up with just one finger.

The stone began to slip then though, and I let it fall back into place before I flexed an arm, and watched as absolutely every muscle of that arm and every muscle attached to that arm immediately bulged and swelled, thickening to what looked to be ten times its previous thickness as I held it there, feeling it throb and pulsate as the porcelain flesh burned red suddenly with the blood inside it as if it held back a raging fire.

And I wasn't even flexing it that hard!

The pulsating bicep and forearm that was now cradling the boob attached to it massaged the boob, and a stupid smile crossed my face as I began to cream again, and my juices began leaking from me and down both legs before both vaginal lips suddenly tightened and squirted a stolid jet of cum.

"Lassie..."

"I know... I know..." I said and immediately un-flexed. "... Had to see how strong I was."

"I assure ye, lassie... Yer stronger than any three o' yer mothers... And that includes Crimson herself! But we must leave."

I sighed and then smiled, returning back to the edge of the plateau to get my bearings, trying to remember where Blaze was so that I wouldn't hit her, just before I tipped forward into the open air.

I was immediately enveloped by the sea of mists, felt static electricity snapping off fingernails, pointed ear tips, clit and nipples as I fell, and I smiled stupidly at the tingling sensation the snapping static sent through me as it raised a realm of goose bumps all over this body. My hair whipped about me as I fell, just before I finally turned, swiveled and landed on both feet with a deafening lunge that created an impact crater in the earth. Both my tits heaved downward afterward, creating a second impact from their weight bouncing, and yet I rose from the fall as if I were jumping off the last step on a set of stairs.

Both tits bounced and jostled heavily for a moment or two longer, spraying milk before me as I immediately cupped the thick vaginal crevice between my legs, sliding a finger up and down its length as I tugged on the thickened clitoris jutting from me, pulling more of it out for me to play with as I lifted my voice and called out.

"Blaze!" I cried, and looking left and right, was met with her bounding puppy energy as she rounded a bend to the left of me, and skidding to a halt, looked up at how big I was. "Hey, it's still me." I mused and with her ears pinned back, she began to move toward me cautiously, and I bent to cuddle her, but her head lowered as I did, and I soon found out why as her head found the bulbous womanhood I now possessed, just before her thick black tongue began to lick that thick and throbbing pussy of mine.

"Blaze, what... Oh..." I groaned as her tongue made me shiver, and I began to leak more vaginal juices that she lapped up immediately, cleaning my pussy clean of sweat and water as I scrubbed her back and held onto her mane, kissing the back of her head while both my tits splayed to either side of her body.

I could feel another transference of power from me then, now to her as she drew her head back, and planting one huge paw atop one of my knees, she licked at my tit and then began to suck on it.

"Lassie..." Finnegan said, and I immediately snapped at him.

"Quiet." I growled, and began massaging that tit while tensing that arm and pectoral to squeeze my milk out.

"Lassie what..." but this time I didn't have to snap at him as he suddenly fell quiet at what I knew was supposed to happen, and the red wolf Blaze began to thicken as well.

Her haunches cracked and spread, her spine lifting and turning outward down the entire length of her back while her flanks flared outward into massive realms of feathered rib co-mingling with several overlapping layers of muscle. Her neck billowed from between her fore haunches, all four of her legs and her paws amassing outward and piling high with muscular strength while her spine suddenly bulged into a series of repeating knobby spines that lifted her back even higher than ever into a towering muscle hump.



I felt her teeth growing sharp and thick all about my teat, but Blaze didn't snap on that sensitive nib of flesh, instead she was as gentle as if she were lapping and cleaning another pup like her with her tongue; a tongue that was massaging my areola and tantalizing it into spraying more milk into her.

Blaze's tail fluffed outward with added fur, her rear tightening and her chest becoming deeper and broader, more barreled with a narrowing hind quarters that led to a pair of thick, thick rear legs.

Her paws grew larger than ever as she grew thicker and taller.

Taking my Shillelagh, I touched it to her harness, and more of the Elder Blackthorn spiraled off and added more to Blaze's harness and saddle, armoring her head and the top of her neck now, securing more of itself to her body while flaring and overlapping plates of coiled wood covered with thorns, textured with overlapping flower petals and leaves formed between both shoulders, and the seat on her back grew even more plush for my rump.

Blaze switched to my other tit, and I let her drain that one too as she grew and grew, and in the pleasure of it all, I felt more juices leak from me to slide down the gooch between pussy and anus, moistening my anus a little before it all dripped to the ground.

I kissed her head as her mane grew thicker, and large fetlocks of fur grew out of her elbows and hind quarters, her tail growing longer and thicker than ever, and when she swallowed the last drop from my other tit, she tilted her head back and howled deeply, and I watched with such stunned amazement as I even fell backward against the ground, as huge muscle striations carved themselves out of her body, turning her into a muscular powerhouse too!

I laughed at her as she lowered her noble head to look at me, her icy blue eyes shining brightly as I rose, grabbed her saddle and paused, seeing that at her shoulder she was as high as my sternum, even with how tall I was now, before I hauled myself up onto her saddle.

On her harness I found a convenient place to slide the shillelagh into, which I did, and grabbing Finnegan from off my shoulder, with some cries of alarm, I planted him smartly between my legs, right over my sopping wet and naked pussy, and taking hold of the harness, Blaze whirled in a tight half circle, and dashed off at breakneck speeds down the mountain.

Finnegan pressed himself straight against my pussy as Blaze raced forward faster than a cheetah, faster than a car, perhaps even faster than the bullet train, fire and dirt kicking up about her, her fetlocks and paws being wreathed in fire just as her mane was as she rushed forward down the mountain, picking her way downward without fail and not even minding the falling rain.

That rain had no hope to even extinguish her fire.

Down the mountain and through the forest and over the hills did she run, with me laughing and throwing both hands up into the air in my excitement, both boobs bouncing with her every lunge, as we dashed forward at incredible speeds.

And into the castle we ran, through the crumbling halls and up broken stairs and across gaps, right to the circle of stones before Blaze slowed to a halt, panting heavily in her excitement and exertion from running.

O' Finnegan slid sideways from me and slid off Blaze's back to land with a thud on the ground, and like the last time, he bent down and kissed the ground he was on.

"Great Tara Firma..." he said before wiping his mouth and standing up.

I chuckled at him, and holding onto Blaze's more ornate saddle, which was now decorated with a large green gem of its own, I lowered my other hand and slid several fingers inside myself to coax some juices from me to water the soft petals of the saddle.

"Is that fast enough?" I mused to him even as a little of my juices slid from me to wet the seat of the saddle, the moisture immediately becoming absorbed by the living construct.

"Sure'n it be a fast way t' travel, lassie... An' I sure wish we could avoid it in th' future, but time be waistin' an' we need t' be on our way."

Drawing that hand from me as I hopped off, taking a moment to suck the sweet juices off each of that hand's fingers, I took up the shillelagh again, and mused to Finnegan and stepped forward. "Spoiled sport." I grinned, and leading the way, stepped through the now blazingly blue portal and back into the grove.

## Chapter 9: Strength of Iron

The glen as it was before, with all the many stones standing as gateways to varied places in the world and to worlds beyond this one.

Suddenly I realized that I was standing naked as I looked at the gaping hole before me, with both tits full and heavy again from Blaze having sucked off all the milk from me, the pair having filled already even after all that nursing. The pair swayed and wobbled with each and every little movement that I made as I stood there, feeling brilliant and bright with the power in me, my flesh glistening with rain and sweat as I looked down and caressed the sparkling moisture decorating my now naked and hairless pussy.

I knew that the trickling moisture that was escaping me and making my vaginal crevice glisten would be all the more apparent to Eric when I went down there.

There was nothing to wear, not a strip, not a mote, and when I saw him next, it would be to stand before him as this.

True I was powerful, true I was stronger than Hercules and possibly several other really strong guys, but I was nervous about being seen like this by a man. He did after all see both my tits naked, so why was I so worried now?

I bit my lower lip and hesitated, but it was Blaze poking her nose beneath my arm and sliding in against me that brought me to my senses.

"Thanks." I said to her, and let her guide me forward instead of the other way around.

Finnegan hurried behind us as we stepped down the spiral stairs, the ceiling that much closer to my head now as we descended and then entered into the chamber with its glowing emblems and its pillars with their glowing lights.

Four of the five pillars now glowed brightly at their tops, with only the fifth unlit now.

I stood there beside Blaze, Finnegan hopping upward to stand atop my shoulder while I stood there like some muscle goddess, with the ultimate examples of female muscle and feminine power displayed in all its glory on this naked body of mine.

Biting my lower lip and looking around, nervous for his reaction, I needn't wait long. Eric appeared out from between the pillars as he normally did and stopped as he looked upon me.

His hood was off, allowing that white hair and blue eyes to shine in the light as I stood there before his appraising eyes.

"I-I've returned... And I have the fourth pillar... As you can see." I said nervously again, looking to him as the grip I held on the Shillelagh and Blaze's mane tightened.

"So I see..." he said, and the mere sound of his voice made my pussy clench like a vice, made me shiver and tremble with the want for him.

I was torn, not knowing if I wanted him for him, or just because he had a penis that could pierce me and give me the daughter the bloodline needed. Though I'd most recently had the most tartaric and erotic experience with those water worms, there was still a piece in me that was unsatisfied... And I supposed that it was the imperative to have a daughter in my womb.

"W-what do you think?" I asked, and actually stepped away from Blaze as I stood before him, muscles tensing.

The tensing of those muscles clenched both pectorals, which likewise hefted both mammaries higher. On top of that, I felt my nipples and clit erecting and moisten, and I instinctively arched myself deeply as I palmed my abdominals to calm the squirming inside me.

Eric turned regally, like he was a commanding lord looking upon one of his vassals, and when he smiled at me I nearly swooned.

"I think you've outdone any of your ancestors in strength, power and beauty, Crimson."

"Tha's what I said..." Finnegan whispered to no one in particular.

"Please... Call me Daniel," I said, ignoring Finnegan's comment, and folded both hands behind my tightly rounded behind. This had the effect of arching my body, hefting tits upward and crotch forward, spreading the vaginal lips open slightly and giving him an even greater view. I quickly uncoiled again when I realized what I was doing. "I may be the descendant of my first mother, I may be claiming her powers, but it still feels weird for everyone to be referring to me as her."

"As you wish... Daniel." he smiled, and again I almost swooned, my heart aflutter.

He must know that I was enamored with him, he must know that I wanted him, he must know that despite that I must outweigh him by ten times his weight by now, that I'd gladly lay down and spread both legs so that he go decidedly begin to f...

"Daniel," Eric said, and drew near to me... Or at least I thought he was.

Actually, he was drawing near to the altar between all the pillar as he laid a hand on it, and then I felt a magical shift in the chamber, and for the first time I realized that he was opening a door through the network of lines all around us, and I gasped as I followed his power up the spiraling ramp, out the mouth of the cave to strike the fifth and final door and make it work.

"...You have one final task to do, Daniel." Eric said as he withdrew his hand. "One more task and your powers will be complete." And this time, unlike all the times before, he approached me specifically, and I held my breath and automatically lifted both hands for him to take them. I was surprised at how small his hands appeared to me now as he held them both. "Hurry back. The age of darkness is at hand, and if we delay too long, then the Dragon will have all power over us."

I stood there, feeling my heart beating in my head, neck and chest... And most especially into both nipples and into the labia and clit between both thighs. I was staring at him, holding onto his hands, feeling the warmth of those hands, knowing his own power as it slid between us, and not able to stop the process, I began to leak a glistening nectar that decorated my loins and dripped to the ground.

At that moment, I even began to teeter backwards, knees separating in preparation to allow him to enter me, until...

"Lassie, best we be on th' move now..."

I clenched my jaw hard and let go of Eric's hands. "Right." I said, and turning, led the way to the ramp, and at its mouth I paused and turned, and saw Eric move his gaze quickly from my naked butt and the thickened labia nestled beneath both butt cheeks, and I blushed hard as he smiled reassuringly for me.

I favored him with an arched back to give him a brief yet superior view of that behind and beaver before Blaze pushed her head against my back and directed me forward. At the top of the ramp in the clearing again, I promptly inserted four fingers into the already sopping wet crevice at the base of my loins and began to caress myself vigorously.

"Damn it, both of you." I gasped, getting myself to orgasm in a torrent almost immediately.

"He himself told ye not t' have sex, lassie." Finnegan admonished as Blaze slid her nose apologetically beneath one of my arms, which earned her a friendly scratch atop the head as I continued to caress and cajole that gaping pussy of mine into yet another orgasm.

"Ngh... I know! I know..." I bit my lower lip as the pressure in those loins built, began to spill forward and then erupted. "I want it... I want it like the cure to a sickness, Finnegan, I can't think of anything else now!" And grabbing the Shillelagh from Blaze's saddle I immediately flipped it's bulbous head around and promptly inserted it into me like a long and heady cock as I pushed its smooth, glossy black surface deep inside me.

The cudgel, being sentient itself, was more than happy to help pleasure me for the moment before I whipped it out of me and cleaned it with a sweet-smelling Cantrip.

"Damn it..." I moaned, and then lifting my gaze, I spied the fifth and final door. Righting myself, still holding onto the shillelagh, I began to walk forward. "Well let's go then." I said in frustration, and promptly walked through the door.

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On the other side of the door I was immediately blasted with the gale winds of a blizzard, and its stinging, biting breath pelted me head on, nipping at every square inch skin on me and likewise biting even harder upon both nipples and clit.

I cried out with the fierceness of the cold, and as soon as Blaze slid through the door, which was an archway built in the side of a mountain, I pressed against her immediately for warmth.

"Where are we?!" I cried to Finnegan as he hopped down from me to nestle himself into the recess of Blaze's saddle; magically producing a blanket to hold himself with.

"Cold Iron!" he shouted back, shivering. "It needs t' be cold iron, an' th' colder th' better! I was hoping th' damnable ingot would find some better place t' nestle aside from th' bloomin' arctic!"

"Finnegan... I'm naked out here! I'll freeze to death long before we find it!"

"Don' be daft lassie... We still have luck on our side!"

"Luck... From where?! Where the hell am I going to get clothes out here?!"

And as if those words were a queue, I felt a tingle and a snap of magic, and suddenly there was a growl. I turned as Blaze bristled and snarled at something behind me, and I gasped as a polar bear reared amidst the snow and roared at me.

Gasping, I saw the great and mighty beast lift one paw, the claws on that paw, which were as black as ebony, flared as it struck downward, and I screamed as its claws cut into me, hot blood seeping from the wounds it'd caused.

But forgetting pretense, I surged forward, forgetting about the wonderful and magical shillelagh in Blaze's saddle as I grappled with the towering beast which on its hind legs was taller than even me!

I wrestled with it, turning and jostling my head from side to side as it tried to bite me with fangs that were stained pink, but I found that the incredible strength that I had was nonetheless greater than that of the bear. Realizing this, I stepped, I turned and I shoved, and the bear was thrown off me to go tumbling into the snow.

Without thinking, I rushed at it, the long red tresses of hair atop my head whipping and waving like fire in a snow storm as I leapt on the bear's back and grabbed its head.

The beast roared as I got it into a head lock, and it turned and writhed, batted at me with one arm and caused more scrapes against one thigh and both my sides in its attempt to escape, kill and eat me, and fearing for my life as Blaze barked as if to both taunt the bear and cheer me on, amidst O' Finnegan's shouts, I tightened my arms and twisted, and before I knew what was happening, there was a mighty snap, a gurgling from the bear, and it immediately fell limp in my arms.

Blinking, I opened those arms cautiously, seeing how limp the bear was, and gasping I let it go and hopped back, both boobs jostling heavily as I settled back and gaped at what I'd done.

I'd killed a polar bear with my bare hands!

I looked at those hands and felt myself crying, and as my lips began to tremble, I bit the lower of the two and heard Blaze howl behind me.

"What have I done?" I gasped amidst the howling and the rushing wind that nearly sucked the air from me.

"It be a common law o' nature lassie." Finnegan said as he hopped to my shoulder and sat down while snug in his rug like a bug. "In this wasteland, there be few things that could've covered ye. It be th' luck I gave ye that allowed this t' happen."

"Luck?!" I cried, the tears freezing against my cheeks the moment they fell. "I just killed a thing, Finnegan; doesn't that mean anything to you?"

"It not be me that it means anything t', but t' ye, lassie. If not fer this bear commin' along, ye had only two choices. Return as a failure or continue forward an' perhaps freeze t' death.

"It died t' give up its sustenance an' its fur t' ye. If it hadn't an' with th' Dragon at his most terrible again, then, it be better fer a creature t' sacrifice t' its savior than fer it's savior t' die."

I stood there, still weeping as I looked down at the great and powerful beast that I'd overcome. I looked at my hand as Blaze came in beside me to warm me with her fur before I lowered myself and knelt beside the bear, and laying a hand on its head as I shivered, I bent low and kissed its head.

"Thank you, mighty beast. Forgive me for taking your life, but I promise you, you will not have died in vain."

And then standing, I took the Shillelagh out of Blaze's saddle, and holding it as high as I could, I thought and I willed, and it unraveled; shooting down dozens of arching tendrils that lanced into the snow all around us before they all bowed outward. Its haft extended to pierce the ground and plant itself in hard soil a good meter or so beneath the earth, just before little vines and leaves grew into place and slowly blocked off the wailing and driving snow.

Using my magic, I turned the inside of this dome that was shielding us into a sauna, melting and evaporating the snow at our feet while petals grew from the black thorn and berries dangled from it as well. Taking some berries and eating them, I stood, still looking at the bear.

"What now?"

"I know ye don' have th' heart t' do this, lassie, but it'll have to be done. I will instruct ye in th' old ways o' yer first mother, who had t' do this sort o' thing often t' survive. We need t' skin an' clean th' beastie, an' with yer magic an' me know-how, we can do in an hour what would take days t' do..."

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Bear fur was soft and thick. I knew this now because I was now donning the skins of this great big bear...

I felt like a barbarian as I donned clothes that were tailored for my impressive girth and might, made of strips of tailored fur-covered leather that was all held together by strips of dried intestine sewed with bone.

It took more than an hour to do it, but I made sure not to waste a single bit of this bear that'd died for me. I don't know if he really did it for me, if it was a conscious desire or not, but I had to tell myself that he did, else wise I'd go mad with the thought that I'd actually killed something.

A set of fur shorts was the first thing that I donned, and though the fur was in the inside, I reveled at the way it tickled my pussy and conformed tightly against my bottom, and I caressed the fur into my loins as I continued to dress.

Two large leggings made up a pair of soft soled thigh-boots that covered over the bases of the shorts. A leather jacket came next, but due to the utter size of my tits, there would undoubtedly be some open spaces here and there. I'd just have to get used to those and bare the cold that would come through them.

The bear's paws made a suitable set of gloves that came up to my forearms, and a pair of wraps about my biceps left only narrow spaces at the shoulders and at the elbows.

A furry hat and a heavy scarf that would wrap about my face, neck and shoulders completed the ensemble, but there would be more.

The bear's bones were made into a sort of layered bone armor over my chest, strung together with more intestines to help block the wind and protect the bulbous milk tanks decorating my chest.

Out there naked in the cold, I was pretty sure I was developing twin masses of frozen yogurt in both tits from the cold.

More strips of bone were placed here and there for support, as well as about my forelegs and forearms, and anything that was left over was given to Blaze to gnaw on.

She was quite happy with some of the bones that were left over. The meat was all cooked at once on sticks, and unlike cooking over a fire, which was long an arduous and required the heat to cook the meat from the outside in, magic was able to cook it all simultaneously, so it cooked very quickly.

Finnegan, Blaze and I made a further meal out of that...

I wore a necklace made of one of the bear's teeth, its claws ending each of my fingers and toes of the gloves and boots I wore, and the rest of its teeth I'd added to the collar about Blaze's neck. She looked quite fierce that way.

Whatever was left over from the bear was burned, and I was glad to say that there was very little of that...

When all was prepared, I took hold of the center pole of the Shillelagh, and it immediately retracted, and just as we expected we were immediately blasted by snow and wind... And to make matters worse, the light of the day had waned some.

Even despite all the warm furs I was wearing, I still felt rather cold, and I shivered. Finnegan was nestled behind the curved flaring that arched upward from between Blaze's massive shoulders and the muscle hump between them; the leprechaun hidden within a recess where he could be warm and safe from most of the wind and cold. Pushing my Shillelagh into a slot beside him, I held onto Blaze's harness as she turned immediately in the direction I wanted to go as I secured the wrappings about my face, neck and eyes, and she dashed forward.

Fire wafted off her as we ran, which warmed the air a little around us. There was no known place where this Pillar of Iron could be, what Finnegan referred to as *'The Ingot,'* and he merely instructed that I must feel out for it.

This magic thing was like a natural talent for me, and the more power I got, the more I inherently knew how to work it, as if all the spells were all engrammed on my very will. And so, spreading all my senses out in every direction, borrowing from the blackthorn shillelagh and from Blaze for more power, I drew every sense that I had to Blaze in every direction looking for anything magical in nature.

Finnegan said that this Pillar of Iron that we were hunting for was already attuned to the blood in me so I, above all others, would have a more profound connection than any other living being on earth. What that meant, though, is that I was acting on only feelings, and the hope that they were right.

But those feelings that assailed me as a woman, those intuitive and inspirational feelings that people commonly called *'Women's Intuition'* suddenly seemed rather true to me. I never put flack in all that hogwash before, but now I thought I could actually feel a direction in which we were supposed to go.

The arctic was cold though, and the cold was made all the more difficult by the hurricane strength winds blasting across its endless plains of ice and snow. We must've appeared like quite the sight, though, rushing headlong across all that snow, a red wolf and a leather clad super-woman astride that wolf's back, and both of them wreathed in the fire that was kicked up by the supernatural speeds of that wolf.

We raced headlong without stopping, and I often patted Blaze's flanks reassuringly as we ran. Like I'd grown stronger, she'd grown stronger, and she likewise had a seemingly endless amount of energy. It was like she were a goddess in and of herself, a perfect partner for me, with both of us of one mind.

We breathed in the same breath, thought the same thought, and I found myself loving this beautiful creature like I'd love myself.

I smiled despite the terrible surroundings all around us, and as I felt a sudden ping of magical strength, we both grew excited, and as Blaze turned automatically in that direction, she suddenly redoubled her speed.

And what she headed toward suddenly became to us the obvious goal for this ingot of iron, and until we began heading toward it, it was nothing but another mountain top dotting this landscape.

As we neared it, we discovered that it was an outcropping of ice shards, some of them taller than a five story building, were all thrown together before us, like a great splash of water that suddenly crystallized as a series of splayed water crystals that rapidly rose before us. Blaze rushed right up to it, but then skidded to a halt as we passed through some sort of magical barrier surrounding this outcropping of ice like a bubble; her fire disappearing as I righted myself and pulled all the trappings about my face open.



It was still cold here, but the air was still and absent of the blustering snow. Looking around and drawing my shillelagh, Blaze walked forward and then around the edge of the towering and massive ice crystals, and stopped when we came to a cave set where several of the crystals had fallen together but left a large hole as a gap between them.

"Finnegan..." I said, and the Leprechaun un-spun himself from where he was huddled from the cold and lifted his arms to the top of the hooking saddle and pulled himself up to look over the lip.

"I think ye found it, lassie." he said, and I immediately nodded as Blaze stepped forward automatically to stand directly before the great hole.

Hopping off her back, I looked up and felt the crystals - which were subtly warm, and didn't feel like ice either - that formed the edges of the cave mouth.

Looking into the dark cave, I began walking forward, holding the Shillelagh over my head as the great green emerald set in its coils lit brightly to illuminate our way.

Everywhere we went I could see reflections of ourselves, see the white light of the emerald refracting in rainbows of color all around us.

I realized that we were slowly spiraling downward, down into an ice shelf that was possibly miles thick.

Holding onto Blaze as she walked beside me, Finnegan standing on her back, we continued in silence, looking for the Pillar of Iron or whatever it was called.

Even as I was wondering how Iron got way out here in all this ice and snow in the first place, eventually the crystal gave way to rock, and it was then that I felt a blast of heat that breathed up from below. Pausing, I looked to Finnegan who eyed me in return and shrugged.

Continuing forward, delving deeper and deeper, I began to feel warmth rising in my body, warmth enough to sweat, and reaching beneath the bone shirt protecting my chest, I undid several of the toggles there that were made out of bear bone and intestine, and the front of that shirt flipped open before I removed the hat and face wrappings and secured them to Blaze's back and pulled the shillelagh out before we continued.

A short while later, as the sauna-like air grew around us and the crystals all but disappeared to walls of solid rock that were completely absent of the bluish ice-like crystals, I began picking open all the clothing I was wearing, undoing this or that, till we'd lowered far enough where I paused and simply undressed to the bone armor.

"Why is it so hot?"

"Must be an underground volcano..." Finnegan said as I pushed the fur-lined shorts off my legs, revealing once again my bare butt and pussy as I immediately palmed that crotch and inserted a pair of fingers into myself to help steady the returning need for sex that was stirring in me now that I was warm again.

"I'll agree... The air is stifling here!" I gasped, and we continued onward, with me being nearly totally naked save for the fur-lined boots and the bone armor now.

I could feel the magical power rising all around me, and it was affecting me in more ways than just sexually. Though I was walking with one hand cupping my now sopping wet cunt as I occasionally rubbed it and even fingered it, I could also feel myself absorbing some sort of natural energy in the air, which was making me and Blaze grow subtly with the increase of power.

Down, down we went, and I was beginning to wonder when we'd meet the devil when the sloping ramp suddenly opened and revealed a great dome that could've fit the total space of several stadiums inside it, and at its base, lying in wait right before us, was the caldera of the volcano, complete with its bubbling flow of liquid rock rippling all about it. In the center of the caldera, at the end of a long strip of rock, was a platform, and at the center of the platform was a pillar of iron...

"Tha's it." Finnegan pointed, and I rolled my eyes.

"Of course. Why did I expect this to be easy?" I said sarcastically, and stepped forward, walking to the edge of the caldera and looked at how narrow the balustrade leading to that platform was.

As a little woman of nineteen, I could've crossed that narrow bridge of rock without any problems, but I was more than twice as tall as that little woman, and I weighed more than twenty times her weight. Hell... The weight of one of my tits alone now was enough to equal my total weight then.

Thinking about how narrow that walk way was, I looked down and pulled one tit out from the recesses of the bone shirt I was wearing, and feeling its heft and weight, lifted it and began to suck its milk off while massaging the other tit and evacuating some of its milk. Blaze more than happily caught what she could before she assaulted that tit to drink from it.

"What're ye doing, lassie?" Finnegan asked. "We gots no time..."

"Look at me Finnegan." I said, the tit dropping from my mouth with a spray of milk. "I need to walk down that narrow walk way? What if it crumbles beneath me?"

"Sure'n it will lassie. Yer no lightweight after all."

I gaped at him and pushed Blaze off the teat she was nursing from, holding her back and petting her while giving him the evil eye.

"Lassie... Think. Yer far more than just a little woman now. Ye're Crimson Clover!" he puffed out his chest and planted both fists on his hips. In a different mood, I would've found that humorous. "Ye have all this power in ye now, lassie... Do ye think that that wee little trail there is meant to hold yer weight? Nay lassie... Think... How do ye get t' th' center?"

I looked between us and the center, and blinked as the thought became obvious.

"Fly?" I ventured.

"Correct. That trail there be a head fake. Those light enough t' cross it aren't strong enough t' claim th' prize, an' those not powerful enough t' claim th' prize t' fly o'er there will perish in th' molten rock."

"Pretty merciless..." I said aloud as I continued to pet Blaze as she lapped the milk still leaking from one tit.

"Yea it is lassie. Ah know not if ye know about some o' th' magical properties o' iron, but fer ye humans, it be the element yer most compatible with. So compatible, that o'er th' millennia, ye've even increased it's strength fer yer needs, making steel an' titanium an' whatnot.

"But fer th' fairy folk an' th' Fae, it be like silver t' a lycanthrope."

"Really?" I said. I honestly didn't know that.

"Aye lassie. It give ye a prime power o'er the magical beings o' this world, whereas it likewise strengthens ye. Th' Dragon has his servants among th' fairy folk an' even a Fae or two as his servants.

"Th' iron will protect ye."

I paused, thinking of the implications before I kissed Blaze on the head again and rose away from her licking tongue.

"I'll be right back." I said mainly to her as I caressed her great furry head. "That platform doesn't look big enough for both of us, so I want you to wait here with Finnegan." I said.

She gave off an almost imperceptible nod as her icy blue eyes focused on me, and turning toward the platform and the pillar of iron that rested at its center, I reached deep inside myself for my power and lifted off the ground.

It wasn't like the first time I flew as I held tight onto the Elder Blackthorn Shillelagh, though I might've found pleasure in this, I was far too focused not to fall into the lake of lava below me to think of much else.

I flew, feeling both tits wobbling beneath me as I did, flying with one hand still cupping the vicious cunt between both legs that even now wouldn't give me rest for my needs for sex, and even as I lowered onto the platform, I was masturbating already and I paused there to rub an orgasm out before pulling my fingers out and sucking them clean.

The pillar before me was a vertical bramble of iron in the shape of a pillar. It was as tall as I was and about three feet wide, with the multitude of branches and vines of dark, red-tinted iron coiling in a pattern that almost seemed to writhe before me as I stood before it.

I walked around it, rubbing my pussy a little so that I could think better without the distraction of so much arousal, wondering what I needed to do, and with few options left, I did with it what I did with the Elder Blackthorn.

I reached out with one hand, gripped several of its interlocking and spiraling trailers, and extended my power into it.

Immediately there was a shriek as the metal seemed to break apart like metal being cut by a circular saw, and I grit my teeth as the many trailers of iron unraveled and then raveled again into the personage of a great creature, with two red burning eyes and a mouth filled with overlapping teeth and pincers.

It shrieked at me and reaching out with both its hands that were laden with stiletto like claws, it gripped into my massively thick forearm and began snapping at me with its teeth, lashing at me with a great tail laden with razors that cut at me while a pair of skeletal wings flapped at its back.

I cried out in alarm and heard a distant bark and a shout from Finnegan as I beat at the creature's head with the cudgel still in my hand, holding it up for the creature to bite upon as we pushed and shoved, the creature clawing at me and opening up more cuts and scrapes against my flesh, adding to the wounds that the bear had caused me earlier that hadn't healed yet.

On this narrow platform as we threw each other around, I realized how deadly of a battle this was, for one slip up would pitch me into the lava and kill me, or it into the lava and kill it, and then I'd lose my chance at this pillar of strength.

I battled the creature as fiercely as I could, turning this way and that, keeping myself from being thrown into the lava while at the same time saving it a couple of times as its hands continued to cut deeper into my arms. I felt as if it was cutting so deep into me that it was even piercing the bones within me now even as I excited more of my power into it, trying to force it under my control. But no matter what I did, I couldn't

get the upper hand... It was just too strong, and no matter how powerful I'd become, I was not strong enough to break metal. Bend it yes, but not break it.

I needed more power to do this, but being that Blaze was too far away for me to draw from her, that left only one other source, and looking at the Blackthorn Shillelagh that I still held as the metal monster clamped its jaws down about my hand holding it, I gave a sob of pain and then pulled the rod close to me, inserting it between my breasts and pulled into me everything that it had.

And suddenly I was being attacked by it!

It unraveled and snaked all about me, its thorns cutting into my flesh as it wrapped about my neck, choking me, restraining one of my hands and I gaped and choked, feeling weak as hundreds of spiny thorns cut at my sides and my body, trying to tear me apart it felt.

The metal monster saw its chance and I was thrust to the ground by it, but I nonetheless held onto it with one hand, pouring all the power I had into its body to try to claim it, while likewise still drawing from the Shillelagh, surprised that I could be that it was cutting me so badly.

The blood that spilled from me cooked and dried against the hot ground as I was rolled onto my back, forced to lie there by the two assailants, my struggles growing weaker by the moment as the metal monster, with one hand deep inside my arm, suddenly grew a hot steely member that erected powerfully, just before it wiggled it, it jostled, and then it plunged right inside my still wet pussy to the hilt.

I gasped and fell quiet, feeling a flood of power sliding into me as that creature had its way with me, the metal shaft it'd forced into me vibrating like a tuning fork, making me climax so powerfully that I exploded wet vaginal juices all over its legs and thighs.

And with a snap of motion, suddenly the world disappeared and I was within a world that was all white, seemingly floating about aimlessly before a body, and then another body, appeared on either side of me, and immediately I recognized the metal monster with his red eyes, but now with what looked like blazing red flesh in between all the metal rails and things that made up his body. He was positioned before me, still piercing my loins with his great and powerfully formed rod of metal, and I sighed nasally in the passionate level of pleasure his vibrating penis was accomplishing inside my bowels.

I turned my head and felt lips upon my great muscled neck, and saw then that on the other side of me from this metal creature was the phallic-endowed plant woman that had been The Elder Blackthorn. Unlike the metal monster, she had only one gemmed eye in her forehead amidst a crown of wood, while her green eyes looking lovingly at me as her own penis slid in between my butt cheeks and into my anus while she caressed and cajoled the breasts that topped me and the flesh below them and to their sides.

Why didn't I notice that green eye before?

But where there was pain in the real world, this place was kinder, and pleasing, and they both caressed me, holding onto each other's hands as the plant woman with her own bulging penis, slid soothingly into me in a velveteen way that I thought I'd never allow a person to penetrate me at.

They both embraced me then, the metal creature sucking upon my nipples as he became vigorous in easing the sexual tension within me with a long cock that actually hummed with a certain harmonics that made me cum hard all over him and my thighs, my juices sliding down our legs to fall off our toes.

More vaginal juices leaked from me as I writhed amidst their pleasures, me being unsure of as to whether or not I was being made love to by these strange otherworldly powers, or if I were being raped by them. The pleasure was definitely there, and I didn't mind what they were doing to me, so I imagined that I was being made love to by two very strong and powerful beings, feeling her breasts rubbing against my back

and spine, my breasts rubbing against his flat, ferrous and metallic chest, and amidst a particularly mind-numbing sensation that caused me to spread both legs open as wide as they could go and arch myself deeply, I thought, and immediately feared, that I was having sex.

But this... All this... Didn't feel real. The sensations were there, but there was a certain numbness to it all.

This wasn't the real world, and even my wounds were gone. I was pristine, clean and beautiful, as if I'd just been born the moment I entered this world as a fully mature super-human goddess.

What these two were doing, The Pillar of the Plant and the Pillar of Iron, were both making love to me, just like stone had... Even the Strength of the Beast with Blaze was sexually mind-numbing enough, and it was even pleasing whenever Blaze snuggled up to me to nurse, being the pup that she still was inside.

All of this was all based upon sex. Whether I did have sex, what I had sex with, how it was done, whether I didn't have sex, all these powers were based upon the fact that I was a woman, a virgin woman, and all these things were empowering that sexuality and feminine identity.

And looking up at the many fanged and mandible covered face of Iron, and looking back over my shoulder at the green-eyed gaze of Blackthorn, shi who as a plant possessed elements of both male and female, were empowering me like this, and in that realization, I spread myself wide, cast out all the power I had, and drew upon them both.

I was immediately thrust into the real world and into a remarkably different realm of feeling. Pain replaced pleasure, and blood seeped from me from dozens of wounds from sharp metal bits and rough hewn thorns.

They were both piercing my body in hundreds of places, their bits and pieces sliding along my bones, flossing all the veins and arteries inside me, humping my pussy and anus that were being rubbed raw and bloody from the pair of them, and with a baleful scream, I reached out with my power, plunged it straight into the pair of them, and pulled.

They screamed with me, both unraveling as they flossed themselves even deeper into me, and I realized that as they both slid inside me, in whichever way they could, they began building up my muscles, thickening them, strengthening them, and falling to both hands and knees and throwing up blood mixed with bile, I felt them weaving every bone and muscle inside me, even as I steadily swelled and thickened with the oncoming power.

Lurching backward and crying out in pain, I looked at one arm, even as it steadily doubled in thickness. That arm, the one that Iron had been invading with his long sharp claws, was the first to change in me as his form slid deeper inside me... Like piano wire stringing your every nerve and vein.

It was maddeningly painful.

Fingers, forearm muscles, brachials and tendons... Biceps, triceps, bones, pectorals, neck and back muscles, dorsal muscles and so on, every last muscle connecting to that arm bulged and doubled in thickness in a continuing chain reaction that led the rest of the way into my body, but once the growth had occurred, the pain there soothed as both Blackthorn and Iron slid over the wounds and closed them, healing them with a cooling strength as their weaving powers slid through the rest of me, leaving behind them ornate and decorative fields of armor made out of iron, wood, flower petals and leaves, which were likewise decorated with red and green crystals and gems here and there.

The whole of that hand was sheathed in metal and wreathed in soft green matter that was as soft as silken petals on the inside and the color of dark green leaves on the outside, but was as tough as hardened leather. Metallic claws wreathed each finger, and thickened bands and overlapping series of green and iron

wreathed that forearm and then trailed upward along the outside of the attached upper arm between biceps and triceps before once again it bulged and became ornate designs over my bulging shoulder.

The tit attached to that arm engorged itself steadily, the pectoral flaring and bulging forward beneath it to heft it higher than its mate as I grew in an unbalanced way as I was, and I gasped and gurgled, both eyes rolling into my head as the iron and wood trailers slid up into the throat and neck muscles supporting my head, forcing them too to bulge and flare as the trailers crept across me to get at my other arm; doubling the thickness of every muscle along the way and even adding some new ones as they passed.

My other tit engorged then, rising like the other had, the pair squirting milk as trailers flooded the flesh of this growing body of mine, melding with skin before rising into thicker and thicker realms of plant-like leather intermingled with hard black wood and iron.

It was the soothing, cooling sensation after all the pain that wooed me the most, and I gasped and settled onto both heels as it passed through me.

The growth of muscle and body, mingled by the supports of all that wood and metal pushed my head forward atop a pair of neck muscles that flared straight to my shoulders, all the back muscles attached to those neck muscles heaving upward and away from each other, thickening and counterbalancing those new monstrously huge mammaries that jut out before me.

Like a pair of hands the metal and wood gripped the sides of both of those tits, pressing them together from the sides, leaving the red-hot disks of areola and their towering nipples naked even as my other arm grew and flared.

A part of my mind was shutting off the pain as I largely ignored the slicing cuts and the jabs of thorns and spikes burrowing themselves into me, and I felt a piece of Blaze in me as she tried to share the pain of this change.

I tried to see her but my vision was blurred, but I nonetheless tilted my head in her direction. She knew I was thanking her somehow, and somehow I knew she was receiving that thanks, but all in all she shared this mind with me.

A wrapping of sorts slid about my head and face, leaving both face, ears and hair open as I looked at the impending power that the support of both wood and iron were doing for me, till of course the trailing growths slid down the length of my navel, engorging each abdominal and lateral in turn as the armor thickened about each rib to strengthen them too, and I groaned and came in a splattering torrent of cum that escaped my loins as both pussy lips and the clitoris between them likewise doubled in strength and size and distended several more centimeters from my pelvis.

I hugged myself and moaned, feeling the writhing in me from both plant and metal coming to an end as they then slid down the outsides of both legs, framing my pussy and flossing my butt, before forming a pair of boots about both legs that were some sort of thick heeled boots.

The power that was in me as the last vestiges of this change happened were apparent as I looked at the clawed hands of both arms, with all their metal claws and spines intermingled with wooden braces and their thorns.

Where it all met my flesh felt like flower petals, and after I flexed my new muscles and felt the feel of the warm metal and wood over me, I opened my hand and summoned a ball of flame with the barest effort of thought before closing all the fingers of that gauntlet around the flame and snuffing it out.

I felt... Numb to the world... Or at least physically. It was an odd sensation that came from several feelings at once. I felt neither hot nor cold despite that I was in the center of a boiling lake of lava, I felt nothing of

the pull of the Earth's gravity against me, making me feel light as a feather, and after so much hard ripping pain mixed with such cooling pleasure all added to the numb feeling I felt.

What replaced it was a blaring sense of self presence. I could feel so much in the world around me, the flow of hot energies in the lava, the sort of heat that could reduce rock into a liquid. I felt the powerful connection between me and Blaze, and I could feel a growing darkness in the world.

But I could also feel inside myself now too, and I felt the incredible need for physical sex and the need to get a penis in my vagina as quickly as possible.

I folded both hands over my womb as if to settle that need and also to settle the spirit of my future daughter who so wanted to be born let alone be conceived.

Looking at where Blaze and Finnegan were, I stepped forward without thinking, and also without thinking stepped right into the fiery lake of molten rock.

I'd taken several steps before I realized what I'd done, and I smirked to myself as I realized that I was standing on the ebb and flow of liquid rock, and stepping forward, I walked to the edge of the caldera and with a simple bending of the knees, vaulted up into the air, did several acrobatic twists and turns while both my tits compressed hard against the bulging pectorals of this body as they moved, and then landed before Finnegan and Blaze.

"Sweet Mary and Joseph!" Finnegan gasped as he looked at me, and I smiled at him before kneeling, just as Blaze walked toward me, nuzzling the opened crack between my pressed together breasts as I picked Finnegan up off her back, and then embraced her.

Blaze and I rested there as I shared my newfound power with her, and iron rose up from me and pierced her, but we shared the pain fully this time. She shivered and I held her, and she whined, but like it had for me, it enhanced her, and her body grew and grew, doubling every muscle in her and armoring her up like it had done for me, enhancing the look of her saddle for me to ride into an ornate green and red jeweled thing.

Everywhere on me and on her where gems appeared, there was always one green and two red... Blackthorn and Iron, and when I stood up and stepped back, I looked upon Blaze's visage and blinked at the way wisps of her fur glowed as if on fire, and whipped and warped about her like a burning conflagration, and lifting a hand and dragging some of the loose hair from the back of my head, I saw that the same affect had befallen the butt-length mane of hair decorating my head.

With Blaze, the fire was on her fetlocks on the backs of each leg, her mane and the tip of her tail.

What a pair we must've appeared just then.

"Lassie... Faith an' Begora! Ye... I mean both o' ye... This be unprecedented! Never before has anything like this ever been seen! Ye can easily be th' strongest woman... Nay, th' strongest *human* alive or ever has been alive!

I smiled a pair of thick, ruby-red lips that shimmered and sparkled as I flexed one arm, feeling the bicep and triceps billowing to at least ten times their current thickness, both of which were already nearly as large as what I could flex them to before this most recent change, and I watched as the spikes and spines about that arm turned outward subtly as I did it.

"Better than Crimson?" I asked, and wanting in on the fun too, Blaze even struck a pose, looking fierce and mighty.

"Better than all o' them put together!" Finnegan gaped. "B-but what became o' th' Shillelagh?"

"Shi is still with me." I said, and showed Finnegan more of this posing, flexing the one arm still and feeling its power burn in me, a red hue burning within the porcelain flesh I possessed as I showed him the glittering green gems, the thorns and the bundles of wrapping wood-like vines about me. "But then... There is more to hir as well." I said, and un-flexing the arm, I held out the other hand, and felt inside me for their power that was mine now, and with a flood of that power, I felt their matter and their energies flowing outward, and a metal mixed with wood Shillelagh formed in my hand, which I gripped and held with that clawed gauntlet, a moment before the wood suddenly lengthened into a long yet thickly spiraling staff, just before the top bloomed open and two long blades snapped outward.

"Lassie... Th-that has never been done either. Th' Shillelagh has always been a blunt instrument in times past."

"That was then, O' Finnegan, this is now, and like you said, I'm special..."

And I began to use the bladed spear, whirling it about me as Blaze sat back to watch and Finnegan stared at me wide-eyed. The mass of both breasts undulated and shook together, held firmly in place but nonetheless still had some play to allow them to shake, shimmy and bounce. I could feel the milk sloshing in the pair as I twisted and turned myself, somehow expertly avoiding twirling the staff in amongst my long fiery hair, perhaps the blade just passed through the strands, and as expertly as a feudal Japanese Imperial guard or a Shaolin monk would wield his staff or spear, I went through an improvised kata with the weapon, slapping it against the ground, holding onto the end and hurling it outward, the whole thing unraveling to destroy a boulder more than a hundred feet away, and then whip it back before I ground the haft and stood majestically before them both, smiling in my vigor.

Finnegan began to applause, and looking to the spear, I reformed it into a shillelagh, just before it retracted back into me. Lifting both hands then, I framed the mane of hair behind my head, and the strands immediately reformed into dozens of braids, including one long one that went all the way down my back before it all synched itself upward into subtle loops and braided buns before the wood and iron slid through the jumble to keep it all in place into a more manageable length.

I felt like a goddess; as beautiful as Aphrodite, but as strong and as blessed with womanly goodness as the Earth Titaness Gaia would possess, with the power of a sorceress.

But despite it all, and I stood there, feeling both thighs pressing together as I felt the yearning rise again, I palmed my sex and then inserted a pair of leathery felt-like fingers tipped with sharp claws into myself and began to caress myself into moisture again.

Somehow I managed not to scrape the heck out of my insides with those claws...

"Lassie..."

"I know... I know." I smirked, and pulling those fingers out from me and licking them and their claws clean, I turned toward Blaze and swung myself atop a back that was nearly as high as a horse's. "...Time." I mused, and holding out a hand, Finnegan hopped onto it before Blaze automatically turned and raced up the ramp.

Finnegan had to wrap up in the bear furs behind the deeper hooking recession of Blaze's saddle, which due to her growth and my growth and the changes of the saddle placed him tight against my still sopping wet crotch.

I smiled down at him as he promptly covered that still naked and slightly moistened cunt with a strip of fur-peaked leather, and then began making a nest for himself as we rushed up the ramp, out of the rock and into the crystal caverns, till we likewise leapt out of the cave mouth like a ball of fire.



Holding onto the saddle peak with one hand once Finnegan had wrapped himself up, I reached down and began caressing myself again with the other hand, getting myself to water repeatedly to moisten the seat of the saddle which remained lush and warm despite that we were out in the frigid cold again.

I was thinking more properly as I continued to caress and cajole those loins, now that the distractions of my body were now centered elsewhere.

Inside of me, of what felt like a sort of feeling, I felt Blackthorn and Iron present something to me... A memory imbedded in my family line since Crimson herself.

It was something that she'd discovered a long time ago but never was able to claim for herself. It was something I couldn't claim simply because I was her descendant, but I had to earn it where not even Crimson could earn it.

It was something that none of my mothers before me even knew about.

This thing... Was the sixth pillar. A pillar that was chaotic upon how new it was, even a millennium or so after Crimson first sought it out.

It was the Pillar of Will.

## Chapter 10: The Strength of Will

O' Finnegan came out of his nest to stand on my huge thighs as we exited from the blistering cold and entered into the glade with the hole in its center and the stone doors surrounding it.

"At long last we've returned. Time t' go see this Eric Fellow an'... Hey! Lassie... What're ye doing?" he protested as Blaze and I turned toward the door we'd entered the Glade through and passed right through it.

I didn't even look back as the field of blue and white behind us through the door dissipated now that we'd left, and the tunnel beneath the rocky mound and all the doors sank into the Earth.

"There's something we must do first." I said quietly, even as Blaze kicked herself up into a trot to get out the trees more quickly.

"Lassie, we don' have time fer this."

"Yes we do." I stated quietly, still palming my cunt and rubbing the base of all the taut abs above it with my thumb, imagining the baby I was to carry someday... "We need to do this, Finnegan. If you don't want to be a part of it then go back right now."

Blaze skidded to a halt and then stood, looking over her own shoulder at us with one eye.

"Just tell me why, lassie, why be we leaving precedence t' go gallivanting through this countryside?"

I stared at him with a pair of eyes that shone almost a solid green now. It was dark green surrounded by very light whitish green from the power that was blazing from inside me.

"There's a sixth pillar." I said plainly.

"How be ye sure?" Finnegan asked carefully.

"I can feel it in my blood." I said smartly and absentmindedly rubbed the twin thick pads of labia before caressing the thickened nib of my clitoris between fore and ring fingers. "Blackthorn and Iron helped me to see it."

Finnegan remained quiet for a moment longer, and then nodded. "Sure'n I not be th' one t' argue with that lassie. Ye've come t' understand more'n I ever did."

"Good," I said quietly and Blaze looked forward again and skipped forward into a run now, leaving the stand of trees as I lifted one hand - still keeping one over my pussy to continue massaging it - and I drew forth all my powers and enshrouded us in a light that couldn't be seen by anyone else... Essentially your basic invisibility spell.

Blaze vaulted forward faster than she'd ever gone. Dirt was kicked up by her clawed feet high into the air behind us as a brief trail of fire wound behind us before getting snuffed out. It didn't burn anything... It was just a magical effect from whatever powers she herself had that allowed her to run so fast.

It was nearly an hour between my home and the grave marker for my parents, the Crimson Clover on their graves and the small wood that rested beside it, but that was driving by car. Apparently, riding on wolf back across uneven countryside cut that time to a mere fraction of its usual time, and we entered the bustling city side of Saint Paul a mere ten minutes from when we left the stand of trees with the clearing.

Saint Paul was a major metropolis that was paired with the City of Minneapolis. Together, the pair were referred to as the "Twin Cities" and created a cityscape that was about a hundred miles across and a good

thousand square miles or so around. The cities ranged from towering skyscrapers, to quaint little suburban homes, to turn of the century mansions, to of course ghetto neighborhoods here and there.

Thanks to the invisibility spell that I weaved, no one even so much as batted an eye at the sight of a red wolf the size of a horse straddled by a towering Amazon woman wearing armor that covered everything except the tits the ass and Pussy.

Riding up the highways and the side streets, only those who could see through my guise - the innocent, the gifted or the insane - would be able to see me... Which left only infants, those who if they did see us wouldn't ever acknowledge that they saw us, and those crazy guys who walk down the street yelling random profanities, or in other words someone no one would believe.

The gifted, those who knew magic, would know enough to be quiet.

In a quiet neighborhood in North Saint Paul, those homes that were built just before the great depression, was where my Gran and I lived.

It was one of those family ancestral homes that has been in the family for ages... Though this house was in the family of Gran's husband before he died...

Stepping up to the back door and dismounting Blaze's broad powerful back, I carefully bent down and opened the door, trying to keep it from squeaking and creaking, opening the door all the way and then having to duck and slide in sideways. First both breasts and then both butt cheeks had to slide through the door jams, and it was like one of those puzzles where you had to twist and turn a larger object to get it through the door.

Blaze was able to just walk straight through, though she did have a bit of trouble with her forelegs being so wide, her rear came through without any effort at all.

"Careful of your tail, Blaze." I said quietly and she stopped wagging it immediately.

Everything seemed so small to me now, especially now that I had to duck everywhere I went in here now. Growing up in this place after mom and dad died, I'd gotten used to everything being made for people who were kind of on the small side. Then it was just right, but now that I'd doubled in size, everything was just tiny...

I paused and rubbed both vaginal lips again, keeping that pussy perpetually glistening with juices as I walked through a home which was thankfully built with tall ceilings where I only had to bend slightly at the neck and waist.

I had a hunch as to where the book would be, and so I headed for the study and all its many books that Gran used to read to me while I was a little girl.

Sliding past another door jam, I entered into the old study and began looking for the object that I knew must be here, while Blaze went to go lie down on the carpet.

"What are ye looking fer lassie."

Finnegan chimed in then, and I paused as I inspected all the titles of the books, exhaling a deep breath before turning a smile on him.

"A book." I said. "Leather bound... Made by Crimson's own hand at the direction of the Oriental battle master that she trained under.

"How d'ye ken about him, lassie?"

"Memories... Memories that aren't mine." I answered cautiously. "They all seem to be remembered by my heart and seep up into my brain. It's... Hard to explain."

"Blood memories..." Finnegan admitted, fanning himself with his hat, but then paused when there was a peal of thunder outside, and quick as you may, he hurried to the window, leapt up onto the sill and peaked outside. "...He's coming. We must hurry, Daniel."

"I know... Help me look..."

"Aye... Aye, that would be advised." he said and then hopped down from the sill and began checking all the books on the lower shelves, pulling books away to check behind them, and taking the hint that the book might be hidden, I did the same, pawing at the top of the shelf and lifting up on tip toes in the hopes it was hidden up above the shelves as both my breasts pressed against the numerous books that were here as I did.

We'd been rummaging around for a few minutes when Blaze suddenly lifted her head and twitched her ears and feeling what she sensed, I turned right as the light turned on, and saw an elderly woman in a light green night shift and a bonnet atop her head pointing a fifty caliber revolver at us.

"N-now d-don't move ye scamps. I ken how t' use this, an' I can peg ye right in between th' eyes with it. Who are ye, an' what're ye doin' in me home?"

"Gran?" I said, not realizing that saying as such would be considered a mistake even as she blinked at me, and the momentary lapse of control and the minute lowering of the weapon forced her to pull the trigger, and a loud bang went off.

I saw the hammer clap the back of the revolver, heard the sound of the gunshot that was for some reason deadened in my ears, and I actually noticed the bullet leaving the revolver as it headed straight for me.

It was as if the world was moving in slow motion around me, as I began to lift a hand. It felt heavy and sluggish, but I was able to move it upward and pinch the bullet between index and fore finger, pressing the fingers together as I felt the bullet slipping toward me still, and once I'd caught the bullet and the danger had passed, I blinked and time sped up again to normal, and I heard Gran scream as she dangled the revolver before her and covered her mouth with one hand.

She was staring at me as I held the hot piece of metal between the clawed finger sheathes of one hand as it rapidly cooled, and I held it up in amazement at what I'd done before I rapidly turned back to Gran.

"Now Gran... It's ok... I know this comes as a surprise. Just stay calm... Remember your heart... Just..."

But then Gran whirled and stared at a spot beside my ankle, and she looked furious!

"O' Finnegan! Ye horrible little squint! How dare ye go an' take me gran'daughter wit'out me consent? I thought ye were loyal t' th' family!"

I blinked, and looked down to where Finnegan held onto the back of the boot sheathing my leg, staring at the terrible temperament that made most Irish woman born with red hair such firebrands.

"I do, lassie... But..."

"Don' ye call me lassie no more, ye old fart! I am considered an old woman, an' I will have th' respect due me fer reaching such an old age, even if it be nothing in comparison t' th' little folk."

"...Fine... Have it yer way ye old crone... If that's the title ye want... An' I do have loyalties t' ye family... But I also have loyalties t' me people, an' t' safeguard th' whole o' th' world. In comparison t' that, yer '*consent*' don' mean a mite o' nothin'.

"Now calm down b'fore ye have a heart attack."

Gran holstered the pistol into the waist band of her nightshift and then stood her ground.

"Not till ye tell me what ye're doin' here." she demanded.

"Gran..." I said calmly, and her visage broke as she looked upon me and then bit her lip for a moment before rounding on Finnegan again.

"It shoulda been me! Not her... She's too young!"

"An' ye're too old..." Finnegan said, and Gran gasped in indignation. "Katie..." Finnegan said and then hopped up onto an arm rest closer to Gran. "...Ye're no longer a virgin, an' t' top it all, not only are ye not a virgin, but ye've stopped bleedin' on a month t' month basis a long time ago, an not only are ye not a virgin, ye have a gran'daughter to prove it.

"Ye be ineligible cause o' that reason.

"Yer daughter herself, Elsie, even if she were to have lived t' this day, canno' have been selected either, because her daughter stands here before ye.

"Yer gran'daughter be o' virgin blood, an' so all th' magics work at their greatest potency within th' body that hasn't been decided sexually yet. And t' top it all off, th' number o' her birth makes her more potent o' a selection than even Crimson herself were when she was young.

"Yer consent? Please... Don't be so selfish Katie. There be more at stake than yer blasted pride here."

"I don't care... That still doesn't change..."

"Gran!" I raised my voice and stepped forward, dodging the hanging chandelier with my head as I neared her, putting myself between them so that she had no other choice but to pay attention to me. "That's enough Gran... This is no time for you to be stubborn, we need your help."

But Gran looked me over, tears in her eyes as she patted and pawed at me.

"Oh darling... Look at how strong ye are. But couldn' ye have hidden yer shame lassie. I mean all this pretty glittering armor covers everything but yer assets. Let me get ye a coat or something to..."

"Gran." I said and took her hands, careful to hold her firmly but as gently as I could, for I knew not what my powerful hands would do to her frail bones as I held her as she tried to leave.

And then I saw her trembling.

Like me, I supposed that she always dreamed of being the Crimson Clover... But now, perhaps, she just dreamed not to be able to see her come to be... Which meant it would've been me... Or my daughter, to have carried this mantle.

"Gran, please... Where is the book?"

Gran looked up at me and blinked in surprise.

"How do ye know about that?" she asked.

"I can feel it in me, Gran. Where's the book? I need it." There was another reverberating roll of thunder outside, and Finnegan and I both looked at the window. The sound of thunder was a lot closer now... I'd never heard of a storm that moved so quickly as that. "Now."

Gran looked up at me, and then closing her eyes, nodded.

"Ok... But ye will need t' get that great beastie t' move."

I nodded to Blaze and she rose and moved off the carpet to sit in the corner quietly, wrapping her tail around her sides and sitting there regally as I let Gran go.

Gran promptly knelt and began rolling the carpet away, and reaching to a small wicker basket that held some sewing tools and other things that woman would do while sitting and reading or watching the little TV that was in here, she retrieved a fingernail file, scraped it along the edges of one of the wood planks here and then picked it up with the tip of the file. Moving the thing out of the way, she then reached in and withdrew a dusty tome that she exhaled a breath and relieved it of all of its dust before turning it to me.

The memory that sprang up in my mind as I accepted the book, whose cover was as large as my hand was if it were to be spread out as far as it could go, and whose bindings were made of gold and silver, made by the curious workmanship of an Asian battle master, was exactly as I thought it would look.

"This is it." I said and palmed it as I stood there, and Grand rose, leaving the floor plank where it laid, and palmed the bulging tight abdominals of my belly and I paused in what I was doing to look down at her.

With both tits pushed together as they were, the only space that I could appropriately see her was between tit and shoulder, and I saw the concern in her face as I held the book reverently like the family bible.

Then she managed a small smile.

"I guess it's time, isn't it?" she smirked, and began feeling all the powerful musculature that made up my side and thighs, the hardened wood and metal flarings about me. "Ye are th' greatest o' all us, I think. Ye're bigger an' stronger an' more beautiful than any o' our mothers before us. If ye know about th' book already, than maybe ye know how t' unlock it an' use it."

I smiled back at her.

"Gran... I need to go save the world." I smiled at her.

"Then give me a hug." she said and I automatically bent to wrap one huge arm about her as she tried to put both her arms about my neck, but it was so thick that she couldn't manage. "Now... Go an' get yerself something t' cover up yer shame with... Canno' have ye looking like a harlot..."

I smirked and then felt my face become sober.

"Gran... I want you to go hide in the basement and not come out again till I come for you." I said to her then. "You have all the food storage and plenty of shelter and water down there, so all should be all right. Go now... Please."

She nodded, and then wiping the tears from her eyes stepped back and then gave me a swat on the butt.

"Like slapping a steel plate. Lord knows I would've loved t' have a butt like that when I was younger. Now keep that butt safe, an' don't be too dangerous.

"An' put something else on... Ye'll catch a cold."

I smiled and watched Gran leave and I waited till she was walking downstairs before I tried to squeeze out of the study door, and then the front door, to where heavy pouring rain was beginning to fall.

"We don' have much time left, lassie." Finnegan said as I swung atop Blaze, gripping the leather book in one hand as Finnegan hopped in between my legs again.

Casting the invisibility spell again that would protect us from view, Blaze sped along faster than she'd ever moved before, kicking up dirt, outrunning a torrential downpour of rain and hail that was thundering down on the city behind us, and rapidly following us as we high-tailed it out of there.

Both my tits bounced and wobbled as I rode atop Blaze's running form, but I had no time to pay any attention to it, nor did I think to pleasure myself, especially when I chanced to look back, and saw a cloud formation overlooking the city suddenly shape into a horned demonic face. I didn't think anything of it, that it was just a figment of my imagination till a pair of lightning flashes appeared but didn't go away, and settled in the clouds like a pair of slanted and slitted eyes. I also lost all thought about sex the moment that face changed again, opening its mouth, and a lightning bolt forked from within its mouth to strike the city somewhere.

"Run faster Blaze!" I cried, and she skipped forward, breathing hard now as she became a streak of fire along the fields and farms, and the next time that a lightning bolt struck, it struck only a few deafening steps away from us.

Blaze gave a yelp and I gave a cry of alarm, and at a breakneck speed Blaze turned into the grove where the clearing was, skidding to a halt as another lightning bolt forked overhead with a deafening boom.

Striding to the center of the clearing, I reached out with my power and raised my hand in a clawing motion as if I were lifting something with one hand, my boobs jostling with the ferocity that I did that action, and up from the ground rose the five separate doors and the center mound with the hole in it rose into being, and with a snap of pseudomotion all time suddenly stopped.

Looking above us, I saw the skies receding, the billowing clouds rolling backward and then slowing to a stop till it was some time in late afternoon again, and realizing this I turned to Finnegan who planted a Shillelagh of his own in the ground put his hat on it and then removed his jacket to wring it out.

"What just happened?"

"Well, I'd say that we were just attacked an'..."

"No... I mean why did time go backwards?" I said and pointed skyward.

Finnegan didn't bother to look up.

"Ever wonder, lassie, why ye don't hear of real druids doing their chants an' rituals at night? Ever wonder why ye don't see unicorns an' fairies an' dryads an' things?" I nodded. "We all have our hidden places, places where time has halted fer us an' doesn' move as quickly as it should elsewhere, where we can keep our livelihoods alive despite man's encroachments and advancements.

"The druids, however, are natural wizards that combine religion, science an' natural magic together, an' fine tune everything in th' thinnest motes an' measures o' th' art.

They constructed this place t' stop time at a specific moment fer ye, an' each time that ye leave an' come back, time rewinds. But being that there be a druid here, Eric, it will only rewind as far back as his awareness allows... In other words, time will rewind her back t' th' last moment ye were here with him.

"Despite how much I don' trust Druids... This time nonetheless be th' first time that they offered their skills, and since those that I pay homage t' accepted their offers inna heartbeat, they are here contributing t' th' cause.

"I still don' trust them, but ye canno' shake a stick at what they can do.

"Now then... What be th' purpose o' this book, lassie?"

I turned the book toward me and felt it, feeling blood memories - a strange concept to me being that I was remembering things from the heart instead of the head - and little by little, bits and pieces of the story came to me, and as I remembered them I told them to O' Finnegan.

"An age ago, when Crimson was still alive, after she'd gathered up all the power that she could, she began to associate with other heroes and heroines of her time: Arthur and Gwenevere, Lancelot and Crimson's own would-be husband Gawain being among them... But also she met the court magician..."

"Merlin." Finnegan stated, suddenly very attentive as he tossed his damp coat over his hat and shillelagh to dry.

I nodded. "By this time, Crimson had gathered the five known pillars of Light, Wood, Beast, Stone and Iron, and had become a veritable paragon... The hero of her time, though like you said, the men folk wouldn't acknowledge that fact that she and Gwenevere were every bit as good if not better - in Crimson's case at least - than any of the men were. Even the Elder Blackthorn combined with Iron was on a level with the mythical sword Excalibur.

"But after achieving all the know pillars, Crimson at long last allowed her virtue to slide from her when she bed the strongest of those knights you were telling me about... Gawain."

"Her first child... A girl, was born exactly nine months later." Finnegan supplied and again I nodded, and half-remembered what it felt like to hold a child in my womb.

It was a feeling that I craved badly.

"But after having her virginity taken, Crimson then stumbled upon Merlin one day, and saw the fantastic magics that he did... And many a time, when they battled other evils of the land - Morgan LeFey, The Dark Druids, even The Dragon - she was amazed at the power this Magician produced, especially when his skills proved to tip the balance in the hero's favor on more than one occasion.

"Crimson's interest eventually led her to speak with Merlin, and ask him to be his apprentice."

"That must've gone over well." Finnegan said sarcastically, crossing his arms across his white tunic.

"It did actually." I admitted. "Merlin saw the power in Crimson, knew that she was the daughter of a Grand Witch and an Arch-Druid..."

"What? Lassie, Ah dinna tell ye Crimson's mum an' da were o' those lofty positions."



I smiled at him. "I remembered it..." I said simply and he nodded and said no more. "...but anyways, because of Merlin's knowledge of her lineage, he was more than willing to teach her, and she learned all right.

"Seven years passed by, but she was no closer to breaking the barriers before her than before, and when she learned that Merlin lost his virginity long after he gained all that power - goes to show you that a nerd is a nerd after all - it struck Crimson at that moment that this final power, this final strength, was also a Pillar of Strength.

"The Strength of Will."

"An' because Crimson was no longer a virgin, an' a mother fer that matter, her gender neutrality was long gone. Which meant that fer her t' claim a new pillar would mean some stringent an' most difficult tasks."

"Exactly. But at the same time, other than Merlin, there was another individual, the one none of the story books talk about, the one known as the *'Thirteenth Knight'* was able help Crimson come to an understanding of this power that she wanted."

"Wait... Lassie... Ye ken about th' thirteenth knight too?!"

I smiled, still remembering a flood of information now.

"A samurai by the name of Musashi... Considered the greatest swordsman in the world. The closest that he was referred to was the Green Knight, being that he wore typical samurai armor all decked out in green and decorated with oriental jade.

"He and Crimson hit it off... Strange how the Irish and the Orient seem to make friends with each other easily.

"But Brave Fencer Musashi was more than just a samurai, he had many different courtesan skills, like origami, Noh, calligraphy and so on, but he also had many artisan skills, including metalworking.

"He was a greater warrior with a wooden sword than most of the knights were with their swords of steel, and other than Gawain, he was the only person that Crimson considered greater than she was.

"It was Musashi who taught Crimson several skills, like making armor and weapons, to writing and drawing, his art of paper folding, and of course, an understanding of the mystical forces that he utilized in his battle arts that she learned both through instruction and in observation when the Green Knight fought with the Knights of the Round, right up till Crimson herself was felled by the Dragon at the day of his defeat.

"Combined with Merlin's and Musashi's teachings, Crimson devised a ritual to be able to unlock that pillar inside her... A pillar that has no physical representation like stone, or beast or man... But was something that one could only obtain out of sheer effort."

I fingered the gold and silver trailings of the great seal lock on the front of the book of leather and its leather pages.

"This is the result of all her learning in the mystical arts, all prepared and ready for use, and it would've been used by her on the night before she was to battle the dragon, but Katie - her daughter - wanted to play that night."

There was a smile etching its way across my face, and I found my vision shimmering with tears before I wiped them away.

"So then lassie... How do ye use it?" Finnegan asked, looking intently up at me, and with a smirk, I rubbed my pussy lips with one clawed and gauntleted hand, getting myself to cream marginally as I sat down on the earth. Blaze came to rest behind me as a back rest.

"I'm trying to remember." I said, and turning the book, I heard it click.

Both my brows compressed as I heard that, and as I turned the book further, I heard more clicks inside the gilded lock that bound the book shut. I noted that there were thirteen clicks...

"Thirteen... One for each knight in the Knights of the Round. It was a puzzle... Always the puzzle with Musashi. *'What is the next step Crimson...?'*" I said aloud, and planting the book on the ground before me, I spun it.

When it came to a stop, with certain trepidation I reached out with one hand and fingered the lock that had no key, and licking my thickened crimson lips, I took hold of the clasp and lifted it.

It came free with a minute snapping motion...

"Centrifugal force." I smiled. "Thanks to centuries of women not being properly educated, they'd only have the past fifty years to be able to draw from to ever hope to be educated in the concept."

I smirked, and then opened the book, and found thirteen pages again, each side of the page emblazoned with a burned in circle made of Gaelic knotting lines. Finnegan approached and bent to feel the leather of the book.

"Faith n' Begora. That be dragon hide. Where did she get it?"

"From Bane's own flank." I said without thinking, and Finnegan blinked suddenly.

"Bane... Ye know th' Dragon's name now? Th' name o' th' black skinned dragon who's hunted yer family down through th' ages?"

"Yes... Only this has been purified through ritual and with holy water. Apparently, before getting all his power, Bane was merely a common brown dragon."

"Ha! Now that's funny!"

I nodded and flipped through the pages multiple times, looking at each page one after the other back and forth, and even flipping through the pages. I fingered their edges, looked at the metal plates between each page, and began turning the book over and over.

Each page appeared to have been burned shut at the top and bottom but folded at the edges, and now that I looked at it, I noted that the metal plates and bindings appeared to be keeping the book together... But only just.

Closed, the bindings were secure and unbreakable... But undone...

I pushed with a thumb on one of the brackets and it snapped loose easily without any force, and Finnegan gasped and actually flinched noticeably.

"Lassie! Ye shouldn't break magical things! Especially artifacts. They make a real nasty pop when they do."

"Another puzzle..." I said aloud. "She found a way to unlock the pillar in her... Its specific for her gender and her blood, but anyone who was a woman and had a drop of her blood could use this to imbue themselves with all the power she discovered.

"The bindings were only made to protect the leather."

I turned the book and undid each clasp and each metal stave between the pages before pulling the leather from inside.

It was curiously folded into the form of a book, and I smirked at it.

"Origami." I said, and unfolded the whole thing out so that it was a perfectly square patch of scored and burned leather, and on it were thirteen symbols.

"Tha's very clever..." Finnegan said, impressed as he watched me unfurl it and inspect the emblems. "There be magic in em now..." he said waving a hand over it, "Very feminine... I'd have no power over such a thing in the slightest."

"They're seals... No... Parts of a seal. They need to be assembled in order.

"Lassie... Those be a countless number o' combinations... How do we know which order they go in?"

"Something my Gran told me. Whenever a problem must be solved... You must start in the center. But the center of this folded piece of leather is a cross fold... So then that means that if I must start at the center, I must find the center."

I inspected each emblem, and licking my lips again, I found one emblem that looked as if it had the least amount of distance in all its weaves and knots and things, and it was the only seal that had a symbol in it that was separate from the rest of the sinuous lines that made up each seal; a continuous line that began and ended in itself, but was knotted constantly over and over again.

The moment I determined that, a memory stirred, and I reached out, touched it with a finger, and pushed some of my magic into it.

"This is the center..." I said aloud, just as the emblem lit up, rose from off the dragon hide, and then moved to the center of the piece of leather, but didn't settle back into it.

Growing excited now, I moved about each of the emblems, waving my hand over them, looking for the next most complex emblem. The next one I touched lit as well, rose up into the air but expanded to just barely surround the one in the center. The next one and the next one all rose and spread out, reforming their weaves and knots as certain lines overlapped others, interconnecting the symbols, till one after the next, I had the grand symbol assembled and rotating subtly before me.

I got to my feet and stood over it as it vibrated, and sliding a hand beneath that massive rack of mine and feeling the heart beating beneath those two tits and the ribs that held them up, I felt the pulse of energy in tune with the beating of my heart.

"It's ready." I said.

"But what do ye do now?" Finnegan asked, but I was already stepping forward into the emblem, and kneeling there, I positioned myself just so, so that the throbbing, pulsating and unsatisfied pussy between my spread open legs, pressed right into the cross symbol at the very center of the design.

And then pressing more magic into it, I closed my eyes, just as a powerful rush of energy surged upward into me from the seal.

It was like having a three inch wide mildly electrified pole suddenly pushed right up your vagina and into the back of your brain, only it didn't cut or break anything inside you. For a moment I felt as if I'd been skewered, but the involuntary spasm that I did, jerking solidly and gasping, was the same sort of thing that would happen to a person suddenly suffering such trauma.

I could hear Finnegan shouting, heard Blaze barking, but I was rapidly losing myself to the world as all that energy poured into me. At the very center of the seal, reality folded downward like a black hole, where this great spire of power was penetrating me, parting both vaginal lips and strumming me like a massive cock sliding in fiercely before backing up subtly, repeating over and over as energy Blazed inside my head and inside my navel. The stroking rod made me cum hard, and then the power it was pushing into me began to slide along every vein and artery and every nerve within me.

Fingers clenched, body stiffened like steel rods, every muscle standing on end as load after sweet load pulsed up that beam of light, penetrated me, made me cum and thrash as I jerked to and fro, being lifted up off the air as all that power engorged me.

I moaned, and curled over myself, like being in the womb it felt, everything around me was white light, and I was the center of an orgy that was happening between me, Blackthorn, Iron and the universe.

Power flooded up into me over and over, filling me like I were a balloon and the energy was the water, and once it got to a certain degree, that energy began to inflate me, filling me with even more power as every bit of me was saturated.

Muscles mutated and changed, moved and also swelled, the whole of me a spasming mess as I grew thicker and heavier. Butt, shoulders and breasts swelled, thighs, calves, arms and forearms flared, and back and chest flared and pushed outward away from each other.

Blackthorn and Iron likewise began to evolve right along with me, growing stronger in and of themselves while this white world became filled with emblems and symbols that shot into me the moment that they became fully formed.

I was being re-written... We were being re-written, and I became sick with all this cosmic power... Sick to the point where my body tried to wrench it back up, but nothing came.

Both my eyes turned a solid green, the green lightening to brighter and brighter greens, then blue-green, then white, just before excess power spilled from both eyes, both nostrils, my mouth and both ears.

I embraced Blackthorn as his form appeared before me, our breasts pressing against each other as she and Iron penetrated me separately yet again, and the pair of them making love to me it felt as we grew together.

And then there was a sudden blazing push into me as what felt like two penises and that pole thrust themselves up into me simultaneously, and I cried a silent scream in orgasmic ecstasy as the world snapped back into the time-stopped reality of the grove, just as several more pulses of light and energy surged up into me through my gaping cunt. And then the light surge stopped and I collapsed to both hands and knees.

I felt my disused cunt tightening again, leaking juices as I coughed, seeing blankly the leather patch of dragon hide charring into ash beneath me as I tried to stand unsteadily.

I was still evolving, feeling throbs and convulsions inside me as well as along my flesh as muscles evolved right then and there and a flaming ball of fire seemed to burn where my heart used to be.

I rose, standing tall and powerful, flexing both arms as they filled with strength and power, and I gasped in erotic arousal as the pair of them rapidly swelled twenty times over as both my tits swelled forward and larger, all the back muscles growing that much larger to counter-balance their growths while both thighs thickened and both butt cheeks tightened about a pair of burgeoning hips and a lengthening navel.

As a final measure, the thickening pad of vaginal muscles swelled forward and downward, its erecting clitoris throbbing happily as this experience ended.

Opening my eyes, they flashed a solid green before the whites dimmed and the pupils appeared again, but the whites of my eyes still had a white-green glow to them.

It was then that I turned to Finnegan and Blaze... Blaze who was cowering before me with her tail between her legs.

My features immediately softened as I looked at her, and stepping forward, I let her smell my hand as I touched her, letting her know it was still me.

"Faith n' begora!" Finnegan shouted, gasping at what he'd just seen. "What on earth happened t' ye lassie?!"

"That can wait," I said and rose from before Blaze, and gesturing to the book cover, it separated into its silver and gold components, just before they flew to me and attached to the armor of the combined Blackthorn and Iron, and the addition of the elements of silver and gold added gilding to the whole of my being. "But first... I must share my gift with my friend." and I turned to Blaze

Lowering to one knee, I bent and kissed her head as she nuzzled my breasts, and suddenly she gave a yelp and spasmed as her body flared like mine had; subtly at first, and then violently a few moments later as muscle masses exploded and popped into existence. But it was an increase in her overall body mass nonetheless as she grew larger than a horse, thicker than a bull, and stronger than a herd of stampeding stallions.

But the most remarkable thing was that her eyes likewise shone like mine did, with the barely discernable whites of her eyes luminescent, only unlike mine, her eyes were an electric blue. But also with those glowing eyes, all the fetlocks and fringe on her body suddenly seemed to catch fire and Blaze - as was her moniker - about her body.

But then the advancements of Iron and Blackthorn on her likewise evolved, and her saddle and her armor all increased in complication, gaining gilding of gold and silver to her body as she became a worthy mount for a being such as myself... The pair of us a couple of goddesses, nay, titanesses.

But then something else happened that I didn't notice before. Subtle yellow knotted lines rose up about her as face and body markings, and it was then that I noticed that I had the same things covering me upon my opened flesh, the markings appearing round both nipples and over my arms and legs where my skin showed.

I stood, feeling utterly powerful both physically and magically, and looking down at my nakedness, I reached out into the ether, the pure unrefined magical matter that free-floated all throughout the world that likewise made up all matter in the universe, and with will alone pieced them together into strands, coloring the strands red and then applying them to my body to '*cover my shame*' as Gran so aptly put it.

An ornate single piece bathing suit weaved in a narrow V-shape from crotch to chest, completely covering both tits but cutting so high over either hip that they were practically at either of my arm pits. The back was a studious thong to keep showing off this wonderfully tight butt I now had... And now that I got it, and despite what Gran said, I wanted to show it off.

As a final measure, a little sheer triangular cape that didn't pass my mid back also formed against the back like the flap on a sailor suit, and now that I was fully formed, the likes of which no Crimson before me ever had... Hell, perhaps all of them combined never had, I rose both arms and flexed.

That new body suit stretched easily, covering me with a protection stronger than Kevlar but breathed like Egyptian cotton, hemming me in despite all the swelling and engorging I was doing that a simple flexing muscle could do to me now, and regular fabric would shred easily apart.

"Lassie!" O' Finnegan said as he stared up at me, but I merely smiled and lowered both arms, feeling them rapidly compressing and tightening all over again.

"Am I to your liking?" I asked at last as I placed both hands on hips and struck a pose, Blaze coming to stand on all fours beside me in a similar pose of her own that was fierce and snarling.

*"T' me liking?!"* Lassie... This... This be unprecedented! All yer ancestors put t'gether wouldn' equal what ye an' that beastie are now!"

"That's what I thought." I smirked, and then relaxed the pose and took to scratching what little of Blaze's head that I could still scratch, and she whined appreciatively.

But then I turned to look at the hole in the mound at the center of the clearing that led into the chamber below, and turning fully to face it I took a deep breath, knowing that we had to meet with Eric now.

"We're... Keeping him waiting." I said at last.

"Lassie..." Finnegan interjected, collecting his coat, hat and shillelagh again.

"No... I'll be all right... Let's just go." I said at last, but nonetheless massaged that swollen wedge of woman flesh between those massive thighs of mine as I stepped forward to walk into the hole and down the ramp.

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I'd grown... A lot... Since all this started. Before, I was actually able to ride atop Blaze's back down this ramp, but now I was so tall that my head was practically brushing against the ceiling.

I noticed that the lights in the ramp were all blazing a hot white color, and the walls and ceilings seemed to glitter like crystal. Feeling like I was approaching destiny, I paused and palmed Blaze's saddle as I took a deep breath, and she whined again, brushing my armored shoulder with her nose and wrapping a paw behind one of my bulging calves affectionately.

"I'm ok..." I said, and as I walked forward and retracted the hand from off her back, it instead went to my navel to palm my empty womb... All while I continued to caress my womanhood into ever greater levels of arousal, all the way to the point where I was creaming heavily in preparation.

Thankfully, I had the presence of mind to create a fabric that didn't show off wetness like that. But then I had a thought.

*But in preparation for what, I asked myself, what should I be ready for? Surely he and I aren't going to break down and make love together right then and there...*

But then we were at the end of the ramp, and walking forward and pausing, I noted that there were still only five pillars here, but they were all lit and vibrating brightly with the power they represented.

Then I saw Eric, standing there with his white mane of hair that hung to half way down his back, looking up at the pillars before he turned sharply to face me.

"W-what's happened?" he asked quickly, concerned and apprehensive.

I merely smiled at him, feeling giddy like a young woman facing a big strong man instead of a beautiful man facing the strongest human on Earth. To answer him, I lifted a hand slowly, turned it so that the claws and palm were face up, and then raised it sharply. The room trembled, and he looked around him as all the lines and glyphs and so on moved, the pillars migrating outward and away from each other even as a whole new pillar rose right out of the ground, its own crystal sphere blossoming outward and lighting up as it rose just as high and just as bright as the other five.

Eric was marveling at this, watching the pillar rising as he laughed in understanding as to what it meant, and then a great seal that was on the ground lit itself, and all the lines that made the seal shone perfectly white just like everything else. With the new pillar in place, three pillars formed a triangle in one direction, and the other three formed a triangle overlapping the first in the opposite direction.

It looked like a rudimentary Star of David... But in the case of a druid like Eric, it meant something completely different.

"The Blade and the Chalice conjoined." he whispered in awe, "And where they overlap..."

And he placed his hand atop the altar at the center of the room which was bathed in the light of the room and the six glowing spheres.

"Daniel..." he whispered and then looked at me. There was some wisdom behind his eyes that I wished that I knew about but was afraid to ask. "This has never happened before; no one in history had ever possessed the six pillars aside from a Fae."

"Ye knew there were six?" Finnegan said, suddenly wary and there was a hint of anger in his voice.

"I did." Eric responded, still staring at me, and underneath his gaze I felt myself getting so hard!

Both nipples, both vaginal lips, the clitoris between them, even both butt cheeks, hardened and tightened till they ached as I arched myself subtly to display it all for him. More now than anything, I wanted that cock he had in me.

"Our science has long since discovered its existence... We just assumed with all your apparent airs of superiority over humans, that your people already knew about it."

"We most bloody well did not!" Finnegan shouted, but Eric ignored him... And so did I. I walked closer to him, leaving Blaze's side as I covered half the distance between he and I and he covered the other half.

I towered over the druid, head, neck, shoulders and a very, very sizeable chest but not boobs over him. My boobs hung lower than the rest of my chest...

I was so moist that it felt as if I had a sopping wet mass between my legs, and I folded both hands before me to hide it before swallowing nervously.

"So... What do I do now?" I asked with a quavering mouth, and swallowing about a suddenly very dry throat, I tried to get saliva into it again."

"Now..." Eric said and then smiled before he lowered his gaze, and for a moment I thought he was averting his eyes, but then my eyes widened as he began to pick at and open the layers of robes he wore, piece by

piece till he was showing off his bare chest, removed a sash to show off a solid eight pack and dual sets of lats, but when he undid the long black kilt-like thing underneath it all...

"Holy... Moley..." I whispered, seeing his shaft unfurl as he stood before me with all his robes caught about his arms as he held onto a few pieces in one hand.

Every dream and fantasy that I had about him since meeting him were suddenly shattered at the unmitigated size of the penis that unslung from his loins, a long thing that hung down to his mid-thigh and was at least two or maybe three inches thick. And he wasn't even erect yet!

"I was... Raised to be your prize, Daniel. My order's ultimate sacrifice to the betterment of the world... For a human sacrificed to a cause creates a rather mighty powerful thing. Payment... For centuries of past unwillingness to serve."

"Faith, lad... Put yer clothes back on!" Finnegan said suddenly. "Cover yer shame before..."

But it was too late... I'd already seen it. I thought that I could be strong enough to resist the lusts that were inside me, strong enough that if I were presented with anything that he might show me on a sexual nature, I might resist it, but immediately upon seeing that thing of pleasure swinging between his legs, my mind became numb and my body acted.

The Blood Imperative was taking over, and in all honesty, now that I was presented with this chance, now that I had it before me, I honestly didn't resist it at all...

I felt tears in my eyes that didn't fall as I realized that *I* wanted him, *I* wanted to do it with him... And as I neared, the red body suit I wore suddenly shone and then unraveled to dissipate like mist from off me, uncovering tits and crotch for him to view again, just before the armor I wore began to unfold and condense away from covering my body so that both breasts now swung freely.

"Lassie! Don't do it! This must be a trick!" Finnegan said, but I didn't listen.

All the armor from Blackthorn and Iron unraveled from me and condensed into a beautiful necklace about my throat, all my hair immediately becoming undone to wave about me like strands of hair suspended in water. I creamed heavily and moaned for him as I finally came to stand before him as he let all his robes fall to the ground.

I was naked before him, but now he was naked before me, and lifting both my hands, I settled them upon his shoulders, felt how warm his body was, and as he placed both his hands upon my broad and powerful hips, I felt something electric pass between us, and I was sealed to him.

I looked down at him from between the massive tits framing my view of him, panting with desire for what I knew he could give me, and with a quick jerk of my head to look over one shoulder, spying the altar, I reached down and took him by the hand before leading him to it. Once there I immediately turned and sat down atop it before lying back atop it.

I raised both legs and then slowly spread them wide to help fan open the folds of my pussy, revealing the erect shaft of clitoris and the twin flaring flaps of vaginal flesh in between the thickened labia to him, and lowering a hand down the length of my body, I spread open those lips and caressed the underside of the clit that peaked that gap into me. Already I was panting, breathing hard and fast as he stepped atop the dais before my loins.

Then I watched him, framed between both mountainous breasts, between both highly-muscled thighs, over all the ribs and hills of abdominals, down to the fleshy distended mound of pussy as he smiled at me, and palming my sex with both hands, he knelt to one knee, and kissed those lips between my legs.



"Lassie!" Finnegan cried, but I arched immediately as his tongue licked my clit, just before his lips kissed it and drew it into his mouth to suck on just before he inserted a pair of fingers into me.

I gasped and grasping the altar with one hand and one of my tits with the other, I moaned and felt pressure rise up inside me rapidly before it soon squeezed out and ejected a wash of nectar that spilled from me and splattered onto his lips, neck, chest and hand that was probing me.

Thrice more did he get me to cum, each one more tartaric and more intense than the last, and I writhed and churned like a virgin offering atop that altar, milk leaking from me as both tits swelled with the increased milk production that increased the sexuality that was being brought onto me.

Again I came, and inside my navel I felt the powers that I'd accumulated shifting, turning toward feminine power, moving toward making me a woman instead of a maiden, and once it happened, not only would I be stronger than ever, I somehow knew, but I'd be powerful enough of a feminine to have a child. That realization churned inside me, made me delve deeper into my sexuality, allowed me to feel more of this life-altering emotion just before I felt Eric's lips leave my cunt as he crawled up on top of me.

His massive shaft had thickened and was throbbing ecstatically in its attempt to erect, and at the moment it was at half mast as he straddled my massive bodice with all the bulging bones and muscles that supported it. And then he inserted that massive cock right between both mountainous mammaries as I arched myself slowly, keeping an eye on his growing extension as it rose up close to my face. He fondled both the erect nipples atop my breasts and folded the mammaries together to sandwich his extension in between them; that shaft still thickening while I watched its head flare wide and turn a deeper shade of red; the think slowly purpling with his arousal.

Where he himself was warm, that massive thing was hot and throbbing, and it was also still growing! Seeing it there, its head flaring greatly, its strength pushing even the mountainous swells of breast on either side of it apart as it erected, I bent my head and licked it, feeling it lurch and stiffen with the pleasing measure I gave it, just before I lapped it up and drew it into my mouth.

Letting go of one tit, he moved in closer and cradled my head atop all its thickened neck and throat muscles, and he drove himself deeper into my mouth as I tasted the sweat of his phallus, and tasted the tangy ejection of seed that primed the head of that bulging cock just prior to climax. Lifting one of my own hands, I pushed the tit that he let go back up against his prick, while I grabbed onto the shaft itself with my other hand and sucked on it like it were a lollypop.

I sucked and I drew, I sucked contentedly, waiting for him to launch his seed into my throat so that I could consume it.

My ears twitched as I heard a shining thing of vibrating metal then as I almost got that first mouthful to burst into me, feeling its thickness grow so great that it was forcing my jaw further apart.

*Danger.*

*Warning.*

It was two separate voices in my head, but I told them: *'What is there to be wary about?'* and then I began to think *'What is it that I should...'*

"Lassie!" Finnegan shouted, "Look out!"

And I opened both eyes with a snap as Eric slid backward off me, a strange knife that looked like many layers of etched and holed steel to make various different glyphs and emblems poised in his hand, reach to

plunge down into my heart that, with myself arched as I was and both tits flopping open, was an open target for him.

I felt tears rise up in my eyes as I stared at this scene, unable to stop them as he was poised over me with a look of such determination. His hand spasmed to plunge once... Twice...

And on the third time he cried with such anguish and threw the knife as far away from him as he could before hurriedly sliding off from on top of me.

"I can't do it!" he cried as he slunk away from me like a wretched thing, and rising and turning atop the altar, tears still in my eyes in disbelief as I tried to blink them away, but they nonetheless fell and streaked both my cheeks with moisture.

Everything that was in me, the need for sex, the desire for a baby, a growing affection leading toward love for him... Felt betrayed.

"Why... Why would you do such a thing?" I asked, and with a tremendous hop Finnegan was atop my shoulder, pointing his shillelagh at Eric while Blaze coiled around the side of the altar growling at the druid.

Eric looked pleadingly up at us, just before Finnegan shot a lance of green fire at the earth between Eric's legs and that mighty phallus of his, and he cringed... Not from Finnegan and whatever magic he had, but from me...

"I... I..." he began, but it was a different voice that answered.

"Women... Are inherently stupid." the voice said and Eric snapped his eyes up toward the voice even as the rest of us did, and a shadow was coughed up from the edge of room where the light didn't touch, and a bald-headed man, with all sorts of emblems and glyphs tattooed into his skull, stooped and picked up the knife that Eric had cast away from himself. "Century upon century has passed as your line flourished with the phenomenal power that was in it, and despite all that power, you never defeated the dragon."

"Richelieu." Eric breathed, and the newcomer shot a scathing look at Eric.

"You've failed, whelp. The design of your whole damn life and you've failed. Your punishment... Will be severe."

"The design of his life?" I asked and rose to my feet, and Blaze immediately came to my side, growling at the newcomer as he held the knife. "What do you mean by that?"

The druid named Richelieu smiled.

"You are the last of your damnable line carrying the blood of Crimson Clover and all the enchantments that have been woven into it. After you, there are none who can impede the Dragon's full revival."

"Wait... Ye *want* the dragon to be revived?!"

"No you idiot!" Richelieu shouted back. "Damn it... You're how old and you *still* can't speak proper English?!"

I saw Richelieu's eyes suddenly shine red with power, and both Blackthorn and Iron writhed in the necklace they formed about my throat, but I kept them back.

"Have you even seen the dragon, wench?" he said, staring at me now. Have you ever seen it rise, spread its wings and bellow? You don't even have the proper understanding of what you face. You are insignificant to it, and the fact that your whole family has yet to defeat it screams that this power you wield is in the wrong hands."

"Because it's in the hands of a woman..." I said, feeling a bit of indignant anger spit from me as I said that.

I dealt with men who believed I was nothing in comparison to them, simply because they were men and I was a woman. I was always so much smaller and weaker than they were, so I was inclined to believe them, but after everything I'd just gone through, the indignity of such statements were a baleful thing in my ears, and in the honor of all women, I began to grow angry at it.

"Precisely!" This Richelieu responded. "All the mud-headed, stupid, ignorant bitches, many of whom only lived to see the Dragon once before seeing the futility of fighting it and instead just sacrificed themselves to seal it up for another season... But your uttermost lack of knowledge doesn't allow you to understand the error of this!

"Every time a female direct descendant of Crimson Clover dies, the Dragon grows stronger! And with Crimson having only two female lines, and the line of the younger of the two daughters having been snuffed out to where there are no new female heirs, that leaves only you! And when you die, that mote in your blood that keeps the dragon's full power from him will be returned to him, and then there will be no stopping him."

I stared at the druid while Finnegan stayed his place on my shoulder, hanging onto my ear while still pointing the tip of his Shillelagh that must've been like a magic wand for him at the man. Slowly, I began putting two and two together.

"Eric... The knife... The altar... The center of the representations of all my power, me still being a virgin and the power inside me still ultimately neutral in its gender..."

"You wanted to steal all that power, and put it into a prime male example, and have a man defeat the dragon... A man that was raised from birth to be the best example of manhood there is, smart, intelligent, handsome and strong... And a penis that is bigger than what most porn stars would envy."

"That's not all." Eric spoke again, and rising, pulling the kilt-like pants about his waist, he faced the man in front of him. "I was *'enhanced'*... Magically, physically and also most painfully, with all the imperfections in me expunged... Like rending parts of my soul out to make me into something I'm not. Super-human but also less than human. I was supposed to be a lure, I was supposed to help you to the point where I sacrificed you and took all your power."

"But this is wrong... Richelieu." and he jabbed a finger toward the ground. "This is abysmally wrong, and I refuse to be a part of your damnable scheme any longer!"

"And a tantrum too? Tsk-tsk-tsk... Little boy, you will be punished..."

"Shut up!" Eric said, and my heart suddenly swam as I looked upon him, and my loins creamed in preparation for such loving and scintillating pleasure that I'd give him later. So long as he gave me his baby and made me into a woman, that would so much cover up all that he...

"You've beaten and battered me old man, but you forget... You've taken the strongest, most endowed and gifted youth and made him more than human in your blind attempts to overcome something as petty as a gender barrier."

"Insolence!" Richelieu snarled, gritting his teeth.

"Righteousness!" Eric shouted even louder in return, and the whole chamber shook with the ferocity of a wave of power that slid from him, and I nearly swooned as I saw how strong he was.

He would be the perfect father.

"I will not be your puppet any longer, Richelieu. I 'm going to the council; I'm going to tell them everything that you've done in the name of foolishness."

Richelieu fingered the dagger in his hand, holding the haft and the blade out for all to see.

"Lassie... Be wary of that knife, it be..." but Finnegan's warning was overcome by the voice from Richelieu as it echoed throughout the whole of the chamber.

"Silence... All you abominations." his voice boomed all around us, and Blaze yelped from the sound in her sensitive ears. "For centuries have I watched the failures of the little people and the blood line of Crimson Clover. Centuries have passed and I've watched the dragon rise and fall, rise and fall time and time again, and each time he grew stronger than the last, and now, very nearly, he is at his full and terrible power again.

"The fate of the world is left in the hands of those too small and too weak to do anything, and at worst, a woman..."

"So worthless, so pathetic, so terrible your supposed active role in society is. You bitches and whores should know that your only place in society is to stay in the kitchen and make babies..."

"In the name of all who've fallen in the misguided actions of you and your family, I punish you all."

And there was a flash of light from him as he lifted his palm, and I cried out as I was blinded by the white light. There was a sound and a scuffle and then a gurgling sound. I tried blinking away the blotches from my vision, trying to see something, anything, and then when my vision cleared I saw in one fell swoop what had happened.

Richelieu had flashed the room to blind us, and then he threw the knife at me. With all of us disoriented, none of us would've been able to stop that knife in its unerring path. But Eric had slid in front of me, and blocked the blade with his own body.

He gasped as he looked down at the blade at where it had penetrated him, sticking out like a coppery spire from his chest and shoulder, his left arm hanging almost useless as he held the bloody knife, and I gasped as I saw his blood being consumed by the knife; the blade turning a tinge of red as it did.

"Father, master, teacher..." Eric said, and lurched forward. "I see now. I see... Everything, so clearly. Look... The knife... She wasn't even bright enough to move out of the way..."

"Yes... Yes... Now give the knife back and we'll finish her, take her powers."

I gasped again at this second betrayal, but then Eric turned to look at me as blood seeped from his chest and down his muscular body, and he smiled at me.

"Yes... Master... Father... teacher... I shall give you the knife." And Eric turned back to Richelieu, and hobbled toward him... Apparently his left leg was being affected too.

"Now give me the knife, boy, and I shall end..." \*THUNK\*

Richelieu's eyes went wide when Eric neared, and I had to gasp as I saw his right arm move, and I thought that he was giving the knife back... And he gave it back all right... Right into Richelieu's heart.

"My blood, as the potion... Your blood... As the catalyst... Fuck!" Eric grit at the bald, tattooed man, and then forced the knife deeper. "This is for Daniel." And he thrust it deeper still. "This is for her family..." and he twisted it, "... And this... Is for twenty-one years... Of all the hell you inflicted upon me." and letting go of the knife, he hauled back with his right hand and punched Richelieu backward, and the elder Druid stumbled backward before falling to his knees.

There he promptly writhed and fell backward convulsing, gritting his teeth while Eric turned partly to me and smiled. I felt weak against that smile, felt myself growing aroused all over again, but then there was some motion from Richelieu as his blood began shooting up into the air from the hilt of the knife, and Eric turned toward it as it writhed like a tendril.

As if the tendril were an eyestalk tipped with an eye, it saw the wound that was opened on his chest, and it darted for it, thrusting itself inside, and Eric screamed long and low inside his throat as all that blood rushed from Richelieu and into him.

Eric tensed, holding himself up through the use of only one leg, Richelieu falling silent and laying limp as he rapidly grew skeletal, old and faded, and all that blood, loaded with what looked like glowing purple clots, forced its way into Eric's wound. It rushed, it churned, and then slapped him in the chest, which drove him backward a halting step, and the last vestiges of all that blood that was on his chest slid toward the wound and the closed it as if it'd never been.

Then Eric lifted a hand, his left, which had been dead to him till now, rotating it and looking at his fingers before he stepped forward, bent down and took the knife from the body, and both Richelieu and what remained of his robes disintegrated into ash.

Eric then turned toward me, his eyes shining now as Richelieu's had while he held the knife. Opening his mouth, he said only one thing to me at that moment:

"I'm certain... You want an explanation..."

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"Ye damn straight we want an explanation!" Finnegan hollered from where he was still positioned on my shoulder, pointing his shillelagh at Eric now as he walked steadily toward us, inserted the knife into a groove of the altar, and broke its now red blade at the hilt.

"I... Am the product of nearly three decades of work. I was selected from a group of twenty-seven boys."

"Three to the power of three?" I asked and he nodded before he placed the haft of the used blade onto the altar.

"I never knew what happened to the other twenty-six... Only that one day I awoke and they were all gone."

"From that day forward, I was taught... And altered."

"Richelieu arrived and pronounced himself my father, teacher and master... And all that that meant. But he was a cruel father, an unforgiving teacher and a malevolent master."

"Every day became training for this day, training on how to do the task that I... Was about to do."

"And what was that you were going to do?" I asked.

"This knife... Was designed after decades of research. The very blade itself is made up of a sandwich of nine layers of a substance called Orichalum."

"Made of what?!" I gasped.

"Orichalum, lassie," Finnegan chimed in, "It be a metallurgical impossibility that be possible only through alchemy. It be made up o' iron, silver, gold an' mercury; substances that cannot co-exist in a single metal in th' realm o' science, an' are only possible through th' realm of magic. It be th' most magical o'elements, an' in this world o' science, there be very few places th' substance can be produced, an' even then only under specific conditions that can sometimes be weeks or months apart, an' sometimes even decades or even a century in one case.

"With it, magical implements an' sorcerous devices can be made... And with that dagger, I can only assume what that may be."

"And what purpose... Would that be?" I asked aloud.

"Eric sighed. The purpose of the knife is, in your state of carnal purity, after all your power is gathered, it can be locked to you, or at least to a female body the moment you have sex. Therein, the powers that are in you stop being neutral gender, and become a definite female gender, so therein; the powers can only be transferred onto another female... Or in the case of your family... A female member of your bloodline. To which remains unbroken, but currently ends with you.

"Prior to that moment though, it is neutral, and can be transferred to another individual who is... Also a virgin."

"You." I stated, my eyes going wide, and Eric nodded.

"Yes, me." he paused and looked at the remains of the now broken dagger.

"Twenty-one years... Twenty-one years he taught me powers that most High Druids, maybe even Arch Druids would not know about in preparation of this day. I was taught everything about female anatomy, given women to pleasure so long as I myself didn't penetrate them, and I was carefully observed and even punished if I attempted to do any such thing. On top of that, I was... Altered, repeatedly, in the most excruciating ways, to be more virile and stronger as a male, and this," he gestured to the bulge that was his groin. "Is after several very cruel and malevolent altercations, but ultimately, I was made into what any woman would desire above all else."

"Like me." I swallowed, fearing now that I'd fallen for that artificial charm.

"Like you." he admitted. "With you on the altar, in the center of this," and he gestured all around him at the many pillars and emblems and designs, you would've been the sacrificial virgin. This knife is made to hurt all things, no matter their defenses... It's made to hurt, but attached to it is a complex enchantment worked within the scrollwork of the very blade, to transfer the energies of one person to another.

"All it would've taken was for me to plunge this knife into your heart, and the blood line of Crimson Clover would end, and all your memories, strengths, powers and abilities would've transferred to me."

"And I would die." I stated matter-of-factly. "But... Why didn't you do it?"

He was silent and bowed his head, as if gathering his thoughts, but when he spoke now, his voice cracked for the first time.

"The sixth pillar." he said, and I turned to look at the sixth pillar, standing tall, slightly bent in a curving way away from the center of the circle like the others were, with its orb held at its top. "It's arrival... Distorted everything, and as strange as it was, when I saw that, the many jagged edges of my life suddenly pointed to the same truth."

He pointed at the ground. "The Blade and the Chalice. The symbols of man and woman conjoined."

"But... It looks kind of like the Star of David." I said.

"But to a Druid, who believes in pagan symbols, those two emblems arrayed like that show the union of male and female, and the only man and woman who would come together atop that altar would be you and me. No one else was meant to be there.

"I'd... Taken to liking you, Daniel. I thought you were lovely from the first moment I saw you... And you just kept getting lovelier every time I saw you. I didn't know how I could undergo the task; I didn't know how I could debase you and the sacrifice of your entire family..."

"And it was when I was above you, with the knife clutched in my hand, looking down at you that I suddenly felt the presence of my old master... And it was then that I found a conflict of faith, and I saw the truth of what all this meant.

"It was all that training and that collection of instances that allowed me to see the truth, and the truth of the matter was that you weren't the only sacrificial lamb here this night, Daniel.

"I... Was eventually to be the other."

"What do ye mean, lad?" Finnegan said, having lowered his shillelagh at long last.

"Say that I killed Daniel and stole all her power... Ended her blood line. What then? I'd use all my phenomenal power to combat The Dragon? Why then was I only made to pleasure and seduce a woman than to fight as well? Why was I only given the powers of a scholarly mind and not the tactics of a warrior? Trained as a warrior to fight?"

"It's because I was never meant to fight.

"At the close of our time together, Daniel, I would immediately be brought a woman to pleasure... A *'reward'* for all my years of hard work. I'd lose my virginity; change the powers that were in me to become decidedly masculine... And then, this knife... Could be used again."

"By Richelieu." I finished for him, and his hands tightened against the edge of the altar.

"I... Was... Betrayed from before the moment I was ever born." he swallowed and choked, and finding myself acting without thinking, I leaned across the altar, both my tits wobbling and jostling as I did, and I covered his hand with my own.

He had a strong hand, I liked the feel of it, and to my uttermost pleasure he crossed his free hand to cover mine in turn before looking me straight in the eye. There were tears in his eyes too... Tears that wouldn't fall as he kept them back.

"It was... His design to take all the power and the glory and in his mind, defeat the dragon using all the power that you gave him, and thereby become like unto a god amongst the Druids... And likewise ultimately prove his point that men were better than women." Eric snickered high in his nose. "If he'd studied like he forced me to study, he would've learned that there is a true balance between man and woman. In one is a strength and in the other is a weakness, and where one is weak the other is strong..."

"I'm glad that I'm not a woman, Daniel." he said and I smiled at that. "I don't think I'd know how to deal with half of what you must deal with on a daily basis. You've been granted great strength and power, and it has placed you to be stronger and more powerful than any hundred men and more beautiful than a hundred women... It is a mantle that you now wield and no other.

"With as an honorable and as passionate of a heart I'm sure you have... Only you can use it all harmoniously and defeat the Dragon."

There was a thunderous boom above us, and the room vibrated slightly.

"What was that?" I asked, still holding hands with Eric, suddenly finding that both of us now held more fiercely onto the other for security.

"Th' Dragon be approaching." Finnegan said. "How can that be... What o' th' spells weaved here an'..."

"They were broken the moment Richelieu died." Eric supplied. "They're unweaving and time is returning to normal. The dragon will be upon us soon." Eric looked at me as I returned his gaze. "Daniel... I know you must feel unprepared for this and I know not whether you or I will meet ever again," he smirked. "I must go back to the druids and report of Richelieu's treachery and you must go combat the Dragon.

"Before you go... I... I want to say that I'm very glad that I met you. Very glad."

The room shook, and we all looked up, and as a great slab of rock fell, I bashed it away easily with one hand and vaulting over the altar, I scooped Eric up in my arms and ran.

Blaze followed me close on my heels with O' Finnegan still upon my shoulder, and we escaped the chamber even as it collapsed and the field of blue light disintegrated around us, and looking up, I saw the cloud wall of black rain clouds that looked as if it were the head and trailing wings of a dragon flying through the air.

And then I looked down at Eric, and smiled at the sight of both my tits upon his chest and lap, and it was then that I could feel his erect prick pressing firmly against my mammary before I put him down and then armored up; Iron and Blackthorn wrapping themselves about me before my silk-like red bodysuit formed over it all.

"You stay safe, Eric... You owe me a date after all this." I said and hauled myself atop Blaze's back.

"I'll just have to do that." he smirked.

And then Finnegan jumped off and tipped his hat to me.

"Ye have more than what all yer mothers had before ye, lassie... Ye'll do fine. Come back now, ye here? We don't want ye endin' that bloodline o' yers now, do we?"

"No." I smirked. "Take care." and Blaze took off immediately, the bladed spear forming in my hand the moment she bolted off out of the forest.



## Chapter 11: The World Dragon

The stories always talk about the hero or heroine riding off gallantly to fight off whatever evil it was that they were born to fight, with weapon held aloft as they cried out their valiant war cry as if that alone would shun the evil and dark things in the world that go bump in the night.

I'm sure every soldier in the world that has ever gone into combat all through time and history, that if they charged off like that that everyone who was with them would lynch them. I hoped that if a story about what had happened to me were ever written, that the author who wrote of it would instead explain what such things were really like.

I was scared... I was scared to the point where I was very nearly about to wet myself, and I was as quiet as a mouse. Blaze was an icon of light, and if I had a choice in the matter, I'd make all those brilliant flames all over her body to snuff themselves out so as to hide us and perhaps prolong this measure of safety that we had.

Looking up, I saw the rushing tumult of storm clouds that were raging into place underneath some dark graying clouds that were already in place. All wind that was about was nonexistent, like the calm before the storm. I pressed my lips together and hurried toward the city of Saint Paul.

The storm looked like it'd already rolled over Minneapolis.

Blaze slowed down as we approached Saint Paul, and atop a knoll close to the edge of the city's suburbs, I stared at a sort of black haze that was being cast over everything that I could see of Minneapolis. All the buildings looked as if they were on fire with black flames that waded and shook in the winds. The city wasn't actually burning, but as I followed the wake of the clouds as they spread in every direction over the horizon, I saw the black flames spreading beneath the cloud, as if everything that was wreathed within the shadow of that cloud was igniting on fire.

And then over the hills and fields surrounding the cities did the shadow spread, speeding rapidly over everything. Giving a loud "Ha!" Blaze skipped forward and rushed toward the city limits, and as we did, I saw a sight of to my left, and I blinked at the image of Blaze and me racing from the city in our previous plight, the book gripped in the gauntlet of my other self's hand.

I remarked on that, and watched this spectacle for a moment right as the shadow of the clouds passed over us, and I gasped at the feeling of cold and chill as everything around us looked as if it were cast in black flames. The winds engulfed everything, wailing and shrieking, and suddenly it was like the swamp in the Fae woods, of creatures rising up from the earth and trying to clutch at me, only here there were far less of them.

Cars had halted where they were the moment the shadow hit, people were halted in various positions of movement as I rode atop Blaze along highway Thirty-Five-East into the city itself, and right into Saint Paul.

There Blaze slowed automatically to our shared will, and I brandished the combined might of Iron and Blackthorn in their double-bladed spear formation, holding the haft like a riding pike down at my side.

The only sounds were the wind, and the sounds of anguished distant cries.

At long last we came to the center of the city, and looking up at the sky, seeing the roiling and churning black clouds, I saw the lightning flashes crashing here and there, showing me brief glimpses of a great writhing winged serpent in the skies.

Sitting astride Blaze, my legs shaking with fear as I tried to be brave, and getting a bolster of bravery from her, I waited... And soon enough, it began to rain.

I noted that the black rains weren't even touching me, but the sounds of their waters striking the earth overpowered the sound of the blustering winds... But not the wailing. The wailing seemed to grow louder in fact, and then I noticed that there was colors forming within the rain, as each drop seemed to fall on top of each other to form a different being or creature, and as Blaze and I turned round and round, I realized that what was forming were hundreds if not thousands of knights and warriors, some on foot, others mounted on strange demonic beasts that ran on two legs, while still others were atop winged creatures with two legs and a long tail.

*Wyverns*, I thought, looking at the winged things. *Dragoons*, I thought again, naming now the mounted soldiers atop their hellish reptilian like mounts, *And Dragon-Knights*, I finished, looking at the many archers and soldiers forming around me.

But then more creatures were forming, bloated creatures with long tails and armored heads and backs. Each was heavily armored and mounted by a single rider at where their necks met their bodies, and these creatures were flanked on either side by what look like multi-launching ballista, while a pair of massive drums over either shoulder with a long hole in their center denoted some other kind of weapon... Maybe Greek fire.

Somehow I knew the name of these creatures too...

*Juggernauts*.

"So what is this?!" I called out. "Afraid to fight me yourself serpent?"

In answer to my challenge, a bolt of lightning split the earth and formed a small crater, and when the flash disappeared, there stood a powerful armored creature, wearing layer upon layer of armor and adorned with huge swords and a massively flowing red campaign cloak.

*The General*.

"Such impudence... Calling the master's considering of you beneath his attention as fear. It is an honor to be considered at all! You will die Crimson Clover... You will die like you always die, and since your bloodline ends with you, then today shall be a day of days indeed, and there will be none with power to stop the master."

"Why is it," I smiled, lowering my head. "That everyone keeps underestimating me?"

And I struck. I whipped the weapon that my shillelagh had turned into at the general, and the tendrils unraveled. The General drew his own blades and blocked, but it was like blocking water from the fusillade of dozens of barbed metal and wood tendrils that snaked automatically around his swords and locked them together.

The tendrils splashed against his armor, found the chinks where he was still soft - like beneath his arms and the backs of his legs, the pits of his forearms and the creases of his crotch plate - and they pierced him.

The general pushed forward to try to cut the hardened wood and metal chords of my attack, but I made the tendrils easily open up but then tangle about his sword, sending more of those tendrils into him before I whipped that weapon back and it immediately reformed into its spear form in my hand.

The general collapsed to his knees as his soldiers backed away from him, and Blaze strode forward as in my other hand, another weapon formed, one never used by any of my mothers before me, and I had my grandmother to thank for the idea.

The tendrils about me grew and wrapped around things, creating a weapon in my left hand, that formed into a gun, but then rapidly swelled, thickened, reshaped and armored itself, before a blazing red and orange fire formed in the center of the thick barrel that now projected like the nose of a cannon from the back of my hand.

"Hey asshole!" I shouted to the general as he puked up blood that filtered through his face mask while Blaze turned us so that I could level that weapon at him. "Tell your master to think harder when you see him, and for that matter... Tell him from me *'welcome to the twenty-first century!'*"

And I pulled the trigger.

A lance of fire immediately connected the nose of that barrel with a point a couple yards behind The General, and he lurched backward as a gaping hole opened in his chest, breaking him apart and shattering his body, leaving only ash and bones and bits of armor behind before they were immediately drawn upward into the sky.

There was a roar above me as I whirled around, Blaze howling her own defiance as I felt bravery rise up inside me as if it were a sickness of some sort, and I cried out against the thunder as it soon rose to a roar, and all the soldiers around me attacked.

I flexed myself as their arrows fell upon me, and despite that their heads were made to pierce armor, the metal bits and the wood shafts splintered and shattered even against my firm naked flesh, let alone the hard armor I wore. Every time I struck one of their warriors down, they splintered and shattered into ash, armor and bone before being taken up into the air. Also, I didn't appear to be the only person to have weapons of her own, as Blaze focused on a group and a ball of fire would summon about whoever she focused upon, or large darts of metal and wood shot from her flanks. She even had bladed tendrils of her own!

Her jaws were powerful and her claws strong enough to rend through their armor with a swipe, and soon she and I were fighting together all over the city, felling warrior after warrior.

My left arm often changed from weapon or shield of various sorts, and I found myself instinctively casting spells like wind gusts and fireballs and lightning that cast themselves from my fingertips. The exhilaration of feeling the power in me, as if I were a living conduit for electricity was exciting... Even arousing, and as I learned more about that magic that I was somehow using with such skill, I found my control of it growing stronger, and I added elemental effects like lightning to the blades of this spear of mine, or to the beam of fire I shot at the soldiers or their mounts.

We had some trouble with the flying mounts and the running mounts at first, and they landed a blow or two that gave Blaze or myself a wicked scrape or gash, and to protect us, I intensified our armor more, covering my face with a mask and her face with a larger cowl, while thickening the plates here and there.

I had lots of power from Iron and Blackthorn still, a lot that I wasn't even using yet, and I was finding ever the more creative ways to use it.

And what was more, just like any story in the past of great heroes and heroines, just the two of us were winning against a host of thousands, for I was sure it was thousands that we fought against now. And the fight continued unabated till I lifted the double-headed spear of mine, and then whipped it before me to send a wave of powerful magic erupting from us, Blaze adding her own fire to it and a ring of fire erupted from us in every direction that cut through the soldiers before us like a scythe cutting wheat.

"Ha! Is that all you got?!" I shouted at them, and then there was another roar from above, and I noticed all the soldiers that were trying to surround me again were looking up and about them, before they all did something peculiar, which was to hold their ground, and form a bristling phalanx of swords, shields and spears pointing at me while several juggernauts strode in from the side streets to take up positions around us.

Lifting the spear again, and trying to decide which direction to charge first, there was another lightning strike, and then another and another, all at the same spot, and the clouds themselves spiraled downward as dozens then hundreds of lightning strikes pounded that spot, and in its place when it all ended, appeared a towering man who was equal to me in height and in bearing, wearing massive plate mail that didn't look as if it were metal, and a billowing coat that was split down the middle into two sides.

"Bravo..." this man said, his voice seeming to grate, gurgle and rumble in his throat, "Bravo. Most of your ancestors didn't even get this far, and though you're not unscathed, a feat only your first mother was able to produce till the moment of her death, nonetheless... Very, very impressive. I applaud you." and he clapped his clawed gauntlets together, making a very odd and rather dull slapping sound instead of the high-pitched metallic sound one would think clapping with gauntlets would produce.

"Who are you?" I demanded, sticking my chest out, feeling both boobs flaring apart as I did till a little of either of my areola slid out the sides.

"Your adversary..." he grinned, and when he did, I saw his eyes darken red and saw that his teeth were nothing but a mouth full of sharpened fangs, "This day, no matter the outcome... I win."

"How do you think that?!" I demanded, pointing at him with my spear.

"The only way to defeat me and my terrible power is with magic. Even you lack the brute force necessary to end me. And the only magic strong enough is blood magic, which means that you will have to sacrifice yourself to bind me, and being that you're the last of your line, with no one else to take up the mantle, your family falls today. Today you die, and even if I am banished, I will come back, at long last at full power," and he flexed. "And there is no force in this world strong enough to stop me!"

I grit my jaw.

"Get bent..." I said under my breath and Blaze jolted forward, and I holding the spear in one hand, we vaulted toward The Dragon in his human guise, and I drew back to attack, and...

The rush of what had happened was so startling I didn't even realize that it had happened when suddenly I felt as if I'd been punched in the throat and ripped off Blaze's saddle. What had happened, I realized, was that this creature had moved forward so quickly that his movements were even faster than what I was able to discern with all this new power, he'd caught me by the throat and Blaze's momentum carried her out from underneath me while I was now dangling from his clawed hand.

I grit my teeth and clenched all the neck muscles supporting my head as he tried to squeeze the air out of me, and lifting my hand, flipping the spear so that the points faced downward, I tried to imbed it into his body but he lazily stopped the blow with one hand on the pole.

"So strong and yet... Still only human." he grinned at me, and redoubled his grip, and I heard creaking and cracks as his fist clenched down on my larynx.

I growled at him as Blaze turned around, detonating a few members of the ring of spears and swords, their arrows shattering against her thick hide and armor before she rounded back to face us, just before the holes that she'd made in their ranks rapidly filled with more of those warriors.

"Why they ever chose a female to battle me... And not only that, kept choosing a female, over and over, all the way to the last, is beyond me. Even with all this power in you, you're still weak. Your head mulled with emotions, you can't even think straight without a feeling or two getting in the way to cloud your mind. Nothing more than some sweet little thing to be made into a plaything.

"I think, perhaps, I shall reinstruct you in the true meaning of strength and weakness; that I am strong and you are weak, and your position in life is as nothing more than a toy to FUCK!"

The dragon shouted that last word, and opening his mouth, there was a billowing flame coming from deep within him that raised a glow in his throat and hit me in the face with the heat of a blast furnace, but I resisted it, knowing how tremendously hot it must be if my resistance to fire must be lessening its strength. But I turned and faced him, stared at him through one eye and spoke through my teeth.

"I'll show you... The meaning... Of the word... WEAK!"

And I did what all females in times past have done to show a male the error of their ways in underestimating a woman, when a man considered us helpless and weak, and that was to reveal to them their own weakness in the exploitation of the fact that they kept their reproductive organs on the outside, all done with a good old football kick to the nads. This of course was punctuated by the narrow rounded and metallic tip that covered the toes of a woman's shoe...

The Dragon made a high pitched wince through clenched teeth like a little girl squealing from the power of that muscular leg of mine connecting with that crotch plate of his, and his muscles relaxed enough for me to kick the rest of the way out of his grip by a good old fashioned boot to the head. Not letting him recover, I then spun, and jabbed with the spear still in my hands, and lodged it deep inside his chest plate, and he screamed as I wounded him.

"How does that weakness feel, Dick?!" I grit into his face, and rocked the double blades of the spear back and forth within the wound, but he rose quickly and palmed me right in the chest. If not for the cushioning firmness of both tits and the supporting armor that held them and my rib cage, that blow would've crushed my ribs and killed me instantly. That didn't stop it from numbing my boob though...

I fell backward, holding onto my spear tightly, and as I skidded along my back, I whipped the weapon still in that gauntleted fist of mine, and it unraveled, sending blades and thorns at him.

The beast that he was, he moved faster than a person should be able to move as he drew that massive sword of his and tangled it with the Shillelagh that Blazed and snapped with electricity and fire; hissing like ninety-nine snake heads. His struggles as all those sharp points on my weapon started to search for his chinks helped me get to my feet, where it then became a grand tug-o-war battle between him and me.

I reached forward and wrapped a gauntlet amidst several of the tendrils, and feeling some of them snap against the edge of his blade, I blinked in surprise and made the tendrils hold onto the flat and hilt and hand guard of his blade while the tendrils rapidly snaked their way back to me.

He was strong, extremely strong, and it was all that I could do to keep myself on both feet as we tugged and jerked... And he laughed at me.

"Is this it? Is this all the fabled last scion of the fabled Clover Clan can do? All that power and you're still just as weak as any other female I've battled!" he laughed again, and wrapping his own gauntlets into the tendrils, began pulling me to him. I ground the heels of both boots into the ground, trying to hold myself and think quickly at what I could do. He was ignoring the fire, ignoring the electricity, even ignoring the sharp sheering metal and the pointy thorns of Iron and Blackthorn. I tried to retract the weapon, tried to get it back, but it looked as if I were doomed to get within arm's reach of this creature again being that his own strength wasn't letting go of all the tendrils and things of my weapon.

But then I got close and freed a hand before quickly forming that cannon again, and leveling it, there was a moment of surprise on his face as the weapon rapidly charged before I pulled the trigger.

The blast caught the side of his face and carried onward to blast at a solid line of his soldiers behind him and explode a juggernaut, but when the blast ended, the Dragon turned back to face me, grinning in a muted mix of pain and insane pleasure.

"That's twice you've maimed me..." he snarled through his teeth, seeming to grow larger subtly, all the plates of his armor flaring about him as I saw his face healing right before my very eyes. Color - bloody red color - flooding the one damaged eye as his features became as handsome as ever.

And then he jerked on the tendrils, twisted and back handed me, throwing me sideways with a rippling of both breasts and a vibrating of all the bones in my head, knocking me to the ground and leaving me dizzy as I clattered to a stop.

"Not since your first mother has anyone wounded me twice." he said and tossed the tendrils of my weapon aside with a sweeping hand as I tried to regain my composure, desperately trying to stand as he approached. "I applaud you in your might and power, but you will not strike a third time you little bitch."

All the tendrils of my weapon reeled in and reformed with a snap, and I tried to raise the weapon to defend myself but the Dragon was before me, clenching a hand against my throat and cutting off both blood and air to my brain again before he lifted the blade to my chest and balanced its tip there.

A bead of blood slid from me from the tip of that sword and I tried flailing and hitting at him, but he ignored my blows if they did any affect to him.

"After all this... You are after all, only human."

I'd thought that the blow would come quickly, but he instead began to slowly push the blade forward, and I cried out as I felt my flesh being pierced and cut, spread open by that blade as it suddenly segmented, the pieces spreading apart to reveal a deep red flow of heat like lava underneath volcanic glass, which then caused the blade to grow hot with fire that seared at me. I screamed then, but then I looked at him in defiance, and the next thing I knew he screamed out in pain at the sound of a loud snarling and a snap.

Blaze, who was large enough and strong enough to carry my weight, was likewise large enough to land on the Dragon's back and sink her jaws deep into his neck, his blood searing and smoking her mouth but she only snarled and bit harder.

The blade left me and I began to heal immediately with a gasp, but the dragon backed away, hauled Blaze upward off her hind feet, punched her in the head to loosen her jaws, and then taking her head threw her from off his back to where she bounced, tumbled and then skidded to a halt and barked.

I began to force my way upright, breathing heavily through my facemask as I brandished my bladed spear.

"Enough of this insolence!" the Dragon shouted, but I shook my head, forced it to clear and moved in front of him, crossing my weapon with his, trying to force more strength into those massive muscles of mine, trying to reach for some place else inside me that would allow me to withstand him.

Sparks both red and blue snapped between our weapons as we turned and forced each other back, the burning in every muscle of this body of mine signified their slow and steady growth, and I laughed at him... Actually laughed at him as he and I waltzed about the street, changing places, till the groaning in my body grew to a cacophony in my ears before I threw him back and struck!

It was an opening that I saw, my perception slowing down for it to appear to me, and with a gasp I struck and the dual blades of my spear slashed across his chest, cutting his armor deeply and scoring it like an arch welder would cut open steel, digging deep enough at the end of the stroke to swipe a slash of blood from him.

I was able to glory in my accomplishment for only a moment though as he snarled, frothing at the mouth, and countered. That sword of his flipped, and then plunged, and I tried twisting out of the way but like whenever my perception slowed, I felt sluggish and slow again, as if the weight of the world was appropriately drawing upon my weight again, and to make matters worse, he was slightly faster than me, and more skilled.

His sword twisted, turning with me and aiming for my heart, and there was a sharp laughter from him before there was a blur of red in front of me, then a bark as I was nudged out of the way that was followed by a wet thud and a yelp, and as time moved forward again I slumped backward, Blaze collapsing against me with the full width of the Dragon's sword projecting from her flank.

"No!" I screamed and my face mask unfolded as the Dragon yanked his sword from Blaze's side, spilling her blood as I quickly palmed the wound, covering it with my gauntleted hand and focused on healing my friend.

Then I heard the dragon chuckling.

"Weakness... Thinking of another in the heat of battle..." he said and I snarled at him before several tendrils of Blackthorn and Iron snaked out to close the gaping wound on Blaze's side, creating a patch over her flank as her brilliant fire snuffed out and she whined deeply.

"It's ok... It's ok Blaze. You'll be all right." I was crying. I saved you once, I'll save you again. With luck..."

She turned her head toward me as I took some of her pain away, easing her suffering, petting her mane, and she looked me in the eyes with one of hers that had dimmed noticeably.

"...Daniel..." I heard her whisper, and I gasped even as she closed her eye toward me and shuddered, but I could still feel her mind there... She was still alive, just in a healing sleep now.

And then whipping my head upward at the dragon, I snarled at him as eloquently and as masterfully as a wild beast.

"Oh! Such a look!" The Dragon laughed, and licked some of Blaze's blood of his sword.

Iron and Blackthorn raged inside me as I took hold of my weapon again, and holding it upward, I snarled at him as my eyes turned a solid green.

"What's this? You're going to avenge her? Go ahead then, punish me... Do your worst!"

And so I did.

Power Blazed from me down my arm and into the weapon, and it suddenly extended to ten times its length, the blades fanning wide as with a powerful explosion of sound the weapon lengthened and flared. In its growth, it met with an obstacle, which was the torso of the Dragon himself, and with the force of the growth being greater than the barrier that was his body and the armor surrounding it, that blade punched a solid hole right through him as I screamed in rage.

The look on the Dragon's face was most satisfying as my usually cool and gentle temper rose like a fire in me and then suddenly shattered away. With a hop upward and a quick compression of the spear again, I was dragged through the air to him just long enough to wrench the coupled weapons of Blackthorn and Iron, just before I whipped the spear and struck the dragon across the skull with a loud explosive crack that send him reeling and tumbling across our battle field.

"That's three and four times I struck you, jack hole!" I bellowed at him, my voice somehow amplifying itself according to my will. "And this is Five!" and I lifted my free hand, forming the gun within it and pulled the trigger immediately like taking a pop shot at a tumbleweed, and I struck him squarely in the side to send him flipping over onto his side.

The dragon rolled to his front, and forced himself up unsteadily, his long hair waving over his head as blood poured from the wound in his chest. Then with a snarl and a crack of thunder from above, he faced me, looking absolutely pissed... But so was I! I faced him defiantly, both my breasts swelling and heaving as I stood there with the spear in both hands.

"Insolent bitch!" He snarled, the hole rapidly closing up right before my very eyes. "You... Will die for this..." and then he growled, snarled and then snapped his jaws, and suddenly his mouth and nose pushed forward as all his teeth grew sharper and longer. Horns broke from his head as his skull flared, and his whole body segmented and began to separate, showing off dark flack flesh that was covered in hide and scale. A long tail fell from his backside as he lifted atop his toes, his body lengthening long as his chest swelled.

It was then that I realized what was happening as he began to rapidly grow and grow. Talons replaced claws, toes spread from once armored feet and boots as those feet lengthened into digitigrade legs.

Biceps flared as his cloak suddenly stiffened and filled with thick chords, just before they separated into wings.

His neck and body grew larger as everything erupted with piles upon piles of hard sinew wrapped in reptilian scale, everything pushing against something else and made him grow as those plates and muscles refused to give up any ground as they grew.

Spines grew down his back, his mane growing long, trailing down to the ground before his head began to grow, and falling forward onto fingers and toes, he continued to grow... And grow... And grow.

Fear began to rise up inside me as he snapped his reptilian jaws, more horns and spines rising about him as his dorsal muscles became flanks, his ribs each billowing thicker than a telephone pole, his powerful plates segmenting apart, unfolding and telescoping along his body, each separate plate then growing long as they rapidly overlapped each other.

The monster bellowed and continued growing past two stores that were on the street, then past three, growing beyond the skywalks that connected the buildings of Saint Paul, taller than some of the buildings even, his tail snaking down the city street. he snapped his jaws with a head that was large enough to swallow even me whole.

"You miserable, insignificant flea." he bellowed, echoing through the whole of the city as he faced me. Everyone has fallen before me, and generation upon generation of your family line has failed against me...

"I shall kill you, absorb the last of my power from you as I drink your blood, and roast your poor dog over a fire in a banquet for my honor!"

And he reared his head, black lips peeling away from his teeth, and as he turned his head, I gasped as I understood what he was about to do, and rushing sideways, forming a great circular shield that was almost



as tall as I was, I placed myself between him and Blaze even as the Dragon exhaled a column of fire that splashed against my shield and knocked me back onto Blaze with the force of what may've been a fire hose on my old diminutive self.

I had to use magic to further protect the shields from the dragon fire, and a half sphere appeared around me as I pushed against the force of the flame, and I screamed against the long exhale of breath, grounding my weapon into the earth before Blaze, and used it as a food hold as the haft of the spear braced the back of the shield.

And then I felt a vibration in the ground as the breath attack began to let up, and looking over the shield, I gasped and moved again, standing over Blaze now as I caught the great talloned paw that lowered to crush us both with both my hands, its great spear-like claws piercing the asphalt around us like the bars of a cage.

It took all the strength that was in me to hold the paw up... I couldn't even reach for my spear! The weight combined with the strength forced me to one knee as I withstood it, hearing the dragon's laughter.

"Time to die!" he sang, and redoubled his strength.

"I... Will... Not... Fail." I shouted. "So long as I live... You... Will not... Have either of us! I will... Defeat you. I will... Will... Ngh!"

He redoubled his attack again and leaned all his weight on me, the force of the blow pressing me down into the asphalt and creating a deepening crater that caused Blaze to roll in against me.

But I fought him still... And in my family's name... I swore... I swore deep inside myself to my very core...

"I will defeat you!" I screamed out loud, that scream deafening all other sound, the wind, the rain, the dragon's roars and taunting bellows, and the sounds of the army around us.

And then something very peculiar happened.

Deep inside me, somewhere within the pit of my womb where my as of yet unconcieved daughter still remained, the real end of the bloodline still nestled within my bowels as a tiny egg, gave forth the additional smidgeon of will to survive, to keep the bloodline alive. And as if that little spark of life were a snap of fire, it ignited the entire line of blood, from daughter to mother, through the wombs of countless women, all the way back to Crimson clover herself, and what came pouring back and entered into me then... Was the strength of all my ancestors...

And deep inside me, right between and just behind both breasts, the powerful heart that had swollen greatly inside my chest during all these recent changes in me, suddenly throbbed. The throb made me gasp as I felt a flush of power slide into me, forcing every vein and artery to stand on end, just before it throbbed again, and an aura of golden light began to suffuse me as I pushed against The Dragon's might, and ever so slowly, I was able to push his hand upward, even despite all his weight on me.

Another throbbing heart beat and power flushed inside me and I felt the muscles that embraced me swell outward, pushing my breasts forward, swelling every muscle fiber subtly.

The dragon gave a groan of confusion as I slowly began to stand, pushing against him, and I began to undergo a process that was like the Hulk hulking out all over again!

Blackthorn and Iron were forced to unravel from around me as I grew beyond their ability to contain, their bindings stretching as I grew, my body flaring wide about the dorsal muscles, my biceps and triceps billowing, forearms and thighs thickening.

A tearing sound came to both my tapered and pointed ears as the new clothing I'd forged around me tore open, shredding in half right down the middle as both my tits swelled with even greater mammary mass, their nipples growing thicker and longer, their supporting areola flaring wider and the clawed hands of Iron and Blackthorn holding them were forced open as I grew larger.

I came to a stand as my clothing ripped in half right down to the crotch, showing a swelling cunt as it distended outward, the vaginal lips thickening and flaring open to reveal its clit erecting hot and thick and throbbing as I groaned and writhed in my own growing might. The golden light about me grew even brighter as both tits sagged downward, the strips of clothing that had broken open snapping between my legs before their many straps were broken all across a back that continued to flare and round outward.

My body grew larger than was proportionate for its head, chest muscles swallowing clavicle bones and the base of my throat, neck muscles flaring to surround my head and even push my ears forward as they tensed. Both tits lifted and parted as my chest rose and pushed outward down the middle, the abdominals below it sinking even deeper before flaring wider subtly, and the back muscles hugging those ribs flared outward like the hood of a snake.

Arms grew and muscles thickened to carry this body, and I snarled and came in all the sexual elation that was in me as veins stood on end and throbbed.

Bending both knees then, I pushed upon the Dragon's clawed paw and thrust it back with enough force where he rocked sideways and crashed into a building, and he lifted his head and hissed at me as I stood there, smiling as the rest of my armor unraveled to only the most minimal of coverings, leaving both breasts and the voluminous pussy between either thigh out in the open air and perfectly naked while my hair came undone to whip and writhe about me. This body of mine grew and erupted like the Dragon's head, though all the strength that he had in that massive body compressed itself into a frame that was only growing subtly taller, rising from ten feet to almost eleven and continuing in that growth.

Every muscle on me continued to swell, both breasts filling with milk as I did a double bicep flex to show the dragon how mighty I was becoming and I arched powerfully to display every sinew in its glory as it thickened to unheard of proportions. A definite muscle hump flared straight off the back of my head from between both shoulders, the thing sliding downward over my swollen and massive back to immediately coil into a pair of thickly massive and chorded butt muscles.

Thighs that were thicker than my middle, calves as large as either bicep, and as I flexed it all, I filled outward into an exceedingly enormous lump of iron hard muscle.

I looked at both hands as they flared wider to either side of my head as I kept those arms flexed, each finger thickening before I flexed both hands and watched my arms billow the harder I flexed them, feeling my butt tightening as more of Blackthorn and Iron unraveled and realigned themselves for this growing power.

Smiling, I lifted both eyes to the Dragon as my heart continued to throb, and with each throb I felt the strength and power of another of my ancestors, those who carried the mantle of Crimson Clover and those who didn't, swell inside me, and still smiling at the dragon as I rose up into the air through sheer power of will.

More and more of my companions stretched and unraveled about me as I grew impossibly powerful, rounding outward with great bands of muscle that were like the wooden plates of a pickle barrel in thickness flared from me, while my hair grew longer than I was tall, the whole mass of it burning like a conflagration atop my head. And I faced the Dragon Bane even as he surged forward and roared at me, spraying hot spittle upon my breasts, face and body.

I merely smirked at him as the last throbbing power of ancestral might billowed into me and turned me into a towering twelve foot goddess of muscle and beauty. And with the last throb of power filling me, my hair

seeming to be on fire in all its brilliance, my body glowing like a light bulb, I drew back my arm as he finished roaring, tightened it into a fist, and felt its supporting muscles swell massively, just before I swung that arm.

The gauntlets still about either hand from Blackthorn and Iron trying to cover as much of me as they could, added supremely to the damage of that knuckle dusting I just gave that bastard.

Perhaps I'd design a better outfit later for whatever form this was, but at the moment, with their added might, and the power of all the women of my family pulsating through me as I swung in mid-flight, turning my whole body with both massive and mighty mammaries jiggling and spraying milk a little, I struck that bastard of a dragon right on the massive cheek plate, shattering it about my fist and knocking him to the ground.

"AH, SHADDAP!" I shouted with a voice that was loud and echoing with the power radiating in me, and flexing my whole body, all that power burned brighter from me and I swelled thicker yet as the swelling muscles made more room for my power. "Ancestral Overdrive!" I cried, and lifting a hand, I summoned my spear to my hand, and the coupled powers of plant and metal surged upward into my hand, just before my excess power slid into the weapon and enhanced it, and I made it into an even greater weapon as I poured more power into it, making it larger and thicker, more suitable for this hand of mine as it grew to half again as long as this new height I'd achieved with this power.

The Dragon rose and shook his head just in time to see me flying at him, and with a massive twist of motion, I spun, feeling both tits wobbling against my chest as that new bladed spear of mine cut a swath from his hip to his shoulder.

He roared with the pain as I finished that full circle, and slammed the double headed spear right into his flank where I left it there, to let him experience the pain he inflicted upon Blaze as I surged in and struck him on the same side of the face again, shattering the plate completely now to reveal the softer flesh beneath it.

"That was for Blaze!" I shouted at him and then I struck his head again with a rising foot to the chin, that foot still covered with a boot.

The blow likewise struck with a thunderous boom just like my punches were doing now, and as his head slammed back, it broke several of the horns atop his head.

"That was for me!" I shouted then, and then spied a great red crystal imbedded in his collarbones, and scrambling for it through flight, grabbed hold of it and automatically lifted a hand to keep his jaws from biting down on me. "And this... You mother fucker... Is for my whole family!"

And I punched the jewel, cracking it. The Dragon roared out even louder than ever, screaming even before I punched it again, and it began to leak angry red light as it cracked even more, and the third time I struck it, it shattered!

With a brilliant flash of red light, the individual fragments of the great red gem that had turned into powder sprayed over everything, the dragon roaring and howling in pain as his dark blood seeped from that point where the gem had been. I reached out and grabbed a hold of his armor plates and bones, back handing his head and cracking his jaw as I lifted his body up through the use of all this ancestral power.

That power was waning I felt, so I was going to use it to its utmost while I had it, and I began to pummel the Dragon with my fist while holding him in place, hammering at him over and over again, breaking bones and cracking plates, but as I did, I noticed something.

The great and terrible dragon was diminishing. There had been power in that red gem, and now that I'd broken it, a lot of the power that the dragon had seemed to be leaking away from him. I dared not take any of that tainted power into me, so I let it flow outward and away. It was a sickly unclean power that felt like that swamp in the Fae Wood when I let the power there get the better of me while I was there.

But then I thought that if there was power in that gem...

Thrusting the dragon backward and rising quickly, I found another gem, nestled right between his eyes, and smirking at my reflection in it, I rushed over his nose and struck that, and a great fracture broke into it as the dragon screamed again, but before I could strike it again, he'd moved his hand in the way, and as my fist struck his fingers, I heard the whole of his hand get crushed from the deafening blow of my fist.

"R-retreat!" he gasped, and suddenly he turned black, glowed white as lightning on the inside and then dissipated into mist, even as all his minions disintegrated with their varied pieces being dragged skyward.

"Sissy! Get back here!" I called after him as I settled back down to the ground, watching the lot of them rise up into the clouds, just before the darkest section of the clouds whisked away and disappeared.

I continued to diminish toward my previous shape, of all the wonderful muscles and great breasts, milk squirting rapidly from both tits as they diminished in size, the pair jiggling and bouncing heavily with every popping release of growth that was inside me. It was like millions of balloons inside me were popping and suddenly releasing their air, but it was really the power of my ancestors returning to wherever it was that they went.

The black fires began to dissipate as the world turned gray and normal, and soon the phantom rains that had been falling from the sky became real rain as I lowered a hand to cover my muscled navel.

I smiled as I felt the energy of my still unconcieved baby still nestled there, safe and warm within my womb.

But then I remembered Blaze, and I turned with both tits rolling heavily and wobbling before I hurried over to her.

The rains were so heavy that they obscured her at first, but at least they also hid me from sight. A car passed by yards from me, and I seriously doubted that they'd be able to discern what it was that they saw as I picked Blaze up and began walking, erecting an invisibility field around us to additionally hide us from view.

## Chapter 12: Aftermath

I couldn't ever remember it raining so hard in Minnesota. Weather forecasters would later say that the power of the storm that was left in the wake of The Dragon's retreat was half a hurricane in its strength that covered all of the Twin Cities and as far north as Saint Cloud; a storm kicked up from an actual hurricane that'd been raging far to the south.

It caused rolling power outages and tremendous damage from straight-line winds and tornado-strength downdrafts as well from countless lightning strikes that, as I carried Blaze in my arms through the damage, I saw a taste of what the Dragon could've done had he won this night.

I walked naked, half reveling in the freedom of nudity out in the open, the rains actually warm against my skin despite that it was October currently, and I walked with my mount, my friend, daughter and sister in my arms, with the weights of both breasts resting atop her body to help keep her warm. Somewhere along the journey, she began nursing softly, and I focused what healing powers I knew into that milk to help her along as I journeyed to where I felt the next stage of our adventure must begin and the current one needed to end.

I returned to the hidden nook of trees and the clearing just off to the side of the road along highway fifty-two.

Coming to the center of the clearing and laying Blaze down within the detritus and duff there, I rose and lifted a hand to summon the circle of stones, but as the stones came to life, I found them broken, and the hole in the Earth that led to the chamber below had collapsed.

I felt downtrodden, and the magical field here was breaking down to the point where some rain was making its way in, but at least it was only a sprinkle.

Sighing, staring at the hole that until now led me back to Eric, I paused, lowered a hand and began to caress the twin labia nestled between my thighs, and then simply began to masturbate absentmindedly.

"Th' lad won't be coming back, lassie." a familiar voice said, and I turned around sharply, jostling and jiggling both tits as I did, to find Finnegan sitting atop one of the broken stones. "This place be ruined an' has no purpose." he finished, and I stepped lithely toward him and sitting down beside Blaze's form, palmed her wound and began focusing steadily now on healing all the damage inside her.

"I think... Maybe, that I'll wait here for awhile anyways, Finnegan." I said and looked to Blaze.

"I understand lassie." and then he smiled wider. "Ye should be happy, lassie. Ye've done something none o' yer mothers before ye were able t' duplicate. Not even Crimson herself was able t' accomplish this."

"I survived?" I said sardonically.

"That ye did, lassie. An' Sure'n we little folk be overjoyed... An' willin' t' make sure that ye stay that way."

"Well... It's not like I can have a real life being eight feet tall with a single tit that's heavier than a man - and I got two of em - can I. I just started college too..."

"Ye can still have that life, lassie. Like Iron an' Blackthorn, which be about yer neck even now, ye can put all yer other power away an' place it all within a safe place inside ye till it be needed again."

I fingered the ornate necklace about my neck that was the combined iron and wood of the two powers I'd absorbed, complete with two rubies and an emerald at the neck, and then looking at the large, powerful hand that was attached to my super muscular arm, I looked up at Finnegan.

"H-how do I do that?" I asked at last, and he smiled and hopping down from his perch on a tree, he planted his shillelagh in the ground and placed his hat and jacket atop it.

"Ye need instruction, lassie." he said and began rolling up his sleeves, showing a pair of strong arms himself. "Now that we have this chance, now that we have a survivor... It be time that ye get the chance that none other save yer first mother had before ye, and if ye don't mind, I'd like t' stick around a bit an' teach ye a thing or three about how t' use magic."

"I'd appreciate it. I don't think The Dragon is gone forever, but I did nonetheless beat him back into whatever dark corner that he escaped from for awhile."

"Then shall we get started?" he smirked.

"Yes... But before you teach me how to become smaller again... Please... Teach me how to heal Blaze. She's suffering still, and I don't know enough to help close this wound.

"O'course lassie..." Finnegan smiled as he approached. "O'course ye realize that ye are real lucky that she still be alive?" and he winked at me.

"Must be the Luck o' th' Irish." I smirked, and bent to learn what it was that Finnegan had to teach.

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Blaze was made better and her wound closed, but she'd sleep for awhile. I learned that she was inexorably linked to me being that she was my Pillar of the Beast, so after healing her wounds, Finnegan began to teach me how to compress all my power inward again, and as I grew smaller, so did Blaze.

My breasts shrank, evacuating their milk in hard jets, the bulging muscles loosing all their super definition, hips and shoulders narrowing, the bulges of my back, chest and belly smoothing outward, like all that muscle was folding itself into some secret place deep, deep inside me.

I lost height, I lost hair length, I lost brilliant countenance, and when I was all diminutive again, I looked to Blaze to find her to be nothing more than a little red pup again, but with a thick collar about her neck and a medallion hanging from her throat that held the name '*Blaze*' amidst a Celtic knot circle. The collar itself was an ornate wrapping of Iron and Blackthorn with many little studs, and like the necklace I now wore tight about my throat, was complete with one green and two red gems.

But now that I was small again, I noted something different about the way I was before, and I even tried to compress myself more to make sure. What I discovered was that I was maybe a good ten pounds heavier, and I had boobs! They were only C-cups, but they were better than the flat-chest I had before...

Bending down and picking Blaze up, I summoned a blanket for her from the ether and wrapped her up in it, while I likewise wove a large red shirt and a pair of white pants and slippers for my legs and feet that showed off as much of the contours of this new body before I held Blaze close to me in her blanket.

"Why am I different?" I asked Finnegan once I was clothed again, the rain falling heavier now from the magical field dissipating. "I feel... Taller, and heavier... And I got boobs now. What gives?"

"It be like a piece o' clothing that's been stretched out fer too long, lassie. Stretch it long enough, and soon it won' go back t' th' way it was again. An' perhaps, just perhaps, with all that power having been unlocked from within ye, ye may've unlocked those certain things that make a girl into a woman. I can teach ye how t' lock those up again if ye really want t' shrink down fully..."

"No!" I said suddenly, and then softened. "No... Not right now. Maybe later, so I can change my appearance into something smaller than it is now if I need to, but for now... I want to enjoy this body of mine." and then I looked down at Blaze, and needing to get her warm, I turned and left the circle. The rain had dissipated and the trees were thick enough here where they diminished the rain fall, but as I walked forward, getting ready to hitchhike, we came to the edge of the road where mom and dad's marker were, and I stopped dead at the sight of my car still sitting there.

It'd been marked by a highway trooper, but it hadn't been towed yet.

"Lucky thing that they didn' get t' tow that thing yet, eh lassie?"

I smirked back at him as he approached.

"Yeah, but I appear to have left my keys in my other pants." I said with a smirk.

"Then it be a lucky thing that I thought t' pick them up then?" Finnegan smirked, and taking off his hat, reached into it like a magician would when he's pulling a rabbit out of it, and withdrew my bundle of keys.

"Oh Finnegan, I can hug and kiss you right now."

"Later, lassie... Fer now... Let's get ye an' that wee beastie out from under all this rain."

The car, which was usually beat up and rusted and took some time to start usually, and even then that was after the engine flooded, started right up on the first turn of the key.

Lucky that...

With Finnegan in the back seat and Blaze in the passenger seat beside me, all curled up and warm in her blanket, I drove us to my home in relative silence. I didn't even turn the radio on.

"Lassie, there be one more thing I should perhaps give ye." Finnegan said suddenly as we entered into the cities. "We took up a collection, an' several o' me lads contributed a single coin from all our collections." and he handed me a small leather pouch that clinked with coins, and controlling the car with one hand, I felt the weight of the coins, and their size, and blinking, I turned my head to keep him in the corner of my eye.

"Wait... Your coin collections? You mean your pots of gold?"

"Sure'n that be true, lassie. Like I said, we never had th' chance t' reward yer family properly fer giving up one o' yer own once every generation or so. Call this as much back owed support that yer family never got from us."

I smiled and pocketed the coin purse as I drove us the rest of the way home to go greet Gran and get her out from that basement. Or would she even be there? If the field rolled back time, then would I have ever even talked to her? Would I have ever have even seen the book and taken it from where it had been hiding? Is there another copy there for the next Crimson Clover to take?

I shook my head. I needed a nice long nap, and Blaze needed to recover. I'd figure out everything in the morning...

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Thirty days later.

Gold coins, not the sandwiched coins that were gold plated coins that were made of a nickel core or some such like we use in America, to the right eyes, can be worth quite a lot. After appraising those coins, I discovered that the better place to bring them to was a museum, and I just so happened to be lucky enough at that moment to approach them when they were assembling a particular display of ancient cultures, and the collection of gold coins - which were in perfect condition of course- went for many tens of thousands of dollars apiece, and since I had seven of them, I made off with well over a hundred grand once everything was said and done.

Per O' Finnegan's advice though, I asked to remain anonymous as to who provided the coins. At first, I'd thought that my new enemies had known my family well enough to find my mother and kill her, but the more I thought about it, the more that I believed that her and dad's death was more due to an accident than on purpose, which means they don't really know either Gran or myself. But despite that, the more minimal I was about my identity, the less chance it was for the Dragon's servants to find me or Gran.

One of the benefits of a family line of orphans and bastards that was carried on by women instead of men was that the surname we went by constantly changed each time we married, and combined with all the other facts of marriage and divorce, of bastard fatherless children, of adoption and so on, made our genealogy a bitch. Which in and of itself was a shield on my identity, for to find my direct family line to find me would require someone to untangle the mess my family was in the past.

Enmity allowed us to remain secret for all this time, and though some of my distant relatives were found and killed, the person who kept up with our entire family line was O' Finnegan. He even kept track of all of us with genealogical charts, mapping the Crimson Clover line all the way back to Crimson's parents.

Thanks to Finnegan, though, and with all the money that we got from his coins that were supplemented with additional cash flow coming in from lucky lottery tickets - Finnegan warned me only to use the Luck of the Irish in time of need, not want, or else it might backfire on me - allowed us to pay off all our back bills, pay my tuition in full and even allow me to get a small place on campus.

A car accident that totaled my old car that involved some kid who didn't have a license or insurance turned out for the better being that that kid's parents were loaded, and even offered to settle out of court by buying me a new car instead of dragging their name through court proceedings that might end up in a substantial loss of money for them if I decided to sue.

I would've been stupid to say no to that, so I took it.

A new car, my own room in the dorms on campus, and some spending cash also allowed me to begin several new interests. I loved all that strength that I had when I was Crimson... I loved the huge tits that jostled and bounced atop me with every little movement, and I loved the way I looked when naked like that. But I couldn't be like that all the time, so I had to settle for natural strength instead.

So I joined a gym, and likewise joined a martial arts class so I could get myself naturally stronger and more flexible, work on this body of mine and become more skillful for the next time I met with the Dragon.

I also announced my new major in veterinary sciences. Almost losing Blaze, twice, scared me into wanting to help her, and since I really had no direction in my life as of yet for a possible career, this just made the most sense.

All that, combined with Finnegan's lessons in magic, made for a very busy schedule, which made me quite active from morning until night.

As it was, morning came to me one November day as I lay in my school bed, nude as I usually was with the covers thrown aside and Blaze curled up on my belly in a tight little ball. She was steadily growing each day into an adult wolfess, and though I knew a wolf could take a full year before they were fully grown, by



the looks of her huge paws and the rate she was growing now - you could practically see her growing larger if you watched long enough - she'd be a sizeable wolf within six months!

I had to license her through the DNR, and after a lot of fees and a couple of fines, they let me keep her, so long as I didn't let her breed with any Minnesotan wolf.

I smiled as I looked down at her, and petting her glossy red coat, she stirred, opened her blue eyes, lifted her head and yawned deeply before blinking and looking at me.

"Morning already?" she asked softly.

Apparently the bond I'd forged with her worked both ways. I gained a lot of her instincts and natural aggressiveness... And... Just a bit of a temper, and she gained intelligence and the ability to speak.

"Yes..." I smiled, and she yawned again but uncoiled, shook herself and hopped off me as I rose and stretched.

My body was growing too, almost like hers was. I was developing hips and breasts, mostly thanks to my exercises, but I believed that too was something I was sharing with Blaze. Also... I was, well... *'tweaking'* my body with magic, forcing it to grow and change in particular ways, and unlocking traits that all women were born with but few ever developed. By locking or unlocking these traits, I could either shrink down into a bony, hipless and breastless woman in a girl's body like I was before... Or... Transform into a super-powered heroine that was stronger than a hundred men and more beautiful than a hundred women.

Whatever I did to myself, though, translated its way into Blaze as well, but she still had some maturing to do before some of them would take affect.

Yawning myself, I thusly began my usual daily routine.

Blaze always kept close contact with me, and we were most often no more than five feet away from each other at all times. So grabbing my little bathroom tote and donning a warm fluffy robe, I exited my dorm room with Blaze keeping pace right next to me.

Everyone was so amazed at how *'obedient'* she was for a puppy, and for a wolf at that, and that she didn't even need a leash to keep her close by. I only smiled and nodded to their compliments, knowing the truth of how intelligent she really was.

The dorm had two main bathrooms per floor, one for the men, and one for the women, and had several smaller unisex toilets here and there for those midnight emergencies or to remove one of those all-night binging parties.

The main bathrooms were really toilets and showers, with personal lockers that were assigned to each room number. It was also not uncommon to find several people here using the facilities simultaneously.

Now... I know what you're thinking... You're expecting that the women's version of this bathroom constantly had a lesbian sex orgy in it like the movies show, but I can tell you one thing for certain is that that sort of thing never happens here. Or... Well... Hardly ever happens anyways.

Usually those sorts of parties are held in the men's bathroom anyways, and involve both genders and several cameras...

This early in the morning though, it was just a friendly set of open shower heads.

Disrobing and placing my robe and slippers on a bench before grabbing my soap and shampoo from the shower kit I carried with me, Blaze and I began to shower together.

This was fun time, really, just two girls having fun in the shower. It didn't involve all that lesbian action stuff, it was just laughing at what either of us look like with our hair all weird with shampoo in it. The other women who were here thought Blaze was so cute and liked to help wash her, and she was more than happy to revel in all the attention. Little did they know that they were dealing with two super-powered heroines with incredible strength hidden inside them.

This Crimson Clover thing did have benefits though, and one of which was that I had absolute power over my own body, to the point where I didn't have to shave myself in the shower any more. I simply wished that I didn't grow hair below the scalp and so I don't anymore. And yes, that also means that I don't have a muff either, you sickos...

But sometimes, when no one was watching, when I was in here just by myself save for Blaze - like now - I'd get to not thinking about anything in particular, and those usual deeply-rooted sexual urges would assault me, and the Blood Imperative would get me to wanting a penis inside me, and to calm the desires I'd rub and then caress my pussy, and then I'd insert a pair of fingers and rub an orgasm out of me.

I had to be wary though for anyone who might enter... It's always embarrassing getting caught masturbating in a public shower, but thanks to the clear color of feminine ejaculate, and the water falling on me anyways; it was easier for me to hide it than a guy.

After showering and rinsing us both off, I combed my hair while in my warm robe, before I took another brush and worked Blaze's coat straight and clean. I always got the impression that she was smiling as I groomed her, mostly because I felt how pleased she was through our bond.

Then after cleaning and grooming, I returned to my room and dressed. I did... Forget to say I returned to my room in my robe, because from time to time I did forget to put it back on. I'd become unusually free with my nakedness as of late, and from time to time, either on purpose or on accident, my fellow dorm mates would catch a view of me being totally naked. I had to stop that though, for there was no telling when an AV geek would poke his head out with a digital camera and then put me all over the internet.

This time, however, I was wearing the robe.

Back in the room that I rented here though, I did immediately remove my robe to stand naked before an open closet filled with clothes, taking a moment to soothe the taut feelings in both breasts and the voluminous vaginal mound between either leg before I began rifling through my closet looking for something to wear. Though I could summon clothing on the spot, Finnegan warned against that too, because that left me open to be tracked, because created clothing leaves a magical signature that lasts as long as I'm maintaining it, and if I had to stop maintaining it suddenly then that would leave me naked... A bad thing when Minnesotan winters were generally so cold.

I dressed for the next stage of my day, which was my work out today, my martial arts were on another day, and so I dressed in only a pair of thong panties - I liked the way they made me look and feel sexy, no matter what I was wearing - a pair of loose sweat pants and an oversized shirt that came down past the waist.

Much of my clothing had been given away or donated to various charities, only to slowly be replaced with clothing that was super-stretchy or oversized... All so that I could grow larger and stronger in a pinch. The sweat pants, though trim, could stretch forever, and the shirt was large enough to hem in even Crimson's breasts, but then only as a wrap that left the belly open and scooped low to reveal much cleavage.

I know, I checked.

Pulling on a pair of socks and a set of running shoes, I paused and looked at myself in the full sized mirror set against the back of the closet door here and posed a little this way and that to see if the look was pleasing...

Like I mentioned earlier, I was into sculpting this body of mine, and I'd grown taller and filled out more with subtly longer hair. I'd obtained this body by shutting off traits I didn't like and activating traits that I wanted, with the end result being what I saw of myself now that I looked in a mirror.

Every human being and creature has been allotted a set number of traits, with the human genome itself containing twelve times ten to the fiftieth power individual traits that control every last facet of our being. It dictates how thick our blood is, whether we are blonde or brunette or red-headed like me, whether we develop freckles or whether one's skin is naturally soft or firm... How easy it is to gain muscle or how perky one's breasts are...

Everything that is about a human or animal is contained within that genome, as I was discovering in classes lately, but as O' Finnegan states, everything is contained within the blood. It's one of those instances where magic and science agree with one another, which makes it an absolute truth of the universe being that both agree on the same thing, and that using science or magic; one can possibly alter one's self equally... Though at the moment it's a lot easier, a whole lot less expensive, and much more to the point, legal to use magic to alter one's self instead of science.

So using my magics, this then has allowed me to alter myself to become the woman I'd always dreamed of becoming.

Looking at myself in the mirror then, pausing and reflecting upon the image I saw, I viewed the short cropping of hair that I even now pulled into a pony tail with the use of a scrunchy, and a lithe, athletic body with broad hips and a sexily sloping pelvis separated into six individual abdominals that led into the bulge of my pubic mound.

Full and rounded as well as firm buttocks, full and rounded calves, thick thighs that bulged only subtly at the moment with feminine muscle with like-formed biceps and forearms. What was more, I also had a pair of boobs that I didn't have to wear a bra with, with both tits being identical in size - it was always annoying with some women having a tit that was subtly smaller than the other - and both attached to a pair of strong chest muscles; with the mammary glands inside them being firm and often filled with creamy and succulently sweet milk.

The only trait of my old self that I kept with them was that they were both blessed with thick and strong nipples that even when relaxed stood on end a little and gave that minute bump atop my breasts at all times, and not just when I was cold or aroused, and with the aroused part, that was almost always.

It was then that I lifted both arms and did a double-arm flex and smiled at what I saw there... At the twin biceps that stood on end and swelled subtly from my arms, before I lowered one arm and lifted my shirt to reveal all those beautifully decadent abdominals lining my belly. I scrunched those, tightening them hard and feel them burn.

I likewise tanned a little... In the nude... Which made me take on a subtly darker tan and a lighter coloring of hair.

And all this, in only a month.

Taking one last moment to slide both hands over either boob and likewise over both hips to settle and smooth out all my clothing, I grabbed my gym bag and Blaze hopped down from off the bed as I prepared to leave.

Blaze couldn't really work out with me as well as I did, but she did nonetheless ran on the treadmill beside me when I started the aerobic part of the workout, and as I worked with the weights, she would take weights in her jaw and move them back and forth from the racks toward me.

It gave her neck, front legs, chest and jowls a thick powerful look, and her rear haunches a lean almost gray-hound look.

"We should set you up as a sled dog for the winter." I teased her, and she turned to me and wagged her tail nonetheless, remaining silent amongst other people.

It was a good feeling growing stronger and stronger. I liked the feelings I received when I was absorbing the Pillars of Strength, how I felt as I grew and grew, ripping out of my clothes and growing stronger than thousands of men... Every day I was able to lift, push and pull a little more, each day I was able to do more and more on the treadmill to the point where I was jogging up steep inclines on the machines, feeling my boobs bounce and jostle unbound as they were.

And while the music played and Blaze ran on the treadmill beside me - they said I can bring her in so long as she didn't make a mess, and Blaze knows better than to mess on anything other than the grass - the two of us sharing each other's strength the pair of us grew rapidly.

I had to smile now and again, cause I got looks from both men and women - mostly men of course - as they watched my chest bounce or my tight butt moving with each graceful step... It was a wonderful feeling to be admired like that.

Of course I was cheating a little to get results this quickly, modifying my base body every now and again. I already had a tight six-pack of abs that was nearing an eight-pack with a long sinuous pair of lats at the moment as well as a firm bottom, with strong arms and thick thighs to boot

Of course all of this was for a greater cause...

Finnegan said that my power took my base attributes and enhanced them. So the stronger my body was before I made the change, the stronger I became when I was transformed. The same too went for Blaze. If she were as large as she was before, strong enough to carry my weight then, then I can only imagine what she'd be like a year from now when she was a fully mature and powerful wolfess that was as stocky as a sled dog.

For some reason, it made *me* aroused just thinking about it, as if her body was an extension of my body. Perhaps it was now, I didn't know enough about this bond to be sure.

After a brisk ninety minute work out, I returned to my dorm for another shower, pausing before undressing to stick a hand beneath my oversized T-shirt to feel my tit and grope it. Both my labia tightened then, and I began to feel warm and aroused.

Strange things that were currently beyond my control happened when I became aroused, and all of them were centered upon those things that made me a woman. The first thing, after I got an erect clit and a pair of erect and puffed out nipples and areola was that I started to rapidly lactate. This quickly made both boobs swell several cup sizes very rapidly before they began to evacuate milk at an alarming rate... Of course, all while still growing ever the larger.

While both boobs began to swell, so too did the twin labia between my thighs, the pair growing so thick and strong that it indeed displayed a very mature and well-defined camel-toe in whatever clothes I might wear short of a skirt.

It was almost embarrassing.

But then as I leaked milk and then began to cream uncontrollably, I then got very, very warm, hot even, and I would rapidly perspire. I had no other choice but to masturbate to relieve the stress, and sometimes that meant a spare toilet, and sometimes... A nice hot relieving shower while fantasizing about guys... Usually several at once.

I disrobed quickly and slid into the showers as Blaze watched me from the nearby bench, her electric blue eyes on me as I dug deep into my womanhood and tried to squeeze milk from both breasts amidst lathering myself up with lots of soap.

The soap was so that one couldn't tell if it were white frothy soap, or white creamy milk amidst all the shower water.

Regularly now, this thing happened to my body two or three times a day, but if I pre-empted it, it wasn't so bad, and likewise allowed me to control when it happened. I ignored it for almost a whole day last week, but got a pair of P-cup breasts and a powerful climax in the panties I wore that day that made them so wet for my attempt at resisting it.

"God I need to find a man." I said quietly, and grit my teeth as a torrent of ejaculate surged from my loins that was like peeing the hot creamy cum.

The urges in me were always present. Every man that I passed or met, I instinctively weighed not for the romantic pleasure of being in their presence, or at least not at first, but instead I weighed them for their potential as a father. Only those who passed that first measure did I even begin to consider them for more romantic reasons. It was odd, and also uncontrollable, and yet I did it anyways, and I wondered mutely if any of my mothers before me did this same thing. Perhaps they did, else wise why were there so many fatherless children in my family line?

Rinsing myself off but still possessing a pair of enlarged boobs thanks to all the milk in them now, I dried myself off, placed my shower tote into the locker assigned to my room and then pulled on the robe and slippers from earlier this morning. This was one of those rare days in which I didn't have anything planned, and with Thanksgiving approaching, homework was getting remarkably light, and holiday breaks were beginning everywhere.

I'd consigned myself to catching up on my magical lessons and maybe get a nap today... I was so backed up on my sleep it was ridiculous. Perhaps a nap first.

With Blaze walking close to my ankles, her tail up in the air so she could keep pace with my strides because of how small of a wolf she was still, we went back to our room. At that moment though, there were some whoops and yells ahead of us and we moved out of the way as they came rushing by, yelling things about football and stuff when the door across from our very room opened and someone stuck their head out to yell at the students.

"Damn it! Can't a guy get a bit of sleep? If you all can't keep it down I swear I'll write each and every last one of you up and boot you all out of here myself!"

This person was the Resident Manager for our floor. A sort of student who'd taken up the additional responsibilities - usually for a decrease in their monthly rent here at the dorm with the additional benefit of the best dorm room on the floor - to help regulate their floor. Make sure parties don't get out of hand, show new students to their rooms and introduce them to the facilities and so on.

I'd never really met the RM, even despite that his room was right across from me, but now that I saw him, I nonetheless froze where I stood, for the person who was the RM for my floor, the person who lived right across the hall from me since I came here... Was Eric.

At first I wasn't sure, but when he moved to go back into his room, lifting his head as he did, he just so happened to look upon me. That first spark of recognition told me much of what I wanted to know, but when he actually did recognize me, spoke out my name...

"Daniel?" He asked.

"Eric?" I found myself replying almost immediately. "Is this a trick? Am I really seeing you?"

He straightened. "I believe so. Am I really seeing you?"

I took a step forward, feeling both breasts and pussy swelling all over again in immediate preparation as I began to breathe a bit faster.

"Are you here to watch me then? When did you become the RM?" I asked suspiciously, and I almost felt a kink in my womb as the unconceived baby in me immediately forced me to hold my tongue from saying anything further.

"I've been here for two years already, Daniel. One doesn't just become the RM just by showing up. Only long-term residents get that position. This... I think... Can just be singled out to be a matter of serendipity."

He was dressed only in a pair of sweat pants and a white shirt with the sleeves rolled up past his shoulders. I saw the glint of something on a chain hanging around his neck. His hair had that slept-in look to it. I smiled stupidly at him then, almost swooning, and without any clothing beneath the robe I was wearing, a mild slick of vaginal juices began to slide down my inner thighs.

"Won't you come in?" he asked then, and stepping back, I felt as if something just behind my navel tugged on me then, like a rope attached to my insides, and I stepped forward again, almost automatically into his room as Blaze hurried in behind me before he shut the door. I waited briefly in semi-darkness, trembling minutely as if both fearing and anticipating him ravaging me right then and there. But then with a click of a switch, several lamps turned on, revealing a large room that could be considered a studio apartment even, a room that served as bedroom, kitchen and living room all at once. A simple water closet was on one side of the room and a large closet on the other. It looked as if he were sleeping on a futon.

It was clean and comfortable and warm, and like me, he had a window to the outside, though his faced the inner courtyard of the building instead of the outside wall.

Realizing that I was wringing my hands, I looked up at him where he stood beside a desk with a table lamp and a laptop computer, with several large and very old looking books in stands around it.

"I went back, after the fight... Hoping that you were there." I said at last. "Waited for a bit, but you never came."

"I was under trial and investigation by the council." he admitted, and looked to Blaze as she sat and then laid down beside me, and the two of them looked each other in the eye for a moment or two. I knew he was perhaps worrying that she might mess in his room, but he above all people would perhaps know about her unique being, and he didn't make the statement that he feared her doing so. Perhaps he, like me, saw the intelligence in her eyes. "I spent three days in a locked room while they investigated and deliberated and spoke. If there's one thing that an elder druid can do, it's talk.

"It was finally the testimony of the earth and the trees that led to my innocence."

"The what and the what?" I blinked, feeling myself grow even hornier as both nipples and areola of either tit swelled and engorged themselves; the nipples hardening and creating tiny lumps through the robe I wore

against either tit while the swelling of milk in those sacks of flesh steadily pushed the front of my robe open around them.

"Druids are natural wizards, Daniel..."

"Call me '*Dani*', that's what my friends call me." I grinned stupidly at him, and almost immediately wanted to start punching myself in the head for acting so girlishly, but he nonetheless smiled.

"...Dani then. But we are natural wizards, Dani... We speak to the beasts, the plants and the earth just as any shaman might. They spoke of Richelieu's treachery, and I was finally released from imprisonment." he paused and took one deliberate step toward me. "I went back to see if you were there too. By then the magic had dissipated, and the stones and the chamber had all succumbed to the earth again.

"But enough of me... how've you been faring since then?"

"Well, you know... Trying to live up to the name. I've been exercising, learning how to fight, growing stronger..."

"You look beautiful." he said suddenly, and I blushed so deeply that I felt the tops of both breasts and both cheeks, nose and forehead burn with a blush.

"Thank you..." I said, and pushed a flock of my unbound and still moist hair over one ear. "...I missed you, more than you might think."

"There've been no others, no past boyfriend?" he asked, and I heard the hope in his voice that I'd say '*no*' to his question. Though I wished that I had a greater life before now, I found that it was far more preferable to me to remain humble and truthful in all cases.

"No. I've been on a few dates since becoming... This... But, it's hard for me to get interested in a man when everything that's in me judges that man first on their capacity to be a father instead of a lover. I feel like Syl from Species at times, and though occasionally I get so far as to have a hand up my shirt, the moment they go for my pants I stop them. I'm not even conscious of it, and when one of them tried to take me, I beat him up and let the school security take care of him."

"You must've been very scared." he said, and I snickered in my nose, and took a step closer to him absentmindedly.

"No... I'm not scared of much any more now that I've fought and defeated a dragon... By chance mind you, I'm still unsure, even with him weakened, that I could do it again."

"You can, I'm sure you can." he said reassuringly, and I tried to close the folds of the robe over both breasts, noticing them expanding rather quickly now, feeling the rising pressure of my milk inside them about to burst while their glands filled and compress.

I felt myself growing firmer and harder, the whole of me tensing with arousal, and I dared to look up into his blue eyes, and suddenly I got such a vicious clitoral erection that I instinctively rolled my hips and arched myself deeply, feeling the heavy water of ejaculate slide more readily down either thigh.

"To make matters worse," I said then, holding myself from nervousness, "That I'm constantly comparing all the men I meet with you. I don't know why, it's just that I am..."

"They're either too fat, too thin, too short, too tall, too weak, not smart enough... Everyone falls short."

"Hm." he said, and then turning, moved to sit down on his fold-out bed before facing me. "I consider it an honor to be the basis of such a comparison." he said at last, and I strode right to him, still keeping a step or three between us, and Blaze yawned and laid down in a corner and watched us.

"You do?" I asked quietly.

"I... Was made from birth and trained to be able to woo and please you specifically. Later in my life, I began to learn of you personally, as we discovered the information. It was all so that I could woo you.

"But when I finally met you, I couldn't do even that."

"Why is that?" I asked and still holding myself, now holding the folds of my robe closed as well, feeling both tits still swelling and engorging. I moved to sit close beside him now, wanting to hear this information as best as I could.

"Your... Pictures didn't do you justice. I was unprepared for the real you. Even from the beginning, when you first arrived with O' Finnegan, I felt as if all that I've been through, and all that they've done to me to prepare me for you weren't enough.

"I honestly felt... Inadequate, and each time that you arrived again, looking larger and stronger and more beautiful than ever, to the point where you could've broken me like a toothpick, I thought that I had no hope to do the task they wanted me to do, and after a while, I didn't want to."

I paused, hoping that he'd go further, and I slid sideways even closer so that our thighs were pressing against each other.

"Why?" I asked, and did the best to keep the quaver out of my voice.

He turned to look at me, looked into my green eyes, and before I knew what was happening, he was palming the side of my face, and then he was moving forward, and I closed my eyes even as he kissed me.

I moved automatically, accepted it and returned it automatically, swooning right there before him, holding my breath as I kissed him. I let go of my robe and both breasts swelled outward, parting the folds till the barest hint of the disks of either tit showed out of the folds of the robe covering them even as I creamed heavily now, dripping my nectar into the inside of this fuzzy robe. I felt his spare hand cover my knee as I leaned back a little, bracing my weight with one arm as the other hand moved right to my belly, and I palmed it, feeling it churn and tremble.

"Because, somewhere," he said as he withdrew, and I opened my eyes and trembled, taking a gasp of air. "I think I fell for you."

I was breathing hard, I wanted more, and even as he moved back to regard me, I surged forward and kissed him again, both breasts cleaving to his side as I tasted his firm lips, kissing him strongly and taking deep whiffs of his strong scent, and before I realized what I was doing, I palmed his chest and ever so slowly slid that palm down his body, till I wedged it in between his legs and cupped the thick and firm cluster of penis and nads. Those long and slender fingers of mine then began to trace the contours of that cock and balls, finding its head, rubbing it between two fingers, and finding its tip, caressed it with an index finger through his sweats.

I was still breathing heavily when our kiss ended a second time, and looking up at him, smiling warmly, I saw him looking at me as my robe fell open a little more, showing him the coloring of the disks that were my areola and the deep space that was between either growing tit.



Not since I'd last assumed the super-powered form of Crimson Clover did that pair of mammaries grow to be this big, and they were still growing! Steadily they parted the robes that I wore; steadily I felt the deepest senses of sexuality rising within me as every bit of skin on me became steadily more sensitive.

"Dani?" he managed at last.

"Hm?" I replied stupidly, still absentmindedly caressing his groin as it slowly bulged beneath my fingertips.

He opened his mouth several times to try to explain what it was he wanted to say, but words escaped him, and instead, he simply turned his head and leaned back to see my hand massaging his manhood, the thing slowly erecting, bulging forward and filling the hand that was caressing it now.

"I... Must admit, even when we were on the altar, I don't think you'd touched it. Your lips and your breasts around it were one thing, but your hand... Is quite another."

His chest puffed out and he held his breath as that penis of his continued to erect thanks to the kneading of my fingers. The front of his sweats very quickly bowed outward and then began to peak, the fabric stretching larger and longer, and I pursed my lips as I watched it grow to a point where it looked like it pained him with it restrained as it was.

So smiling at him, I moved myself so that I could get my other hand over his thigh, and grabbing hold of the simple bow-string tie about his waist while still cupping his thick and firm balls while feeling his prick growing longer despite it being hemmed in, I pulled on the strings and it immediately gave way, allowing the waist band the rush forward and reveal a broad gap from how much of a tent he was pitching.

Now he was breathing heavily, and I licked both lips while it grew longer and stiffer, broadening to the point where he was forced to open both legs and allow it to erect upward. I was even sure his nads were swelling as well, which was something I didn't think happened to men, but then my boobs were growing the more I grew aroused, which was something I was certain didn't happen... Or at least not to this extent.

Then looking at him and smiling, following a will that wasn't exactly my own, I knelt before him, and fingering the waist band of his sweats, pulled them off him slowly, revealing strong legs and calves, but also revealing that bulging and steadily erecting manhood of his in its fullest.

I remembered the fantasies that I had about what he might've possessed. I didn't really think that he could possess this mighty sword that was both broad and long. I palmed it's head, feeling its thickness and its growing heat filling the contours of my palm, feeling the breadth and depth of just the head filling that palm and all my fingers as I then caressed its underside with my other hand. I was amazed as to how thick it was growing, steadily outgrowing my hand as it forced all the fingers around it apart, to where neither one of my hands could fully circumference it.

The shaft leapt briefly as I touched it's underside, and I felt suddenly stupid as the sensual power that was now in me began to blossom in its fullest.

"Dani... Your breasts..." Eric said, and looking down, I smiled at the swelling mounds, watching them fill and round outward rapidly now, their areola puffing outward, their nipples thickening and lengthening as they slipped from out of the fabric of the robe wrapping about them, the growing dubs at the end of either teat deepening the sphincters at their ends as their muscles tensed as hard as they could, firming up till they ached.

"Ngh..." I sighed and arched myself before I slid forward, still holding onto that erecting shaft with one hand as I rubbed my cheek against it, both tits flaring to either side of it as they came to rest upon his lap. "I've not... Felt this aroused since we were on the altar, Eric. No one since that moment has been able to fill me with such incredible longing."

"What's happening to you?" he asked with a gasp.

I turned my head and kissed his penis, and slid one hand down its length to cup the enlarging and firm nads that must've been filled with so much seed... More than would be needed to impregnate me, and I began to massage the pair of balls to get him ready. Eric puffed his chest out and stiffened a little faster now.

"I'm a woman, and that woman is Crimson Clover. I possess her assets, and this woman named Dani is merely the mask I must wear to hide myself from my enemies.

"I am a woman, a woman named Dani, who protects Crimson in her times of weakness, and I am the face of not only her weakness, but also her strength.

"When I, as a woman, become aroused, then the fullness of that strength becomes apparent, Eric, and if I lose control of myself, then certain assets come out and display themselves." I murred and then lifted both hands to palm his belly, feeling each abdominal and each oblique as I pushed his shirt upward, kissing portions of his belly and then his muscular chest before pushing his shirt up off over his head and arms, allowing him to feel both my now naked breasts against his body as I dragged them upward against him.

"I-I don't understand." he said as I rose high enough to look him in the eye, and I smiled even as a cracking sound revealed the formation of wider hips as I untied my robe and let it slip from me.

"I... Like you, have been altered. You were made to pleasure one woman, and also to woo one woman. How then have I changed... Than to accept that one man?" and then I lowered myself and knelt before him, again allowing my breasts to settle on his lap as I took his now fully lengthened shaft and kissed it, kissed it again, rubbed my head against it, and then licked it, catching and swallowing some of his seed that was leaking off it with my tongue and tasting its bitter sweetness before feeling both pussy lips nestled at the base of my bottom thickening more than what simple Dani could produce.

And then turning my head and opening my mouth, I pulled down that mighty sword toward me, wedding it between either of the immaculately engorging breasts, and then began to suck on its head.

He reached out and caressed my face with one hand, rubbing a thumb about my cheek and brow as I looked him in the eyes while drawing on that powerfully throbbing rod, tickling it with the tip of my tongue, swallowing what he deposited inside me from time to time... But I knew the full power of his climax wasn't anywhere near as being ready yet.

I felt him slide his fingers through the already long and lengthening strands of hair about my head, while I slid a hand along its length, licking the knob of that head and flicking it with my tongue, and tasting more of that bitter-sweet taste of seed before I rose before him.

The pair of breasts decorating either pectoral of my chest wobbled and swayed as I rose and paused before him, groaning with how sensitive my skin was and how firm my body was becoming as both hips cracked and broadened wider, deepening the hourglass shape of this body. Though I prepared to sit on his lap, there was something unexpected that happened as he pulled me near, gripping my bottom with one hand, he rubbed the taut plane of flesh lining that navel of mine as he kissed it.

The life spark of our daughter inside me leapt thanks to that kiss on my belly, she knew that her time was nearing; I knew that her time was nearing, and the anticipation was killing me. But nonetheless, I rested both hands atop his shoulders as I began to leak milk and nectar, the swells of both vaginal mound and mammary tremendous for any woman to hold, but as they grew in weight and mass, my body started to compensate, making me grow stronger in all the right places to hold those assets more comfortably.

Forearms were broadening, thighs and calves were puffing out with muscle, abdominals and laterals were strengthening while biceps were billowing. The trail of red hair was lengthening and darkening as it grew toward my tightening bottom, and all of this was happening so that the phenomenal sexual traits of Crimson Clover could come to bare upon this diminutive body...

Traits like breasts that were larger than my head, a pussy larger than a fist, hips as wide as the shoulders above them, and as I stood there before him, growing moist with perspiration even as my height steadily increased, he dipped low and fingered that pubic mound of mine a moment before he slid a pair of fingers inside me, hooking those fingers and rubbing a spot inside me that made me release an immediate rush of moisture into his awaiting hands.

I shivered and gasped, cooing softly as a pair of his fingers then found the swelling clitoris at the peak of my flaring open and swollen vaginal muscles, and with some subtle pressure he pulled it out from inside me with those two fingers in order to kiss and then suck on it.

I knew not why I was trembling when he didn't when I did the same to him, perhaps it was easier for him to do this to me, I wasn't sure, but whatever it was, it got me so wet...

He released his kiss upon that firmly quivering thing, just before he tongued and kissed my hairless vaginal lips, getting me to moisten even more, getting that vaginal crevice to become sopping wet and dripping as I gasped and palmed my navel in readiness. A trickle of sweat slid downward between either breast, milk sliding down both breasts and abdominals As I arched deeply for him.

I couldn't take it any more, and I back-stepped from him, feeling the heart inside me pounding and vibrating, just before I stepped forward and fingered the head of that mighty shaft of his with both hands, and then stepped so that it's head pressed right against the as of yet un-penetrated gates of maidenhood that led inside me.

He took to fondling my tightening and muscling belly even as it gained its seventh and eighth abdominal and the second pair of lats while he continued palming that same cheek of my butt, and I thought for just a moment amidst all that passionately-minded sensuality that was inside me, and I thought:

*This is it, this is it, this is it...*

And I kept repeating that inside the back of my head, over and over as I steadily began to bend both knees, my clit and nipples throbbing powerfully as both vaginal lips spread steadily open around his head, parting about that thick, thick knob of a maleness while my juices slid down its length to pre-moisten it.

I gasped, gripping his neck and shoulders as I then bit my lip, tilting my head backward as I felt his hand move from belly to tit and rub that massive mammary, kneading it and moving it so that he could suck on it.

I gasped again, and then moaned, closing both eyes tightly as his taut skin slid against my silken body, the twin labia flaring further open around the conic slope of that massive head.

*Almost... Almost...* I whimpered, and with a snapping closure and a sudden orgasm that flushed a load of juices from within me that spilled more all over that length of his, pre-lubricating him even more as it slid all the way down to his pelvis, I gasped and looked down through both tits to see that only the head of his cock was inside me.

The twin lips of womanhood had only just snapped closed about the scar of his circumcision, and I saw that now I had nearly a foot and a half of cock that was a good three inches in width to traverse before I could actually sit on his lap.

I bit a lower lip that was trembling in fear, anticipation and pleasure as I took hold of his kneading hand on my tit and held it, and closing both eyes, I slowly began to descend.

I never even guess that this act of sex would be like this, and though a pair of fingers inside me wiggling around may've prepared me, it was nothing compared to something thick and massive, something that was hot with his body heat and throbbing with his quickened heart, not only heating and sliding against more and more of my insides, but also massaging those insides as well with a pulsating rhythm.

I rocked and wiggled, pausing repeatedly as I forced myself downward, forcing myself to be pierced, forcing myself deeper onto him, feeling his hard on thickening and lengthen still and likewise making both pussy lips ache about the circumference of his shaft. The tension made me clench my teeth while the feeling of his hands massaging me every now and again here or there, and sometimes massaging and rubbing both pussy lips or holding my clit against his dick with a thumb as I descended, made me orgasm twice more, erupting a torrential flush each time to adequately moisten that dick of his.

He kissed and sucked upon either nipple as either tit and their attached nubs and areola swelled and grew, and he drew milk from me as he helped me squat on the edge of his bed, parting either butt cheek so that the tensing muscles of my bottom didn't compress my vaginal lips. But he was slowly losing his grip upon those butt cheeks as they bulged and thickened as muscles began to bubble out from me.

I felt each toe on either of my feet spread and curl alternatively, and I moaned deep, deep in my voice as at long last I descended and was upon his lap.

I gasped and embraced him immediately, both breasts cleaving to his sides while I breathed hard and heavy, feeling an excessive length and mass inside me that actually pushed my belly forward with its thickness, and was as of yet still growing inside me even as I continued to grow.

I suddenly felt as if I wet myself just then as every muscle beneath the ribcage suddenly tensed, and I whimpered hard and clutched to him, excited and afraid at what was happening to me, feeling the aching pain of parts of me that have remained untouched from since I was in the womb, now being stressed so fully now that they hurt amidst all this unmitigated pleasure all about me. There was an ache in several parts of me, but that ache commingled with the throbbing sensations of arousal as Eric cradled me, kissed both my face and neck, sucked more milk from my breasts and began to subtly rock into me with me on his lap.

But each rocking motion shifted that length of his with all its girth inside me, and though I feared being split in two by it, I didn't care because of how wonderful it felt.

He settled backward then, and then tilted us both sideways, and with that massive shaft penetrating me, he moved me into a comfortable position on his bed, moving a pillow beneath the small of my back while he bent and moved me into a position that felt awkward, but when he began to move again, I understood that it only enhanced the feeling of sexuality inside me.

Groaning and cracking could be heard from my as I continued to grow more and more superb, the bed creaking beneath that growing mass and weight as I spread myself as far open to his knowledgeable touch as I could, but then I began to feel something changing in me...

It was something basic and primal... Coming from somewhere deep inside my bowels as it grew in power. It had already infected me and was spreading like a sickness but felt like an overwhelming sensation of scandalous indulgence... Like sitting and watching love movies while wearing nothing but a robe and fuzzy slippers fresh from the dryer with a big tub of chocolate ice-cream and fudge...

The change had begun the moment that dick entered me, and it was changing me from a maiden into a woman now... But also, all those powers, the Pillars of Strength I possessed, all the strengths I had and so

on, were converting in me, moving decidedly toward femininity now, locking and binding those powers to me now and making me safe from another plot to steal them from me by a man.

Eric began to thrust into me as he positioned himself over me, rubbing and massaging me as I bent and writhed and clenched to his touches and caresses. He kissed me again and again, and as the pain in my pussy lips and the muscles inside me began to get used to the exertion, stretching as assuredly as a tensed muscle would at the gym, burning in its sensation as my body healed any of the stressing damage to it almost instantly, I began to rock and writhe more.

Eric responded to that and thrust and churned, rotated and slammed, varying his motions and the speeds of those motions as I came again and again, and so powerful were those climaxes that I was sure that if he wasn't penetrating me like he was, then it would be an explosive torrent every time that I came.

But then he was rising from above me, smiling at me as I laid there, breathing heavily with both arms lying on either side of me while I looked up at him with my head atop another pillow. I wondered what was going on before he pushed himself to the hilt inside me, and I felt his penis trembling harder than ever. I felt his thickened nads over either butt cheek start to throb as that throbbing slid into the length of dick penetrating me, the heat of his passion piercing me growing hotter as he bent to kiss me one last time before rising again, and with a deeper plunge that created a sucking sound as my body accepted his, I felt the trembling heat in that dick of his suddenly tense and then slam back inside me like a howitzer, just before the whole mass of dick throbbed and began to condense and relax repeatedly.

I began breathing faster and faster as I realized what was happening, realized that he was offloading those two nads filled with his seed into me, so much that I quickly overflowed and the sticky wetness of our conjoined juices rushed from the gap of my pussy lips that were spread open around his shaft. But despite that, I was loaded with all the seed that I needed...

For the past month, it'd been like my menstrual cycle had been on pause, I'd not bled, not continued in the cycle again, and I simply paused at the point just prior to the sloughing off of all the matter that forms in a woman's placenta that would be used for growing a baby.

The reason why that was, was that nestled inside me was a teeny tiny little egg that had been released into my womb the moment this whole adventure began, and now that it was there inside me, ready to be seeded, kept alive by the walls of placenta around it, it was now surrounded by a heavy wash of seed.

The strong wall around that egg repelled all the male-baring seed, and took the first that had a purely X-sexual chromosome in it before sealing itself to further fertilization. Immediately the egg attached to the walls of the womb inside me, the conception happening almost immediately.

The resultant energy sent a shock through the whole of my being, and with that shock, as my femininity enhanced yet again from maiden to woman and now from woman to mother, I felt all the powers in me growing stronger and more powerful as well.

I was writhing as this happened inside me, climaxing and throbbing, feeling my body connecting to that fertilizing egg, the womb within me wrapping about that newly fertilized egg, holding fast to it while the conjoined fluids of both Eric and me flowed out from between my spread open muscular legs. Both my tits jostled as they rapidly expanded, I loosing control of myself as I grew stronger and more powerful, and both tits began to eject gouts of milk upward around me, splattering Eric in the chest as I arched myself deeply, gasping constantly.

Inside me as I writhed, I felt something changing, merging and growing, and I must've been arching and churning like a whore beneath his touches and kisses, while my every muscle ballooned and filled to their brim, and then filled even further that that! I felt another surge of his hot seed ejecting into me, and yet

another, the eruption from that spasming dick keeping me so filled that my body had no choice but to absorb some of it, take what portions of his power into me as he came time and time again.

And then I rolled us, thrusting him onto his back now as I reared like a monster, gritting my teeth and gasping through those pearly whites as I flexed and arched, and while he massaged my muscled belly, he laid there and watched me evolving into Crimson clover.

Through the feet I grew, rising passed six and then seven feet, past eight and then nine, my frame erupting and popping, billowing and bulging before the muscular mutations happened, and whole parts of me sloughed off to one side violently before growing all over again. To his sides billowed my thighs and calves, my arms erupting outward to the thickness of those legs as muscle grew atop muscle and I filled outward steadily, his futon bed groaning beneath my tremendous weight.

It was a marvelous example of manufacture that as I neared my full height and weight, which was growing passed what I had before as I strengthened and felt my powers growing, that that futon didn't break beneath my weight.

I was tremendous, growing to twice my previous size, while in the corner; Blaze just grew quietly, watching us still as she occasionally shifted her weight in order to lie quietly within the small confines of this room.

Then leaning forward and groaning, still having that incredibly massive dick inside me as he throttled me still, I leaned forward, palming the wall behind his futon bed while my breasts filled to whole new sizes as they hung like boulders in great slings of flesh from off my chest.

"Ha... Ha... Ha..." I breathed heavily as I came in another torrent all over him, and I felt his tongue upon one of my nipples, felt him suck from it before I rose and sat back on his lap, bending his dick straight up into me as I did before his lips left that teat of mine.

Milk poured down from those teats, sliding down my body and between both legs to spill onto his body as I lowered a hand and began to caress his dick with several long-nailed fingers as my muscle growth and bone growth slowed, leaving me as a towering juggernaut over him.

"Please tell me..." I said in that deep, seductive feminine voice I possessed in this form before I gasped and tossed the mane on my head with a jerk of the neck. "...Please tell me... There's more of that."

He smiled and rose to me, palming my many muscled belly and tracing all the muscles there with his fingers. His head fit nicely between those massive mammaries that rested atop his strong shoulders and leaked more milk down his back.

"By all that's holy, I do sincerely hope so!" he smirked, and then tried to embrace me, but his strong, powerful arms were too small to completely encircle my body.

Our love-making grew softer after that, and with his climax, though he still skewered me as he was, he was nonetheless softened and limped a little, but hard enough to where that thickened shaft projecting inside me was able to squirm against me still.

Palming the wall behind his bed again, I began to rock and roll and churn my hips onto his lap, smiling down at him through the gap between either breast while he alternated between palming my belly, holding my hips or palming the front of the mammoth breasts decorating that chest of mine while sucking milk off from the enormous reservoirs of that creamy milk that I possessed.

A sloppy, sticky mess kept us stuck together, it felt, and the longer we made love, the passage of his flesh into mine grew easier as my body continued transforming into that of a woman, and likewise prepare for

becoming a mother. The aches and pains went away to become replaced with pure pleasure now, and even when he hardened all over again while he rolled and massaged either nipple in his fingers, I cooed and sighed to the utmost level of pleasure I was experiencing, keeping both my eyes closed as he thrust and cajoled into me and I continued to rock atop him.

For hours we shifted positions, which wound us facing toward or away from each other, either of us on our backs or chests, and usually with me being the one who was servant to him.

For a virgin, he sure did know a lot about what made a woman pleased.

Five times we made love, making sure that our virginities were destroyed with each other, and the most memorable of those times for me was when I sucked on that knob of his and stoked him off with either of the big, fat breasts decorating my chest flaring to either side of his lap. I sucked him dry then, swallowing his seed, absorbing a little of his excess power and gaining still more new traits from his masculine body before he got me to sit on his face so that he could eat me out.

The early fall dusk was approaching as we lay in his room much later, and after five super active sexual excursions, I'd relaxed enough in my sexuality where I'd shrunk considerably into a hippy, large-breasted fem. A few steps stronger and bustier than what I normally was nowadays, but nonetheless it felt good being so sexual at the moment. I felt myself changing, optimizing for motherhood, and while I still strummed with sexual power, wanting more as I laid against Eric's chest, he kissing my forehead and fondling one of the fattened tits of mine that was laying on his chest, I reached down and began fondling his groin to get it to erect in my fingers all over again.

We smiled at each other and kissed then, and Blaze, she having shrunk completely back to her adolescent wolfess body, hopped up to lie down beside us before curling up behind me for warmth.

Eric hand held a firm grip upon a swollen butt cheek of mine, his shaft, which had long ago run out of any of his seed, was slowly erecting again as I rose up and then pressed the head of that shaft against my pussy, sliding its stump inside me before I leaned forward and kissed his lips. Blaze moved promptly against Eric and me now, and Eric pet her glossy fur while he began playing me like an instrument.

To tired to do anything more, I rested against him, his fingers tracing the contours of my back that was still muscular and powerful, and I simply laid there in comfort as his massive shaft steadily erected inside me, climbing my innards to press against all the walls of the enlarged vaginal cavity that was inside me that was, even in this reduced form, somehow able to take all that he had.

My heart strings strummed as he pulled both of my butt cheeks open and I automatically moved both knees toward his head to change the shape of my insides so as to enhance the pleasure that was inside us both before he went back to massaging and caressing me.

As I relaxed more, wanting to be coddled, I found myself reducing to my former height of five feet and ten inches... Only now gifted with wide hips, strong arms and legs and a pair of massive mammaries. All through that reduction, he began and continued to push his growing shaft inside me, strumming the taut lips of my vaginal mound as it involuntarily tensed and clenched about his maleness.

I'd lost count on how many orgasms I'd had by this point as yet another rose inside me for release, and he's had three or four by now. But at the moment as I laid there though, laying against Blaze's warm fur while still being sexed by Eric's attentions as he focused on kissing my cheek, neck and lips, I absentmindedly reached down and caressed the firm belly muscles lining my front between pelvis and ribs.

I could feel his massive dick still squirming inside me, but I could also feel my little baby girl nestled there inside me too...

It was like she were being wrapped inside a blanket inside me as the spark of her life was merging with the physical components that would eventually be her body.

Rising then, I palmed that taut muscular belly in its hourglass shape with both hands, smiling warmly at it through the space of either breast. I had to roll both shoulders back to part those boobs in order to see between them, but though it was a slight contortion of my body to sit that way, I nonetheless held that position so as to not only to feel the heat of that penis in me, but also to revel in the wonderful feeling of my baby inside me.

But then I found Eric's hands leave my wide hips then as he continued to churn into me over and over, and he folded those hands over the muscular belly I was fingering and caressing now to take my hands with his own.

"It'll be a girl, won't it?" he asked as he continued to hump me.

I managed a small smile. "It will be."

"And does that mean my role is over?"

I sighed and lifted my gaze to look at him, both the fattened mammaries wobbling and jostling atop my chest from our constant humping. Eric continued to palm my navel, fingering it with his thumb as he looked into those green eyes of mine.

"What do you mean?" I asked after a moment.

"You're pregnant." he stated, and I looked at him, and that one statement said multitudes, but I only caught on some of it. There was more in his voice I wasn't getting.

"How do you know?" I asked and he smiled in return as he continued to rock himself into my pussy.

"They way you reacted, palming your belly when I finally released into you. There was that and... I could feel the conception happening inside you.

"I am a natural wizard after all. The perception and control of life is what we do..."

"Hmm... Yes... I am, the craving for sex is greatly waned, and I can... Feel her inside me now... Her spark growing stronger every moment that passes. But what is it that you're getting at?"

"As you may know by now, there've been countless generations in your family where each new daughter was conceived and then born out of wedlock. The members of your family rarely get a chance to actually have a family. What you hold inside you is a part of you and a part of me, and she is our daughter... I would not have her born a bastard. I would like to be a part of her life, but... Also... I want to be a part of yours."

I stared at him, and very rapidly a great deal of things blew through my mind, many of which carried with it the word *'Duty'*. It was my duty to combat the dragon and his minions, it was my duty to carry on the family line, it was my duty... My duty... Duty...

And amidst all those thoughts, I absentmindedly moved one hand to covers his now, and we held the spot on my belly where our daughter was.

"Eric... I want you to tell me what it is that you want. I want to hear the words..."



He smiled and rose; my thighs fanning open as he rose, and leaning in against me, he slid both his arms upward to both cradle and cup my face and head with both his hands before he suddenly kissed me on the lips. And then to add a punctuation mark to this kiss, he thrust suddenly up into me, giving me a full minute of hard passion before he drew away. That action was so intense, and so desirable, that as he drew away, I found myself moving forward to keep the kiss and embrace going, but he drew far enough away where I couldn't keep it going.

Milk leaked from my breasts from how aroused I felt then, and my insides suddenly tensed about his dick to hold it like a vice.

Then I opened both eyes to look into his piercing blues, not realizing that I'd closed them in the first place as he continued to rock into me and causing a low slurping sound each time he probed me.

"Dani... I want to protect you. I want to care for you and see to your every want and need. I also want to give our children a last name. I want to marry you."

"B-but my duty..."

"No, no duty." he said and pressed the tips of his fingers quickly against my mouth. "Duty has nothing to do with this, because I felt a cold thing in me that went away the moment I saw you Dani, and now that I have you I don't want to lose you."

"I do all this because... I love you."

I was dumbfounded. It's what I thought he wanted to say, but now that he said it, I didn't know what to say in return. I simply just stared at him.

"Do it, Daniel." another voice said, and Eric lifted suddenly just as Blaze lifted her head and spoke to me. "You will never be happy again if you deny yourself this."

Eric was minutely taken aback that Blaze had just spoken, but with both their eyes on me, I thought that I could do nothing more at that moment than to follow my heart. And so as I looked directly at him as he paused in the humping, I opened my mouth and gave him an answer.

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"Yes."

Yes is a powerful word. It can be said as a confession or in answer to a question that could either bring about great or terrible things, but when I finally said that word to Eric, I had no idea what would become of it.

But thinking back on it, I don't think that anything could've been luckier, and I guessed that that Gift of the Irish that Finnegan gave me was perhaps partially responsible for all this.

I needed to hide, and what better way was there than to change my last name and start referring to myself as Dani instead of Daniel? I looked different, sounded more mature, and even lightened my hair more toward blonde so as to better hide myself. I even went to go get my Driver's license renewed so that the new records of me in any state computer system will askew what I was and make it harder for me to be found... That was, of course, after I took Eric's last name as my own.

Our marriage wasn't the sort of wedding that I dreamed of as a little girl, where I'd be in some flowing white gown, next to a man in a perfect suit and tie as we stood before a priest and said our vows. Instead,

we roused one person a piece to serve as witnesses, and then approached a judge, and were within a matter of hours after having lost our virginities and me having conceived our daughter, we were married.

My best and only friend was a woman and Eric's witness was also a woman, and the judge was also a woman, and given that the baby in my womb was also a girl, he was the only man at that whole organization.

His ring was a golden one that he took from his left hand and instead transferred it to his right, while mine was a circlet made from Blackthorn and Iron and joined by the gold and silver that I'd absorbed from the book and now made up Iron's being. I smiled at how that ring matched the choker-like necklace about my throat.

It was practically midnight when all this happened, both of us in street clothes, and after everything was done and finalized, he and I simply retired and made love some more.

I didn't seek a doctor's aide in tending to our daughter. The Dragon's servants were everywhere, and it would be a simple matter for them to find a nineteen year old woman with green eyes and red hair - even as lightened as it was now - that suddenly became pregnant. A hospital record would make it remarkably easy for them to find me.

Weeks continued to pass as thanksgiving ever so slowly drew closer and closer. I moved into Eric's room with him with what meager little belongings that I had to my name, and since it was a simple matter and saved us both some money in rent at the dorms, we did it immediately.

I grew quite dependant on that night by night embrace I got from him, and I loved waking up beside him each morning... I felt safe in his arms and I didn't have to be strong anymore when he was around. It was like taking the insurmountable weight that Crimson Clover had to bare off my shoulders from time to time.

He woke me sometimes with kisses, and often we said goodnight and good morning to each other by making love... But what was else is that I'd wake up occasionally in the middle of the night with him intruding into me, and lifting myself as he throttled my pussy, I found that he was making love to me in his sleep.

How could I think badly about that?

But despite that, I was still maturing, still growing and growing stronger even from the reduced exercises I was doing, and on Thanksgiving Day, when we went to my Gran's for dinner, I told Gran nothing more about Eric other than to expect a visitor for dinner...

I... Honestly needed him beside me for moral support. I'd never been so nervous or scared in my life than when I thought I had to tell my Gran that I got married and am now pregnant without her knowing. Not even when I fought the dragon did I feel so scared...

O' Finnegan was there as well, and I couldn't help but smile at my teacher as I saw him with a table napkin in his coat, which looked like a table cloth stuffed in his coat due to his size, propped up in a child's booster seat and sitting atop the phone book before the table with a knife and fork from Gran's silverware gripped in his hands.

"I tell ye, I be takin' a shine t' this fair nation o' yers that has a day o' feastin' and givin' thanks. Ye get t' be stuffed an' grateful all at th' same time." Finnegan was saying as we entered, Gran busy in the kitchen with the turkey.

"Ye got that right, ye ole' skinflint." Gran was saying and I smiled at them both. "Ye and I don't agree on much, but that I can agree upon. Oh Daniel... An' is this be the guest ye said ye were bringing?"

Eric entered behind me, slightly taller than I was still while I was in this form, even despite all the growing I'd been doing over the last couple months, and when I grinned and was about to open my mouth and introduce him, I heard the clattering of silverware on china.

"Faith n' Begora!" Finnegan shouted and tossed his napkin to one side before hopping down, Blaze coming in at my heels, she too having grown into an adolescent pup by now... Long and lean without her adult musculature. "What he be doin' here?" he said and pointed as he walked up to us.

"I was invited..." Eric replied simply.

"Wait, Finnegan, ye know this man?" Gran said, and suddenly she slid into suspicious mode. What sort of a man, after all, would know of a Leprechaun? "Daniel... Who be this gentleman that ye've brought into me house?"

I grinned nervously at her and then snarled angrily at Finnegan for ruining this moment, the tips of both ears pointing ever so slightly in my frustration that this wasn't going as planned. But then Eric palmed my back, and those points shrank back down and curved again, the muscular and breast growth I'd been gaining in my anger waning again before I finally grinned back at Gran.

"Gran... This... This is Eric. I have some things I want to tell you, b-but... But... Please... After dinner?"

Gran, standing there with a ladle in her hand - that feared ladle that had cracked me over the skull on more than one occasion - crossed her arms and looked at me suspiciously before eyeing Eric who'd already removed his scarf and coat and was now helping me out of mine as I continued grinning at Gran.

"Ok, Dani." she said, finally. "After dinner, but no later."

And after dinner it became.

I kept feeling Gran's and Finnegan's eyes on me all through dinner, but I tried to delay the inevitable for as long as I could despite feeling Eric's hand slide onto my thickened thigh, and with how strong I'd become, all the clothing I had had become tight against me as of late so that he could feel the contours of that thigh unabated. He even dared slid his hand close to my crotch and slide a pinkie against that swollen vaginal mound of mine. I still nonetheless enjoyed his touch, for it kept me from trembling, and it actually soothed me whenever he caressed those twin labia through the fabric of the pants I wore.

With me it was more serving, or one more glass of water, or more desert.

"Ye're sure packing it away dear." Gran said after my third helping of food all around.

"I'm... I've developed a renewed appetite, Gran." I said, but very nearly said that I was *'eating for two,'* which would've given everything away.

Damn...

And then there was the moment that I dreaded, and Gran didn't even wait to clear the table completely when she popped the question... Perhaps because she was noticing that Eric had moved his chair close to mine and had just given me a kiss on the cheek while palming my thigh again.

"In me day, a gentleman were only allowed t' do that t' th' woman he married, an' never in th' presence o' others. Lest ye and me gran'daughter be married, ye best move a good three feet from her thigh or taste th' back o' me ladle."

Eric merely looked up at Gran with a subtle smile at first, but didn't move, and taking a deep breath, I planted my right hand on the table and lifted a finger.

My ring finger...

Gran and Finnegan looked at it for the barest of moments, before...

\*Smack\*

The sound of the ladle cracking my skull made a metallic twang and a loud thump of bone.

"Ye harlot! How dare ye go and do something so... So..." and she lifted the ladle again, but this time, Eric was there, and he dared to catch the ladle in one hand and yank it from Gran's fingers before he firmly forced her to sit kitty corner to me.

"One might ask if you did the same thing to your own daughter when she announced the same thing," Eric said, and Gran turned her anger on him. "Or whether your own mother did the same thing to you when you did it to her." he added, and Gran immediately fell silent for a moment, but then her temper shortly returned.

"Family history gives her no reason t' do it herself!"

"No it doesn't, but it happened, and it happened for a reason... One that I'm sure you can guess at." he said and sat back down beside me.

Gran and Finnegan's minds began to whirl, I could see, and when they finally arrived at the result, they both gasped simultaneously.

"Ye can' mean that she's..." Finnegan began

"Pregnant." I finished for him, and they gasped again.

"So I'd appreciate it if you not strike my wife while she's carrying my daughter," Eric said and placed the ladle back on the table in front of Gran. "And for that matter, I do respect my elders, but the next moment you strike Dani for any reason, you'll see the back of my hand as its palm leaves your face."

"How dare you... In my house..." Gran started but I slapped the table hard enough to make it rattle, the muscles in that arm deflating from having strengthened briefly with my irritation of what was going on here.

"Enough." I said deep in my throat, and I breathed deep and slow a few times before looking up at her. "Yes I'm pregnant, yes I married without your knowledge or approval, but I assure you we didn't plan any of this. Family history dictates how we act, and I'm sure you know the feeling Gran, so stem the hypocrisy."

She gasped and I exhaled slowly to control a temperament I've never had before now, but then I smiled at her and took both her hands.

"Gran, you're going to be a great-grandma, and if I'm right, it'll be to a little red-headed Irish girl, and I really want you to be a part of her life. I want you to like Eric... He's been so kind and thoughtful to me, and I consider myself lucky to have him." and I looked to Finnegan, and he caught the meaning of what I was saying. "And I also want you to be good to Blaze. She's more than just some dog, she's a noble red wolf, and she's more like a friend and a sister to me, I assure you.

"If the mantle never passed to me, then my life would probably be a whole lot different, but it has passed to me, and I've felt like I've been spiraling ever since.

"Please understand."

Gran looked at me and exhaled deeply. "I... Understand, Daniel."

"Good." I smiled and stood up. "Now, let's please act civil to each other, sit down calmly and talk over some tea and pie."

And I then went to the kitchen to start the next leg of thanksgiving dinner...

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My old room at Gran's seemed small and childish as I entered it late in the evening after dinner, and the very first thing I found myself doing was taking down all the posters of pop idols, models that I wanted to be like, my team football banners - Notre Dame - and all the posters of unicorns and fairies, leaving nothing but a few more mature pictures and bare walls. Then lifting a trash can to the side of my desk, I threw away a great deal of useless perfumes and makeups, leaving only one or two of each, and my favorite fingernail polish and then deposited it all in the corner of the room.

Finally, I opened all my clothes drawers and its dresser, and tossed practically everything into a heap on the corner of the floor before covering it with a huge blanket. Panties that were too small, bras that I'd never use again and never really used at all in the first place, pants that didn't fit anymore, and most of my T-shirts. Those could go to the Salvation Army, but for now, they would suffice as a bed for Blaze.

When I was done, as if she'd been waiting for me to finish it, Blaze moved over to the mound of clothes and the blanket, walked up on it, turned around a couple times and then laid down, yawning deeply before placing her long head on the top of the blanket.

I smiled and produced another blanket that I folded over her.

"You're becoming aroused." she said, and with a brief exhale and a look down at my chest, I saw that the shirt I wore had indeed un-tucked itself and was slowly filling upward while two deep points of nippleage poked out from the front of that shirt. I could feel a steamy heat rising up from the pubic mound inside the crotch of the pants and panties I wore, and with a sigh I rubbed that love mound and fingered the crevice between the swelling camel-toe there.

"Again..." I said and bent and kissed her on the head. "I wonder if Eric is ready for some more.

"Best if you keep it down. Your grandmother appears as if she'd frown at the fact that people were making love under her roof."

"That's not her concern, but we'll try to be considerate and stay quiet." I smirked, and the moment I rose to my feet, kicking off the ankle socks I wore while unbuttoning the button and undoing the belt and the zipper of these pants, I pushed them open with both hands and then slid them off my body, feeling both tits compressing against each other now as I then lifted that shirt from off me. Both boobs bounced heavily as they flopped back down onto my chest within the stretchable undershirt I wore, and it, like the panties I wore - which were a sexily and skimpily high-cut thong - were both a soft pink.

I never really ever wore pink until recently. For some reason I'd taken a liking to reds and greens recently and wore them most often.

But then as I stood there, I spied myself in the large floor mirror here, and lifting the shirt, palmed the muscled belly that had recently turned into an eight pack. I seemed to gain muscle just by the act of walking around now, and every little exertion gave me such remarkable results that I actually had to magically enact limiters on my body so as not to out strip them and continually have to buy new clothes. But the body I was sculpting for myself would be considered a twelve out of ten, and the sort of body super models and actresses might desire.

I looked like a wolfess. Lean yet muscled properly here and there... But unlike a wolfess, I instead had a massive pair of tits and a swollen love mound that always split whatever I wore over it into a camel toe. Even jeans...

"Such a creature, I think, cannot exist even in fairy tales, Dani." I heard and turned to look over one shoulder and smile at Eric as he entered, and immediately came to stand at my back, pressing his lips against my neck before sliding a hand beneath the shirt I wore to cup a tit, and likewise sliding his other hand down onto my navel so that he could hold our child through all that belly muscle.

"You look beautiful." he said then, and the fingers on his navel lowered a few inches to finger open the top of the panties I wore and slide just enough to slide his fingers along the top of either labia.

"It feels so good to hear that from anyone's lips." I said, and accepted more of his kisses on my neck, feeling his tongue lick the flesh there as he began kneading the tit he held to help it to lactate.

We'd begun milking me of excess milk now, and combined with both his and Blaze's occasional nursing, these tits were rapidly becoming more and more mature. A woman's breasts... A mother's breasts...

I turned to face him, turning so that he could keep that hand on my tit, and stepping forward, feeling the bulge growing in his pants against my sex, I murred and palmed open his button up shirt so that I could kiss that smooth hairless chest of his.

"More..." I murred, sliding against him, and he automatically palmed my back and kissed my lips.

"Every time you say that, it means hours of trying to satisfy you. Not that I'm complaining, but I seem to have acquired a woman who is insatiable in that regard."

"It's a good thing that I have such a powerful man who can do it then... Just after certain effort. You are a credit to your gender Eric, and I'm so glad that I've met a man who can last an entire hour before he has to roll over and regain his strength."

"My princess honors me." he smirked.

We both knew that this strength I spoke of in him was artificial, but he still had it, and it was his.

We kissed again, and yet again his hand slipped beneath my undershirt and I began thumbing the front of my panties downward.

"Dani... Perhaps before we begin, I should..." Eric started to whisper this into my ear, and I prepared myself for a sweet nothing, but instead it was interrupted by Gran stepping immediately into the room.

"Now Daniel, if you and your new man are going to spend the night here tonight, perhaps I should... Ah..."

"...Close the door?" I asked Eric, finishing what he was trying to say to me just now, and I pulled those panties upward before stepping around Eric to meet Gran.

Gran stood with a large quilt in her hands. It was thick and made out of cotton. It was the quilt that was always hand washed, and in specific ways before it was put back into storage for another three months. It was cleaned, darned and cared for four times a year, and as such, it was used perhaps only once in thirty years.

It was the matriarchal blanket... The one that rested upon the honeymoon bed of each of my mothers before me for many generations.

"I ... Just wanted t' place this on yer bed, dear, wash those musty ole sheets ye still have there when ye went t' school." she looked around as I came near, standing well over her with the objects of my femininity displaying themselves into greater and greater detail. "Did ye clean up dear?"

"I did. I thought it was time to abandon my childhood Gran." I answered and she smiled before surrendering up the quilt. "I'll be careful with this Gran."

"Oh don't do that, dear. If ye were careful with it, how would we know it were used?" she smiled and winked and then kissed me on the cheek. "I'll be in th' den if ye need me." she said and left, and behind her I softly closed the door and then turned the old key in its lock.

"I fear she'll really be at the door with a glass listening in to make sure we actually do it." Eric said, and helped me to spread the quilt with its great shamrock pattern in the center. "Not withstanding that we already have..."

"Many times." I agreed and rose, folding both arms beneath that growing rack of mine. My milk was very nearly about to spray out. "Blaze had a different idea about what she'd do." I smirked then, and I heard Blaze snort before she moved about in her bed so that the blanket covered her head.

"Which do you suppose we should do?" he asked with a wry smile.

To answer him, I smiled and cupped one tit, a few strands of hair falling before my green eyes before I began to sexily undress for him, feeling both tits flop and bounce as he pushed the sheets open and I walked over to sit on the bed before him so that I could undress him.

Then laying in the sheets placatingly, he came to lie over me, and soon that mighty shaft was piercing me and penetrating me to what felt like the base of my throat. The creaking we made that night could be heard all the way down the street.

The next morning, Gran just told all the neighbors to mind their own businesses.

<End>