

Halcyon

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Warning: *This story contains alternative acts of sexuality such as blood-letting, feeding, breast expansion, muscle growth and transformation in addition to various forms of copulation and petting. Parental Discretion is advised.*

Rated: *X for Explicit*

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1

My name is... was... maybe still is, Haley Madrid.

What I'm called all depends upon your mindset and what you believe in really, and whether or not you can believe what I'm about to tell you really happened. I'm not too sure any more to tell you the truth. If there's one thing I've learned is that there are no assurances in life. I mean really, even those of you who feel this way, you still assume that up will be up from day to day, and the color blue will remain blue... even those in the world that I've been awoken too are not assured. To have the understanding that there are no assurances must require a person to also understand that everything, even the laws of the world are not static.

Blue could become red; up can become left, and so on. Everything can change.

Even a person.

2

I was born with one of those very rare series of genes that made me naturally lean and beautiful. Being a hyper-metabolic, I possessed a super-model's body, with pert breasts and a super lean body to where you could see the hip bones and ribs quite easily no matter what I ate. I lacked the height of a super model, being a short five foot four, but I nonetheless had the figure of one.

And I hated nothing more about myself than that.

It was the sort of body I didn't want, for having a thin body and a hyper metabolism meant that your body cannibalized your musculature and bone structure for nourishment, even when someone like me was constantly eating. I always had healthy snacks nearby, protein snacks and such too, all in the hopes that I could start developing the muscle I always wanted. What that also meant was that one was always left being considered feeble and weak. Because of that, I had to work two to three times as hard as anyone else to get where I am in life, for both being a woman, and lithe and small to boot, means that I was picked on as a child and as an adult, the men in my chosen profession of law tend to look over me more than they would a man or some other woman who was taller with bigger boobs.

This is why at the age of twenty-seven that I'm still just a paralegal.

I always wanted to be a judge, to wear the black robe and bang the gavel... and as a child, I always had the grades, I was always called special. But as I grew older and other girls were developing larger hips and larger breasts and they still called me special, I came to understand when an adult called you special, they meant special ha-ha not special gifted. Despite that I tried harder, I kept the grades; I became a geek, skipped senior prom and graduated with honors.

And then I entered college, and the physical gap between me and other women became immediately more pronounced. They were all more than a head taller than me, their breasts were all many cups sizes larger, were firm and bouncy and lots of them didn't even wear bras, they all looked healthier... the sluts.

My determination that I would not be weak, I would not be looked down upon became paramount, so when I wasn't studying, I was exercising. Jogging, lifting weights and so on around the University of Minnesota Saint Paul campus, but no matter how much I lifted, or ran or whatever, there was a limit to how much weight I could lift... and no matter what I did I could not cross it. My feeble muscles just wouldn't absorb any of that physical strength...

It did give me a lean slender look, that of a perfect body, but I still envied the men in the gym who could bench four hundred or more pounds, and who looked ripped and muscular. I even envied the other women, who even on the weakest of them all could heft at least twice what I could. Sure it enhanced my beauty, sure guys came up to me every day to ask for my number, but it also caused other problems... namely jealousy.

Give right now, for example:

It was like any other day, I'd just completed with my daily exercise regimen at the gym, had completed jogging, lifting weights, swimming and spa, and I'd just finished my shower with nothing other than a towel wrapped around me when from out of no where, I was turned around and shoved up against a set of lockers.

"Hey there pipsqueak. Lookie here girls, it's the little mouse." A very large, very muscular woman said with two cronies flanking her.

Normally I was very brave against people physically larger than me, but this time, there was malign intent in her eyes. She wanted to hurt me. I had flash backs of the bigger and tougher girls in high school bullying me on top of that, so instead of standing up to her, I cowered instinctively.

"W-what do you want?" I stammered, shrinking upon myself.

"Your ass in a sling!" one of the other two fems barked at me, spraying my face with spit and the other flexed her muscles at me before their leader lifted both hands to stop them.

"Ladies... calm yourselves." She said, and then leaned in close to me. She was head, neck and shoulders taller than I was and was easily thrice my weight. "Lessee here. How can I say what I want in enough words where you'll understand it?" she made the look that she was thinking deeply, tapping her lips thoughtfully with a finger, and then she suddenly jerked into motion and slammed the locker beside my head with her fist, denting it. "I want you to leave and never come back!" she barked, spraying my face with more spit.

"B-but..." I whimpered, scrunching in on myself

"But... but... but... but nothing!" she shouted again. "You and your tight little ass, your perfect little body, and your sensual airs are going to pick up and leave!"

"But..."

"Say 'but' one more time... I dare you bitch... say 'but' one... more... time!"

I whimpered.

"We're tired of you taking all the hot guys, where they come and watch you instead of us. You lift, they spot, you walk on the treadmills and they line up to watch your butt and not ours. You're taking *all* the guys and leaving us with none of them. So you're going to leave... you're going to leave right now!"

"But..." I managed, tears in my eyes.

“That’s it.” And she cocked an arm back to punch me in the face.

I squealed, but the blow never came, and when I chanced to open first one eye to peek and then the other to look, it was to see the woman’s arm suspended a few inches before my face, shaking in its effort to punch me. At first I thought she’d held it back to further intimidate me, but no... she fully intended to hurt me! The reason why I knew this was because I had a savior... and that savior was in the form of the biggest, strongest woman I’d ever seen.

“Katie... you should know that what you were about to do is against the rules.” This woman said.

“Dani...” The large woman gasped as Dani let her arm go, and both she and her two cronies shrank from this newcomer.

“Now git.” Dani said and pointed, and the three women hurried away to go hide in the showers before Dani turned to me. “You ok?”

I nodded, looking slack-jawed in awe of her.

She had muscles, she had height, and she had breasts! And not just those pert little pancake breasts that muscular women have, this fem had huge, undulating breasts that were firm and wobbled instead of sagged upon her chest.

“I... Yes... I’m ok.” I said quietly. She was dressed only in a pair of high-arching green-lace thong panties and a towel that was wrapped behind her neck and was long enough to cover her nipples. “I... how did you get so big?”

This Dani blushed and rubbed the burn in her cheeks with one hand. “Lots of hard work, I guess?” she grinned.

“You must teach me!” I said and put two hands about her upper arm, finding that those two hands couldn’t even encircle her arm. “This is what I’ve been trying to obtain all my life! Please... would you be my personal trainer? I can pay you!”

“I ah...” Dani began and then sighed. “Ok. I won’t charge you much... but my husband and I just had a baby so we could really use the extra income.” She looked toward that Katie person and her cronies, and all three of them hid themselves again.

“Oh yes... I want nothing more than to be big and strong like you. Oh here...” and I opened my locker and reached into the purse I’d stored there and pulled out one of my business cards before handing it to her.

“A lawyer?” she asked.

“Just a paralegal.” I blushed.

“Still more than I’ve managed. Why don’t you meet me for a shake? There’s a great malt shop nearby.”

“Yeah... I know the one... and thanks for helping me... twice now.”

“Think nothing of it. Blaze!”

For a second, I thought she was just shouting a random word, but then there were the sounds of clicking on the bathroom floor, and the jingling of metal, just before a beautiful red wolfess padded from in between the lockers up to her side.

“Oh is that your dog?” I said, holding my towel close to me, preparing to remove it, but then was taken aback as the red wolfess started growling at me.

“She considers being called a dog derogatory.” Dani smirked, and lowering her hand got a lick from the animal called Blaze. “She prefers to be called a wolf.”

“That’s a very willful... wolf, you have then.” I managed.

“Very, but also very brave and loyal. See you at five then?”

“Sure.” I beamed, and watched as this tall, freckled, green-eyed, red-headed muscular fem walked off, and I blanched at the fact that I was looking at her naked bottom with the green thong flossing the swollen and rounded butt cheeks that bunched and creased into thirds only at the apex of each step she took.

I didn’t know why I was staring, I wasn’t any different after all... I wore thongs quite often too, perhaps it was to imagine myself with a big, firm, rounded butt like that that clenched whenever it was strained. My mouth began to water with thought even as I removed my towel and hung it over the locker as I stood naked and lithe before my things.

If there was one thing about this body that was worthwhile, was that I could wear anything I wanted and make it look good, and as such, I wore lots of sexy garb. Victoria’s Secrets held no secrets for me, and Fredericks of Hollywood has enough of my money to keep one of their stores running. Perhaps it was the way I dressed that made those other women jealous of me, but I wasn’t about to stop looking sexy. It was the only thing I had!

Even unclothed as I was now, completely unabashed by my nakedness, I reached into the locker and removed the lace and sheer teddy that I had hanging there. No, not a teddy bear, a teddy. A lace teddy to be exact.

For those of you not familiar with sexy lacy things that women wear, a teddy is a sort of bodysuit that women wear, a one-piece slimming garment that was designed to accent our... assets utilizing sheer cloth, artful accenting support designs and frill or embroidery. This one was white, with rather high arching leg holes that arched over both hips and had a thong back. The sheer cloth was embroidered with white lace.

Holding the garment out in front of me, I admired it’s sexy allure for a moment before stepping into both legs and pulling it up tight about my loins, and I made sounds of pleasure that were barely contained as the back flossed my bottom and the soft fabric of the crotch settled protectively about my sensitive and shorn sex. I then pulled the rest of it up over my shoulders and zipped and then buttoned it all the way up before tightening the cinching strings along the sides and checking my image in the narrow mirror in the back of the door to the locker. Smiling at myself, taking pleasure in the fact that I was sexual if not powerful, I at least enjoyed this one aspect of my feminine form that made me look good, especially in a business suit.

The teddy – other than its high leg cut and thong back with it’s slimming fabric - it also had a high neck, which hugged my throat gently right above the collar bone, and with its shape and form hefting and pressing my breasts together, when I wore clothes over it, it made me look all that more sensual to the passing man. All that I needed to turn sexy and alluring evening wear into outer wear was to add a simple designer jacket and a pleated skirt. But I had to go to work, so in this case I added a pair of white thigh socks too, just to increase that allure when I walked in my heels, but as I pulled out the skirt, I was interrupted by another woman’s voice in my thoughts.

“So... you want to be strong.” The voice said matter-of-factly, and with a squeak I turned and covered myself with the pleated skirt, fearing another attack from another assailant, but instead found myself facing a fem sitting on the bench near me with a towel wrapped about her body. “Am I right about that statement?”

But then I looked at this fem as she sat there with legs crossed while she leaned back against the bench, hands behind her. The towel she wore covered her nipples but not the disks of her areola, and only a small flap of her towel and her crossed legs kept her sex hidden from view. But what I did see of her made me

instantly jealous and desirous to possess what she had, and, to an odd degree, I wanted to touch and kiss and lie with her. Those last thoughts were confusing and were soon pushed away, but I think I was attracted to her.

She possessed that rare combination of face and body mixed with pheromones that created a beauty that was so intense that it made others of your same gender attracted to you, and it was a beauty that I as a woman found attractive.

She had a lovely elfin face, that was smooth and soft and her chin came to a gentle point, with long blond hair that shone like gold, huge breasts that were barely constrained by the towel she wore and thick muscles everywhere. But her muscles weren't like that Dani person I'd just met. This woman's were long and sinuous muscles, muscles that accented her femininity, but she showed of definite pecs and long sinuous biceps.

"Yes... but... I was going to go meet with that woman and she was going to train me, so I'm not looking for another..."

"I'm not looking to be a trainer like her." The woman smiled. "She'll bring you through a regimen of weight-lifting exercises and dieting that will take you years if not decades to achieve even minimal muscle weight. What if I told you that there was a natural way that would allow you to get like this," and she gestured at herself with both hands from breasts to her wide curving hips. "In only a fraction of the time. Days even."

"How? I won't do drugs or steroids, and I'm not going to do breast implants. Forgive me for saying this, but those look fake."

"Why do you say that?" she smirked whimsically.

"Because they're too perfect! No woman has breasts like that."

This stranger smirked, and rising, she approached me, and before I could do anything, she took my hand firmly with a strength that was surprising even for what I thought she'd have, and she pushed my hand onto her breast even as she undid her towel to stand naked before me.

"There... see? Do you detect any silicone or saline packet inside my breast?" I shook my head. "Feels just like tightly packed mammary and firm fat compressed by the muscles of my chest behind it doesn't it." I nodded stupidly.

"But... then that means you're like, what, one in a million fems in the world?" I blurted out.

"Rarer than that currently." she smiled, and pressed her breast further into my hand so that the flesh molded about my fingers. "But who says that you aren't the same?" she winked and with her other hand, reached in between her breasts and pulled out a business card and handed it to me. All I could do was to dumbly accept it and mildly wonder that, with no towel on, how did her breasts hold a card in between them without them being compressed together? "Just remember sweetling... you can have all this and more." She said in almost in a sigh, and turning she walked away and for as long as I could, I watched her body move, her tight butt, and her muscular back and broad feminine shoulders, becoming aroused at the sight before I blushed and forced myself to turn away.

But that fem stopped several lockers down, and I couldn't help but pay attention to her out of the corner of my eye, and smile at the thought of having her perfect breasts on my body, and her muscles in this form, and looking at myself in the mirror again, began to uncontrollably crave that beauty and strength.

And looking at the business card, I pursed my lips at it.

Tenshi's Oriental Power Supplements

Ancient Chinese and Japanese Supplements
Gain muscle mass and power in purely natural ways

Follow the address on the back of the card.
(Don't worry, we're here.)

It was scandalous pulling this out from between her breasts like that, but personally, if I could do it, I would too. I looked at her briefly, watching her remove, of all things, a cell phone, a pocket book and a makeup case from between her breasts as well – which she used to apply make up to her face right then and there – before she began to dress just as erotically and as sexily as I did, with lots of lavender and lace and blue highlights. She also donned a lot of jewelry laden with silver and sapphires, and by the time she was done, not only did she look sexy, but she also looked elegant, which was something more than me.

Sighing, and looking down at my chest, I smirked at her, and then slid the card into one of the cups of the body suit I was wearing, vowing to check this place out later.

3

There was a malt shop near to the gym, a place unchanged since the nineteen-fifty's. In my fine clothes and prim outfit, I felt slightly out of place with my hair up in a bun and an attaché case in one hand and a pair of glasses before my eyes. Sighing, I nonetheless entered to find my possible future weight instructor.

Dani was the sort of person who was hard to miss, though admittedly, she didn't look as muscular now as she did in the locker room, but other than that, that bright red hair, accompanied by a bright red dog – er, wolf – drew anyone's attention.

"Hey, over here!" she waved, she wearing a large plain shirt and a pair of loose-fitting jeans as she reclined back with her malt in one hand.

I noticed two things about her in that instant, the first thing being that she didn't wear a bra, and still her boobs were full and firm, and the second thing was that she wore a set of pink panties whose straps rose high over her hips outside of the plain looking faded jeans she was wearing.

Striding smartly over to her, the heels I wore going click-click-click on the tile floor, I tried to ignore the back to the fifties music that was blaring overhead and sat down across from her.

She was so laid back, and I was so... well... uptight.

"What can I get you?" she asked with a beaming smile, her long hair up in a pony tail.

"I should be buying. Consider it paying for a consultation? The good news is, is that I can use this as a business meeting and write off the expenses for tax purposes."

"You're a tax lawyer." Dani smirked.

"For now..." I sighed.

She blinked at me but smiled before she leaned forward, her breasts so large they laid on the table between her muscled arms as she did.

"You know... I never did get your name."

"Haley... Haley Madrid."

"That's a pretty name." she said. "Though I should've probably looked at your name on the business card you gave me, but, I'm sorry to say... I lost it somewhere between the showers and my locker."

“That’s all right... here’s another.” And reaching into a front pocket on the attaché case, I retrieved another card and handed it to her. “Now... let’s talk business. How is it that I can get myself to look like you?”

4

Dani, or Daniel MacDonald, was a happy woman, I saw. Bold and confident, and she loved her wolf Blaze, who sat on the same bench as her and who she fed scraps to from her own plate. And like her, Blaze was such a powerful, beautiful creature.

I liked them both, and I think they liked me. We could become fast friends.

But then there was the reality of what it’d take for someone like me to become someone like her. It’d take years of constant weight lifting, every day, testing and stressing the edges of my abilities and pushing myself to go further. It’d take growth hormones and dietary supplements and high protein diets to become so thick and massive, and though everything worth having was worth working for, I wanted these things now!

So if I were going to devote myself to dietary supplements, then why not some old Asian remedies? The Chinese had an empire that was more than five thousand years old, and so what exactly was wrong with trying their remedies. An immediate thought was that though the Chinese were typically small and thin looking like me, their martial artists were able to do feats that were thought to be impossible by others. Punch through wood, stone or steel, shatter bones and burst internal organs, leap high into the air and so on.

So why not give it a try? What could it hurt?

5

The address was for a place in Frog Town, or in other words, the neighborhood between Minneapolis and Saint Paul on University Avenue. I was told that during the fifties, this part of town was considered to be ritzy... right now however... it was about as ghetto as you can get for Minnesota. If one were to venture too far from University Avenue, you’d invariably run into some seedy places, the sorts of places where one would hate to be after dark. As it was, the address, as hard to find as it was, was having me looking around the backs of buildings to find it.

Strangely though, when I finally found the door, it was a single door between two shops with bright red and gold Chinese, Japanese and English lettering on it that told me I’d finally found the place:

Tenshi’s Oriental Power Supplements.

It was odd though... I must’ve passed this very spot at least three times before...

Opening the door and sending the bell on it ringing, I stepped inside and down a set of rickety wooden stairs into a basement area beneath the building that was quite roomy despite the very narrow staircase that led to it. Tall ceilings, ornate oriental furnishings, large chests and wooden racks of stuff with glass jars filled with various substances, all of them set with price tags and descriptions in what looked like five different languages: English, Spanish, Chinese, Japanese and Arabic.

The proprietor of the shop was sitting behind the counter smoking on a long stemmed pipe, wearing prim robes one would see the old rich guy in a Chinese movie to wear, with an ornate blue and gold overcoat and a several layers of white silk undercoat. He wore a straw pan hat while the hand he was using to hold the long-stemmed pipe appeared gnarled and his face wrinkled with age spots.

“Hi.” I said daintily, waving at him.

He merely nodded, and I started moving about the room, the mini skirt I was wearing brushing against my knees and thighs while the high-heels I wore clicked every so often on a concrete floor when it wasn't covered by a carpet. There were all sorts of things here, like rhino horn, bat wings and... dried and powdered bull semen? Ew! I almost touched it.

But there was something about this shop that was making me... aroused, and it wasn't long till I was thoroughly horny. Perhaps it was a subconscious innuendos I kept seeing... Bull semen for example, and rhinoceros horn was an aphrodisiac to Indians, wasn't it? And there was something in the air too, the smell, a scent of lilac in the incense that was burning on the counter. I began to perspire, and unbuttoning the collar of both blouse and the teddy I wore and fanning myself with a hand, I tried to ignore the fact that my labia were swelling and the inner vaginal muscles behind them were clenching like a knotting fist while both nipples and their areola were puffing outward and erecting to the point where they were showing through all the clothes I wore.

"Excuse me." I said at last, and turned to the proprietor, who turned his head to look to me. "I'm looking for some remedies that made me... well... strong and beautiful. Is there anything that you can suggest?"

"*Strong and beautiful?*" he repeated and pulled a drag from his pipe. Whatever he was smoking seemed to be the source of the arousing odor in the air, and not the incense... perhaps it was both. "There is much in my shop that can make a person such as yourself strong and beautiful. The question is: how strong and how beautiful do you want to be?"

"I don't suppose you read graphic novels?" I ventured with a laugh.

"Comic books? Who doesn't?" he smiled.

"You do?! Well... ah... is being as strong as She-hulk out of the question?" I chuckled. "With a rack bigger than Power Girl's and... oh... it's so hot in here."

The proprietor handed me a silk handkerchief and I wiped myself clean, panting solidly. My clit and nipples were so aroused they ached and throbbed now.

"What would you say if I told you that I could give you power and strength and beauty greater than those false women." He smiled and puffed on his pipe again. "What if I could show you ways of becoming like unto a goddess and the strength and muscularity and sexual power of those females would be a mere pittance to what you'd achieve?"

"I'd say that that would be a dream come true. But how realistic is such a dream?"

"Very realistic, but the question is, miss... is do you believe in magic?"

"I hope in magic..." I admitted, feeling my back arching subconsciously as I pressed both thighs about the swelling labia that were now pressing against the insides of either leg. "I'm sure it still exists in some ways."

"That will be enough." He said, and clamping the pipe in his teeth, bent down and brought out a wide box that he lifted onto the counter, and in them were many jeweled pendants that glittered and sparkled and captured my attention immediately.

"Ooo... They're so pretty." I said stupidly. Despite my great mind, I was easily distracted by sparkly things.

"These are all magic pendants. They can grant you great power and beauty, but you must choose the one that best suits you. Only the correct one will grant you the powers that you desire."

“How do I choose?” I asked him, my chest heaving in excitement now, and I felt myself cream into the crotch of the teddy I wore.

“You choose the one that calls out to you.”

And so I looked, picking up several of the stones, feeling them, trying to feel which one was best for me both by how it glanced against my fingers and how its beauty drew itself to me, till there was a glittering that caught my attention in one corner of my eye, and looking for the glittering, saw a stone just like the ones I was handling hanging on the wall behind the counter. But this one glittered like a fire opal on the inside and yet it was a crystal.

So I pointed at it.

“How bout that one?” I asked. The proprietor looked at me, and then turned, following my finger and then snapped his head back to me before stepping quickly over to it and holding it up.

“This one?” he asked and I nodded. “This one right here.” And he pointed at it.

“Yes... may I see it?” and he removed it from the wall and brought it over to me for me with a certain reverence for me to touch and hold.

It glittered and it glowed and it captured my attention quite sufficiently.

“I’ll take this one!” I almost shouted it. “How much?”

“This is the one you want?”

“Ooo yes... it’s so pretty. I love it.”

The Proprietor smiled. “Then it’s free... it’s all yours.”

“Free?” I blinked looking at him directly.

In Law School, just like they did in Finance, they told every student the TANSTAAFL concept. TANSTAAFL stood for: There Ain’t No Such Thing As A Free Lunch. It stated that nothing was free, no matter how you looked at it. You get a coupon for a free meal somewhere? Well you have to expend the energy and the time to go and get that free lunch. So as a Lawyer, as I’m sure those in Finance did too, I asked the inevitable question:

“What’s the catch?”

“No catch...” he said and closed the box with the other gems and placed it under the counter again. “It’s yours if you want it, though there is a thing you must do with these gems to gain their power... else wise they’re nothing more than a pretty trinket.

“Really? What is that?”

“You have to swallow the gem.” He said quietly.

I laughed at him, but then saw that there was no humor in his expression as he sat there puffing on his pipe. “What? Really?” I gaped and looked at the stone.

“Really...”

I couldn’t remember any legendary power formula that required one to swallow a stone.

“But it’s so pretty...” I said sadly, looking down at it and gasped. The stone had somehow come out of its holder. “Oh no!” And I tried putting it back into the holder. “It broke.” I said biting my lips that were reddened with lipstick, and I sniffed back a pair of tears.

“It didn’t break... it came undone because it’s simply ready for you.”

“What, to eat it?” I gaped.

“Of course. It wants its power to be yours. To do that you must consume it, absorb its power as your own, and you shall become greater than any other woman alive.”

There was some excitement in his voice as I looked at the stone, and swallowing, hard, I lifted the glittering opal to just before my eyes and became fascinated by its beauty, and swallowing again, I opened my mouth and slipped it inside before I knew what I was doing and swallowed the stone down, feeling the thing fall all the way into my stomach.

And then a door opened behind a screen, and two women entered, one of them being the blonde woman from the gym who gave me the card to this place. The two women were both strong and lovely, and both were wearing only sandals and an ornate coat that barely covered them enough to hide the white panties they wore, leaving a rounded patch of cloth at the base of their crotches to be viewed by all who would look, the woman from the gym in blue and her counterpart in red.

“What is this?” I gasped as the two of them came to stand behind me.

“A precaution for when you faint.” The proprietor said and drew from his pipe. “And just remember, no matter what you may think... what is about to happen to you is not a dream.”

“W-what do...? Ngh!” and something exploded inside me, and I fainted backwards right into the arms of the women behind me.

6

My mind was dizzy and my body flushed, and when I dared to open my eyes, everything around me felt fake, as if I were the only real thing in it. It felt like a dream, and like a dream I saw few things in color at first, but slowly everything began to fill with lights and shadows, and shapes became more defined.

The size of the room I was in was immense, and the bed that I’d been laid upon was grand and wide... enough for dozens of people to sleep comfortably if necessary, and I lay there placatingly, so aroused and so enticed that I was too weak to move. The best I could manage were the movements of a baby.

Everything around me was silk and velvet and fine woods and gilded with gold and gems, and to coin an odd phrase, it looked like a harem room, where a sheik would surround himself with his gold and wealth and be sated by his many women.

For a moment I feared being one of those women, but then my loins did something to me that made me moan and groan, and I tossed and cringed against the agony of such pleasure while at the same time my mindset went to want nothing more than a man inside me, to feel his penis sliding against the insides of my vaginal canal and for him to cum deep, deep inside my body. It lasted a long time, and not till I heard something heavy and oaken being opened did I recover somewhat from those feelings, and blinking blurred eyes, I saw the double doors to the room open, and two blurry figures entered and strode to the foot of the bed and seemed to stand there till I could focus on them, but when I was able to see them, it was to look onto that woman from the gym and her counterpart.

“Welcome, Haley Madrid.” They said in unison, and then as one they both began to undress.

I was about ready to scream for help, till I saw their bodies. Perfect breasts, sculpted forms of accenting musculature, long abdominals bisected into eight packs with two sets of lats and feathered ribs with actual dorsal muscles. Thick muscled quadriceps, thick hairless pussies and perfectly reddened areola and nipples. They both had wide hips and wide shoulders with narrow waists, bulging biceps and broad shoulders with thick yet long womanly necks.

There they stood, their hair done up ornately with complex twists and folds, with beautiful hair stays and jewelry, and I looked upon them, being aroused by them, desiring them, desiring to be like them, when there was a form that appeared behind them, and turning to look at that form, both women stepped back to reveal the proprietor.

And then the proprietor made a move like he was standing up from sitting down, and immediately he came to stand head, neck and shoulders above the two women, his visible flesh smoothing and the age spots disappearing.

“I’ve waited a long, long time for you to come.” He said, but his voice was that of a young man’s voice now and not an old rickety man’s.

“Who...” I began, but then he lifted both hands grandly, and the two naked women moved in close to him and rapidly unbuttoned, unlaced and opened first the outer and then the inner coats before they pulled all the fabric off him.

And lying there, I was instantly aroused, desirous and wanting of what I saw.

He stood there, masculine and ripped, with erect nipples and a fully extended but still flaccid phallus that hung to just above his knees. Thick neck, bulging and flaring chest muscles that were chorded and hard, broad shoulders, bulging biceps and flaring forearms, rippling abs and lats and thick ribs with two broad dorsal muscles that flared upon him like wings. Thick muscles on his legs and arms, with a narrow waist, I was surprised that the masculinity wasn’t just dripping off him.

The woman from the gym took his hat off, revealing a beautifully handsome face with long straight white hair drooping from off the top of his head that was caught in a top knot.

The two women crouched and placed his things on the ground, and while he waited at the edge of the great bed, the two women rose and steadily crawled onto the bed toward me, and when they were before me, they knelt at my side... and began to touch me.

“Don’t be afraid.” The one from the Gym said.

“You will enjoy this... we promise.” The second said, and looking down at their hands, I saw exactly what it was they were touching.

One gripped my breast and was massaging it, the other was caressing my inner thigh, and both were rubbing my body, just before the one from the Gym lowered herself to me... and kissed me.

Her lips tasted like strawberries, her body smelled like lilacs, and I swooned, arching deeply there within the pillows and bedding, finding myself receiving the kiss, wanting that taste, and I drew something sweet and wet from her mouth and swallowed it involuntarily before she rose and the other lowered and did the same. The throbbing between my legs grew even more intense with each kiss, and I squirmed to keep myself from wetting myself with a jet of ejaculate, pressing both thighs together and clenching those pussy lips tightly.

“He will love you... with all his heart.” The second fem said.

“Accept him as your lord and master and he will make you feel more love than you’ve ever known before.” The woman from the gym said, and they both turned to look at that manly man as he crawled toward me, his phallus dragging along the bed till he was before me, and when he was, his hands fell upon my legs.

I cooed, and I soothed while the two fems began to open my clothes, this hunky man sliding his hands upward along my thighs, sliding his thumbs along their insides and parting them, and lifting the skirt I wore, he lowered himself and pushed aside the crotch of the teddy I wore, and full-on tongue licked my pussy. I shivered and whimpered as he laid before me then; sucking and licking, and I didn’t fight as the two fems opened me up, shucking me like an ear of corn till I was a slinky, pale-skinned, small-breasted fem amidst the bedding of a god and his goddesses.

And from there on... it got hazy as to how everything went...

7

One of the fems began to jerk him off, getting him hard while alternatively sucking on him, the other fem sucking from my tit, caressing my body as I tasted his lips on me. His lips were like peppermint... the hot kind of peppermint, the sort that you just want to tongue bathe and get all sweaty over. I kissed him back, and sucked something thick and sour –candy sour – from his mouth... I swallowed that too.

And then he took his ripened prick and pressed the flared head against the vaginal opening between my now naked thighs, and then he began to push into me.

8

I moaned, feeling him inside me to the hilt, his girth stretching both my vaginal lips open till they burned and ached as his heavy nads offloaded load after load of his seed into me, making my belly distend from it all while I sucked upon a tit of one of the fems, I had no idea which one. Milk escaped her tit, that milk being warm and sweet, and I feasted from it as if I’d never known true sustenance in all my life.

I felt as if I were waking up from death, knowing what true reality was as I was filled with energy and power. I felt stronger... radically stronger, immensely powerful while images of coiling serpents danced in my head.

9

He was straddling me now, his heavy cock resting wetly upon my chest as I stroked him with both hands, swallowing his seed while more of it seeped out onto my chest and neck. Reaching up and rubbing his tight abs, loving the taste of that bitter-sweet ejaculate I was getting from him as he caressed me. The two fems were now fondling me, one between my legs and was lapping up the drainage seeping from my cunt while the other massaged my neck to relax me thoroughly.

10

I was now suckling from the other fem... I think. Her milk was sweeter and thicker, while I experienced something wholeheartedly different. This man, their lord, my benefactor perhaps, was now in my ass. I didn’t think he could fit, but he did, penetrating my slowly, his powerful phallus overpowering even the strength of my ass till he drove himself to the hilt and began lancing more of his seed into my bowels now while I still had a tawdry fem pushing her hand into my cunt, teasing my clit and moving to masturbate her lord through my bowels.

I came hard about her hand.

11

And then I awoke naked in the room of my apartment, my chest heaving, and I breathed hard even as I wet myself with a sappy slick of spewing ejaculate underneath the covers.

My clothes were draped over a nearby chair in that room like they always were after I went to bed, along with my attaché case with both shoes idly placed at the foot of the chair. Throwing the sheets back I rose and sat there for a moment groggily. Looking down at my legs I fanned them open to see the glistening moisture there even as more of my juices expelled from me, and sliding a hand between both legs to quiet the tumultuous excitement that was going on down there, I groaned as I wet myself yet again with another tantric rush of juices.

It was just a dream... just a dream. A truly erotic dream, but just a dream nonetheless, I told myself.

Looking at the clock and sighing, I knew there was a few hours left before I normally got up, and even then I'd have to clean myself and change the sheets on my bed. Not wanting to be bothered by that, I went to the nearby linen closet, removed two towels, the first I used to wipe my crotch clean and the second I laid on the soggy spot of my bed before flopping back down face first and hugged my pillow.

It was just a dream.

Or was it?

12

It was a Saturday, and despite the newfound experience in my own sexuality, I still nonetheless wanted to devote myself to working out with weights today. Get these spindly arms thicker than they were.

Dani had told me, with my body type, I might never in my life gain the mass that she has. It was the curse of a hyper-metabolic. So like usual I entered, found myself a locker, stashed my street clothes into it and changed into my usual work out clothes... a thong leotard with a pair of women's jogging shorts underneath it and a belly shirt over it. I know... it was totally eighties work out gear, but I didn't like my boobs and did really like my butt... so how else do I hide that I didn't like and flaunt that which I did?

And like usual, all the guys lined up behind me as I took position on the treadmill for the first part of my walk, and stepping forward after activating the machine, setting the treadmill for its usual steadily increasing work out regimen, I put my best foot forward and saw where I would end up today.

Normally I just started and tried to go as far as I could before it got too strenuous and too hard for me to manage and stop there, therein I would continually push myself as far as I could go... and perhaps grow a little stronger each time.

13

I took a sip of water as I simply walked and walked and walked, listening to some tunes on the little MP-Three player that I had with me. Then holding onto the railings of the treadmill and humming a sweet tune in time with what I was listening to, I got lost in my own little world for awhile. Before I realized it, several song tracks had gone by, and when I opened my eyes I had to blink in surprise as I realized that I was walking at an odd orientation. Both brows beetled as I tried to realize what it was that was happening to me, and when I looked down at the digital read out of the treadmill I had to blink again and do a double take to make sure I wasn't crazy!

I'd been walking for nearly an hour now, which was remarkable, especially when all my prior workouts on this machine never lasted more than twenty minutes. But the most remarkable thing was that I was walking at the maximum levels for the machine! It was nearly a jogging pace, at an incline of more than ten feet of an incline over a hundred feet of distance. It was considered mountain climbing. And now that I was aware of them, I felt my thighs and calves burning, but they didn't ache. They simply felt like a combination of burning heat and cooling sensations as I walked.

Daring to dream, I touched the pad for a faster pace and kept upping the speed till I was sprinting up hill, and doing quite well at it too. And that burning slid upward into my butt and lower back, the burning pleasurable, especially when it slid up the tendons of my inner thighs and knotted tightly within the twin labia that was at the apex of all those inner thigh tendons.

The heat that was in there immediately began to burn, and it aroused me, especially in the way those thickening bands of woman flesh slid against my inner thighs with each rapid sprinting dash I took with either leg.

I was gasping for air now, but not out of exertion, but rather out of sexual elation, and I felt a trickle of creamy juices slide from within my bowels before there was a click and the machine began to descend. It was the cool down period, and it came after a ninety minute work out that had ended in a mad dash up a mountain this time.

After a brief five minute cool down, I stood there, hands on hips and panting, once again not out of exertion, but because of what was happening between my legs. Grabbing my bottled water and music player, I made a hasty retreat to the women's shower room, found an empty stall and rapidly stripped out of the work out clothes to sit on a toilet. Then without thinking, sitting in privacy... I rubbed one out.

Three imperious climaxes later that got me whimpering and playing with myself in a public setting, I managed to clean my loins off and flush the toilet, hopefully with no one hearing or realizing what was going on in this stall before getting up and pulling my workout outfit on again.

Feeling refreshed and energized for more, I stepped lithely toward the workout floor again, but stopped as I passed one of the huge mirrors that were here in the shower room before walking back to it as I saw something that was... out of place. The mirrors were here so that one could see the changes that were happening to their bodies, and for that matter, I typically walked passed them because it usually took weeks before I noticed any changes. This time the changes were immediate and apparent!

My legs! What happened to my legs?!

They were both unusually thick... half again as thick as their previous girth, and all in sumptuous muscular growth that made three separate bulges in the top of the leg and two separate bulges on the bottom of the leg. I had broad thighs with the beginnings of visible quadriceps now, with broad calves having muscled up to accent these long legs of mine. Turning, I saw a tight, thick butt with my vaginal mound tucked neatly between them. Due to the thickness, the shorts I wore had receded in between the cheeks of those thickened glutes a little, showing off the separated muscles a little more with thanks to the thong back of the bodysuit I wore.

Biting my lower lip and rubbing one of those butt cheeks, taking pleasure in how tight it felt, I ignored the comment of "Get a room." From women who saw me shamelessly taking pleasure in my body.

And this was just after one ninety minute work out! Whatever had happened to me, or maybe I was absorbing something from that prime muscle woman Dani, but I wanted more while this lasted, and so headed back into the gym post haste.

There were many machines in the gym, machines that weight trainers told me that I should stick with them till I was strong enough for the free weights. It felt kind of insulting to me, especially since the lightest that the free weights had in this gym only weighed about twenty five pounds. Reading between the lines, as a lawyer or a lawyer in training like me is wont to do, it told me that I wasn't strong enough to lift even a twenty-five pound weight.

But I was determined to show them by defeating their controlled weight machines!

Each machine was meant to work a separate muscle group of the body, and each machine maxed itself out at somewhere around two hundred pounds or a little more than that. And so I set myself to the machines and worked them... worked them repeatedly for a half an hour or more. Three sets of ten, over and over again, steadily increasing the weight little by little for each machine.

My favorite was the ab machine. Crunching onto myself, steadily feeling my tummy firming up, tightening and hardening, and during the rests between each rep, I fondled my tummy through the bodysuit I wore, murring to myself as each series of reps got it to tighten, and then to crease, and then to bulge. That flat belly changed from its rounded flat mass into an hourglass shaped mass, then creased down the middle from top to bottom, bisecting my belly button before it began to crease horizontally into fourths, then sixths, then eighths, and after twice as much work as before, it bisected into tenths! And while this was happening, the lats lining those abdominals began to bisect as well, with the first pair appearing the two pairs separated into quads, and then sixes that feathered with the ribs that were now pushed outward. And all through this one work out, I felt my vaginal muscles thickening and swelling, growing tighter and stronger, and whenever I was sure no one was looking, I fondled myself briefly, occasionally getting a trickle of more juices as more and more of a camel toe appeared between those bulging legs that I now had.

I worked ever harder, looking even into the courtesy training book for new exercises with the machines I never knew of! And hour after hour that passed, I defeated each of those machines! I maxed out the weights on each one, and even added more weight to thoroughly trounce them.

I spent an hour on the rowing machine, out-performing even the Olympic standards on it. Bicep machines, forearm machines... on and on as the hours passed, and I didn't even tire. I only rested because the experts said I should... and I burned... I burned all over, feeling myself growing stronger and stronger as the veins and arteries in me throbbed and pulsated, standing on end with my rapidly beating heart.

God I needed a man.

And the most pleasurable of all these growths was watching my arms grow, and I bit my lower lip as I literally watched the biceps swell, engorge and flare, the triceps growing equally fast while the forearms flared wide and firm. My chest muscles thickened steadily, firming up both the boobs resting atop them, making them both appear smaller as that chest region of mine broadened, all while my back flared and newer and larger muscle chords formed and tightened everywhere on me.

It made me feel strong and powerful! I thought that even my hips and shoulders were widening. I felt taller! Stronger! And then I saw a cardio class beginning, and with much excitement, since I could never keep up with them, I went right up to the trainer and signed up for the class.

15

My body glistened after the class, and I felt my heart beating firm and strong as I stood before a mirror and flexed my arms, first one, and then the other, and then both at once, enjoying the muscularity that I possessed.

I'd defeated every machine, outperformed all the women in that class, and look at me. I had biceps that were like tennis balls currently, and I had rippling, chorded muscles everywhere, my neck having thickened, with long sinuous muscles lining it. Both shoulders bulged and my chest muscles had flared and deepened rippled with chords of its own with my twin mammaries decorating its edges, with the shirt hemming me in on the top was clinging more tightly against my body now instead of hanging loosely.

The burning, the utter burning was erotic! I loved the feel of all this power in me as I experienced each muscle tensing as I moved and poised and pivoted.

The shorts I wore had diminished greatly, the legs having receded from where they'd been at the mid-thigh, rising upward to the crooks of either leg to turn into a pair of hot pants now that were definitely flossing my

butt, revealing the thickened thigh muscles that were separating into secondary muscles now. The shorts were also stretching tightly about my legs, and the edges of the seams down the legs were tearing a little. But what was more, was that those shorts now detailed the arousing bulge of my crotch... I felt as if my feminine power were growing, especially when I was showing a camel toe through two layers of clothing.

Chuckling to myself and walking back into the gym as the sun was going down, I faced all the machines, and realized that yes, I had indeed defeated them all! All the machines were maxed out, and walking the floor, striding within the nice shoes I was wearing, the socks rolled down now, I verified that I'd grown in a matter of hours beyond what these machines offered. But I wanted more! I wanted more of that burning and that burning was going away!

And I wanted more of the sexuality.

And so turning, looking for more, I bit my lower lip and looked upon the free weights, and biting down harder to keep that lip from trembling, I walked toward the free-weights like a pilgrim entering the holy land.

16

Free weights were always that mystical, magical weight-lifters thing I never dared to go near because I was always so weak and small. I always saw weight-lifters, mostly men, hefting tremendous weights of two hundred, three hundred, or even four hundred or more pounds, with their bulging muscular bodies. I always envied men for being so unbelievably huge like that.

So when I dared to step into that portion of the gym, I had no idea what or how to do anything. Thankfully there was that book from before, which was a really big book and was filled with weight exercises that I could do. Some of them were straight forward, like the bench press, or the arm curl, but the most glorious of all was the leg press machine, and though it was a machine, it used the free weights, so it was classified as a free-weight machine. A combination of machine, combination of free weights... I could load that machine with as much weight as I dared to and push, push, push my way to bigger, thicker, stronger legs!

And so I started using that machine, starting light with no weight, just the weight of the machine itself cause I didn't know how strong I really was, did a few reps with it, following all the different exercises to familiarize myself with how to do them, but I found that just pushing only the sliding foot rest of the machine was too light for me. It was no effort at all to push that little bit of weight. I needed more, I needed to feel the power flooding into me, feel the strength growing... feel like *somebody* at long last.

So I added some weight and did more leg presses. And then I added a little more and did more leg presses. Still it wasn't enough. And then I added a lot of weight and still there was no effort. And so I added all the spare weight I could, fitting everything so that the bars that held the weights for the leg press were full to either side and then started pushing, and immediately I gasped and sighed in elation, feeling a trickle of supple fluids escaping from within me as I felt that burning again, and I started to push, and rock the legs, resetting my feet multiple times as I pushed, pushed, pushed!

And soon, I heard a tear, and then more tears... but I ignored them. The lips of my pussy bulged as I felt the burning in both legs grow in intensity with each pump, and I pushed all the harder. Thighs and calves, forelegs and butt cheeks, abdominals, all of them burned, and what burned the most was that bulbous love mound between my legs. And then the ripping grew louder, just before I heard some loud popping sounds, and setting the rack of weights down, I paused and then rested, slowly moving one leg and then the other to make sure I didn't tear any ligaments or anything, but I felt as if there was a strange breeze along my sides that wasn't there before.

Straightening from the reclining position and then standing up, I discovered what had indeed been causing that rending tearing sound, and likewise... what had caused that tearing. What had made the ripping sounds were the shorts I was wearing having bundled up against my sides and ripped themselves clean open along the seams of either leg, and what had caused them to rip...

...Were the thickness of my thighs.

And I don't mean that they were just slightly thickened, I had thighs, and calves... big time! Both thighs were... they were muscular! I had bulging, muscular quads and great big thick tendons separating inner from outer thighs. I had thick rounded calves and thick bulging muscularity in either thigh that made the tops of either leg thicker than even my waist was. And my butt! It was so thick that it was eating the seat of the shorts I was wearing so thoroughly, that it must've helped rip the sides open like it did. Right now, the only thing that was holding those shorts on was the waist band, and even that was hanging on for dear life.

As I felt my thighs, felt the sinuous feminine muscularity, the intense power throbbing in their veins, and the pleasurable pounding sensation as the blood that fed them swam passed my now bulging and distended pussy and aroused me all the more, I murred softly to myself, and looking around me, looked for a way to break those shorts from off me completely.

17

The leg machine creaked audibly. I had the largest possible weights on it that could go onto them, thick fifty pound weight plates, which in and of themselves made me feel an unmitigated level of pleasure that I could actually lift a fifty pound weight. And after placing the first few plates onto the machine, I resorted to one-handing them, lifting them easily with only one hand, and standing there, exhaling a tantric sigh, I felt my pussy throb and moisten a little more, my juices seeping upward between the cheeks of my bottom to moisten my anus as I lifted those weights one-handed onto the posts of the leg machine.

But then I had a total of ten of those weights on the machine, which made the total weight five hundred pounds! Plus an additional forty-five from just the sliding holder and the bar it held. This was pushing several times my old body weight, which was just under a hundred pounds before... though I felt like I'd gained fifty or more pounds all in muscle. That still meant I was pushing several times more than I actually weighed!

And so setting myself into position on the bench at the base of that machine, I planted both feet, took a deep breath, and pushed...

I pushed and I pushed, clearing it off the protective safety notch before I turned the bars at my sides which controlled the safety notches that held the weight platform up out of the way. I prayed that my knees wouldn't give out, but then the burning returned in force, and I moaned deep and low, feeling the hot and moist and sticky ejaculate rushing from me into those shorts, moistening the crotch up and down the length of the fabric, forcing its way into my butt crack as the clitoris erected hard and massive, and I thrust the nearly entire five and a half weight upward hard enough to make the metal clang in its tracks and braces.

I let it descend, and I snarled, orgasming harder this time as a moist wetness lubricated my anus further before I thrust the mass of weight upward again to make it clang louder with a deep feminine snarl of effort.

Veins stood on end in those legs, tendons thickened and muscle striations rapidly showed themselves through all that flesh as I felt muscles ripping and tearing and healing rapidly. I felt strength building, felt the long tendons and muscle fibers thickening as I lowered that platform of weight and pushed again, lowered and pushed and lowered and pushed again. And then my loins began to pulsate, all the vaginal muscles that penetrated deep inside me twisting into knots, and I began to eject ejaculate repeatedly, the thick shorts absorbing all that sloppy mess as more of it feathered in between both butt cheeks. And lying there, pumping and pushing all that weight with just my legs, I felt the burning growing, felt the muscles in my legs draw at the muscles higher and higher into my body to help support them, making my abdominals harden and burn too, made my pussy throb and bulge into an ever thickening sopping wet mound, and with each push I grew stronger... and stronger... and stronger until...

Snap-Snap

I exhaled a long sigh as the waistbands of my shorts snapped from around my hips, and I laid there with legs bent for a moment until...

crunch-pop

The crunching sound was the zippered crotch being rent open, and the popping sound was the sound of the tight bundle of seams that joined the front and back of those shorts together suddenly burst, and I laid there, panting for breath and perspiring to such a degree that I felt sweat trickling between both butt cheeks and breasts.

I stank with the sweet smell of feminine pheromones.

And now... I had to get rid of these shorts and clean up a little.

18

Those shorts were squishy when I removed them while in the handicap stall in the women's bathroom. Several wads of toilet paper and a curtsey towel later to wipe up all the sweat and ejaculate, allowed me to stand naked in the privacy of that stall, and thrusting one leg out in front of me, I took pleasure in the sheer size of my leg and the definition of its muscularity.

This was what I felt I deserved to have; this was the musculature I always wanted. Either thigh was massive, bulging and thick, with every muscle creased into secondary muscles, and in some places when I flexed them they rippled into tertiary ones too! The calves flared wide and yet the whole of the leg remained long and sinuous... truly feminine muscle. I flexed and poised, feeling graceful and dainty yet powerful, and I felt that my legs burgeoned nicely. I liked the way this felt, loved the firmness of my ass and the tightness of my pussy. With a little work I could look like Chun Lee from Street Fighter!

I thought that that was enough for today, and despite that I wasn't tired at all, I nonetheless had work to do tomorrow... so best that I clean all this up, shower and go home.

19

Dressing in stockings the next day gave me so much pleasure. The newly enhanced girth of my bulging thighs made the dark stockings appear sheer, and the width of both hips and the thickness of my butt made my skirts cling to it. Also, the business suit I wore made me look trim and feminine, and with the increased thickness of my shoulders made the jacket flare open to reveal the pert breasts decorating this bulging chest of mine. Also, the narrowness of the waist actually made the skirts loose and I had to pull in the belt I was wearing that day in a couple of notches to better secure it all to me.

In total, this new shape I held gave me more of that ultra-feminine look.

"So, Haley is it..." one of the partners greeted while I was bending over filing something, part of my butt sticking out of the skirt I wore, and since I was wearing a thong as always, that allowed anyone who was standing behind me a clear look of what God gave me. "Have I ever said how appreciative I was of the work you do here? I don't think you've ever been thanked sufficiently enough for what you do."

I straightened and smirked at him from over a broad shoulder.

"I'm... glad that you're being appreciative, sir." I said as he drew near. It would've taken a fool of a woman not to notice that bulge in the pants of that fine Italian suit was larger than it should be, and my head swam with the fact that I was making a full partner aroused. "I've been working really, really... *hard* in order to pass the bar."

“Really... how *hard* have you been working then?” He said and palmed the small of my back, feeling the twin muscle chords there that lined my spine “Perhaps you and I could work closely on that... and I might be willing to spot... I mean... sponsor you.”

“I’d love to work close with you sir.” I smiled seductively, and turning toward him before he could do anything about it, I bent forward and kissed him right on the mouth.

I was growing hungry for something, something that I knew that a male could provide me with, and as I kissed him, I sucked deeply, drew from him, and tasted a silken sweet and sour thing enter my mouth that I don’t think was whatever he’d eaten for lunch.

“Whoa... you do like working close.” I laughed as I let him go.

“We are in the file room... it’s a private room that can be... locked.” I managed, and taking both his hand in mine, I planted those hands upon my hips.

He chuckled then as I fingered his tie, grinding my pussy into his groin.

“Are you suggesting what I think you’re suggesting Miss Madrid?” he smirked.

And sliding backward, settling my tight rump upon the short wooden cabinet here, I smiled up at him with my ruby lips and pulled the skirts that I was wearing upward to reveal more and more of the muscular, thickly feminine thighs that I had under those skirts, just before I spread those legs open to reveal to him the elongated V-shaped band of the white lace fabric that covered a hairless vagina between those thighs.

“Mister Peters... if I can call you that, a title fitting the impeccable example of your manhood,” I mused unbuttoning my jacket. “I find that talking in secret about a thing is worthless when there is no one else around to hide it from.” And finishing with the jacket I then began with the blouse beneath it too, showing off more of the ornate white teddy that I wore beneath all this clothing. “You want into my vagina... so I’m going to offer it to you... prior to several dates, prior to you spending hundreds of dollars on gifts on me... Just... stick it in me already.”

And kicking off both shoes, I leaned backward and lifted both sinuous legs to rest the soles of either feet on the cabinet so that those thighs more aptly framed the burgeoning mound of woman flesh between them.

Mister Peters smiled at me as I sat there, placating myself to him, and after a smirk and a wry quirk of his head, he started to unbuckle the belt to his pants and drew near to me. I stopped him from the last moment of releasing the beast, placing my hands on his so that I could finish the task for him, digging into his shorts, cupping his balls with one hand, and gasping in false elation as I saw the hard and erect member finally revealed.

“Impressive isn’t it?” He smirked.

I merely smiled at him, not saying a word; and then dipping, opened my mouth, and began to suck.

Mister Peters gurgled as I sat atop his lap, clawing at his bare chest with my lengthened fingernails, scraping his body and leaving long white marks down his chest. I was feeding on him, I didn’t know how I was doing it I just knew that I was doing it. I held onto the thought that I was feeding on him subconsciously... regarding the thought idly like just an after thought, for foremost in my mind was the pleasure.

But I was massaging his erect cock with my vaginal muscles, flexing them in a sucking motion that kept him contained within me as I slid back and forth onto him. My vagina became a mouth, sucking him and drawing from him, pulling fluids from him and sucking it right out of a cock that had no choice but to

evolve to do what I was doing to it. For him, it was like getting a blow job while having sex at the same time, and on top of it feeling his small penis growing larger and harder with every passing second. For me, I felt him pierce me more fully and deeper with every passing second, while the juices I sucked from him splattered my insides to be absorbed by those vaginal muscles and passed into me with every orgasmic stroke we made.

Moaning and dangling my pert little boobs in his face, I felt him climaxing repeatedly, over and over, each one subtly stronger than the last as that hard-on grew ever the large inside me, while at the same time the rest of his body grew emaciated and thin as I sucked the very strength and power out of his prick and into my vagina.

I rolled abdominals and pinched vaginal muscles, pulled my body along his engorging manhood and felt his body fluids flood into me to be absorbed by my body. I drew upon him continually, my cervix opened wide as he deposited a creamy juice that wasn't ejaculate inside my body, and I didn't stop till I'd drained his body of all that he had, waiting till he could no longer climax before sliding off a penis that was now perhaps twice what it was before. Palming my navel, felling that I had a belly full of that sweet juice that I'd just siphoned instinctively from him I gurgled and came in a flush of hot sticky nectar onto his firm belly.

"Was it good for you?" I murred.

Mister Peters just lay there gurgling as his prick deflated between his legs.

"I'll take that as a yes." I smiled, and rising to my feet, rubbing my cunt briefly and licking the excess juices there off my hand, I bent over and slurped the last of his juices and tasted my sweet nectar before I rose again and rapidly re-secured the clothing I wore about me. "I'll see you in the morning for my donation to the bar, Mister Peters." I said, leaving him with a subconscious command while I straightened my now voluminous mane of hair.

I think it'd grown while I was riding him.

Then leaving in a hurry, locking the file room door behind me, I made a bee line straight for the bathroom, for right now... I needed some privacy.

21

I groaned as I palmed the wall of the women's bathroom, standing upon my high heels in the handicap stall, feeling my pussy throbbing and pulsating energetically as I experienced an incredible sexual aftershock from the sex I'd just had, the vaginal lips swelling and the clit erecting and throbbing energetically. I felt like I was orgasming constantly as my innards clenched around that pocket of juices that I'd taken from my boss, those juices flooding into me rapidly and filtering into my bones and sinews through the many blood vessels within this body of mine.

There was a grinding noise, like a fist that was being clenched too tightly emanating from me as my flesh stretched from the thickening musculature beneath it all, and the whole of me bulged and hardened like I was being remade with steel chords for muscles and pipes and metal beams for bones. I swelled into the clothing I wore, with thighs thickening and hips widening to stretch my skirts straight across them, and shoulders rounding outward and neck firming up while the rest of me thickened forward, backward and from side to side to tighten everything I wore about me.

Chest muscles pushed forward with the chords firming up, and the loose blouse and undershirt I wore steadily drew to the point where they stretched against me as my innards clenched tighter and tighter. The hair atop my head lengthened and the stays loosened, and with a laughing gasp as my pussy contorted in another sensation similar to an orgasm, but I wasn't exuding any juices, I felt the muscles in either quadriceps and calf, bicep, triceps and forearm thicken with ever greater might, bulging till the clothes I wore all groaned and creaked in protest.

My tits, though, being that they weren't growing along with the rest of me, diminished as their matter spread against the thickening of my chest muscles.

And then with a gasp, all the arousing and erotic feelings went away, my hair bouncing about my face and ears, the chestnut waves even longer than ever, while I felt both clit and labia throbbing between my legs. And as I stood there, feeling nipples hardening and standing on end, I rubbed my belly and felt a deep down emptiness inside me. I knew that I needed to feed more. But first... I needed some good old fashioned regular food.

22

Dani's choice of a diner was a good one, and I decided to go there for lunch, and after perusing the whole menu, I got myself a hamburger – rare – with a great big strawberry shake! I don't know what it was about strawberries, but the moment I saw that they offered them I wanted one. Ecstatically so even. It was like...

“Oh! Strawberry milk shake! I'll have one... no *two!*”

“Just as a precaution miss,” my waitress mentioned. “The shakes have enough ice cream in them for two servings.”

“Ooo! And you have chocolate covered strawberries! I'll take one of those too. I'm sorry did you say something?”

“Ah... never mind.” She smiled at me nervously, and then went to get my order while I sat there and drooled over the strawberries in the menu.

It was like an insatiable craving. I had no idea where it came from. I just... craved... strawberries.

“Haley?” a voice said, and I looked up and saw Dani standing there with a baby in her arms and her wolf Blaze close to her heels.

“Dani! Oh what a cute little baby. And she's wearing pink! Oh she's so cute, is she yours?”

“Yes...” Dani said slowly as I hopped up and hugged her, and Dani paused and looked down at me. “Haley... have you been taking steroids?” Dani asked at last, and I laughed.

“No. I think all my hard work finally paid off. You know how some weight lifters meet a point and then they just shoot through huge grades of weight limits all of a sudden? I just went through some massive muscle growth. Oh you should've seen it. Sit down; share a strawberry shake with me. Hee!”

Dani sat down, and pet the head of her wolf as her daughter sucked on her little fingers.

“Haley. This is a lot of muscle growth in one day.” Dani mentioned.

“I know.” I smiled and flexed my arms, feeling the biceps and triceps further strain the fabric of the business suit I was still wearing. I just feel so alive and energetic... and *powerful*. It's like a great drug!”

Dani smiled. “But you're happy.” She said softly. “You didn't strike me as an outgoing person when we met yesterday, Haley. Were you having a bad day? I know being bullied by...”

“Bullies!” I said and hammered the table with both fists hard enough to make the table wobble and make all the silverware bounce, but then Dani's baby hiccupped from the startling sound and began to fuss and Dani immediately began to coo and soothe her daughter, calming her down quickly before she could cry. “Sorry.” I said bashfully and shifted immediately to the shrinking violet mode, hunching my shoulders. “I

don't usually make such a fuss, but bullies just make me so mad." And I snarled, gritting my teeth. "I hate bullies... I'd like... I'd like to make them into what I was, so that they'd know what it's like."

"Turn around is fair play, huh?" Dani mentioned quietly.

"I should tell you that that is one of the fundamentals of law, Dani." I smirked, just as the waitress arrived with my food, and squealing I immediately tucked into the burger and the strawberry shake, and gestured to Dani to have whatever she liked.

"A rare cheeseburger and two strawberry shakes? Are you sure you're all right, Haley? Do you suppose anything... strange may have happened to you lately?"

"Why no..." I tried to say, swallowed the food in my mouth and tried again. "Why no. Why do you ask?"

"Just... that I study behaviors. I'm learning to be a doctor and a vet, and I tend to also study the psychology of animals, humans included, and in all cases, a behavioral swing generally means something tremendous has happened to a person. Near death experience, a spectacular revelation..."

"Finally realizing a life-long dream of being strong." I said tersely, aggravated that we were having this conversation, but the terse attitude ended abruptly as I set myself to my shake and began to suck on it constantly, making satisfied and nearly orgasmic tones. Dani watched me as I sucked and sucked without pause for breath till there was the sound of loud slurping noises in the cup through the straw, and gasping for air; I started on the second one.

"Yes... that would change a person's attitude." Dani mentioned and her daughter cooed, rubbing her face against Dani's breast which must be thick with milk. "Are you going to work out tonight, Haley?"

"Are you kidding? Right after this, I'm going to go straight to the gym!" I gasped, between sucking down the shake, right as the waitress brought me my chocolate covered strawberry and I devoured it. "Ohm-nom-nom-nom-nom!" I said and licked my fingers.

"Strawberry shakes, chocolate covered strawberry? You sure do like strawberries."

"I know it's weird." I said with my mouth full. I never really ever even liked strawberries."

"Before today?"

"Maybe. I just really, really had a craving!" and I finished attacking my burger before washing it down with more shake.

"Dani?" and we both looked as a fine-looking and strapping man walk in, and I found myself eyeing his package hungrily for a second, before I saw something very peculiar... a little man with a hairy goatee and thick sideburns sitting atop this newcomer's shoulder.

"There you are Dani." He greeted, he being shorter than she was, though similarly muscled, the two of them sharing in cradling the girl between them.

"Oh sorry. Eric, this is Haley. She's the woman who I told you about was going to pay me to weight train her. Haley, this is my husband, Eric."

"Oh I'm so sorry to hear that." I said aloud, surprising myself before I covered my mouth and gasped. "Sorry... I'm normally not so forward, but you're just so hot!"

"Well... I'm glad to hear that, though I only have eyes for one lady in my life."

"All to be expected. And is this your son?"

Eric blinked at me and looked to his wife and then back to me. "Excuse me?"

"The little guy on your shoulder! Oh he looks so cute in his fake beard and little green suit. You must be having his picture taken! He looks just like a leprechaun!"

Dani and Eric and the little green man looked at each other and then back at me.

"Oh cush le cree, lassie, I ain't no child. I just be a really small man." He chuckled. "Think Minnie Me in green. See, I smoke an' everything." And he pulled out a long stemmed pipe. "Thank'ye fer noticing me, lassie, most... don't see me sitting here."

"Oh how can they not? You're just too cute for words too." I waved at him and started supping at my shake.

"Oi... ye got a thing fer strawberries, eh?"

I nodded and drained the second cup. "Apparently I do."

"Well lassie, forgive me fer pulling a Mini Me moment, but ah have t' go apply fer a acting spot. Don' ye be tellin' no body 'bout me. Don' want it to get out that the position be open. Ye know how hard it be fer we little folk t' be getting parts."

"Oh sure, confidentiality is my middle name."

"Eric," Dani said, can you watch little Nikki tonight. I'll nurse her for a bit in the bathroom, and there's some frozen milk in the fridge. I have a... weight training session today."

"We do?!" I gasped gleefully. "Oh I so want to thank you Dani! I promise I'll listen to everything you say!"

"Sure... we'll go together... just let me give Nikki her lunch."

"Will do! Hee!" I smiled gleefully, and then set myself back to my meal as Eric sat down across from me.

"So... Haley is it? Why don't you tell me about yourself...?" Eric said while the little guy on his shoulder started smoking his pipe, hopped off his shoulder and left the diner.

Eric and Dani spoke with each other for a bit after she came back from nursing their baby, and then handed Nikki over to Eric to finish burping her, and Eric left with Nikki while Dani and Blaze came with me. I bought another strawberry shake to go and sucked on it as we headed to the gym, Dani speaking with me about weight lifting and diet and such, especially when Dani mentioned that just over a couple years ago, she was even smaller than me!

That gave me hope... I could only imagine how much larger than she I could be. I imagined being some sort of hulking example of feminine muscle and power! The Heavyweight Weightlifting Champion of the World! Of either gender...

We changed beside each other, and I took some pleasure in her supremely cut body, enough to make my nipples hard. I didn't realize it, but as of the day before yesterday, I would've never have thought such a thing.

Dani spent an hour with me, showing me how to properly use all the equipment and weights, and I nodded, standing there in what remained of my workout outfit. With the shorts destroyed, all I had was that sexy

bodysuit with the thong back and the large shirt top that seemed a lot smaller today than it was yesterday. She and I swapped off repeatedly... she set a level, did a couple sets, and then turned it over to me. Then we weighed in, and I blanched as I discovered that I'd gained forty pounds in a day.

"Forty pounds?" Dani asked. "You gained forty pounds in muscle in a single day?"

"Yup! I think I've turned into an easy gainer. A real easy gainer." I murred and flexed an arm, taking pleasure in the thickness of the growing bicep as it coiled into a definite tennis ball sized mound. "Do you suppose that's a latent puberty thing, or maybe just breeching a plateau thing?" I asked her, still flexing that arm, feeling the arousing burning in that arm. Dani was watching the muscle swell.

"It's something. In all actuality, Haley... you may be a medical journal entry. People don't just suddenly gain forty pounds worth of muscle."

"Well I did it! You can write the paper too Dani. Take credit for the discovery! Maybe check my genetics and stuff."

"That's all right. I wouldn't want to subject you to the spotlight, especially if you're intending to take the bar exam soon. Now I'm going to observe you work out, Haley. Do whatever you feel that you're comfortable with. I'll take some mental notes and make whatever corrections are needed..."

24

Cardio was first. I got on that treadmill, set it for an hour, hit the go button and set it to maximum settings. Maximum speed, maximum elevation. I sprinted continuously for an hour, moving at ten miles per hour up an incline of twelve feet for every one hundred before the automatic timer on the treadmill gave way, and I slowed to a stop, breathing in my exhilaration as my thighs burned. I thought I could feel them expanding, broadening even as I stood there, and flexing one leg I palmed it and murred at the taut chords I felt in that leg.

The creases between the quadriceps were even deeper than ever.

My lower abs burned as well and I was slick with sweat, the thong back stretching tightly and firmly snuggling the tight mound of my pussy as I moved onto the leg press system, loaded it with maximum weights, and for added restraint, actually put a fifty pound plate between my feet and the bar, pressing just five pounds short of six hundred pounds quite easily now. My thighs burned even more, my pussy swelling thicker and larger, the twin lips bulging from between my legs with the erect and arousing clitoris. I felt those thighs flaring and bulking thicker and larger with each press of the leg machine, the muscles ripping apart and growing into even larger separated muscle systems. And then I stared upon all the arm and leg machines, working them at their maximum weights, and going so far as to add the added weight hooks. I wanted to feel the power in me, feel the throbbing between my thighs as I dominated a machine through sheer physical power.

I wanted more!

And then I started upon the free weights for the arms, something new before Dani came over to stop me.

"Well, that's a good work out!" she announced rather nervously. "Let's go weigh out, and then I'll cover some corrections on your weight lifting routine."

Dani talked with me constantly as I posed and flexed new muscles, feeling them burn as I bit my lower lip and felt energy, sheer unmitigated erotic energy pounding between my legs, making me feel sexual and aroused and everything in between. I felt so much of that boundless energy that I could barely keep myself on the scales as Dani set the little weights to determine how much I'd gained.

"A hundred and seventy three pounds." She said, and I gave an excited cheer.

“Yay! I’ve gained seventy five pounds since yesterday!”

“Yeah... seventy-five pounds... ah... Haley, don’t take this the wrong way, but people don’t gain seventy five pounds in forty-eight hours unless they’re eating scraps of metal, and even after that they’re all very sick and have to have the metal surgically removed from their belly.”

“Then it just goes to show you how special I am, and how good of a teacher you are.”

“Yeah...” she managed a small smile. “Haley, I’m going to go home. I have some studying to do myself.”

“Oh... do you want your check?”

“Ah... pay me when we’re done, Haley.” She smiled. “Perhaps you should turn in for the night too.”

“Nope! Gonna work out some more. Get thick and strong!” and I did a double bicep curl and felt the power flushing into me as I watched my muscles literally swell right before my eyes, and felt my back flare wide.

“Oh-ok... ah... see you tomorrow?” she asked.

“Definitely.” I said, and she turned away, Blaze following right in her foot steps as I admired my growing body in the mirrors.

Tonight... I was definitely going to work on my arms.

25

The free weights also involved barbells and weights to place on a bar for pushing and lifting. Throughout the night, I worked every exercise I could with my arms, first going through the grades of barbells. With two sets of the fifty pound weights on the variable barbells, I was curling two hundred pounds per arm.

I could feel the muscles growing, feel the tendons and muscles burning, and in several situations as I sat on a bench curling those weights, I had my free hand between both legs, caressing the firm labia and erect clit that were showing through my bodysuit that it was so tight and I was so aroused.

The girth I was developing was immaculate, and not only were my arms growing, but so too was my neck, pectorals, and back muscles, making me grow, and engorge and firm up steadily till the clothes I was wearing were so tight that they were stretching across this growing frame of mine!

I glistened with sweat, and there was a definite stickiness between my legs as I creamed, moistening the crotch of that work outfit as I neared to an absolutely orgasmic state. But I found then, that while I was aroused... I grew much, much faster! And the more aroused I was the faster I grew!!

The evening flowed by and the night arrived, and I found myself to be the only one in the gym. Well I thought I was. After another hour of working my arms, the door to the gym opened and a man and a woman walked in. I was setting myself up to the bench press, after having loaded four hundred pounds – to be safe – onto the forty five pound bar, and settling myself down onto the bench, I placed my hands upward onto the bar and then paused.

At that moment I looked at my fingernails... they’d really grown long recently. I smirked, and then coiled my hands about the bar, and pushing upward, finding that the four hundred pounds was indeed a decent strain, I began to do my reps when the man entered from the shower room, and then paused, looking at me before he came over.

“Hey babe... you need a spotter for all that weight?”

I exhaled and pushed upward. “Do you think I need one?” I asked him, holding the bar up before continuing my reps.

“It’s always good to have a spotter no matter how strong you are.” He said, and as he neared, I thought I smelt something... something... sweet, yet masculine. Like strawberries.

I finished several more reps, set the bar onto its holders, and then rising wiping my brow of sweat; I turned to him and smiled hungrily at him.

“Sure. Let’s do it. But how’s it done?”

“Well... first you lie down, get in your ready position...” I smiled a little wider and laid down, planting both feet to my sides, legs spread wide enough for the bench to reside between the thickened calves, just before I planted both hands upon the bar.

“And then I come by and stand behind you, and I make sure that if something happens, that you don’t drop the bar on you and crush the life out of you. I just... spot you... and help you with anything... *physical*... you might need.” He smirked as he looked down upon me lying there, making little effort to hide the fact that he was enjoying the sight of my body.

It was ok... because by the way I was lying with my head on the bench... that put his package, and its currently increasing girth, right before my eyes.

And then I started another series of reps as he counted them for me, the burden getting lighter and lighter now that I was getting horny for a man. Nipples erected, labia swelled and flared open, disgorging the vaginal folds I possessed and the erecting clitoris, it was all I could do to keep myself from sliding backward and sucking on that ripening cock of his.

And then the last rep was done, and I rose from the bench to a sitting position, and then rose before him, and tensing my arms and now bulging shoulders, I heard a little rip as both arms burned with the incredible muscle that was ripening within them.

“More! I need more!” I practically moaned. “More weight! I have to grow stronger!”

“More weight than four hundred pounds?” he mentioned. “Geese, I can’t lift even that much weight!”

“Another hundred pounds should do it...” I murred, and then went to retrieve two more fifty pound weights, setting them onto the bar while this stranger stood back and watched me set a hundred more pounds to the bar, making it five hundred and forty five pounds. He paid particularly close attention to my naked bottom with the taut band of the thong slicing it in two, and when I turned to look at him again I saw him licking his lips at the rounded firmness of my ass.

I smiled when he noticed that I caught him staring, but he recovered quickly.

“Ah... I don’t know if I can spot that much weight if you have a serious problem.” He stated

“I won’t.” I mused and then sat back down on the bench. “But I was wondering... could you spot me from the front this time?”

“From the front?” he smirked. “Sure, anything for you babe...” and he straddled my wide body, his thighs against my ribs, but with the growing thickness of both my ribs and chest, that placed his groin squarely between my breasts, and I smiled at it as I continued the weight presses, feeling the burning in arms, chest and back, feeling the wetness between my thighs, and viewing the hard, bulging shaft that was now extending steadily between the pert little breasts atop the great swells of pectoral behind them, I had to swallow the saliva that was building at the thought of sucking on that member.

Every time my arms rose, I pressed his unit between those budding breasts, and each time he got harder and harder as he looked down at me, watching those breasts and chest muscles caress his shaft.

And I began to hunger.

Setting the bar down onto its elevated holder and gasping while continuing to grip the bar with both hands, I looked breathlessly up at him. I needed a man, any man. And he was a man...

"I'd like you to help me focus on my chest and arms." I said sweetly.

"Oh? And how do you want me to help with that?"

I almost giggled in anticipation.

"Sit on the edge of the bench... I'll put my big, strong legs over your... big... strong... legs, and then you can push down on these rippling abs of mine."

His smile broadened into the sort that a man developed when they were thinking with their dicks... a stupid sort of look that the male brain was capable of when it was aroused. And sliding over onto the bench, sitting down before me, I felt the bulge of his groin against the flaring opened gap of my pussy while his strong hands pushed down on my abdomen. He was so hard, so erect that his shaft was bowing outward from it being caught inside his stripped shorts. And with him pushing down on me, I moved to rub my cunt against his cock, and then I started to pump the iron, thrusting and lifting, feeling its weight diminishing as I gasped and moaned through the repetitions of the set.

"No... not focused enough." I said. "My hips are still lifting, push lower..." and he lowered his hands from abdomen to pelvis. "No... lower." I sighed, feeling the anticipation of where I was leading him to touch, and looking down; he smiled, and then pressed both hands right over my moistened pussy. "There... that's it... isolate that area with your... strong, powerful muscle, I mean muscles!" I murred, and then taking hold of the bar, began another set of reps.

By the last one I was gasping, and again like in the past, I wasn't gasping due to fatigue... I could do a thousand more reps if need be. I was gasping because I was impassioned.

"Your hands on my pussy... so warm." I groaned.

"Yes they are. And you're so wet and ready."

"So... do you know what Victoria's Secret really is?" I murred, and slid both my legs wider along his thighs, opening up the gap of my labia and allowing the bulges of either vaginal lip slip out from underneath the elongated V of the suit covering my crotch, and the suit itself immediately gave my pussy a wedgie.

"I have some guesses as to what it is."

"You wanna see it?" I smirked, biting my lower lip.

"I'd love to see anything you want to show me, babe." He smirked.

"Then it's so simple... look at my strength, touch it... feel it. See the power and majesty that is a woman's power... and understand what sort of a secret Victoria actually is hiding."

And he looked down between my legs and caressed that feminine knot of muscles that guarded the gates to my innards, and he caressed it, looking to me once to see if I was sure about it and I nodded back at him while I hung both arms on the bar above me. Then sliding a finger or two beneath the crotch of the

bodysuit, he pushed the fabric aside, wedging it up into a bunch between pussy and inner thigh, and revealed the smooth yet firm vaginal mound that had been beneath it. The lips were already gapped open, ready to receive his thick, powerful rod, the opening glistening with natural lubricants.

“Go ahead and touch it.” I gasped, nearly moaning as I arched my back deeply, moistening greatly, and he automatically did what I told him. “Feel yourself under that power; know that I hold you in my command with this power of mine.” I gasped and moaned for real then. He nodded and cupped his groin. “Oh... you like touching my power... do you think your strength can tame mine? Are you strong enough to pierce me?”

“Yes... yes I am!” he groaned in return!

“Then prove it!” I commanded. “Penetrate me, show me your strength!” I moaned needing the coupling power of sexual interaction now, my pussy leaking readily with all its moisture, nipples erecting as I nearly orgasmed all over his lap.

And he slid a hand into his shorts, pulled out that erect member, and pushed it against the clapping might of the gates to my womanhood, and sure enough, his erect phallus pierced me, penetrated me, and I gasped and clamped down on him with all my vaginal muscles, holding him inside me like a captured pawn.

“Oh my God! Your strength! Your might...” I moaned, and lifted the bar with all its weight. “I need that strength in me, I want it.” And he pushed deeper, but could not pull out of me that I held him so tightly.

I began to pump that iron rapidly, grunting and groaning fiercely with each thrust even as he came immediately in me from how tight I was making my insides, my whole body clenching and firming up. And then there was a dull explosion inside me as something else popped, and my would-be suitor popped a sort of sexual cherry inside me. Though I wasn't aware of this trait, a long, long time ago in ancient China and Japan, it was thought that sexual power allowed those great martial arts warriors of legend to accomplish impossible feats. Sexual power enabled them to leap tremendous distances and punch so hard it knocked buildings down and so on, and it was believed that that power was gained by outlasting their sexual partner... getting them to climax when you didn't. And if you could do that, then you absorbed their strength!

What I didn't realize was that I'd just popped a cork on his sexual energy, and flexing and un-flexing my vaginal muscles rhythmically to enable a sucking motion like inside a mouth but done with my vaginal muscles, I started pulling all his sexual power forward into me, and that explosion was that cork lancing outward to allow the reservoir behind it to unload.

Joining all that seed in me, which got lapped up by the fleshy pink muscles inside my body, so too was a crystalline ejaculate thrust inside me from him, and as I sucked that out of him while thrusting that weighted bar up and down as he straight drove himself repeatedly into me, two things happened. The first was that it focused all his sexual power into his penis like what'd happened with Mister Peters, and those in turn made his phallus grow, lengthen and bulge. But it also made his nads swell with the power of his entire body, the power pooling within those nads while all the veins all around his loins rose to stand on end. The end result of all this was that while he lengthened deep enough inside me to push the gates of my cervix open and unload all his strength and power directly into the core of my sexuality... right where it did me the most good as he humped me, I continued to tense my body, and felt my bodice flare wider and larger as his strength flowed from him into me.

My body grew taller at the neck and at the waist before all my arms and legs lengthened to be proportionally longer than they should be in comparison to the rest of my body, even before every muscle in me grew thicker, larger and mightier.

The shirt I wore stretched tightly across my chest, the burgeoning pectorals swallowing more and more of my boobs till I didn't even have breasts anymore other than a pair of subtle mounds with a woman's

nipples standing on end from them. My clit grew thicker and larger, both labia billowed wider and rounder, pressing against the insides of both thighs and clenching down even more tightly upon his bulging phallus.

I grew and grew, my arms and my chest billowing rapidly as I pumped all that iron, with both of those muscle sets engorged more quickly in the power I was absorbing from him than the rest of me was being that I was working them... and that power, a man's power, with all that testosterone-enriched strength in this woman's estrogen ripened body, was like feeding a starving person exactly what they wanted all their life.

And my body took it all in, took it in and absorbed it and made me mightier than a man.

And then I heard ripping, and the ripping became louder as the sleeves around either arm from the shirt I wore ripped open, with the collar and the waistband of the shirt snapping open shortly thereafter, just before my thickening chest tore the shirt apart into a mass of tattered shreds. The leg holes of the bodysuit I wore stretched longer and longer, rising higher over either hip, now rising as high as the thickening ribs as they pushed outward and flared with the rest of me.

And as for my would-be suitor? Well... there was one sacrifice to the transferring of power like this. He put himself into this one sexual act, involuntarily unloading all his strength and physical endurance and power into my body, his height diminishing, his bones thinning, his muscles diminishing, all to give him in exchange possibly what any man would want:

A bigger penis.

I moaned and orgasmed, sloshing batch of wetness onto his lap and groin, and though I didn't know it then, my body merely clenched and absorbed his power, took it all in and grew more massive while I hungered even more for him, for everything he had to give me.

My bodysuit grew smaller, the back spreading further open while the arm holes deepened toward the chest, the leg holes widening all around as I took my suitor until he was drained of all his strength and energy... leaving me full at last and no longer hungry for the moment.

He collapsed against me, and smirking, I set the bar back onto its rack, and in the act of rising, the shirt I wore broke open across my back now, tearing in two.

He was bogged down and tired, almost unconscious like mister Peters had been, and forcing myself to relax, I slid off him with a noisy slurping sound and laid him down on the bench before I lowered to suck him off. Once his penis was clean, I lifted his shorts from under his groin to hide his shame, and likewise resettled the bodysuit I wore to hide mine, just before I turned to all the mirrors in the room and looked at myself. I had muscle... but now I lacked boobs...

Oh well... some things need to be sacrificed... Now I need to go for a shower.

I was stripping out of my bodysuit and rubbing my cunt as often as I could, and when I was naked and about to approach the showers, I looked sidelong, seeing one of the women who picked on me a couple days ago, she having just come back from swimming laps in the pool with her prim musculature and tight abdominals. My lips parted as I realized that she was the woman who came in with the man I'd just fed off of, and I licked my lips... partially for a desire for revenge, and partially... because I hungered for her.

It was a new kind of hunger, one that I barely acknowledged... all I knew was that I needed to sate it!

But how could I have missed her coming in? I mean it would've been easy for her to miss me, but how did I miss her? It must've been because that guy was so much tastier with all his testosterone enriched strength and power, especially within my feminine body.

I watched her undress, getting out of her one-piece swimsuit and removing her swim cap, getting totally naked before grabbing her towel and shampoo and such before going to the showers. My hunger rose as I saw her strong and firmly rounded bottom, but I grew even hungrier by the twin mounds upon her chest, with their thick areola and their large erect nipples. Licking my lips again I followed her, rising from where I sat and stepping up slowly behind her and as she was rinsing herself down I reached forward, grabbed the water control for her shower, and turned it to all the way to cold.

She shrieked and turned to shout at me but then stopped upon seeing me as I leaned in to her, having to bend down to place my face into hers, remembering that a few days ago... I had to look up into her face.

I reached forward and locked her between both my muscular arms which had more strength in one of them than she did in her whole body.

“W-what do you want?” she gasped, cowering before me.

“You remember a young woman... several days ago that you and two other’s bullied because she was prettier than you? You told her to leave the gym and never come back?”

“I-I...” she said, looking to my arms, my chest, my neck and then into my face.

“She had eyes like mine, hair like mine...”

My hair, which had been short-cropped, now dangled long over one side of my face, wet in the cold icy water.

“I...” she whimpered.

“I was that young woman.” I grinned at her, showing her my teeth, and she squealed at the sight for some reason. “And I wonder... what does it feel to be afraid like you and your friends made me? What does it feel like to be shivering in fear, wondering if the next moment will bring a punch that’ll crack your skull?” and I threw a fake punch, and she squealed again, covering her face. “Just like I thought... you can’t even take it yourself.

“What do you want?!” she cried, and I smiled at her, lowering both hands to her shoulders and rubbing them gently before turning her right around and holding her tightly in my arms.

“It’s very simple... I’m hungry... and you’re food!” And hissing deep and gutturally, I opened my mouth, and bit her right on the bridge of the neck and throat.

I awoke to the sound of the beeping of my buzzer on the clock radio, and swinging an arm with a fist; I hammered down on the alarm clock and broke it to pieces.

Lying there, I murred and enjoyed the feeling of the nice, soft silken sheets of my bed against my naked body. I always slept naked... feeling the silk of my bedding against my naked body giving me a feeling of heightened sexuality when I went to bed and when I woke up in the morning. It made me feel sexy as I hugged the thick yet soft pillows underneath my head and thought about calling in sick today, but even as that thought came to me I started to thoroughly wake up, and with a groan I rose from off the soft bedding and the silken sheets and slid out of bed, my weight thumping against the floor with each step before I reached the door to the bathroom.

For some reason I couldn’t fit through the door forwards, so had to turn sideways to fit through it and felt both tits brushing against the door jam one after the other, the pair wobbling and jostling in place as I faced the mirror and then paused with my hand on the light switch.

Both tits? And they wobbled?

And I flipped the light switch and squealed in excitement at what I saw.

Two, greatly rounded breasts decorated my chest, a pair of large, feminine mammaries that were capped with two superbly thick areola which were then capped by two thick nipples. Lifting both hands I cupped those tits, and then murred as I felt their sensitivity, and then caressing the areola got the nipples to erect even further before I gurgled and started pleasuring myself by making little circles upon those twin areola. Nectar began to drain from my bulging pussy, and as I became aroused I felt myself growing tighter and firmer, and with a moan I began flexing, feeling muscles bulge and thicken rapidly as I flexed them, but what was more was that my boobs started swelling as well!

I began to pant and heave, and the next thing I knew I was digging into my pussy with all the fingers of one hand to entice myself, and hefting a tit, finding that it was large enough for me to suck upon, I found the teat and inserted it into my mouth and sucked on it. I moaned deeply, and in the next moment moaned even more solidly as I started to tease that nipple with both lips and tongue, sucking on it, flicking it with the tongue, and then I orgasmed in a flush that erupted a pint or so of ejaculate onto the floor before I threw my head and tossed a great mane of hair that had lightened by several degrees since yesterday, becoming nearly blonde in color now.

So much energy! I thought while flexing an arm, feeling the bicep flare and engorge to tremendous heights as I held it there... the thing the size of a cantaloupe now.

Hmm... I thought to myself, *getting dressed for work might be a problem now. Oh well, I'll figure that out after my morning shower.*

Lifting one towel over a shoulder, I took another off the rack, dropped it on the floor to pick up the ejaculate, and turning on the water to the shower, I sat on the side of the tub, rubbing my cunt while waiting for the water to get hot, and managed to rub out a spraying lance of ejaculate amidst sighs, moans and laughter of joy.

28

Dressing became challenging and artful that day. I had to wear oversized clothing in order to get it all to fit around me, and even then I managed to do it only just barely.

First off was a pair of lace red panties with a satin crotch. I loved the feel of silk and satin upon my nethers, and the soft smooth fabric against my womanhood was like the silk sheets on my bed... all there to enhance a state of sensuality. If one felt sexy, then they acted sexy and others picked up and believed that you were sexy. These panties had a seat to them though, but thanks to the thickness and roundedness of my bottom, I had to pull the back of those panties snugly in between my bottom before I could tie their side ties together.

I had to forgo my usual intimate wear, simply because all the teddies that I had were made for a girl with a third my current girth. I'd grown so large that none of them really fit me any more. That was a good thing, for it meant I was so muscular, but also a bad thing because that made most of my wardrobe useless. Thankfully it was only most and not all.

I had an undershirt that was useful for a bra... a silken thing with elastic bands that allowed me to take off a shirt and a blouse and just be in the shirt and not be naked. Heaven help me should it ever get wet with perspiration or water though, in which case people could see everything right to the naughty bits and what color flesh I had, but nonetheless, it hemmed in these new fat mammaries nicely, especially when I found that they were fatter than they were earlier this morning.

I found a blouse that would still fit me, though it revealed much of my navel since I couldn't tuck it in, and a skirt that actually didn't turn into a tight hip wrap. It was a dress really, the good news about me having become so huge, for some reason my waist had narrowed significantly though, meaning that I had no problems securing the dress about my waist, but when it came to the wide-angling hips and bulging thighs that were below that waist having widened so much that if I left the dress shut, then it'd undoubtedly shred open about my burgeoning legs while I walked. For the first time I dared to unzip its side and leave one leg out into the open... and after obtaining so much muscle, then why would I not want show it off? The same thing about showing some belly. I had some hard abdominals now, and I wanted to show those off too, let people know that I was achieving my dreams of being a muscular powerhouse that was stronger than a man!

But I needed to accent that thigh a little, thankfully women's stockings and hosiery could expand to fit the thighs of a four hundred pound woman if necessary, and thankfully, according to my scale after I got out of the shower and the toothbrush sticking out of my mouth, I weighed over two hundred and fifty pounds now!

I was so excited... I wanted to show it all off.

Applying a pair of white thigh socks, and then a business jacket that miraculously still fit me with the thickness of my arms and body, though my breasts stuck out of the open double-breasted front, I put on a pair of shoes, pinned the great mane of hair atop my head up with hairpins and long black lacquered sticks for hair stays, grabbed my attaché' case and headed to work, confident that no one could keep me down.

29

Sitting with a straw in my diet coke, sipping from it, I watched as Mister Peters walked by. He looked practically emaciated and thin, but he walked with a pronounced confidence that men gained from suddenly owning a huge cock which bulged and flared inside his pants. I smiled at him as he walked by everyone, vaguely hitting on every woman he passed, and every woman paying particular interest in him now, even if they didn't notice his new bulging shaft. And then Mister Peters came to my desk and then placed an envelope there before me with a wink before walking off. My curiosity piqued, I opened the envelope and inside was my paycheck, and a substantial raise.

I knew that it was underhanded and considered to be poor business practices to sell my body to get ahead in this business, but none of you knew how it was in law. In college, people would check out all the copies of the law books so that they could askew the curve in their favor in order to pass their grades and the bar. That was the reason I failed my first attempt at the bar because I was never willing to be that underhanded... but I was feeling more confident in myself, confident enough where I was willing to play those games in order to get ahead now.

"Hey Lucy." I heard suddenly, and blinking, looking up, I saw two coworkers whispering in undertones more than twenty feet away and I blinked at the fact that I could still hear them. "Did you get that riddle I sent you?"

"You're an ass for sending me that, Jason. I'm going to be up all night trying to think of the answer."

"I know how you feel, I was up for five days trying to figure this thing out, and I had to share its aggravation with others. If I was a mathematician then I wouldn't study law." And they both laughed.

"But isn't this an office that supports Tax Laws?" Lucy smirked, and Jason shrugged before they both laughed again. "Let's see:" Lucy said as she looked at a piece of paper between them. "Two shepherds meet on a hill. The first shepherd tells the second shepherd, '*Give me one of your sheep, and I'll have twice as many as you*' but the other shepherd says: '*No. Give me one of your sheep, and we'll both have the same.*'"

“How many sheep did each shepherd have?” there was a short pause. “Ug... Jason! You suck!” and Jason chuckled evilly. “Tell me the answer!”

I stared at the two, not really realizing that it should be strange that I could hear them from this distance, but I could... what I did find strange was that my mind was whirring... taking the information and forgotten algebra classes from high school that I forgot about as soon as I started studying law, and biting my lower lip I felt the words assemble themselves into two separate patterns of letters and numbers with equal signs of algebraic equations and solved themselves without me really thinking about it.

Down the line they went, solving each string utilizing the answers of the other string and back again to find two perfect numbers, and rising from my desk, I walked over to Lucy and Jason.

“The answer is five and seven.” I said, standing over both of them with my girth and mass and feminine power.

“Woah... Haley... when did you get so big?” Jason asked.

“Working out.” I smirked. “But is that the right answer?”

“Uh yeah. Wow! You’re really smart. But how did you hear...” and he looked to my desk and the distance between him and it as Lucy hugged my thick arm.

“Oh we girls need to stick together.” Lucy squealed in glee. “See! Girls are smarter than boys.”

“And men are smarter than women.” Jason said hotly, folding his arms and pouting. “Science proved that intelligence is linked directly to the amount of testosterone that’s in a body. And furthermore...”

But then a door opened up and we all fell silent and turning, I saw Mister Miller’s door opening up. Miller was the senior partner of this firm.

“Miss Madrid...” he said as he poked his head out, and then saw me, glanced at me from head to toe and then back again.

“Yes sir?” I prompted.

“Get your legal pad and come into my office.” And he retreated and closed the door behind him.

Grabbing my legal pad and looking back at my coworkers, they looked at me in a forlorn way as if I were a dead woman walking.

Mister Miller only poked his head out if he wanted to give an assignment to a person, and if you failed in the assignment, which most of us paralegals did, then you were let go under suspicion of incompetence to uphold the company’s image.

So grabbing my legal pad and a pen, I went to Mister Miller’s office, hoping that whatever allowed me to answer a mathematical riddle like that would let me meet whatever Mister Miller had for me.

Mister Miller was a powerful man. He’s been divorced twice, and the women who dared to want a divorce only got a pittance of his wealth and fortune. It gave rise to that women should be wary in regards to marrying lawyers who ask for a prenuptial agreement before marrying you. These two women, as rumor had it, got none of the property, and maybe no more than a million dollars from a man who was a multimillionaire.

But then there was the rumor that the last two women who he married had three qualities to them. They had big hips, big boobs and were under thirty. In other words... they were high-priced sex toys.

But there was a thing that powerful men had that affected us women... we wanted that power... and as I entered his grand office, I found him looking down at the city below him like one would regard ants.

“Please sit, Miss Madrid.” Mister Miller stated, and sitting down across from his desk and crossing both muscular legs, I opened the legal pad I’d carried with me and clicked the pen I’d brought with it.

Mister Miller turned toward me then and paused, looking upon me for a moment before striding to his desk and hitting a button, all the shades in the room closed over all the windows, nearly blocking out the sun before the lights came on, and behind me I heard the door deadbolt lock.

“You appear to becoming quite the powerful woman.” Miller stated as he sat down and faced me. I noticed that his eyes kept wandering over me. “Physically, mentally... you are a powerful woman, and you’ve made some very recent strides upward in this office that I admire. Especially when my partner has given you some rather generous rewards for your work.”

“Thank you sir.” I said and swallowed.

“Don’t thank me yet.” He smiled. “You and I are going to be working rather closely today... I want to see if my partner’s praise is... justified.”

31

He had me take notes on a letter that he dictated to me, then he introduced me to a case he had and asked me to suggest some courses of action, firstly whether or not we even had a case and secondly any precedence that I might know of that would support our case, and throughout the course of the day, I kept getting closer and closer to him, till I finally found myself sitting on his desk.

This did something though... for the thickness of both thighs opened the flap of my dress and opened it wide, baring both silken thighs above the thigh socks, much of my lap, and most of all, it revealed the red lace and satin panties that covered the tight, clenched twin labia between my legs.

After having worked with him for half the day here, all of a sudden he presented to me the statement I’d been expecting from him.

“You are a very attractive woman, Miss Madrid... or may I call you Haley?”

I smiled at him, and then uncrossed and re-crossed my legs, giving him a brief view of my crotch and the details of those panties red silk and satin lace panties.

“Why thank you Mister Miller...”

“Doug.” He corrected, and leaning back into his chair, he focused a smile upon me as he took the whole of me in.

I couldn’t help but notice that he was getting a boner.

“Doug...” I smiled back, and then closing my legal notebook and placing it on his desk, I removed my glasses and placed it on the legal pad with my pen before leaning forward, still smiling at him with a pair of lips that were reddened from lipstick. “Tell me... Doug... what was your real reason for inviting me in here?” And I sat prettily, sitting as if I were on a side-saddle atop his desk.

“What is it that you think I invited you in here for?” he smirked.

“Well...” I said and uncrossed both legs before sliding forward a little. “One would hope that you invited me in here based upon my actual work merits, but you know, and I know... that that isn’t why you invited me in here. What you want... in your lonely life... is a woman to be with, even if it’s temporary, and as busy of a man as you are... you can’t afford to date, so you go an look for the loveliest women around you.” And I started leaning forward, but as I did I undid the buttons to first jacket and then the blouse that I wore before spreading the folds open, revealing the erect nipples atop their breasts that were hemmed in by the undershirt I wore. “Many powerful men do this. Clinton did this. And you’re a powerful man...” and I tugged the skirt I wore open and sat my bare-naked bottom on his desk before spreading my power legs wide to sit there with hands on knees, giving him a perfect view of my assets and the sort of underwear I wore.

“Now... is this to your liking, Doug?” I murred. “All this feminine power right before your eyes? Is this what you seek?”

He placed both his hands upon my muscular thighs, then upon my muscled abdomen, and then right upward without pause to caress my breasts first through the undershirt and then slipped both hands underneath the undershirt to squeeze the firm breasts I possessed.

“Such strength and might... you’re a goddess of strength and beauty, you are like Athena reborn.”

I smiled, growing hungry again as I un-shouldered blouse and jacket, slipping them off my arms and then lifting those arms to flex them and show him the sweet feminine peaks I possessed.

“There’s more of me, you can touch whatever you want, or do whatever you want... and I can be your... personal assistant for as long as you want till I pass the bar.” I murred, feeling those biceps growing, swelling and thickening as I flexed them, the forearms broadening and my chest muscles hefting both tits upward while I poised and shifted.

Those arms would’ve surely ripped right through the sleeves of my clothes had I not taken them off before flexing, and this chest would’ve popped all the buttons of my blouse had I not taken it off before planting both fists on my hips and flexing and then bouncing my chest.

“A-anything?” he swallowed.

I smiled and leaned back, lifting one muscular leg to further frame my tight pussy between those thick, thick thighs.

“Anything.”

Mister Miller then looked upon this body I now had and hefting the undershirt over my breasts, began to feel me up, both breasts, my abs, and I removed the hair stays from my hair to let it all tumble loosely about my head, face and neck. He unbuckled the belt holding the waist of the dress about me, and we kissed passionately. And then he pulled on the draw strings of my panties as I undid his belt and pants and fondled his groin. The next thing I knew I was laying back on his desk as he penetrated me.

Folding him to me, I kissed him, and then began to suck through both pussy and mouth now, and I drew from him very, very quickly all his power and essence, making his cock grow and lengthen as that sweet essence flooded from him, draining him and leaving him a twitching mess once I had it all.

Then sighing, I rose with him still in me, and forcing myself to relax, I pulled off him with a tight slurping noise. Standing there, trembling subtly as I tried to hold back the change, which was as difficult as holding off an approaching climax, I quickly made him more presentable in his thin looking body by fixing his clothes, licking my supple lips as I did to savor the bitter sweet taste of his essence, and then quickly got dressed again before doing up my hair. I could feel the power flushing inside me, rushing into the secret places of this body and making me tremble even more. The hot euphoric feeling was approaching me, and I knew subconsciously that I was about to start changing radically if I didn’t get into a more private place.

Then composing myself, dressing and straightening my clothes, doing up my hair again while still trying to hold down that energy, I collected both glasses and legal pad and pen and headed to the door, opened it just enough for me to get out of it without revealing Mister Miller, and for the benefit of the others in the office: “Yes Mister Miller, I’ll get right on that.” and I closed the door before turning to his secretary. “He wishes not to be disturbed.” I told her and she nodded.

Then walking to my desk, planting the notebook, pen and glasses there – still open so that others could see the work we really did – I finished my Coke that had turned warm, and then headed off to the bathroom.

Once there, locking myself into the handicap stall, I palmed the wall and began to feel all that energy and powers rushing into me as I finally let the climax of energy go. Muscles immediately began to swell, tightening the clothes around me and diminishing my breasts again while the nails on the ends of each finger cut deeply into the tiled wall amidst my snarling and growling. Like the big bad wolf, I huffed and I puffed, snarling and shaking my head darkly while the clothes I wore soon groaned from the tense compression of my body inside them, my height growing subtly, hair growing longer, the grooves between muscles grew deeper and more and more muscle striations showed themselves.

Then rushing, to the toilet, the heels I wore clicking against the tiles, I pulled that tightening underwear off me and straddled the toilet seat grabbing the handicap bar beside me. Both my thighs squeezed the bowl of the toilet, making it groan and crack, right before I orgasmed hard and an explosive eruption of nectar lanced from me in a long steady stream that was like I was going potty. A second and a third lancelet also erupted from me before I collapsed forward and palmed the wall behind the toilet, feeling my pussy lips tremble violently.

Flushing the toilet, gasping as my body spasmed subtly from continued muscle growth as the last of the energy flowed through me, I let go of the handicap bar to go put my panties back on again, not realizing that I squeezed a hand print into the stainless steel hand rail.

32

Later that day after work, I went to the diner that Dani introduced me to, finding her already there reading a newspaper.

“I really admire you.” I said as I approached with my clothes even tighter, the dress a wrap skirt and my blouse and jacket hanging on for dear life while they revealed the hardened abdominals between them and the skirt.

I sat down across from her and saw that she was eyeing me over the edge of the newspaper as her wolf looked upon me with strangely intelligent eyes.

“How so?” she asked.

“You’re fit and beautiful, and you can wear jeans with a belly shirt and hot pink panties that curve over your hips outside those jeans and still look as lovely as you are tough.” I said and she smirked at me.

“It’s a difficult balance to obtain.” She smiled gently. “Did you see the headlines today, Haley?”

“Why no. Anything interesting happen?” and then the waitress arrived and I ordered a strawberry pie with a salad with strawberries in it with a strawberry shake, and when I was done I faced Dani even as she planted the newspaper she was reading down and turned it so that I could see the headlines.

The headlines read:

Vampire at the University

Apparently, there are still vampires in the world. In this case, there were two victims found seriously drained of bodily fluids at a local gym based at the University's Minneapolis Campus.

One male victim stated that it was the most arousing and remarkable experience he'd ever experienced, though was still hazy about details. One female victim, who bares a terrible bite wound that experts aren't commenting upon but theorize that it was some sort of animal attack, states that she was sexually assaulted while the creature drained her of her life fluids.

Strangely, she is devoid of all knowledge of how or who did this to her, but what is strange is that both individuals were drained of over one hundred pounds apiece of muscular and skeletal weight according to the paramedics who reviewed their files.

Police detectives are still investigating.

There was a picture involved, where it had the woman from last night, and briefly my mind swam in images of all sorts, where I grappled the woman, embracing her, snaking a hand toward her sex while I bit and drank her blood repeatedly.

I blinked and shook my head and looked at the picture again.

The woman there was drained seriously, was thin and practically breastless and they had her on oxygen as they were hauling her into the paramedics ambulance.

"Does that woman look familiar to you?"

"Should she?" I asked.

"She's one of the three who were picking on you a few days ago."

"Really... then apparently Karma does exist." And I placed the paper down on the table and then squealed in glee as my strawberry shake arrived.

"You seem to like strawberries a lot." Dani mentioned. "Are you having any sort of cravings? Do you suppose you're pregnant?"

"No... not really. I don't even have a boyfriend." I admitted, and then sucked from the straw continuously till it was all gone.

While I was eating, there was a new person who arrived at our table, and looking up at the glasses wearing man with the blonde hair, I immediately began to salivate.

"Woo... Where have you been all my life?" I gaped and struck a pose.

"The eastern suburbs." He smirked. "Then I went to the University, got married and now I'm here. How bout you?"

"Married? Why are all the good ones taken?" I pouted and used my finger to wipe off some of the strawberry milkshake and sucked it off my finger.

"Haley, this is Patrick. He's a friend of mine, and he's an expert at... computers."

"Really?" I faked interest. He was no longer available so I didn't care about him anymore. And then he took my hand and something electric slid through me that made me swoon.

His very touch was sensual and drew out the deepest nuances of my mind, and I felt my head swim, and by the time that it was over I was having a wet cloth mopping at my forehead.

“That’s better…” Patrick said smiling at me while Dani mopped at my forehead with the wet cloth.

“I love you.” I gasped and he smirked.

“You know I get that a lot.” He smiled and then rose away from me. “But still… I’m married to the perfect woman… so I’m sorry, despite how tempting it is, I need to resist your remarkable body. I’ve vowed to be faithful no matter how great the animal magnetism is.

“And Dani… you were right about that thing we discussed. I guess I owe you twenty bucks.” And he reached into his wallet, and dropped a twenty on the table in front of Dani.

“Lost a bet huh?” I asked right as my food arrived.

“Yeah.” Dani said, and I knew she was unsettled and distracted because she was watching Patrick walk out the building. Her wolf Blaze was looking straight at me.

“Well… as soon as I finish this, then we can go work out.” I said with glee and took a bite of my salad. “Mmm… I love strawberries.”

33

I gasped lightly as I stood naked in the shower room, my bodysuit in one hand as I reached beneath my breasts and rubbed what felt like a knot directly over my sternum.

“You ok?” Dani asked as she approached, dressed in her workout clothes already.

“Y-yeah. Just a sharp pain right here.” I said rubbing the spot. “It’s gone now, but it felt like something was trying to bore right through my chest just then.

“Maybe I should check.” Dani mentioned. “I am a doctor… well… almost.” She blushed, and without thinking I straightened, and cupping both breasts I pulled them apart and upward to show her the wedge of flesh between those ripened breasts.

She reached in and pressed against it, and I hissed maybe once.

“Maybe we shouldn’t exercise.” Dani mentioned.

“Nonsense! I probably just sprained something minor working upper body last night.”

“Last night? Right here? When did you leave?”

“I don’t really know.” I giggled. “It was so late and I was so tired that I didn’t really remember much.” And I beamed happily at her. “But never you mind the sprain… I’m sure that I’ll be ok.”

“Ok…” she smiled and rubbed my thick arm with one of her strong hands. “Well… meet you outside.” She said finally and I nodded before she turned to leave, Blaze flipping over herself to follow.

And then I took my now undersized bodysuit and tried to slip into it. The suit stretched a great deal, but it was growing tight. The leg holes were nearly to the middle of my ribs, and the neck and back stretched deeply along with the arm holes. It took me a whole minute to make sure everything was tight and snug and yet still covered all the naughty bits, but even then the seat was nothing more than a tight band that tugged upon my pussy and flossed through both butt cheeks in a solid vertical band that showed off my naked bottom beautifully. It also didn’t lay fully against my spine. Between the thickness of both back and

bottom and due to the feminine curvature of the spine, there was more than a foot where the elastic strip of cloth stood off my but before it met the bands of fabric across my back.

What this allowed was for all to see my tremendous legs and powerful arms, and flexing to the long mirror in the back of my locker, I took utter and sheer pleasure in the remarkably sensational muscular body I was developing.

“It’s not much longer, Haley.” Someone said, and I blinked before turning and seeing a woman sitting on a bench nearby, even as she removed her towel and revealed her perfectly womanly yet muscular body.

“What did you say? And how do you know my name?”

The woman smiled, gathering a soap bottle and a towel from her locker. “We told you it wasn’t a dream, Haley. Your cocoon is about to break, just remember that... and understand that you’ll be like any newborn... vulnerable, and very, very hungry.” And she slammed her locker and turned to leave.

“Wait.” I said, but she kept walking. “I said wait!” and I padded after her, my bare feet slapping against the marginally wet floor, but she turned a corner. I turned after her and made a grab for her arm, but instead my hand fastened around the arm of another woman.

“Ow! Hey Leggo!” this woman said and I promptly let go.

“S-sorry... I thought you were someone else.”

“Whatever.” The woman said and waved her hand before walking away with friends, and I exhaled a breath.

And then I felt a wave of warmth and euphoria wash over me, just as I heard a crunch and I gasped at a sharp stabbing pain against the sternum. Reaching beneath my breasts I fingered the knot of flesh that was there and felt the tightness there increase.

And then the wave left me and left me gasping, sweaty... and sexually moist.

Biting my lower lip as both butt cheeks clenched, I looked over one shoulder around for this mysterious woman, even as a trickle of vaginal juices slid from me, and in my head I tried to remind myself:

It’s was just a dream... It’s was just a dream... It’s was just a dream... It’s was just a dream...

To which I felt a thought in my head, a thought that I didn’t even know was mine...

‘It wasn’t a dream...’

I tried loosing myself in working out. And I worked out so hard that I didn’t even realize what I was doing till Dani and Blaze came to check on me.

“Ah... You ok there?” Dani asked me.

“Yes!” I growled, and continued curling the weight I had.

“You seem preoccupied and uncharacteristically upset.”

“I said I’m fine!” I shouted at her and several people vacated the area immediately.

“Do you need a spotter?” she tried to suggest calmly.

“Why do you think I need one?” I growled again, and both her hands lowered to the weights I was curling, and I snarled at her, but she looked down at me with a warning look that told me that she wasn’t afraid of me.

“Look at your weights, Haley.” She commanded, and I found myself looking, almost against my own volition, and when I looked I gaped at what I saw.

I had the bench press bar held in one hand, and on the bar were all the weights I could manage to force onto it and all those weights were of the maximum sizes. I was curling, one handed, more than eight hundred pounds!

So amazed was I at the weight that I dropped all that weight and it clanged noisily before I rose immediately to my feet, and felt myself jostle unusually, and looking down, I found that I was wearing two weighted belts about my narrow waist, and eight more weighted belts – two per arm and leg – and with these being thirty pound weight belts, I had over three hundred pounds attached to my body even before I picked up any weights.

The clothes I was wearing were clinging tightly to me now, and it creaked with every little movement I made, the fabric so taut that it was becoming translucent and showing off the coloring of nipples and my vaginal folds.

“Haley... I think I should take you home.” Dani suggested softly.

“N-no... no... I’m fine.”

“But Haley...”

“I said I’m fine!” I roared, bearing over even Dani’s height now, and I snarled at her before I realized what I was doing and shrank from her. “I-I’m sorry... I’m sorry.” I whimpered. “Dani... I think something’s happening to me. I didn’t want to believe you at first, but I’m afraid something strange is hap-hap... oh god!” and I bent over, snarling as I rubbed the spot on my chest, the pain returning along with the wave of euphoric heat.

But the power... the sheer unmitigated power that came along with it. My muscles clenched and all started flaring at once, to as great of a muscle as my chest muscles, to as minor as the twin labia between my legs, all flared, grew thicker, harder, while I myself even thickened and enlarged from all the bones inside me growing subtly.

It took only a few brief seconds, the muscles invading my breasts and making them smaller, and once the feeling left after a series of groaning and crunches, I was left elated yet clenched, with both fists resting upon my knees while I panted in the elation that remained after all that change.

There was a big moist spot suffusing my pussy.

“A-are you all right?” Dani asked me, and her wolf Blaze was growling at me as she backed behind Dani.

“I-I’m all right...I...” and I looked at my hands, uncurling them and seeing that the fingernails had all lengthened and were now more pointed and curving. “I think you’re right, Dani. I should stop for today.”

I groaned against my locker, fingers gripping the holes between the metal while I grit my teeth. Another wave had struck me, and as I stood there, I wet myself with a jet of nectar while my body flared wider and thicker, both tits shrinking from the swelling packs of pectoral muscles behind them and the holes of the body suit I wore stretched to the point where the elastic band across my back were snapping their seams.

There was a plastic clasp right at the center of my burgeoning back muscles that snapped smartly in two to allow all those back muscles to heave outward into the open, all those heaving back muscles bubbling outward to stick outside of the bodysuit I wore.

Both my tits were spread further across the thick, thick muscle chords of the chest muscles beneath them, and the suit I wore was tugging so tightly that the front of it was giving my wet pussy a wedgie and showing off the unmitigated strength and power of my sexuality.

Biceps bulged, forearms flared, thighs thickened wider than my waist, buttocks tightened to the point where even in a relaxed state they were separated into individual secondary muscles, while both calves grew longer and abdominals tightened and cleaved into a solid ten pack now with six lats. The garb I wore stretched deeper and deeper, its fabric cutting into my skin as I tossed my head, the head hair growing luxuriously longer and more voluminous, its coloring becoming a definite blonde now while both nipples erected harder than I could ever remember them being. Another wet jet of nectar ejected from me, and panting, there came the sound of sheering metal as my thickening fingers pressed against the holes in the locker and forced them to widen.

The change left me and I panted there, feeling the bulging pectorals pushing against my throat while I pulled all the fingers of either hand out of the holes of the lockers and hung onto it with just finger nails, all of which had lengthened and pinched into the semblances of points while likewise curving slightly. They all looked like claws.

Then my stomach growled and I moaned, rubbing the tight, muscular thing between the widened hips and flaring ribs that contained it. I was hungry for something... something indiscernible to me at the moment... all I knew was that I wanted it.

And just then... I heard voices.

“Did you hear what happened to Jenny?”

“How could I not? It was in the newspaper. How does one go from a two hundred and forty pound woman into a ninety-eight pound woman in less than a day?”

I recognized those voices, and sliding along the lockers, my nipples glancing off the holes in the locker doors, I peaked around the corner and saw the remaining two of the three women who'd picked on me. Immediately I growled to myself and heard the metal of the lockers squeal as my fingers hooked into the holes of a door and clenched a fist-sized wad of metal in the door. I found myself licking my teeth upon seeing them. There was a feeling of wanting to achieve revenge, but... I realized upon looking at them at what it was that I craved.

I craved their strength, their beauty, their mammary swells and their sexual power.

“I'm thinking of quitting this place. Two people having suffered like that, one of them our friend...”

“Yeah but the guy loved what happened to him... why was what happened to Jenny so different?”

“I don't know... but I'm in the mood to relax today. I'm going to go sit in sauna for awhile. You?”

“I'm going to go swim. Gotta take a shower first though...”

The two waved goodbye to each other, and I watched them both. Their leader was the one going to the sauna; the crony was the one undressing for a shower. I waited for the two of them to part and their leader – I think her name was Katie – to leave and for my target to get naked and enter the showers before I moved. Checking to see that there was no one else in the shower room – Dani had gone home a long time ago – I went to assault those who would dare to try to hurt me.

But Katie would be last... something inside me, something... vengeful... vindictive... wanted her to be last.

Inside my head I heard someone else chuckling.

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I didn't know her name yet, but as I approached her, rolling my shoulders as she moved about in the shower water, washing herself, her fine bottom and rounded breasts that were made firm from the thickness of her chest, she possessed much of what I wanted, and like I did with her friend Jennifer, I reached forward and took hold of the shower control, and then turned it on full cold. The woman shrieked and turned around, just before I slapped both hands to either side of her face.

"Hi." I smiled at her, showing her my teeth, and I felt a sort of tension in them as several of those teeth grew thick and long. "Remember me?"

"I... I don't..." she cowered.

"Ha. Isn't this a familiar sight... this is exactly what happened to your friend Jennifer... I'm kind of foggy about the details, but she tried to scream right about now." This woman gasped, her eyes dilating as I leaned in toward her, snarling as I felt the grooves in my face around individual muscles creasing and deepening into a truly horrible and animalistic mask. "The truth of the matter is, is that you and your friends scared an innocent woman. I don't really care who you are or what your name is, because after I get done with you... I will dispose of you and never care one whit about you ever again.

"But understand this, you bitch... I am going to show you the real meaning of what it is to know fear, and help you to understand exactly what it means to receive it, so the next time you think of bullying another person, you will remember me, remember the little wisp of a woman that you and two others bullied, and remember that those in whom you bullied today, can... and will, bully you tomorrow."

Her eyes widened, and she took a breath to scream, but I snapped a hand upward as quickly as a viper striking and grasped her neck to cut off the scream, I turned her and embraced her to me just like I did her friend Jennifer, holding her there to me. I licked her neck, and she tried to cry again, but I only gave her enough air to breathe, not to scream. But snaking a hand down her body, palming her muscled navel, cupping her pussy, I rubbed her labia and then inserted a pair of fingers into her and stroked her clitoris, finding her G-spot as expertly as that woman who'd pleased me did, and this fem moaned immediately as I got her to orgasm.

"That's it... raise your passions, feel your feminine power grow... Make it ripe... ripe for harvesting." I whispered into her ear, licked her throat again, and opening a maw that was filling with razor sharp teeth, I bit down hard onto her neck, tasted the flood of her blood rushing into my mouth, and I swallowed repeatedly, over and over, sucking the blood from her veins, and right along with it, I also sucked out all her immaculate strength, and her seductive femininity, and her superb sexuality and made it all mine!

And what made this even more just and ironic... was that for privacy sakes, there were no cameras in the shower room. There was no one who would come and keep this from happening.

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There was a body at my feet. No, she wasn't dead and no, I didn't kill her, but she was seriously drained of her strength and power. She was undeserving of that power, I thought, especially after what I saw her do with it.

It was the place of the strong to protect the weak, not bully the weak into doing what you wanted them to do

But nonetheless, it came back to me. I was the one who did assault Jennifer... it wasn't a dream, this was real, and oh was it so desirable. The indomitable power of a strong woman, a woman who was naturally strong, who'd worked hard to get her strength flowed through me from my navel, flooding me and filling every bone and muscle, and coming along with it was the sweet, sweet taste of her sexual power.

And then there was a rushing of fluids, a press of arousal in my chest, and biting my lower lip with the sharp fangs inside my mouth, feeling the ears on either side of my head rising into points, I cupped the bulging planes of rippling chest muscle and moaned, pressing both muscular thighs about my sex even as it exploded with juices while feeling the nipples of either tit thickening beneath both hands. Their areola puffed outward, and then there was a trembling in my chest as the glands beneath the flesh started to engorge and swell, rapidly filling outward, the folds of mammary swelling rapidly and billowing the sacks of flesh unendingly. Larger and larger they swelled, and I felt the elastic bands of the suit I wore snapping open one after the next across my back as they did, leaving only the loops of the arms in place and the long band of the thong that flossed my butt and connected to a deeply bowing arch of straps at the mid back to hold this suit on me.

I groaned and came in a steady jet of ejaculate that escaped me in a steady jet of hot sticky cum, longer than it was in the bathroom at the office, and turning myself to stand directly within the cold shower water, I let the cold waters rush over my face and body as another euphoric heat washed over me, a rippling tide of swelling muscular mass that bulged ribs and widened hips, lengthened spine and elongated bones while engorging booth boobs into heaving firm masses. The seat of my suit slid further downward between my butt cheeks to the point where it ground my nether regions even as those heaving mammaries swelled forward, pressing against each other and stretching the collar of the bodysuit I wore steadily forward and downward, revealing more and more of that bosom and causing the water of the shower to pour down inside the suit between the pressing swells of those tits.

Groaning and whimpering with pleasure as I came again in a more solid jet than even the last on was, sending rivulets of hot sticky cum down the insides of both legs, I felt the body suit I wore pull forward, hanging in a solid band straight from off my billowing chest to my bulging crotch, the fabric pulling off the moist skin below it and allowing me to palm a navel that was tightening into an unheard of twelve pack that had eight lats and a flaring rib cage framing it. I moaned for more as the engorging swells of mammary pushed ever the further forward as they firmed up, and the pressure tore the bodysuit smartly down the middle from the collar toward the crotch, and arching myself backward and flexing, feeling my musculature bubble, those breasts escaped from inside the firm fabric and expanded outward; the pair bobbing and swaying heavily like bowling balls held inside bags flesh.

Gripping the bands of my bodysuit that had formed like suspenders to either side of that thickening chest and swelling pair of tits of mine, I felt the knots of securing stitches on either side of the seat of the suit which held the sides of the suit downward, partially creating the leg holes, snapped open suddenly, and just like a rubber band, all that fabric popped out from between my legs. I moaned deeply and audibly as it did though, for before it snapped, the pressure it had on my loins was so intense it was giving me a wedgie in the front, and when it finally released, that snapping fabric slid against the supersized clit that was held tightly between those vaginal folds like a massive wet tongue licking my cunt.

Then laughing and gripping the bands of the left over fabric, I tugged on them and they tore from me as easily as if they were wet tissue paper.

The euphoric wave soon ended, leaving me a super human fem... standing more than seven feet tall with billowing musculature spreading over the whole of my body, save for two engorged mammaries that swayed, jostled and jiggled, the pair so firm that they held themselves up high atop my chest without a bra. All that bitch's sexual power was now mine, and she was now a nearly breastless waif of a woman for daring to misuse her strength. Tightening my fists about the bands of fabric, I flexed my arms, and moaned as the biceps swelled and kept swelling, doubling and then tripling rapidly in thickness, billowing to the size of bowling balls now, either growing to the same size as either of my tits!

“Ha! Yes! Now this is more like it! Watch out world, there’s a new Haley in town.” And then I looked down at the woman I’d just drained of all her powers and smiled slowly with planned revenge. “Watch out, Katie... I’m going to show you how wrong it is to pick on people... just like I showed your two bitches.”

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It took three towels to cover me, one about the waist to cover the newly engorged and vivacious cunt, but even then it only barely covered it. I had to leave one whole leg open while the towel made to cover a normal woman fit me like a miniskirt. Another towel was needed for my hair and a third around the neck to cover both nipples, and striding out of the shower room, right past people in the pool area; I entered into the steamy sauna, and found my prey thankfully alone.

She didn’t even regard me as I entered, just sat back with her can of beer in one hand, sitting on a towel and residing butt naked on the tiled benches like she were a queen of her domain. I smirked at her and then going to go sit across from her, I removed the towels and then sat directly on the hot tiles.

“Wow... you’re very pretty.” I said suddenly, and she just nodded and grumbled as if she already knew the fact. “And really strong.” She didn’t acknowledge me that time. “You and your friends are strong and beautiful... it’s too bad that one woman became so emaciated. Ever wonder how such a thing happened?”

“Look... I don’t know who you are but I’m not interested in being your buddy or...holy shit!”

I smiled at her, now that she was looking at me. I was head, neck and shoulders taller than her and about twice as wide now, my tits were larger than her head, my arm thicker than her thighs, and I had more muscle on me than at least three of her.

“H-how did you get so big?” she asked gasping.

“It’s a long story, really. I was a young woman, minding her own business, when three harlots assaulted me in a shower room one day.” I leaned back, resting both arms on the next row of seats in the sauna behind me before crossing the enigmatically massive legs I possessed now. “They picked on me because I was drawing all the guys in the place.”

Katie’s face adopted an expression of confusion as she looked at me, and I let several waves of my long hair fall before my face and eyes to hide it. Something in her mind struck as familiar with what I was saying, but she wasn’t putting two and two together at the moment. I mean how could she compare a five foot four wisp of a girl with a seven plus foot Amazon with huge tits?

“So I exercised, and I worked out, and I grew stronger and stronger off powers that I obtained, and I became this.” And I rose and flexed both arms, letting her see how massive those arms became; either of them thickening eight or nine times over while both chest muscles swelled to press against my throat. The swollen chest muscles lifted both breasts upward, and the way both arms were positioned, those swollen mammaries were forced to press together. They rose so high that they swallowed my neck and throat, and thankfully my chin fit itself smartly in between them while I blushed from having both breasts nice and close to my face.

“Th-that’s impossible.” she whispered. “No one can get as large as you. You have twelve abs and eight lats. Th-that doesn’t even physically exist on a human being! And no muscle should expand that much!”

“Oh... believe me, I believed that too.” I said and twisted and turned so she could see everything before I relaxed. “But then I learned that strength can be taken from others, as can powers... like physical strength and sexual powers... like I did from your friend Jenny, like I did with your other friend, like I did with three men... and... like I’m going to do with you.” And I smiled at her, my face contorting into a horrific mask showing off a maw filled with sharp teeth, and she gasped and made for the door but I moved so quickly that the world seemed to be in slow motion as I scooped her up and lifted her off the ground to hold her at eye level.

“Wh-what... the hell... are you?” she choked within my grip.

“I don’t really know anymore.” I smiled innocently. “But I’ll tell you what I was. I was a skinny, breastless young woman, with a cute butt just minding my own business, and you and two others who outweighed me by at least twice the each of you, cornered and threatened me with physical harm and told me to leave a public setting that I was paying a membership fee for, not withstanding that if I left I’d have to spend a large cancelation fee. Do you know what sort of fear and financial burden that sort of thing puts into a person’s heart?” and when she didn’t answer I squeezed more firmly about her neck till I heard the vertebrae groan. “Do you?!” I snarled showing her my teeth.

“No!” she cried.

“Oh you don’t? Well that’s perfect... because I’m going to show you.”

And I turned her into my arms, her body flossing between my two enormous breasts, and she struggled against the inevitable, whimpering and crying as I gripped her crotch with one hand and pushed the ring and fore fingers inside her pussy, gripping her throat with the other hand with the meaty arm attached to that hand slipping between her engorged tits. I licked her neck several times, going overboard with moistening her flesh with my tongue, letting her catch the sharp teeth through the corner of her eye as she whimpered between fear and pleasure, before I lowered my head, found her tracheal artery and bit down upon it.

Her blood which was heating up with her passions filled my mouth before I swallowed, and I started to drink her blood as it became flushed with her feminine powers and strength, supping upon it’s wonderful taste while I hungrily consumed that power and made it my own. Nectar leaked from my pussy, slowly sliding down my thighs as I drank and drank, filling my belly with nourishment as her form rapidly diminished, her breasts shrinking, becoming flat against her chest save for the hardened nipples. Her muscles lost their definition, her body thinned and her height that she had over me diminished by several inches as her skeleton thinned, leaving her a smooth and supple fem with barely any tits as I swallowed again and again, careful not to spill a drop.

My eyes were red when I opened them, licking my lips and teeth as I panted, feeling arousal flush inside me as I turned with my fingers still in the bitch, and stepping out of the sauna, I stood naked with my naked victim, dropping her on the tile work of the pool area while suddenly I became the source of all the eyes in the chamber, blood on my teeth as I licked them off, just before I rolled my shoulders stood tall, and began to transform again.

Breasts engorged, the depth of the creases between muscles grew deeper, flesh became porcelain, hair grew longer and lightened into a white-blond, and the red bits of my body grew redder. Then with a series of crunches I grew several inches taller, nearly a foot in fact, chest thrusting forward in stages, first ribs, then pectorals, then breasts before all the abdominals lining my belly clenched and tightened and increased to eighteen muscles with my pussy thickened even greater at their base. Thighs and calves flared and forelegs rounded outward, neck widened and deepened, and my back spread like a pair of wings. Neck muscles billowed, shoulders and hips widened, fists grew larger, and I started mutating with huge chords of muscles that rippled and slung themselves into place that grew about me everywhere out of nowhere.

And all this just before my red eyes turned into a more subtle blue as I swallowed the last of Katie’s blood.

The nails on each finger and toe hooked and sharpened, and I felt the hunger in me grow several fold, and while the people watched, women, men and children, I stepped forward, each step creating a ripple in the water of the nearby pool, and heaving with power, every muscle in me swelling subtly still, I found myself a man in his swimsuit standing by the Jacuzzi, who was so stunned by the sight of me that he stood there as I advanced till I was standing three feet over him, heaving like a bellows.

Smiling at him, and breathing in deeply of his masculine scent, I reached down, grabbed his head and lifted him off the ground, and knotting a hand in his shorts amidst screams all around me, I ripped his shorts off, found his penis, and began to suck on it while cradling him in one hand. I gripped the man as he swooned in my arms, feeling his cock growing and expanding as I sucked him off, drawing on him as if he were... well... if he were a giant strawberry milk shake! And as I drained him of his essence, swallowing all that sexual power, I felt myself growing and bubbling violently now, felt my power engorging, and laying the stranger on the ground I reared and roared, as every muscle inside me suddenly exploded with growth as I flexed them right before I shook and then assailed the next person, and then the next, absorbing their strength, their sexual powers and more! I took two or three of them at a time even.

And with everyone that I absorbed, I grew bigger, stronger, tougher and more powerful... but also... I grew hornier.

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I was laughing as I licked my teeth with a lengthened tongue, snarling as the heart inside me spasmed, thrusting the power out to my extremities, feeding arms and legs, navel and back, chest muscles and expanding my boobs with their righteously engorged areola and nipples.

I was changing in ways that wasn't even human anymore, and tensing and groaning, I fished a hand between two intensely enormous breasts that I had now and felt a crunch and then a break as the flesh peeled away from something smooth and hard, and then I felt the thing that had been slowly moving through my body as it finally arrived to the fore, splitting open my skin and getting wedged there in the sternum. It felt just like another nipple as I rubbed it, though it was firmer and harder, like a stone, and when I touched it, it got me to cream, moan and cry out in ecstasy.

Now that it'd broken out from me, I felt my body shifting again, optimizing the power, and tightening the individual muscular chords all about this body into harder and harder tendons that were like bundles of tightening piano strings.

I'd left the gym and was walking naked through the city and university campus. The count of people I'd absorbed had grown to a hundred and one, and their physical might and power that had been condensed within a particulate contained within their blood and ejaculate was still flooding into me, changing me, making me grow. I had a deep reservoir of that power, and it was still flowing into me at a rate that at times was maddening.

Every moment something changed, every moment I grew stronger and stronger, with my size nearing nine feet now, my head being pushed forward by flaring neck and back muscles and pulled forward by deepened throat muscles, my skin as hard as steel plates as they contorted about even harder metals that were my thickening muscles. I bulged with muscularity, thickened steadily with it while that bulge between my breasts grew thicker and larger and stronger.

Wanting to see it, I moved to a shop front, my currently porcelain skin that was lightening to a bleached white glistening in the street lights and the moon light, I stepped to stand before a shop and spread both breasts apart with either clawed hand to reveal a glistening blue gem nestled between those tits that laid directly over my sternum, and was actually rapidly growing to replace my sternum it seemed.

The thing is, is that I recognized that stone, and that of all things told me that that erotic dream many nights ago was indeed real, that I indeed did partake in a veritable orgy between myself, two other women, and one incredibly hung man. But then the stone had been white... now it was blue.

My head swam just then and I began to recall parts of that whole orgasmic experience several nights ago, seeing more snippets of what had happened, and I moaned and gasped as I felt every thrust and every lance of that male's cock into my mouth, my pussy, my anus... oh God... I did anal?

I palmed my bottom and moaned again, nipples hardening, and I felt the rush of fluids into my chest as both breasts rapidly expanded several inches apiece, just before a supple white fluid exuded from those nipples. Moaning and making circles with my clawed fingertips on either areola, stimulating more of that nectar to drain from my loins, I gasped as the flow from my breasts increased, the creamy fluid draining over my fingers. Lifting a hand I licked off the juices and discovered that it was milk! I was lactating! I don't know why I didn't realize it before, perhaps it was because I wasn't a woman that lactated because I didn't have a baby, or perhaps it was because of the strangeness of what was happening to me expected it to be something else. But once I realized that it was milk, I palmed the rubbery areola and hardened nipple of either tit and squeezed them, squirting twin gouts of thick creamy milk out and laughing as I sprayed my image in the glass with the milk before hefting both tits and sucking on both nipples simultaneously.

Chewing on those nipples then as I began to rub those tits into forcing the milk into my mouth, I found that the cream I produced was sweet and silken as I teased those teats with lips, teeth and tongue all while I drew continually from them. Cradling both tits with one arm then, I inserted a pair of clawed fingers inside my vivaciously creaming cunt and pleased myself toward orgasm.

I moaned and gasped, and then suddenly tensed again, neck and back muscles billowing, chest muscles thrusting forward to jostle the tits at their ends and squeeze two gouts of milk into my mouth that leaked out of the corners of my mouth since I couldn't swallow fast enough, and the excess leaked down throat and chest to slide in between my tits. Vaginal muscles thickened, thighs and hips and buttocks bulged, calves and arms flaring as I grew in height by several more inches, breasts expanding and likewise filling with even more milk that squirted into my mouth as I sucked on them, and then moaning, I felt the orgasm erupt inside me while I let both tits fall, the pair wobbling and jostling and spraying milk all over the glass in front of me as they settled upon my chest, and turning lightly on my toes, I found myself having grown so strong that movement never felt freer to me.

And then I saw a car parked on the side of the road where I was at, and stepping over to the VW Bug, I slid a finger over it, smirking to myself, and looking to an arm that I flexed briefly, knowing that I was curling more than eight hundred pounds before all this additional muscle growth, and biting my lower lip with the newly grown sharp fangs, I bend low, felt the tires, slid a finger beneath the edge of the car, and then daring to dream, I lifted that hand. The car lifted easily within my hand, and I giggled to myself before I set it down again.

Then I lifted it again, only higher this time, and then going for the gusto I slid beneath it, hefted it upward, and lifted an entire car over my head!

The muscles within me began to burn and I started to flare, hearing more groaning and crunching sounds, and now low popping sounds as I bubbled with strength and power from being strained as I was now, and as I stood there, experiencing the erotic elation of growing ever stronger, and tensing my muscles, I compressed and flexed, and as I flexed I billowed and flared wider and thicker on every proportion, and then I orgasmed again. Lifting a hand I struck the car and it started spinning around on the gas tank, and striking it again it spun faster, and hitting it again it spun faster till I caught it and stopped it and then immediately started squeezing the car like an accordion over my head.

The incredible muscular might of this body continued to grow and blossom while I pinched the vehicle together, compressing it tightly together at the center before I started wadding it up. It's fuel case and crank shaft and master cylinder broke open, leaking oil, transmission fluids and gasoline onto me, and as maddening as my mind was right now, I smelled the fluids, and something in my head told me I needed it, and opening my mouth I drank the lubricants and fuel, just before the radiator burst, adding to the chemicals leaking onto me.

It was madness... sheer madness what I was doing... not only was I squeezing a car like an orange, but I was drinking that which leaked out of it!

And I squeezed, wadding the vehicle up into a tight little ball before I dropped it onto the ground with a burp, my body steaming as the fluids literally burned off me for some reason. Belching again, a puff of

smoke exited my throat before I stood proud and flexed my arms, right as another euphoric heat wave washed over me and I hardened and strengthened at the same time.

“Hold it right there!” someone shouted, and I turned, seeing a police officer standing at the ready with his gun drawn.

“Hey there officer... how are you tonight?” and I turned and advanced upon him.

“Halt or I’ll shoot!” he said, and I murred rubbing a tit and my pussy and then gurgled before purring, actually purring, though unlike a cat’s purr, this was a cackling purr that sounded more like an idling engine. “Final warning!” he shouted as I continued advancing, my boobs bouncing with every step while bits of me continued to spasm as they thickened ever the larger.

And then he pulled the trigger.

It felt like a tap in my navel, and fingering the spot I was shot at, I found a flattened disk stuck to my belly that I peeled off, the molten lead rapidly cooling in my fingers. Then looking at him with a smile, I ate the hot lead.

“The hell?!” the officer exclaimed.

“Want to go to heaven?” I murred and advanced again. “I can take you there...”

And he panicked and rapidly offloaded the remaining rounds of the automatic hand gun he carried, pelting me all over my body with at least two dozen more rounds, while my body simply grew stronger to compensate, and by the last few rounds I didn’t even register the impacts before I reached him, cuffed him on the collar of his uniform shirt, took a hold of the end of his gun and pinched its barrel shut. He gaped up at me as I gently took it from his hands, and then wadded it up into a ball right before his eyes before eating it.

Once I swallowed, I palmed his face caressingly with one hand, thumbing his lips. “Time to go to heaven.” I smirked, and practically falling on him, thrusting him to the ground, I ripped both his pants, belt and gun belt off, as well as his boxers, got a hold of his penis and then began to suck the essence from him.

And why wouldn’t a guy like this? One of the reasons why many men work out, or become cops, or take positions of authority, or get big cars is that they feel sexually inadequate. So taking their excess strength, I suck it all through their erect penises, thusly making that member grow and engorge and thicken to be much larger than average. And what was more... it was done through a heady blowjob or an incredible act of angry sex.

As a matter of fact, my poor victim was gurgling stupidly from me sucking him dry – like a strawberry milkshake – and rising, leaving the very lucky man with his new schlong projecting in a throbbing mass from his pelvis, I licked my teeth and lips hungrily and moaned.

A hundred and two... I thought, mentally updating the number of people I’d fed from, enjoying the taste of strawberries on my lips. Only those three bullies did I emaciate and drain dry, feeding off their blood. Other women got a good licking or a passionate kiss, and they were more than willing to give themselves up to me and drain their essence into this body, make it mine...

But this time, after a hundred and two, something else happened that didn’t happen before: Someone interfered.

“Haley Madrid!” a woman called, and I turned with a snap and a jostling of breasts and blinked at the sight of... of a woman!

She was like He-Man and She-Ra combined and then hulkified! She could take Hercules milk money. Her muscles were powerful thick and immaculate, and her boobs, though she was currently smaller than me, were easily larger than mine. Also, except for a big green cat she had a massive red wolf, and instead of blonde hair she had red, and instead of skimpy clothing...

There was an immaculate armor coating her, with beautiful raiment of white with gold trim underlying the armor. The armor was like a combination between plate mail and banded mail, with an ornate face mask protecting her features and holding her hair back like an ornate horned crown. Her wolf was likewise adorned in armor and raiment similar to hers... and in her hand was, of all things, a shillelagh; or an Irish walking stick.

“Who are you, and what do you want?” I shouted back, rising slowly to my feet, twitching as the man’s strengths and sexual power fed its way into me.

“My name’s Crimson Clover and I’m here to end this rampage of yours Haley.”

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I coughed and billowed another puff of hot smoke.

“Rampage?!” I cried back incredulously when I was able to after coughing. “How do you call this a rampage?!”

“That man.” She gestured with her stick that was bejeweled and laden with the same metal and wood that covered her.

“I don’t hear him complaining. I mean look at the smile on his face!”

“And how many have come before him that you drained dry?” she shouted back. “And what about that car?” and she gestured to the ball that was still mildly leaking automotive fluids.

“Insurance will take care of it.”

“And the hundred or so others you’ve done this to? Bite wounds, all their strength lost...”

I growled and trembled angrily. “Other than three of them, all who deserved what they got, not a single person complained about what I left them with.” And then I blinked. “And how do you know who I am anyways?!”

“I’ve watched you growing, Haley... growing faster and larger than any human being should be able to.”

“What about you?! Look at you! You’re almost as big as me! Or did I go just that little bit farther than you?!”

“I’m not human...” she replied, and stepped sideways, her long, waving red hair bouncing along with what little of her breasts I could see. “And from what I can tell... neither are you, Haley. Not any more at least... and your condition has advanced so far that it cannot be reversed anymore... not with a Soul Gem in your chest.”

“Soul gem?” I gaped, and then felt the gem between my breasts. “So what?! So I’m not human! I’m strong now, I’m powerful and beautiful, and I’m growing stronger, more powerful and more beautiful with every moment that passes with ever... with every...” I groaned and hugged myself as I expanded from the inside out, the cracks between muscles deepening and spreading open, shining a blush of soft blue light that radiated from within me before the gaps filled in with more muscle, and arching myself, I laughed as my boobs became bigger than hers. “With every moment that passes!” I screamed, finishing what I was saying and then flexed this body of mine, enjoying its power, and as I flexed the world around me literally

trembled, with pop cans on the ground rattling, garbage cans trembling, streetlights and store windows shimmying, and the very ground pushed downward from me from how powerful I'd grown.

"Why, after all my life of being small, weak and pathetic, would I want to give up all this strength?! Why in heaven's name would I want to stop?!"

"Because that is their strength you've stolen, it's not yours. Their hard work, years or decades in some cases, to get the way that they were."

"Shut up! I deserve this power!" Tears leapt to my eyes, and as I shouted smoke billowed from my mouth. "You don't know what it's like to be picked on, to feel fear, to know that people bigger than you can push you around just because you're smaller than they are or just because you're a woman! Just the sheer prejudice has kept me back more than five years, and the bullying even more so!"

"Why am I not a lawyer?! Why haven't I succeeded yet?! Why don't I have even so much of a boyfriend?!" and as I said that, a gout of flame exited my mouth and my body burned white for a moment or two.

"I don't know Haley." This Clover person said calmly. "But that doesn't give you any right to steal or to destroy or to hurt or to maim. Life is cruel! I know it and you know it, and to remain a good person..."

"I'm tired of being a good person. Being a good person has led me nowhere, gotten me nothing except more hurt, more heartache, more poverty and even less recognition. I want to be bad! I want to be terrible, feared and respected!"

And I flexed and tensed, bubbling with even more strength as my flesh started to tear apart in patches, revealing a grayish matter below it.

"You have no idea how sorry I am to hear that Haley."

And she moved. I was so surprised that someone so large could move so fast, for one moment she was dozens of feet away, and the next she was beside me swinging that club at me. There was a snap of green light and a crack of pain that made me scream, and sliding sideways I fell to the ground.

I clenched immediately into a tight ball, covering my head and sobbing as she stood over me. A sob clenched my chest as I looked up at her, afraid, shivering from the blow, remembering hundreds of situations of me being bullied, and looking at her, I slowly grew angry, and the anger fueled my power, and clenching my fanged maw I snarled at her.

"Y-you're... you're one of them! You're a bully!"

"Wait... no... Haley you don't understand!"

"BULLY!" I cried and swung an arm, striking her across the chest, tearing the chest region of the cloth open and disgorging her boobs while at the same time thrusting her backward, to which she dug the separated toes of her boots into the ground as she slid backward dozens of more feet from the blow, only for her wolf to rush in behind her and stop her reward momentum.

"You're a BULLY!" I roared and flexed, and the world shivered again, only on a greater level as I bubbled and billowed, exploding outward like a chain reaction with increasing muscular might, breasts swelling again and firming upward, my height growing while my face became a mask of hatred. "I... am not... afraid... of you!" I screamed again and hit the earth, and cars with car alarms within several hundred yards from me started to alarm. "I... will not... lie down... ever again!" I shrieked, and dozens of windows all around me shattered before I thundered forward, running with one foot striking the earth and leaving a clawed footprint in the asphalt with each step, breasts bouncing and cars jumping with every foot fall as I rushed her, and drawing back one fist I swung.

I don't know how she did it! She was just so fast, and before I could react, she'd gotten behind me, slipped that stick around my neck and held me backward against her chest, choking the air out of me. One moment I was swinging for her face, and the next I was in this position, struggling against an immaculate strength that was greater than even my own!

"Look!" She shot into my ear. "Look at what you've done Haley. Do you still not call this a rampage? Those are people's things and public property you've damaged before you. What about the shop keepers? Their stores will be looted come morning because of you. You need... to see... what you are!"

And I growled, and slipping both hands beneath her shillelagh, and fighting her incredible strength, I pushed forward, fought her, stood up for myself, and eventually I unhooked that solid bejeweled wood and metal bar from beneath my chin, and taking a good hold on it, I dipped below it, hip checked her, and then swung her up and over my shoulder with all my might, slamming her into the ground with enough force that a couple cars jumped upward and landed on their sides before flipping over, and a fire hydrant burst.

I roared at her then, the sound echoing from my throat sounding like Godzilla in my rage, the eyes in my skull bulging out of their sockets as I exhaled a breath of flaming hot air at her. And I stood, triumphantly with her stick in my hand, and then yelped as the stick suddenly grew sharp pointed thorns and burned me.

This Clover chick rose from the ground, and pulling a Luke Skywalker move, summoned her stick to her like a Jedi calls their light saber.

Looking at my hand, I saw the burns that were there rapidly heal themselves from a dozen prickly spines that were able to puncture where bullets didn't, and burns that burned me where drinking gasoline, oil and anti-freeze with transmission fluid didn't.

"Ok... you wanna do this for real? Let's do it for real!" I snarled and snapped forward with a crack of motion, reaching for her neck, only to find her hands rising to thread with mine, and the two of us flexing against each other raised a tumultuous bubble of force that thrust everything away from us, tearing at the concrete and asphalt.

But despite that she was smaller than me, she forced me backward, and I was thrust to my knees.

"Just stop this!" she told me, bearing down upon me with her muscles and biceps. "Look at the destruction!"

"I don't care!"

"Yes you do! Deep down you do! Deep down there's a scared woman who cares deeply that she's causing harm and destruction to those around her. Open your eyes!"

"No! No you're lying you bully. You're Lying!" and I tried forcing myself upward, the asphalt collapsing beneath me as I pushed against her, but then I managed to reset my footing and started making headway, my musculature swelling and thickening steadily as all that absorbed might, and now something else, continued awakening within me, and ever so slowly I pushed against her.

And then a massive weight landed on my shoulders, thrusting me to my knees again before the weight left, and I realized that her wolf had just landed on me and thrust me to the ground again.

"Cheating bully!" I cried, tears in my eyes. "You can't defeat me by yourself?" And I gripped the backs of her armored hands, my claws scoring the metal at first, but as my fingers grew stronger, the claws at their ends thickened and sharpened enough till I clawed right through those plates and into her hands, drawing

blood. "I'm going to feast on you! I'm going to suck up all your power, all your might, and you'll be kicking and screaming when I do it!"

My muscles strained to the breaking point, and I felt them burn hotly, felt them tearing and giving way... or at least that's what it felt like they were doing as they coiled and tensed beneath my hardening flesh against her might. But then there were several rippling explosions inside me and I moaned against the incredible sensations of release I felt before orgasming in a torrent; my sex spilling a splattering explosion of juices just before I started another rippling change as yet another, even more intense hot euphoric wave washed over me.

Then suddenly my chest flared apart and then bulged forward, separating the two tits upon them from each other while my arms and legs practically doubled in thickness. The might, the muscles, the raging power surging within me allowed me to suddenly push against her, thrusting her backward several feet as I rose to my feet with a snarl of rage. Biceps engorged and triceps, just to counterbalance those arms, billowed radically as my forearms flared. The shoulders holding those arms spread further apart and thickened into a series of radiating chords as they all rounded outward just before all the muscles of those arms separated and cleaved into individual muscle strands.

Fingers thickened, claws lengthened even as neck and back muscles flared wider, my throat thickening and navel condensed in order to sink beneath the torso. Hips widened, thighs burgeoned into ever thicker masses, widening to widths even greater than my waist while both calves easily spread as wide as those thighs were. And screaming like Godzilla again, I twisted my fingers, took control of the situation, and twisting my body with a wobbling of weighted breasts, I threw her over my hip with enough force to impact her solidly enough against a nearby brick wall to dent the bricks in the shape of her body.

But apparently I wasn't done changing as I fell downward to my hands and toes, twitching while my assailant pulled herself out of that wall as easily as if she were brushing off a glancing blow. I simply clenched, gritting my teeth while saliva leaked from my mouth which then hissed against the ground while black smoke escaped my nostrils.

"Haley... stop this!" this woman said as she approached, holding that shillelagh tightly in one gauntleted fist.

"Stop talking to me like you know me! I don't want to know a bully, you bitch!"

"But look around you, look at what you caused... all this destruction and..."

"You caused some of it too!" I shuddered, tensing harder and moaning as my pussy did tricks between my legs. "I'm not the only one at fault here... you hit me, you confronted me, you started this fight, or don't you remember that first blow, you bitch?!" and I rose to my feet unsteadily, holding my middle as it clenched even harder, tightening, squeezing and pinching the flesh between the individual muscles, my guts shifting inside me as I coughed up a billowing cloud of black smoke. "Why can't you bullies just leave me the hell alone?"

"I'm not a bully, Haley! I'm..." but then she stopped with a gasp as I started to bulge, and I swore that I was exploding as I sobbed in the sheer unmitigated level of erotic pain I was experiencing.

Ejaculate leaked and squirted from my loins freely, saliva sliding from my mouth while whatever it was that was inside me continued growing and growing while my hardening flesh started to crack open along a multitude of porcelain colored plates that followed the contours of every muscle group on me. Those plates then turned outward, spreading open as the burning power in me swelled, and even more cracks and breaks occurred in my body with powerful sounds that mimicked glaciers breaking off their ice flow.

And then several violent crunches occurred inside me as all those flaring blades started to fan backward from off my face and body, and I started transforming and mutating from the inside.

Flesh below the plates tore apart and stretched, leaving me with multiple layers of flesh that all concentrated to the outsides of my body while the blades of hardened white flesh spread backward, the soft peach flesh thickened and browned subtly beneath it, and suddenly I was rising up on my toes as my feet lengthened. I lengthened subtly at the navel as it stretched and rippled with additional muscles, the navel sinking beneath the ribs and my chest cleaving into two layers with half of it sliding upward to lengthen my chest and double the number of pectoral muscles I had, carrying with it my arms and shoulders before both sets of pectorals swelled with increasing muscle might separately.

Then my neck extended, and I snarled from my neck lengthening and jaw flaring, just before my face pushed outward into a short muzzle.

I groaned and opened that jaw, all the teeth lengthening and thickening as I expanded even more, spreading my former flesh apart, with even my boobs breaking open to reveal newer boobs below laden with firm hide while the remnants of my old boobs broke open in order to cup those newer tits like two great three fingered hands.

Forearms and thighs lengthened, claws thickened, and my hair rose as if caught in static electricity in order to flare wide in long locks while several of those spikes twisted and condensed into spiraling bristles or long and narrow horns that swept backward from the back of my head.

And looking at my hands as all the tendons in those hands and in my arms thickened and engorged with imperious might, the biceps holding those arms billowing outward like there was no end to how much they'd grow, I watched as the whole of me rapidly gained weight...

And then I moaned as something turned outward from inside me, pulling from between my butt cheeks and tugging and stretching my pussy as it did, lengthening the slit and disgorging the clit and making me groan even more deeply than ever, and twisting over myself, I saw a little stub of a tail appearing out from between my butt cheeks. But then the most radical of all changes happened, and I spasmed as the massive plates of hardened flesh on my back detached and flared open upon a pair of their own spindly arms, forming a pair of immature wings that I could flap and jostle, hearing the plates clack and resonate against each other as I did.

Then finally there was a pair of eruptions from inside either arm and a pair of long blades ejected from just below either elbow of either arm, and then finally I uttered yet another moan and felt an expansion of sorts, happening inside me, and not believing what I was feeling, I pulled my breasts apart, their protective white plating sliding apart as well as I watched as a load of new nipples appeared down the length of my navel, just before a second pair of heaving mammary glands swelled and ballooned outward to be equally as large as my first pair, and directly after that I felt two more bulges along my ribs swell into firm pads of mammary glands.

Then giggling at first, then chuckling, and finally laughing as I continued to bind up and grow even stronger than ever, I leveled my gaze upon my assailant and smiled grandly, showing her a mouthful of razor sharp teeth.

“You know what this means bitch? It means that you're in trouble now.”

I swung on her, purely a street brawl like maneuvers that were meant to hammer a person down with all my might. I never fought a person in my life, and now I was, and the longer this fight lasted, the stronger and faster I became! I took so much pleasure in the battle, feeling myself learning, absorbing new maneuvers, but this bitch was some sort of black belt or something. She did stuff to me that left me choking or paralyzed in one arm briefly while she hammered back on me with her fists, her strong legs or that bludgeoning stick of hers.

But I got her back with ever increasing regularity, to the point where we were practically trading blows.

I loved the way my two sets of mammaries wobbled with all these actions, but all this strength wasn't the only things I was developing. I was developing wings, a tail, armor, claws that could slash through whatever metal covered this ho... and I could feel power rising inside me that wasn't physical, and that new power had very nearly drawn to a head, it was almost there for me to use, I could almost feel it, and it was so tangible.

And then the two of us grappled with one another again, I having the upper hand now that I was that much larger than her and so much stronger, my new developing wings unfolding and flapping violently for a moment as I surged down on her, snarling and forcing her to actually bend her knees against my might before I thrust her downward to one knee. Her wolf leapt on me and attacked my neck with her jaws, but I just shook my body fiercely and beat the animal off with my wings while feeling my tits wobbling heavily with the exertion till I thrust the wolf off me with a powerful thrust of those little wings.

I snarled down at this Crimson chick, forcing the asphalt to crack beneath her body as she was very nearly bent in half from my growing might.

"See this? See this?!" I barked at her. "The weak can stand up against bullies, and I'm beating you! I'm winning! I will defeat you, and drain you of all your strength and power so that you can no longer use it to hurt anyone else innocent!"

"You... don't... understand Haley. I'm not a bully, I'm here... to stop you... from making any more mistakes!"

"Mistakes?! What sort of mistakes?"

"Revenge, stealing power from others, destroying other's property..." she managed to grit out as she bent backwards.

"Who ever said it was wrong to seek revenge?!" I shouted back.

"Oh I don't know... I think someone named Jesus Christ said something like that... Turn... the other cheek... and all that."

"And what did he ever say after you constantly turn the other cheek?! What if, after one's entire life of constantly turning the cheek does one say enough is enough?! I have the right to defend myself against tyranny and to stop being oppressed! Just like I'm standing up... against you..." I growled and thrust her downward into the asphalt hard enough to crush the asphalt beneath our combined strength and her weight.

"Haley... you have no idea... what a bully is." She said, and I saw her wolf charging at me, and I growled and braced myself, ready to deflect the charge, but instead of charging for me, the wolf instead charged for her, and with a titanic leap, the entire body of that wolf slid right into Crimson's body and disappeared.

"W-what the hell?" I gaped, blinking at the feat that would've made David Copperfield jealous, but then I heard Crimson growling, just before her fingers extended, the subtle claws on the edges of her short fingers lengthening greatly before she clenched those fingernails downward into my hands, and I yowled as those nails drove deep into my fingers.

And then my arms shook against her might as she pushed against me, swelling and engorging, the clothes she wore ripping, revealing first one set and then two then three sets of breasts that were sized decreasing downward to a navel of erecting nipples, and a vivaciously smooth pussy. But then I saw her muscles flaring, growing greater in number, bisecting from their already secondary muscle groups to tertiary ones, and thrusting against me, she pushed me back with greater and greater ease as she changed, just before her face mask opened up and long tendrils of wood and metal wrapped about her to form a heavier garb and armor. Her hair billowed outward as a face I didn't quite see at first pushed forward into a long muzzle even as it contorted and grew heavily laden with fur. Her biceps, forearms, thighs and calves billowed

quickly while she bubbled and popped quickly and violently with increasing might even as a deep red fur slid out from her every pore, with light red fur for her breasts and belly and dark red for the rest of her.

Forearms and feet lengthened, hands and toes grew larger, bodice thrust forward and back upward and backward just before a long luxurious red tail telescoped from her firm backside.

Her navel lengthened and her neck grew longer, wider and thicker, and soon her head was arching over mine as she rose up atop her thickening and spreading toes and lengthening arms, body and feet.

A pair of glowing green eyes focused on me as she growled, and with a deft move she shook me out of my braced stance, twisted in a full circle and threw me away like I were a rag doll.

My wings tried to flap in order to keep me airborne or right me or whatever, but then I fell and bounced off the street, and by the time I landed and bounce back upward into the air, she was there behind me to knee me in the navel and send me in the opposite direction. While I was mid-flight after the second blow, she was there again, a snarling wolf with both clawed fists over her head for a brief moment after she appeared by me before those arms hammered downward into my sternum and belly and thrust downward to bounce off the street again and finally tumble over and over, rolling down the street like a ball to land laying on my chest, face down.

I gasped and shuddered, trying to fill lungs that were forcibly emptied, and I gasped and sobbed, forcing myself to stay awake and get to my feet again, teetering there as I tried to get my lungs to fill, and I gasped deeper and heavier right before that woman appeared before me and uppercut me, knocking me back to the ground before she threw herself back onto me. A knee into my navel and a forearm against my throat, she looked me straight in the eyes and snarled a mouthful of teeth.

“You are dangerous the way you are.” She barked, her voice guttural yet still feminine. “You are uncontrolled, and an uncontrolled creature like you defies laws set by people older than the human race. You must be controlled, or you must be destroyed Haley. Please... for the Love of God, don’t make me do that!

“If you force me to... I have no choice but to destroy you.”

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My breath was rapidly slipping from me. Her knee on my belly constricted my diaphragm, her arm on my throat kept new air from getting in, and I was growing lightheaded. She was serious; this she-bitch was serious! She meant to kill me! But I didn’t want to die, I wanted to live!

And with tears in my eyes, I fought back; I thrust back at her, trying to fight such incredible strength. She was powerful, stronger than me, and whenever I managed to get her arm off me enough to suck in more air, she struck me in the face with her free hand... she was trying to knock me out by suffocating me.

I should be out cold already, I had no idea why I was still awake, but I nonetheless was, and so I fought.

And so there was no other way to fight back but to tense up and push back, and I did, and I pushed, I fought for my air. And the harder I fought, the easier I could fight back, and lifting a digitigrade leg upward and wedging it beneath her, I fastened my foot against her body, the toes spreading wide and gripping her almost like a hand, and once I had a good grip I pushed against her as hard as I could.

My lungs burned as I slowly righted myself again, only to feel myself tackled a moment later by that she-bitch, slammed against a wall where we tussled for a moment and she wedged my arms to my sides, gripping the wrists so hard that they hurt before she began kneeing me in the stomach repeatedly now.

I bawled and cried, remembering that time when a group of five girls wedged me against a wall of lockers in elementary school and started hitting and slapping and kicking me. They laughed and pointed, and they

hurt me, and remembering that, I pushed against her, tried to get control of myself, lifting my own legs to stop the blows while our breasts titty-fought each other.

“N-no! Not again!” I sobbed and fought, I fought with all my strength, felt the bands of muscle in me tighten and bind up and clench until...

Something popped.

An explosion of growth heaved my chest forward with the breasts expanding like air bags in a car, the chest muscles billowing outward while my body tore itself apart, exploded outward and healed immediately. I snarled, feeling more of me popping and growing, and I rose above this bitch rapidly, snarling and growling as she gaped up at me.

The plates of hardened flesh thickened and disgorged more plates, my body heaving while I grew taller and longer, more bulbous, with my back muscles flaring wide around and forward over my narrow torso till I was able to force her back through a shove of my chest, and twisting my arms out of her grips, twisting them out of weak points of her thumbs and fingers she and I grappled again.

But something else happened as well.

I felt a feeling like I'd slept on both my arms, but I could still feel both my arms. It was like a phantom pain that was embracing my middle, and even as I wondered about it as I shoved this bitch back, I felt new muscles bubbling about my breasts, hugging and embracing me, cradling the four bulbous tits of mine as that phantom pain became more and more real to me; just before there was a series of snaps and cracks, and I felt pops like joints that had been contorted popping back into position. Looking down to see what was happening, I saw two new arms break away and start unfolding, spreading open and extending fingers as they grew as thick and as strong as my first pair of arms were.

Crimson looked down at them and then to me, and I laughed at her before doing a smart right cross to her face and a gut punch with the other new fist, and then reaching up and grabbing her ears while still clenching onto her hands, I pulled her head downward and started kneeing her repeatedly in the face.

“How's that feel? Feels good huh?!” I snarled and kneed her head over and over again, calling her names like “Slut” and “Bitch” and “Whore” with each blow before she wrenched her fingers from mine, blocked the next knee blow and slipped her ears out from within my fingers before swiveling away from me in a full turn and a wobbling of boobs.

She was breathing heavily; I took an arm and wiped the tears from my eyes before shaking my little wings irritably.

“So... is that all you got you bitch?” I bit out.

And she looked up into the sky and then back at me before smiling. “I think I got more coming.” She smirked, and wondering what it was that she meant, I kept an eye on her and then looked up myself, and saw a full moon rising.

No way! I thought snapping my head back to her, and sure enough, she began to pop, bubble and boil her armor spreading apart as more and more of her fur-covered flesh was bared to the world, and with a guttural rumble as her head was engulfed in long furry locks of a massive mane while her neck and back muscles that went straight to her amassing shoulders allowed for her back to heave into a mighty muscle hump while at the same time pressing her ribs and chest forward as all that muscle coiled from the back to the front. I saw her become even more wolfen, yet epically more powerful, with a thick furry bush and long claws, a longer head and a wider maw that was filling with longer and sharper teeth.

And to make matters worse, she drew her shillelagh from out of nowhere, and snapping it to her side, the thing unraveled, telescoped, and spat out sharp silvery and golden blades that all became an innate spear point, while the boiling of my own muscle growth merely simmered.

Twitching an eye and a cheek muscle, I rolled my eyes toward heaven, and by the time they came back to her, I was already defending myself from unheard of speeds that were like quicksilver, and every time I blocked that weapon I got a bite and a sting from the barbs, the blades and the surface itself.

And I began to hyperventilate in all my fear.

43

Four arms protected me and defended me much, but I nonetheless still got huge scrapes along my body and its beautifully succulent flesh while I continued to throb with muscle growth. The gashes and the piercing wounds were healing, but I was slowing down, and this hyper-endowed bitch was going to defeat me, and defeat meant death for me.

I shook and shivered, breathing quickly in and out, over and over, tears in my eyes, holding myself with one hand and keeping the other three in defensive stances.

“Why won’t you... just... leave me... alone?” I wept. “What did I ever do to you?!” I sobbed.

“Other than threatening my life directly, how many people have you sucked dry of their power and essence, reducing them into a barely human state? How much property has been destroyed because of our fight?” she growled some of the words out, snarled some of the others, her teeth and lips flaring menacingly in order to say the words.

“Just leave me alone!” I screamed, and several more windows shattered about where I was as I continued to hyper ventilate... but then I began to gurgle something, and felt hot breath entering my mouth, and looking down I saw a gout of flame going in and out of my mouth, while white smoke now exited both nostrils with every exhale.

Sure... why not? I thought to myself, and deepening my breaths as I kept myself at a distance to her, I felt the fire grow hot, and finally I took a deep, deep breath, and exhaled it.

The gout of flame forced my mouth open all the way till the muscles in that jaw ached from the exhale, and a horizontal plume of fire erupted from me, lanced across the distance between she and me, the flame striking her I saw as I exhaled as long as I could and as much as I could, the fire turning white hot and causing the asphalt on the ground between us to melt despite that it was about ten feet away from the ground.

My throat seared after that, and I sobbed, clutching at it with one hand while I exhaled steam and spat out saliva that ate at the ground like acid, and I bawled for a moment before gills opened up in my neck and exhaled the steam from the fire breath.

“Ow... ow... owie... ow...” I moaned, blinking tears away.

“I will admit one thing...” and I gasped, looking up as the dust cleared and that bitch was still there! What the hell? “I’ve never been struck with such a hot flame before. Most dragons temper their fire to a colder heat. Yours...” and she moved an arm, showing me a huge body shield that must’ve unfolded from her forearm gauntlet. “Melted even my Blackthorn and Iron.” She mused. “Your destructive powers are incredible Haley. Don’t you see the danger now?”

I sobbed, staring at her, but then I slammed two hands into the ground, set my feet and inhaled deep and long, my chest expanding like a bull frog’s as it croaks, just before I belched up an even hotter flame. But this time my mouth unhinged and spread open, spreading a pair of mandibles right as certain pylons on my

back detached, hinged upward and began to crackle with electricity, and the wave of flame that burst from me was even hotter than the first and it was likewise bathed with electricity. It burned my mouth like a mouthful of hot pizza fresh from the oven, like when the cheese melts your flesh with first degree burns it's so hot... but anything to end this woman.

The whole of the street was engulfed as the beam of hot white fire erupted from me, spreading wide to actually envelop her while the concussion of the shockwave from the flame passing shattered the very paint off cars and walls and likewise shattered glass before it started melting everything in its way. For many long seconds did I blow that fire out, with light poles bursting their lights and melting like the tail end of a wooden match as it burns down. Car fuel tanks exploded, water pipes burst and their fire plugs erupted, and as my fire ended, steam escaping my new gills, I nearly fainted, gripping my throat from the searing pain it'd caused. It was healing, and as it healed it was armoring up to ease that pain from ever happening again, but as it was armoring up I heard rapid foot falls, and lifting my head, I saw her rushing at me.

"No way..." I gasped and forced myself up before I spat more fire at her, smaller fire balls, one after the other, but she blocked it with a melted shield, or dodged it with a side step, and right before I was about to spit another at her, she seemed to teleport before me, flipped her staff around and snapped it's butt end against my throat.

I choked and gasped, whimpering as I swallowed the flame and it burned inside me.

"That's called the Grendel's Knot." She pronounced as she stood above me, flipping that spear around to be used at the ready. "It's to a dragon what an Achilles Heel is to a human."

"Stop calling me a dragon!" I screamed, and then immediately regretted it as I cupped my throat. "Ow... you bully."

"Haley! I... am not a bully!"

"How can I think otherwise you stupid whore?!" and I surged to my feet and attacked her, she raised her spear but I gripped it, snarled as my fingers became punctured by poison barbs and burned by the metal or whatever substance seeped out of the wood, but I grit and bore it. What I did do was lift my other two hands to her throat, gripped her neck, and began to squeeze.

The wolf gurgled, the wolf choked, her green eyes turning wide as I tightened my grip harder, and harder, puncturing her fur lined throat with my thumb claws, drawing blood, getting her to choke on it.

I was sobbing as I was doing it... I'd never killed a person before, but I was afraid, she made me afraid, she wanted to kill me. I had to kill her before it was too late. I had to end her before she ended me; there was no choice of the matter.

And then grabbing her snapping muzzle with one hand, I wrenched her head up almost to the point of breaking it, opened my bristling white fanged maw, I then chomped down upon her thick throat and embraced her to me to suck the essence, and maybe the life right out of her.

This was how I sucked all the power from a person: I bit them, I got their passionate blood to boil, and I drank it from their blood. It was like an enormous hicky... I imagine that this must be how vampires did it in order to feed and grow stronger. And as her crimson red blood surged into my mouth, I felt myself on the verge of absorbing such unmitigated levels of power, and swallowed once without thinking about it.

It very nearly killed me.

By the second mouthful, a burning that was even more heinous than the breath of fire I'd just recently exuded assailed my mouth and throat and burned inside my belly like heart burn, it seared my heart and

made my whole body ache as if I were poisoned, and so incredible that I nearly fainted from it before I spat out goutts of blue-green fire and huffed out blood that was blackening and trying to crawl down my throat. Tears welled in my eyes as I cried hard, sobbing as I fell to two hands and knees and tried to scrape the rest of the blood from my mouth with the other two hands.

“What... the hell was that?!” I coughed, expelling a small cloud of black sooty smoke.

“I’m a dragon slayer, Haley. My blood is a mixture of druid and witch... and has been tainted to be harmful against dragons.” Crimson said and then ground her spear butt against the ground with a crunch, standing there like a mighty female red werewolf knight with flowing fur and hair, looking like some worgen female warrior of ancient legend.

“Why do you keep calling me a dragon?!” I screamed. “I’m a human being!”

Crimson stood there, quiet and un-answering for a moment.

“Look at yourself Haley. You have wings, four arms, digitigrade legs, a tail... horns and scales. What’s more is that you already possess five soul gems and breathe fire. What else do you think you should be called?”

“Soul gems?” I repeated dumbly.

“The backs of your hands, your sternum, navel and forehead. Some Catholic Priests who are... aware of people like us, call it the Draconic Crucifix.” And she made the gesture of crossing herself. “This is the cost of power and strength, Haley... a human can’t contain it... you must become something else to be able to hold it all.

“And dragons must always contest with dragon slayers...” I said; shivering in fear and then lifting my eyes at her, I swallowed some bile that wanted to heave upward and spew from the remnants of her blood. “Then if you intend to kill me you bitch... then you’re going to earn your keep!”

And roaring, rearing immediately before her, I surged forward and the battle continued... but this time, I put everything I was into it. I vowed right then and there that I would not go softly into the good night.

45

I was panting, wheezing. I had wounds on my body, breaks in armor and I felt tired and exerted.

“I-Is that all... you got?” I snarled at her as she leaned on her bladed spear.

“I must admit Haley... so far... you are the toughest of all the dragon’s I’ve fought.” She said, her chest heaving as well.

I winced and pushed a hand between my undulating breasts, feeling the hard knot of the gem there before I shuddered, shaking my head and the loose twists of hair that had been steadily hardening and thickening atop my head clacked together briefly.

“I won’t let you kill me. I want to live!” I shouted at her “You... ngh... you won’t... oh God...” I groaned and then collapsed, feeling my heart pounding inside me like someone was punching the inside of my chest, and I collapsed to a knee and a hand, gasping as I rested two hands on my knees. “Ah!” I cried, and thrust my chest forward with an undulating of breasts, and I shrieked as something happened to my heart.

It paused in beating, and I swore... I swore I could feel it tearing in half, separating to two sides, working in twain just before the pair of hearts started to work in earnest, quickening and rapidly beating faster and faster, and as they did... things happened to me.

Adrenaline flushed through me, and the most searing wave of euphoria, which was followed by a wave of engorging sensuality, and then arousal, and finally hard-throbbing eroticism rippled through this growing body of mine.

“Haley?” Crimson prompted, just before I hammered two fists into the ground and snarled, gripping my cunt as it throbbed and jerked and did tricks before flushing a heady wash of fluids into my hand.

I snarled and twisted my head one direction and then the next, hearing cracks and groans all over this body of mine before I hammered at the ground again, but this time car alarms went off again and yet another fire plug exploded.

Laughing then, I tensed... just as a final wave slid through me, and that energy was sheer, unmitigated and unadulterated power!

Starting at the fists, both hands thickened with musculature, the claws lengthening like stiletto knives, the wrists widening, the forearms flaring and lengthening, the muscles billowing and bubbling outward right after the body growth, each muscle chord and tendon exploding outward double, then triple and finally quintuple their previous thicknesses as the wave rose upward along both sets of arms to the shoulders. The shoulder width of this body flared wide and imperiously, the chest thrusting forward a moment later while that back erupted and exploded backward, before the growth engorged the muscles of my wings and forced them to telescope outward to three times as long per joint, flaring the former back plates as those too thickened and enlarged and widened and unfolded outward, disgorging newer plates with functions I had no idea why they were there as of yet, but they brought new powers to me I was sure of!

Long fingers and a massive elbow spike projected from the extremes of those wing arms, just before three layers of wing plates telescoped from the basic set, overlapping each other like bird feathers. More back plates flared open then, disgorging a multitude of ornately designed body plates that suddenly burned within the cracks between them with fiery energy, and I heard the sound of turbines from somewhere within me. My spine pulled out from between all those flaring and opening back plates, becoming a hardened knot of muscle and bones capped with long sword-like spines that erupting out of a heaving and thickening muscle hump, pulling my spine out and telescoping and widening the tail to three times its previous length.

The muzzle that was my face surged forward before the face pushed even further outward and the jaw widened, the teeth within that maw all thickening while the spiraling twists of hair hardened into actual spikes and horns. Facial armor built itself up while my head extended atop a lengthening neck and then flared straight to either shoulder and then bubbled backward to amass my back even further, layering it with even more back plating.

Hissing and spitting acidic saliva at Crimson, I felt my navel lengthening, becoming long and sinuous while my chest became ever the more thickened and bulbous, my belly becoming laden with dual layers of multiple abdominals before my hips flared, thighs thickened, calves and feet flared, and a bulbous protrusion appeared on the end of my tail just before that protrusion unfolded with a series of blades and spikes.

And then I rose; a monstrous twelve foot tall creation of incredible power as my musculature throbbed and filled in the gaps between each other, this form groaning and cracking as it changed with muscles pushing other muscles out of the way and fighting for dominance of that particular area, and when two impossible forces met, they merely grew outward. I grinned a mouth full of dagger like teeth at Crimson Clover even as I continued thickening marginally after this change.

“Great Maker...” she whispered, backing from me.

“No... Haley!” I said quietly pointing at myself, and then pointing at her... “And you’re a dead woman.”

I grabbed her spear and punched her right in the face and in the solar plexus simultaneously, knocking her backward and ignoring the pain in my hand from her spear attacking me as I twisted it and aimed it at her, I twisted and poised for a javelin throw. In high school, I'd always been good at the javelin throw in track and field, and recalling my old lessons from athletic instructors, I directed with one arm and chucked the weapon at her even as she stuck a building and exploded its side inward. But even as she was clearing her head her arm moved outward and caught the weapon short of impaling her, the thing quivering before she started pulling herself out of the wreckage.

Gritting my teeth and shaking my head in annoyance that she managed to escape my wrath like that, those pylons on my back flared open and ignited like a pair of afterburners, and using some sort of super speed power I somehow had now, an instant later and a shattering of the sound barrier, I was checking her into the wall with all my weight and all that speed, pinning her with my body and getting her to cough up blood from the impact.

“Did I hurt you yet?” I snarled, and pinning there lifted one hand and started pounding on her face with that hand.

“This is for hurting me!” *smack* “This is for making me scared for my life!” *smack* “This is for being a bitch!” *smack* “This is for your damned dog jumping on me!” *smack*

And then her head turned, and she snarled at me, and with a flash of light I was knocked back with the surety of a mighty hand slapping the whole of my body.

I fell back and righted myself, even as she rose from the wall, concrete, bricks and whole cinder blocks falling off her as she clenched herself, heaving and panting...

“An...” she panted. “ANCESTRAL OVERDRIVE!” she shouted, and her whole body lit up in an aura of white light, and blinking against the light, a third eyelid sliding over my eyes automatically to reduce the glare, I gasped as her armor melted away, just before her muscles and boobs all started engorging repeatedly over and over again, her size increasing as her torso became cavernous in its depth, her arms thick and massive, her thighs and legs bulging for an incredible third time tonight.

And then her armor reappeared, far more sparse than it was before due to her enhanced frame, covering only the essentials, right before her spear reappeared, and it too grew into massive proportions, with the haft shortening and the head amassing into a massive sword before the light snapped and disappeared, leaving an utterly hulking creature before me.

“You have got to be shitting me!” I gasped, even as she bent low and barked a long snarling open-mouthed growl at me, her boobs bouncing as she tensed both arms and both sets of her pectorals bounced fiercely.

47

She howled and then surged toward me, faster, and stronger than ever, seeming to sidestep dozens of feet at a time, and the fact I had my wings for shields and four arms was a minor comfort compared to the fact that she seemed to have a hundred hands with how fast she was moving, and whenever that sword of hers struck, even the flat of it, it seared and it pained me, cutting deep wounds in me.

I need a weapon I need... something!

And with a quick down thrust of both wings I soared upward into the air, the city diminishing beneath me from the engines at my back kicking into after burners, but then there was a flash of light and that bitch leapt after me, rising as quickly as I was with a power-assisted leap!

“Damn it... I need a sword I need...” and then instinctively I felt a flow of my strength toward my hand, right before I saw curling tendrils of flesh and armor and crystals snaking from inside my hand before it snapped back.

Blinking at it, I saw Crimson accelerate in mid air suddenly, and I flapped sideways to escape her blow, the tip of her blade very narrowly splitting me from crotch to throat.

And I gripped my wrist, gritting my sharp teeth and mandibles as I concentrated as hard as I could.

I need a sword! I need a sword! I need a sword! I need a sword!

And as I concentrated, the tendrils reappeared, and I felt all the strength and power and might and so on that was in me flowing down my arm into that assembling thing, just before a pommel with a hand guard formed and a long crystalline blue blade extended from the pommel before it thickened and lengthened, the whole sword from tip to pommel becoming more ornate as it did. Then bringing it up in the nick of time I blocked an incoming blow from her, actually blocked Crimson’s sword!

The two of us locked blades, she flying from some strange power while I floated there with my immense armored wings holding me aloft amidst those engines on my back.

“You... have more power in you than any dragon I’ve fought before... save one.” She barked at me even as we traded positions in an attempt to gain supremacy over each other, our muscles flaring, but I was growing faster as I battled her. I hoped that this was her limit...

“I feel honored!” I snarled and shoved with all my strength, using all four arms on the blade before I summoned a second one, this one coming quicker than before now that I knew how and I started hammering on her one sword and her shield, the two of us trading blows.

Sparks of blue and amber erupted in the sky as we fought, with streams of similar light showing the trailers of power that followed us as we streaked about and flew, and as we fought I could feel myself growing stronger... and stronger, the fight unbelievably energetic as I went through several growth spurts, my form growing thicker and larger and more massive, with more horns, more blades and more armor, till at long last I started hammering on her with both blades, each strike becoming more and more explosive than the last, till I brought both blades up and surged them downward in a killing blow.

And a flash of light ended our fight!

48

Crimson Clover fell to the earth, a comet of blue light as she surged toward the earth and hammered it hard. Right after her I fell from the sky right after her and hammered her body with one of the wicked blade spikes jutting from an elbow.

I heard bones crack as I impaled her with it, snarling angrily at her before I rose, and summoned two more swords, one for each hand.

She forced herself to rise, her massive sword coming up and taking two swords, I crossed them in order to scissored her head off before I knocked her sword away with one blade and thrust those two swords that were crossed downward to either side of her neck.

And there I held myself, panting, snarling, and saliva dripping from my mouth to burn her shattered armor, my fists gripping the pommels of their swords. I realized was hesitating. And finally, growling and heaving with each breath, I lanced my head downward against their shoulders and screamed at her.

“Why?! Why did you have to pick on me you stinking bully? What did I ever do to you?!”

“Not to me, but to others!” she said back to me.

“And what if they liked it? Other than a few instances where I made it a punishment, what if these people enjoyed what I did to them? Did you ever think of that? Do you have any idea the mentality of a man that they would sacrifice career, body mass, even a full head of hair for a bigger penis?! Did you ever once think that they didn’t like what they got, even to the point where they would freely reward me with all their strength and power to be sexually more powerful than others?”

“And the women! Other than those three, I gave them a sexual power that was greater than anything they ever knew in exchange for their beauty and power. Yes they are plain, but they are slender and light, they feel sexy and feminine, I gave them that, me!” and I hammered my chest with a sword. “You stuck your nose into a place where it wasn’t wanted, and what I got from them was all the strength and power that I’d ever wanted and more!”

“And look at me!” I spread my upper two arms while still keeping her head between the two blades as I stood tall, my tail hammering the ground while both wings fluttered at my sides majestically. “I’m as you say a dragon! What’s more powerful than that?” and I swallowed and more tears escaped from my eyes. “And you tried to kill me for it!”

“I have every right to defend myself! I have every right to end you for making me afraid, for hurting me and cutting me, and beating me up! And for that, if I’m ever going to feel safe again... you need to die...” And I placed the edge of the weapons I had against her right up against her neck, their edges easily cutting gashes in her neck.

It’s be so easy... just kill her... just a little pressure and she’d die, all it’d take would be just the barest hint of pressure and I could be safe forever from her. It was so easy... it was so easy... I thought.

...Then why wasn’t it easy?

I was crying when I stepped back from her and fell to my rump. “I can’t do it.” I sobbed. “You’re just going to hound on me and hound on me till you kill me, aren’t you?!” I said as she slowly got up. “Aren’t you?!” I screamed and more windows cracked and shattered.

Gesturing, her sword rushed into her hand and she held it like some imposing templar as she approached me, and sniffing up some snot, I noticed her approach, and gripping my swords I rose, and holding them tightly for the fight, I panicked and swung them to hammer her to the ground again, but in mid-swing there was a flash as the world became a negative of everything else, except for Crimson Clover and me. But unlike her, I was frozen in place.

The sound of everything echoed, and for a moment I had no idea what was causing this, I assumed it was her, but then I heard a sensual sigh that echoed through the world, and Crimson stepped out of the way to reveal a strange creature stepping toward us. Though my body was frozen I could move my head, and I craned it to look at this creature, a female, with white furred legs and a supremely muscular body and incredible tits.

She walked on her toes which looked like cloven hooves, and just like myself or Clover, she was immensely over sexed and over powered. Her every step brought forth a patch of moss and flowers beneath that foot step.

Four horns decorated her head, framing her great mane of hair that was laden with lavender flowers, and her eyes glowed a soft green, as did several spiraling marks that decorated her body. As she neared me and my hulking form, she sighed again, and I stared at her. I was much taller than she was, so she had to rise up off the ground, rising gracefully despite her imposingly massive mass amidst some magical power. And then cupping my face, she sighed and smiled again, and it was the only time that I wanted to sexually interact with a woman... well... except for that time that I thought was a dream. Feeding wasn’t really

sexual for me, but what I felt for this woman right now was that I wanted to lie with her and make love to her right then and there. I hoped she would too.

Looking into her eyes, seeing her oddly horizontal oval-shaped pupils, she smiled and then bent forward to kiss me on the lips, our breasts pressing against each other while she soothed my face and neck with her hands that were tipped with what looked like hoof tips. But as she kissed my lips and I accepted her kiss, she breathed something into my mouth, and I soon began to pass out, and as I did, her strong arms folded me to her massive breasts, and she held onto me and knelt with me till I'd passed out in her arms.

All while I fell asleep like that, I heard her singing a lullaby to me, and for some reason, I heard the music of pan pipes.

49

I lurched awake, rising up off a grand bed laden with furs and blankets that was lit by softly glowing crystals and ornate symbols on the wall. The base of the room glowed a soft blue. Rising from the grand bed, my breasts wobbling heavily within their gripping plated hands, I surged forward and then was met with a door that was too small for me. It took some doing sliding through it sideways, and I had to push one pair of tit on one side of my body followed by the other pair on the other side while wedging myself with all the spines and plates and wings on my back through the door before I found myself in a grand stone hallway of rough hewn stone surrounding intricately sculpted stone.

There were other doorways here, and the place smelled of the earth. Sliding one of four hands against the wall, I strode through the hall before I came to a place where I saw flickering lights and heard the sound of a television.

When I entered the room, hugging the wall in an attempt to remain unnoticed, I looked upon Crimson Clover in her human form now and that other stranger that had kissed me, as they sat back on a grand couch made of stone and covered with more fur and blankets large enough for Crimson to wrap her muscular legs up in it. Crimson laid back on the couch with her wolf lying on the ground with her head on Crimson's lap as she scratched the wolf between the ears.

The TV was actually a grand plane of glass on a mirror hovering suspended in mid air, a mirror that was actually receiving television channels...

I blinked at that, but somehow I knew it wasn't a flat screen TV. A fire burned just below the mirror.

And then the wolf turned her head, smelled and then looked in my direction, and Crimson turned to face me. She wasn't wearing that face mask anymore, but I couldn't see her face with how voluminous her hair was.

"Why don't you come in and join us Haley?" she asked kindly, and the other fem lifted a crystal toward the mirror and it winked out as I slid quietly into the room and stood just as quietly for a moment looking at the two women.

"So... what... do I fight both of you now?"

"Think for a moment, Haley." The other said as she addressed me. "If we wished you harm, we could've killed you while you were under the effects of my sleep spell."

"S-sleep spell?"

"Effective enough to go through even the thick, tough outer layer of a dragon's magical resistant skin and armor." Clover said and took a sip from an import beer of some sort.

“Haley... My name is Fawn.” The other said as she rose elegantly and daintily from the couch despite the unmitigated level of feminine power she possessed and approached me. Now that I saw her in better light, I saw that she was laden with several blades and spines on her shoulders and back. “Crimson and I are a team. She’s the leader and the brawn... I’m the might and the magic.”

“And you hunt dragons...” I finished and folded my top two arms and placed the lower two hands over either hip before I stood jauntily before her.

“No... no we don’t...” she said and waved her hands before her. “But dragons are a part of what we must deal with, from time to time.” She said calmly, and then she drew near enough to put her hands upon my arms, and I found myself relaxing almost immediately to her touch, and I became almost sleepy, like being touched by a lover. I found myself starting to purr a cackling-purr. “We are... legendary beings, Haley. Beings that the world doesn’t remember really ever existed before because its science makes it not exist. So whenever we use powers, we slide into an in between world, and people see its results as explosions or earthquakes, or cataclysms...”

“...Or terrorist actions.” Crimson added.

“Then if you two don’t actively hunt dragons, then why did you try to freaking kill me?!”

“That... was my mistake.” Crimson said and sat up more as she palmed her chest to place the blame solidly upon her. The shadows made it so that all I could see clearly were her reddened lips and one of her green eyes that shone like a wolf’s in the faded light. “I... have an enemy, his name is Bane and he’s the enemy of all life. He wants to return magic to the world that he wishes to conquer and enslave all of mankind. I... thought he’d corrupted you.”

“Corrupted me?”

“A corrupted human being.” Fawn supplied. “They lose their essence of will and serve him utterly. You may have seen one but never known it. They might be the nicest people you’d’ve ever met too. The little old lady you helped across a street, the eight year old chasing after a ball, your local post man... but when they turn... they become hard, powerful killing machines who will kill you soon as look at you.”

“So... what made you change your mind about me?”

“Free will.” Crimson said and then rose to face me. With her in that form, I towered over her, and this Fawn was also larger than her but still smaller than me. “And compassion. Dragon Knights have neither.” She started wringing her hands. “Haley... I’m sorry. I’m so very, very sorry. I know I made you afraid, but I was afraid too. You just kept growing and growing, and if you were to be an enemy, you would need to be put down now before you could grow to be a problem for Fawn and me.”

I scratched at an arm, the claws of that hand clicking against the scales and plating there.

“So you were really trying to kill me.” I said, thinking out loud.

“Haley... you’re in a world at war. I don’t know how you came to be in this world, but it’s unavoidable. Once you see it, you cannot un-see it. You become forever aware of it. The only way for you to forget is to make your mind forget, and there is no magic or technology in the world that can permanently remove a memory from you. Eventually you would remember again.

“But... it isn’t right that you’ve been thrust into this world with no guidance. We’d like to invite you to stay with us... to make up for trying to kill you Haley... at least till you know how to exercise control over your new and growing powers.”

“You keep talking about me as if you know me. How do you know me?!” I demanded, squaring my hips and folding my arms again.

Crimson sighed, and then lifting a muscled arm, she slid the fingers of a hand into her hair and pushed her hair back from her face and I gasped at the face of the woman I now saw.

“Dani?!”

50

I sat down on the couch, holding onto my muscled tail as if it were a security blanket while Fawn drew near and gave me another drink of something called “Nectar,” but they served it in a tankard the size of a pitcher. It was something that tasted sweet, kinda like a big glass of wine, but had some other stuff in it meant to calm my nerves.

It wasn't working.

“S-so... so I was being attacked by the very woman who I thought was my friend. Typical... typical Haley. It just goes to show that everything goes wrong for me, especially those things that I want most.”

“Haley... please... forgive me.” Dani begged. “Better for you to die than to be subject to Bane's rule.”

“That... isn't helping your position any, Dani.” Fawn said, helping me to drink, and I drained the tankard before putting it down on the polished stone table.

“Haley... please.” She begged again.

“It's ok. My friend just tried to kill me. Yeah... it's all right... right?” I asked hopefully, tears in my eyes before I finally broke down. “NO IT MOST CERTAINLY FUCKING ISN'T ALLRIGHT!” I sobbed and placed my face in all four hands and Dani tried rubbing my heaving back while black smoke escaped my mouth.

“Haley...” Fawn said and I turned toward her, and the moment I did, she kissed me.

I breathed in a gasp of that same sweet tasting air from her mouth as before, and I calmed immediately. “Woo...” I gaped and settled backward before fawn seductively slid in against my side and hugged and then kissed my breast in an effort to lie her hand on my heart.

“Be calm... be still... I know you're angry, I know you're upset, but your friend is still your friend. She cares for you, she wants you to be well, and you must not blame her for taking the actions that she did. The why was that she loves you, and wants you well, and believe it or not, Haley... attempting to kill you under what she – we – thought was happening to you, was a blessing, Haley.”

“A blessing?” I asked stupidly looking to her. “Was being under this Bane's influence so bad?”

“It's a living nightmare, Haley.” Crimson said softly.

I lowered my head, and Dani put her hand in mine and gave it a tender squeeze... well squeezed it as best as she could. It was like a teen girl trying to squeeze her father's big hand. I squeezed her hand back and she winced from the pressure.

“Sorry... But, what happens to me now? Am I stuck like this? Do I forever walk around like a giant scalie that no one can see because of this anti-magic field thing you were telling me about?”

“Well...” Crimson began. “Like we told you, we want you to stay with us, Haley. We want to help you. I know some magic, and Fawn knows a lot of magic, and maybe we can...”

But then there was the sound of grating stone against stone, and Fawn and Dani were suddenly very attentive. The wolf – who I now knew was Blaze in an enhanced form too – growled at a spiraling ramp that was before us and led upward and outward into a rock wall.

“Stay back Haley.” Dani said and she armored up, summoning her spear. The grating sound came again, and I heard foot steps coming down the stairs, first above me before they spiraled down to this main chamber till at last two personages appeared at the bottom of the ramp, both of them bright and beautiful and erotic, and wearing clothing that accented that fact in the form of black leathery body suits that looked as if they were made to give their sexes and bottoms wedgies.

“Watch out Crimson! They’re dragons!” Fawn said, and started to do something with her hands, summoning lights that I thought could only be a spell of some sort.

“What do you want?!” Dani shouted at them with her massive wolf beside her as it bristled and snarled.

“Stop!” I shouted, and all eyes turned to me, though the two women’s eyes were upon me from the moment they entered. “L-let them in.”

“But...” Dani protested.

“Let them in.” I said again, and rose, folding my four hands together before stepping over the couch and standing before them with my tail curling about my legs.

“You’ve grown...” one woman mentioned as they approached.

“Significantly so. Our Lord will be pleased.”

“Your Lord?” I asked as they laid their fingers on me, feeling my flesh, with one actually reaching up to palm my love mound and pry the crotch plate that had grown over it some time ago back to slip a finger inside me.

“You remember, don’t you?” the first asked, and there was a flash as I shuddered, remembering a moment as I laid sprawled on a grand bed, a pillow beneath my head while a large-dicked man hammered at my pussy, cumming repeatedly inside me while these two kissed and caressed me from either side, and suddenly I creamed.

“She remembers.” The second smiled as they felt my butt and tail and thighs.

“What do you want?” Dani demanded.

“The Master wants his bride back.” The first replied.

“B-bride?!” I gasped.

“Correct. Your honeymoon was a memorable one.” The first giggled and the second followed suit, and I shuddered suddenly with memories of being in several sexual positions as that powerful shaft pierced me in so many ways, filling me with his juices while I drank from him and these women, tasting their milk and...

I collapsed, breathing heavily as I fell to one knee. “I... I re... member!” I gasped, and suddenly my head rushed with images, all sorts of images that were so erotic that I climaxed a little, making a syrupy wet spot between my thighs.

“Oh...” I moaned and held myself tightly, clenching at my sides and head.

“Well... Haley can choose for herself if she wants to go.” Dani said quietly.

“She has no choice.” The two women said in unison as they clutched possessively to me. “The master summons, we must go. And we will defend our sister from the likes of you with our very lives if need be. Will you say the same?”

“Yes.” Dani said and I looked straight at her as she approached, and lifted her bladed spear as if to defend my honor with it.

“So be it.” They said and advanced, but I reached out with a snapping motion and gripped their shoulders... which were more like half their upper bodies before I held out the other two hands to halt Fawn and Dani.

“No. No fighting.” I told them. “No fighting.” I told Dani and Fawn separately. “I want to go. I want to meet my... husband.” I said as I rose to my full height again and palmed the two women to my legs affectionately. I didn’t know why I did... I just felt like that for some reason. Yes it irked me that I was feeling this about two women I barely knew, but I was doing it. But the thing was, despite the awareness, I didn’t shun the affection.

“A-are you sure?” Dani asked and then turned to Fawn. “Is she sure?” and Fawn nodded.

“She’s... being affected by a Geas, one that runs deep down into the blood, but despite that... I think she’s acting on her own will.” Fawn stated, and I looked down at the two fems who looked up at me from between the gap between my boobs, smiling knowingly, even lovingly up at me. Like they adored me.

“But... how do I get there? Especially with me like this!”

And then the first of the two fished a hand between my breasts and found the gem resting over the sternum and touched it. “Lesson one.” She said quietly, and a flush of knowledge entered my head, and I found myself shrinking, armored plates folding away, tucking into spots here and there, parts of me retracting or folding up. Plates gave way to scales, scales softened to hide, hide softened into flesh, and then even that softened till it was silky smooth. Muscles deflated and my height diminished continually till I was once again Haley, a slender looking human.

But I was naked.

But some things had changed. For one I had way bigger boobs! For a second thing, I had a firm, athletic body with a noticeable eight pack with twin sets of lats with wide hips and a tight firm butt. Cupping both breasts at first, I then flexed an arm and fondled the thick bicep that appeared from the action before chuckling, and then while I stood there, the first of the two women turned to Dani and Fawn.

“You will come.” She said to Dani, but then turned to Fawn. “But you will stay. The Master wishes to speak with the slayer only.”

I was dressed in a simple body wrap. It was a dress similar to what Velma from Scooby Doo wore when the show aired in the seventies that was identical right down to the coloring, while I wore a pair of sandals and no underwear. But then unlike Velma, I filled this thing out a whole lot better... with my boobs that I kept caressing and squeezing happily, bulging from the front of the body wrap.

It was freeing, really, feeling the breezes along your nethers, airing out that wet vaginal crack, and the skirt was low enough to reach my mid thighs so no one would be the wiser that I wasn’t wearing anything beneath this lest I sat down and they were looking right up the skirt portion of the wrap.

We were in Frog Town, right in the middle of Midway, which was the span of University Avenue between Minneapolis and Saint Paul... a far distance away from where the battle between Dani and I took place at the University. We’d come out of a stone door in a hill that folded back up into the ground and disappeared once we’d all vacated it ,but even that was a long ways away from the fight. Even as the lot of us paused in

a park where the door had let out, a couple blocks from University Avenue, I wondered out loud as to how Fawn and Dani were able to carry me all the way here.

“We didn’t.” Dani smiled. “The Doorway can let out wherever we want it to. Here in Saint Paul, where we fought, middle of the Scottish highlands, center of the Savannah in Africa... wherever.” And I nodded.

It was night time, and this area of the city was known as a hood, and a few blocks away one could go so far as to call it ghetto. But regardless of that, we had to walk.

I knew I had all this incredible strength in me, all that armor and power and weapons and expertise, but that didn’t stop me from being so afraid still. It was instinctual for a person like me to be afraid. This was a bad neighborhood at night. It was one of the two women, or rather one of the two female dragons in the guise of women who reached over and held my hand to comfort me with a smile.

“You have no cause to fear them.” She said pleasantly, and continued holding my hand while we walked, and I looked at her and managed a small smile.

They genuinely cared for me, or at least appeared to genuinely care for me...

I liked that feeling

We finally came to a familiar stretch of street, the stretch that I’d walked up and down several times before I found the door leading to that Chinese natural remedy shop. Once again, the door wasn’t there.

I stood back as the first of the pair of women stepped forward, and with a grand sweeping of a hand like one would part a heavy curtain, the door revealed itself as surely as if a curtain were being parted from it, and as it was revealed, it pushed out from between a blank space between two shops that a moment before wasn’t even wide enough to hold the door. A front stoop pushed outward and the doorway appeared open before the glass door closed before the portal and the letters appeared upon its surface.

“A wrinkle of the veil.” Dani said with awe.

“A what?” I asked.

“This world is covered by a veil.” The second of the two women said, the one holding my hand for comfort. “It’s a veil that was created partially by the collected will of human beings wishing to ignore the strange and the unnatural like us, and reinforced by the collective will of creatures and beings of magic like us who don’t wish to be seen.”

“Like two curtains that block light from passing between them.” The first of the pair supplied.

“A wrinkle is controlling that veil to obscure additional things,” The second continued. “Simple things, easy to miss things... like a door.”

“How does it work?” Dani asked, and the two dragons looked at her as if it were a stupid question.

“Yes, how does it work?” I asked, and for my sake they explained.

“In the case of this example, of this door, you must know the place that you’re looking for, and you must want to find it, want it badly enough to continue looking for it three times. You will pass by it three times, and on the third time it will reveal itself to you. Only those who have business here, such as hedge mages, occult practitioners, or actual beings of magic in human guise, can find the door.”

“The card I gave you several days ago at the gym,” the first of the two added. “Was the key in making you aware of it and want to come here in order to satisfy the conditions of the wrinkle.”

“But we have the knowledge of the magical protection.” The first woman said. “So we can bypass the enchantment, pass through the wrinkle in the veil and find the door immediately... without having to walk past it three times while thinking about it.”

“It takes a powerful creature to be able to make a wrinkle like that.” Dani mentioned.

“Yeah... we’re dragons.” The first said, and stepping up to the door, opened it to allow us entry.

It wasn’t even locked, and with it being hidden as it was, who’d lock that door anyways?

They held the door open as Dani, Blaze and I entered and descended the stairs into the basement of the building, and a familiar shop revealed itself here that smelled of natural herbs and the earth, but was missing its proprietor.

“There are old magics here.” Dani whispered to me as we mingled about in the shop before the leader of the two women turned toward us.

“You and your pet will stay here.” She announced and Blaze growled at being called a *‘pet.’* “The master will speak with you later. You will come with us now.” She told me then, and the other tugged on my hand to draw me away from Dani.

“You’ll be safe here... safer than anywhere else in the world.” The second said to Dani as we left through the side door, and letting go of my hand, she instead hugged my arm.

There were many screens through that side door, many ornate columns that I didn’t remember passing by the first time I came this way, with ceilings that appeared to vault higher and taller than should be contained in this place based upon how deep we descended to get here. It didn’t look deep enough, but nonetheless, it appeared to be oriental palace in its scope and design. They led me through the doors and walls created by the great columns, certain screens opening for us to pass through automatically like the automatic doors at a super market till we entered into a grand chamber with several curtained doorways. There were silks and satins with velvet everywhere in the forms of curtains and pillows and hanging wardrobes, with a large pool of sparkling water in the center of the room.

“What is this place?” I asked, and then turning, watched the two women unzipping their suits, the fronts of those suits spreading wide open as their breasts were given the chance to expand, and the little lumps that they were in the suit engorged into tremendous mounds outside of the suit.

“This is our common room.” The leader of the two women said as she started stripping out of the bodysuit of black leather, revealing more and more of her strong, supple body, and jerking my head to the other, I watched even as she was slipping her suit off her bottom, her large breasts drooping imperiously from her chest and wobbling as she fished the seat of the suit out of her bottom.

“The master leaves us be while we’re here.” The second said, and then pulled her legs out of the footed bottoms of the suit she was wearing before standing upright and rubbing her silken flesh, passing a hand across both breasts, and another down her navel to cup her pussy for a moment before repeating the gesture in the reverse.

“A-and why am I here now?” I asked, looking at them.

They aroused me, they made me desire them, and I felt my heart leaping with growing arousal as I felt the want to be close to them. But then I found that as I grew aroused that I was thickening, both in mammary thickness and muscle thickness, and I very quickly, yet subtly swelled half again my thickness on every proportion, right up to the point where my naked vagina was born beneath the hem of the skirt as it turned into a long sweater. I didn’t bother covering up.

“The master has one rule,” the leader said as she drew near me, and taking hold of the bottoms of the body wrap turned sweater that I still wore, she began pulling it upward. “You must be clean.”

“He’s asked for you specifically,” the second added as she arrived and helped the first remove the wrap from off me, and not knowing what else to do, I lifted my muscular arm so that they could slip it off my arms and head. “And he wishes to see you alone, and since you’re the youngest, and not knowing of our customs, it is our duty to prepare you for him. And live up your time with him alone, dear sister... you won’t get many chances to be singularly pleased by our lord and master.”

And she smiled and winked at me from over my shoulder before she nuzzled my cheek and neck with her lips.

“Though you are the youngest, you’re nonetheless very strong... and firm.” The first said, and I gaped as she gave my boobs a squeeze with both hands, pressing her breasts against mine and our nipples pointed in odd directions from the press.

“Y-yes... firm.” I agreed.

“And she has such sexual power!” the second said and embraced me now, laying kisses on my neck now, and I was sandwiched tightly between the two while they started to kiss me and cajole me, with the second reaching around me to palm my sex, her fingers expertly caressing the twin vaginal lips and erect clitoris, getting me wet and sweaty quite rapidly before she actually fingered me.

“Ah... I... I...” I began, blushing so deeply that the coloring flushed from my cheeks, across my nose and down into the tops of both breasts.

“You’re unsure of yourself. Humans are so prudish.” The first murred, and then taking hold of my face, she bent forward and kissed my lips passionately, and I felt myself swooning within their arms, the first woman’s muscular leg sliding between mine to rub against the bulging vaginal folds between my legs as the second probed me even deeper than ever.

When she relinquished me, I was numb, and aroused, nipples standing on end, and actual milk leaking from them while the second continued to caress me.

“Ah me...” I sighed, but then slid from between them, holding up my hands. “Th-this... this is too much, I...”

“Don’t you love us?” the second asked, and her eyes glittered with tears, and I bit my lower lip, feeling mixed emotions. I actually wanted to say ‘yes.’

“This is all too much for her. She was after all merely human till she took our lord’s gift, come here Haley...” the first said and pulled me to a soft, cushioned bench covered in velvet in which she and I sat together on, sitting side by side... butt naked. “You must forgive us,” the first said as the second walked in, standing naked in all her feminine glory before the two of us. “We are eager for a new sister. We’ve sought you for a very, very long time.”

“There were others.” The second stated.

“In truth there were hundreds of others... and all of them failed the ultimate test. Though some of them saw the gem, none of them choose it. So in essence, you chose us... not the other way around. You wanted what we had, and we gave it to you, all because you chose that one gem... this one.” And she reached beneath my breasts and fingered the gem that was remarkably still there even now that I was human. I reached beneath both breasts and felt the gem with her fingers, finding it to be nothing more than maybe a karat in size, and yet, just like before, it was as sensitive and as real as an erect nipple.

“B-but... I only thought it looked pretty. That’s why I took it.”

“Consciously, you did.” The first said holding up a finger. “That was all you could consider because your human mind, and your human blood and soul wouldn’t allow you to consider anything else, because it wouldn’t let you see anything else.”

“Seeing isn’t believing, believing is seeing.” The second and more slender of the two added yet again. Now that I looked at her, she appeared much younger than the first. Practically a late teenager... she looked younger than me.

The first nodded and then took my hands in hers. “We have some time; the master is willing to wait. What do you want to know?”

“First off... who are the two of you? What are your names even?!”

“O-our names?” the second asked. “You don’t need to know our names to love us.”

“Ah...” I said looking to her.

“She wants to know our names. See it as a sign of respect.” And then smiling at me, the first palmed her chest. “I am his first wife, the eldest and the matriarch. My name is Tiala. Though that is my secret name, and is the name you may only use privately with just me, your sister, or the master. With everyone else you shall call me Tia.”

“And I’m Kaiyama!” the other said in almost a cheer, bouncing once in place as she thrust an arm up in the air. “But you can call me Kai!”

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They bathed me, they anointed me as they massaged me, they brought my hair up into a beautiful array while answering my questions and queries. They adorned me with earrings and a necklace, gave me an ornate navel decoration – I already had a gem stud in my navel, so it was easy to replace this one with the other one – and folded me up within an ornate robe made of white filigree, white silk fringe, white embroidery, white lace and the barest hit of gold thread throughout the garments.

“You’re such a beautiful bride.” Kai sighed, even as Tia kissed my lips and slid her hands into the gown I wore to caress my breasts and tease my breasts erect.

“What was that for?” I asked, blinking.

“To get you ready for our lord.” She murred, even as Kia nuzzled my neck from behind and fingered me from beneath the front flaps of the dress that left my legs and sides up to the ribs naked and bare. It was easy for her to do that thanks to the garment’s cut and the fact that I wasn’t wearing any panties. “It’s best if you are slightly aroused for him.”

The two of them were wearing body wraps that were reminiscent of those that Orientals wore. Come to think of it, their eyes were subtly slanted... not too much so to make them look Asian, I mistook them for round-eyes at first, but their eyes were wide and had an oh-so-subtle slant to them, like they were the offspring of an American and an Asian.

As they flanked me, suddenly my new sisters who’d been naked a moment ago were now clothed, with Tia was wearing a blue dress and Kai was wearing red one. Also, where their hair had been down, Tia’s blonde hair was now done up in a curling braid caught in a bun at the top of her head and Kai’s brunette hair were done up into a pair of dual pigtails over either ear, which only enhanced the look of her being girlish instead of womanly. They also wore white laced panties that stuck out beneath the bases of their dresses for both their seats and crotches, and the tops of the dresses only hefted their breasts higher and left their tops open to all who might want to view them. Both of their dresses were highly patterned and colored

with flowers and bamboo, and what was more was that those dresses were gilded in gold and silver thread while they wore ornate jewelry of diamonds, gold and silver.

They looked beautiful.

The pair of them took me by the hand, one to either side of me, and led me through the voluminous underground complex, through the many corridors and finally into the vast chamber that I remembered from before. Only it was vacant.

The two women led me to the center, to stand at the center of a great crimson and gold fringed rug – and I swore that that must be real gold used as the thread – before both bowed deeply and then left me there. I looked back at them as they both gestured to me to wait, and then the grand doors were closed behind me with a thunderous echo through the room. I turned slowly, wringing both hand nervously together, and when I turned back I did a double take as I saw the man in the white cotton robes with the wicker pan-hat atop his head standing before the bed.

“You look beautiful, Halcyon.” He greeted as he stood there, his gloved hands folded together and his body hidden behind his robes.

“Th-that’s not my name.” I said quietly.

“It’s your secret name...” he said quietly as he moved to approach me slowly. “It’s the one that your soul took upon itself when you became one of us, and the name I learned when you swallowed the gem. It’s a beautiful name, and it fits such a beautiful and powerful creature. Do you know what the word Halcyon means?”

“N-no.” I responded as he neared.

“It’s Greek. Your lineage is old, and spans to the Age of Legends of mankind.” And then he came to stand before me, and lifting his hands to my face, hands that were long and delicate, I swooned and leaned toward him, sighing while arching myself while lifting two hands into the bust line of the gown to tug the cloth down in order to bare more of myself to him. “Halcyon is a term that originates from the Greek Legend of Alcyone. It’s used most often to mean ‘golden’ or marked by peace and prosperity.

“I must admit... I’ve never seen of a being that was more appropriately named.”

I sighed and leaned into him, pressing myself to him, letting both breasts flatten against his mass as I clutched at his robes and felt his groin within the bowl of my legs.

“W-why... how do I feel this way about you?” I breathed, and then pushed my head against his chest only to feel him fold a hand about my head and hold me to him. “I only barely remember that single torrid event of sexual arousal between the four of us, and yet... I love you. I passionately love you. Is this a spell, is this a conjuring I’m under. Have you somehow stolen my heart?”

“No.” he said, and folded his strong arms about me, and I gasped and swooned as I smelled his scent. “Your human mind is dying, Halcyon. It’s being replaced by an awakened mind of a dragon. You’re still you, you’re still Haley Madrid, but there are things that you haven’t seen or didn’t believe when they happened till they happened, and even after they happened, most of which you cannot remember because your human mind refuses to recognize them.

“But here in our home, I made you my wife... you chose from your heart to be my mate, my wife, my bond, and despite all the eternal, beautiful things that our world wrought to unify us, the way they happened, your human mind would only allow you so much memory of it because it refuses to acknowledge that anything else did happen. And so all it allowed you to remember was the pleasure of our wedding night.”

I shivered in remembrance of those thoughts and images, and I moistened and began to perspire before a hand of mine snaked down my body and cupped that vaginal arch between my thighs. Just his very presence was bringing me toward orgasm. And so I arched myself as he palmed my face with one hand, and I kissed his thumb as he rubbed it along my lips.

“And Kai and Tia too.” I moaned, palming my throat my free hand now.

“Your bond sisters. They love you too, and the three of you share a bond with me, all three of you are my wives while you are sisters with them.

“Do not worry; you will remember all these things, in time.”

I sighed, and nearly tripped as he drew from me. I wanted to clutch to him, but he drew me toward the bed, till I stood facing it, my mind heavy and my form filled with the hot euphoric feeling I felt whenever I was changing before.

“You are a blessed addition to this home Halcyon.” He said, pressing his groin against my bottom, and I felt its immensity growing. “You are fertile, and strong, and beautiful and pure. I have tasks that I shall give you for the family, but not now.”

His hands fell upon the thick strong neck I’d developed and I sighed in ecstasy, closing my eyes at his sensual touch as his gloved hands seemed to caress me in ways that were deeper than what mere flesh allowed for.

“A-and who are you? Who is this person who touches me, who... is this person my new sisters call lord?”

And while he massaged my neck, sliding his fingers downward along the collarbones above either of my breasts, I dared to reach up and touch his hand, and felt it warm and pleasing despite the glove over it, and I gave a gasping sigh as I moistened fully in readiness for him.

“I am Tenshi. It means angel.” He said quietly before his hands lowered to the front of the gown I wore before he undid the subtle loops of white fabric from their mother of pearl button toggles, undoing the gown one loop after the next, taking his utter most time with each loop to caress me a little more on each one, making me hotter and hotter with passion.

“I was so named by the humans of the Asian continent who saw me in the Age of Legends. I do not often utter that name, for I have no real name.”

“A-and what... what is your secret name?” I breathed, and turned my head to look at him over my shoulder, guiding one of his hands into the gown as he undid the last loop, pushing it toward my sopping wet pussy.

“I also do not have one of those. My secret name and real name are one and the same for now, and that is Tenshi. I have no need to have secrets, only truth.” And then he pulled the gown open from off me, sliding his fingers along its opened edges and at the same time sliding those fingers about my breasts and shoulders, opening the folds and rendering me more and more naked the higher he went.

I didn’t so much as resist him as he pushed the shoulders of the gown off my arms and it rustled to the floor leaving me naked before him. It was then his hands alighted upon my back, tracing the muscular bulges of my feminine body, tracing the spine which sent shivers through me, and then caressing the tops of either butt cheek of my bottom.

“Though you are not ripe yet... you will be.” He told me as he neared me, and laying a hand on the bridge of my neck and shoulder and wrapping the other about me to cup one breast, he bent low to kiss my neck.

I moaned and arched myself even more deeply before I hugged myself.

“R-ripe?” I sighed.

“For a baby, or two.” He told me in a whisper. “It depends upon you, my love... as to how and when.”

I swallowed, thought about becoming pregnant, but then I realized something:

“I... feel... as if I’ve always loved you, but can’t remember you. I don’t even know what you look like under all those robes. Your hands, your chest... your face. All I can remember is that immense penis!”

“Then turn to me, wife.” He said, and almost hypnotically I turned toward him, sighing with arousal and as I faced him, he took my hands and brought them to his chest, hands that were wrapped in gloves as I looked up at a face hidden in shadow and a drapery like a ninja’s mask.

And as reverently as I could, I began to undress him. First a sash about his waist and then many repeating layers of overlapping robes, that first were two layers of soft cottons before I came to three layers of printed white satin and then finally a layer of soft silk, and all while I was opening his robes he caressed and touched me, making me feel sensual and wanted. It was a good thing to feel wanted.

And then I parted the silk and revealed a thick, broad and powerful chest that was hairless and smooth and chorded with taut muscle; the flesh perfect and new like a newborn’s but firm like a man’s. His strength almost burned me it was so incredible, and leaning forward, pressing my bare flesh against his bare flesh, I moaned and felt a micro orgasm clench my loins before I dipped slightly and kissed his chest just above the left nipple.

His hand cupped one cheek of my bottom, sliding upward and downward with his fingers glancing amidst the crack before it slid even further downward, sliding gently along the crack of my bottom till he reached the knot of feminine flesh there so that he could caress my wet pussy and spread the lips open with a pair of fingers.

Gasping, arching myself so that I’d fall if not for his support, I rose up on my toes and whimpered, needing him now, but there was something left, something I had to see:

His face.

And reaching up, I removed his bowled wicker hat, revealing a mane of white hair held in a top knot before I removed the face covering and the veil he wore, unwrapping it and then dropped the pieces I held as I saw his face.

I was so enamored; it was like looking into the sun. He was a veritable god of pure light, and the very first thing that he did when I’d revealed him was to cup my face, holding me there before him, before he kissed me.

Even still I looked lazily up at him, having swooned so completely that I was at a level just prior to fainting. My vision of him was only seen when he moved back to kiss my face again and again, and I saw white hair, green eyes, firm strong features, angelic features, and a loving countenance.

He was soft and smooth yet firm, with silken skin, and as he kissed me repeatedly, I sighed and then collapsed into him, never completely belonging to a person before as he laid me down on that grand bed and while I laid there, trying to keep my mind awake, I watched him as he un-shouldered his robes, and then slipped from his pants, revealing that incredible phallus. I pursed my lips at it, but as he climbed onto the bed with me, removing his gloves, it wasn’t to enter me. Instead, his fist act was to lift and part my legs so that they flared wide, and holding onto either leg, he laid himself down before me and immediately began to make out with my pussy, his strong hands reaching up to massage my belly and caress both breasts.

He was so apt at it that I washed his face with my first real orgasm in seconds, and despite that lancing explosion of nectar, it didn't faze him in the slightest.

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My mind became tumultuous within the erotic things that happened to me, and I saw a torrent of images, each one bringing with a lance of orgasmic pleasure that got me sighing and moaning and orgasming repeatedly, over and over and over and...

My eyes opened with a snap while I lay face down and naked in the great bed, the lights dimmed while I hugged and laid against a grand pillow that was the length of my human body that had diminished and softened into a smooth skinned and muscle bare yet supple feminine body. Both breasts were cleaved to either side of the pillow and I was humping it as I awoke, biting on one corner of it even as I awoke with a wet dream ending with the splattering of my thighs.

Either I was magiced to think that I had an incredibly good time, or he truly was such an incredible lover to make me stupid in the head in order for the rest of me to experience what he did to me, and to later get me to orgasm just in the mere thought of what he'd done to me. But as I came more awake, rising from the pillow and licking my teeth, tasting something tangy that I swallowed, and vaguely remembered giving him a blowjob, I pushed the long hair away from my face and looked about me.

Just by the sheer sake of what this male could do to me sexually made him worthwhile, and I wanted more of that.

Crawling to the end of the bed, finding a table with water on it, I poured the water from a pitcher into a basin that the pitcher had been in and used a cloth to rinse myself off of all the... love juices... before I heard voices.

Looking up with a gasp, and suddenly gaining about twenty five pounds in muscle and breast growth, I tried to hear who the voices belonged to before I decided to seek them out. Not bothering with covering myself up, feeling so free with my nakedness now, I followed those voices, exiting the chamber into the grand hall of silk screens and pillars, following the sounds till I came to a chamber of grand vaulting ceilings and ornate oriental architecture done in crimson, jade and gold.

"...But... it's our fault and our mistake. We want to make amends." Dani was saying, standing before Tenshi as he stood in the middle of the hall. There was a throne here, but he didn't occupy it. My sisters were also in the room, standing off to one side together, and they both glanced at me as I peaked in through the sliding door. Tenshi gestured at me with one hand that only I could see to wait.

"And how much about dragons do you really know of, Slayer?" Tenshi asked before folding both hands into his robes. "To what degree do you know about raising a dragon... or is your expertise only in killing them?"

"That's not fair." Dani tensed, staring at Tenshi in all his raiment. "The only dragons I've killed are dragon kin, and they are the servants of Bane. Why are you giving me grief for doing that? I didn't even want this job. I was all ready to simply be a girl going to college. I had no desire at the moment to become some sort of soldier, or get married and have a baby to perpetuate the line. Why can't it be a good thing that I want to help her?"

"It is a good thing." Tenshi acknowledged calmly.

"Then let us take care of her... we need to..."

"You need to do nothing, Miss Clover. You *want* to do something not need to do something there is a difference between the two concepts. But I acknowledge that you wish to aide us, and thank you for the offer, but what you have to offer her isn't going to be satisfactory for her interests. Whereas we are

dragons, and I'm older than your whole civilization, so I feel that I and my wives have a better handle on what she needs to know. She will remain with us..."

"But..." Dani began but Tenshi raised a hand to stop her.

"Till I feel she's well enough to leave." Tenshi continued. "After that, she may associate with who she wills so long as it doesn't go against our family codex. Look around you. Do you think that you and your partner can compete with her family when the two of you live in a dark hole in the earth and we have the means of kingdoms?"

"But..."

"I don't believe you have any further valid arguments, Crimson Clover... if you do then speak them, and I will entertain them, and should you find a valid reason then I shall consider it, but for now your reasons of friendship are outweighed by family, your hovel is outweighed by a palace, and your feeble magics are outweighed by the unmitigated power and majesty that is Dragon Lore."

Dani opened her mouth, and then closed it before sighing.

"But I owe her..."

And it was then that I pushed the door open a little more and entered the grand hall, walking gracefully, one foot stepping directly before the next like I was a prima ballerina as both my breasts heaved and bounced with every step I took, and coming straight to Tenshi, I moved in against his side and embraced him lovingly with my body.

"Haley." Dani whispered, and looked me from head to toe now that I was naked.

"I will stay here, Dani." And then I turned to Tenshi. "Till I've learned enough, and then I will go to her to learn more." I added. "No more arguments, no more contention, let's just be at peace."

"This... this is what you want?" Dani asked. "If it isn't..."

"It's what I want." I said immediately. "I'll be in touch"

"So long as you want it." Dani added, and then turned to Tenshi. "Was there anything else you wished to discuss?"

"No. Thank you for coming and waiting for so long."

"My pleasure." Dani curtsied and bowed her head like an elegant lady despite the blue-collar clothes.

"My wives will show you out." Tenshi gestured at the far door, and the great doors opened wide before Dani was led out by Tia and Kai.

But as soon as the doors closed again, I surged into Tenshi's chest, kissing it and embracing him while he chuckled and folded me to him. "And so I performed well enough to have yet another devoted wife?" he asked softly.

"From here and unto the end of the world, my sweet lord." I sighed. "But... what happens to me now?"

"Now... you will live in veritable luxury." He said and turned, and I moved with him, hugging his arm. "You'll quit your job and take the bar exam like you've always wanted to. I dare say, with your enlightened mind, it should be simple for you to achieve."

“I want you near Tia, Kai and myself for this first month, and when you leave this place I want you in one or both of their care. You’ve proven yourself strong enough to stand with the Slayer, so I’m not too worried if you wish to go out into the world, but I’m still worried about... other things.”

“Like this Bane person I keep hearing about?” I asked.

“Best if you’re prepared for the hidden world that you never saw before. With your permission, I would like to move all your things from your house to here. I’ll make all the arrangements.

“As for a duty for the family, you’ll manage the legal and financial matters for this household.”

He sat down and for the few moments that it took for me to sit down upon his lap; he palmed my bottom and held me upright.

“I ask only that you be clean, Halcyon,” he said lifting his hand, and becoming excited, I lifted both mine and removed the white silk glove from off his fingers, gripping it once it was off his hand, and I sighed as I felt his fingers alight upon my breasts and he started caressing them till my sisters re-entered. “And also understand something my divine warrior, that though you are a wife, you are one of three, and though it may pain you to do so,” and he looked to Kai and Tia as they disrobed and moved to us, Tia sitting on his other leg and Kai sitting adoringly at his feet. “You all must share me.”

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One month later...

I’d finally passed the bar. Situations that seemed confusing the first several times I took the test appeared clear as crystal, and I pulled from the top of my head several answers for each question without having to reference anything. I read the preparatory documents just by glancing at them, reading a page at a time, and I completed the bar rather quickly. It wasn’t their fastest time, or their best score, but it did put me at the head of the test takers. Within the top three at least.

Tenshi treated me like a treasured bride, gifting me with clothes and jewelry and money, more than I’d ever had before, and trusted me with the importance of all the family’s legal and financial dealings, which were in a word: Vast. But then I found out that he treated all three of us on a pronounced footing, all so that we all felt special, and none of us felt greater than the other.

Only... there were no children here that I saw, and I dared not ask. It occurred to me that Tenshi mentioned that I was fertile and I was ripe. I feared that maybe Kai and Tia couldn’t bare children.

Kai, though she appeared bubbly, was a mechanical and technical genius, to the point where she must have ADD for everything else except for when she was working on something technical. There was a garage that was filled with computer and technical gear that would make Q from those James Bond movies jealous, and there was a fleet of cars here of all sorts and designs that she privately built and maintained.

Tia was a front man— er, woman – for all their businesses, and as a business woman as I followed her around for the day, people commented that she was ‘*the dragon*’ for how ferocious she was in her business dealings. People learned quickly not to cross her.

I was being introduced as her firm’s new lawyer and financial specialist.

I wondered, only once, on how Tenshi could trust the three of us with the bulk of his money, but then I realized two things: the first was that we loved him, and loved the way he treated us like we were queens and priestesses and holy mothers in his household, and it would be stupid of any of us to try to hamstring him because the other two sisters would brutally retaliate. And secondly... as far as I was aware, he and my sisters were the only ones of our kind.

For you see, the majority of dragons were asleep, or so I was told. All of them in their secret lairs and homes, and if they weren't asleep they were locked in singular human forms. Tenshi, however, was one of the ones who didn't go to sleep, had subjected himself to being locked in a human form for centuries. He later took upon him two wives, Tia and Kai, because he was lonely. But, as he told me in secret, it was because he was waiting for me.

He'd created the stone that I'd swallowed ages ago. Feudal Japan era, to give you a better idea of the time frame, and had waited for me to come take it. But he warned me that he wasn't going to treat me any differently than Kai or Tia, and Tia was still the Matriarch.

But nonetheless, because they'd been locked in a singular form, a human form so that they could interact with the rest of the world, he and Tia and Kai were able to learn how to work within the veil that existed between the world of magic and the world of man, and ever so slowly, they'd begun to reacquire greater and greater powers... enough so that they could transform like I do.

Magic was on the rise again, and it was growing more potent every day.

The being to fear though was this Bane creature that Dani had spoken of. He was the enemy of all, and presently, due to his powers and what he'd wrought through the ages, he was presently greater even than the king of dragons. This was saying a great deal. Because of Bane, Tenshi deemed it necessary to teach me how to fight better, how to use my sword – he was like some über samurai – as well as fangs, claws, wings and my tail, while Kai and Tia taught me about the feminine measures of being a dragon.

I will admit... that I made love with them, and enjoyed it, and did so without remorse or abandon, and have shared Tenshi with them while he made love to all three of us.

As such, a month later, I was better prepared, and even encouraged, to seek out Dani and her partner Fawn.

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There was an illusion on the door of the sauna at the gym where we'd agreed to meet, but I could see right through it now. The Illusion appeared to me now as a faded image of a sign that said that the room was closed for repair, and because it was faded and almost intangible to me I knew that it was an illusion. And so walking to the door, confident that everyone else here would ignore me, I entered the room in my full clothing, only to find Dani and her husband, that Patrick person and his wife already waiting there. Blaze was here, but Dani's daughter wasn't. But so too was that little man in green that had been on Eric's shoulder when I first met him.

"It's so good to see you Dani." I said and hugged her warmly. "Where's your daughter though?"

"I didn't think that if we were going to use this place that it'd be good for her, so I left her in her great grandmother's care. Sweet kid, that old woman's going to spoil her rotten."

"Sure enough, but I thought Fawn was going to be here too." I stated.

"She is. You'll see..." and Dani winked at me. "But let's get started. If you'll do the honors Haley?"

I smiled, and striding over to the dormant rocks and coals, I pulled my hair back from my face, and breathing in deeply, a low rumbling happening in my chest, I exhaled a gentle blowing breath and blew a plume of hot dragon fire on the coals that turned the metal red with heat and cooked the coals instantly into slow burning coals while the rocks above them glowed white. Then dipping a ladle, I poured the water over the coals and they hissed into a great billowing wasp of steam that almost immediately filled the whole room.

And then turning, I immediately began to undress, as did everyone else. But when I'd removed my skirt and was sitting down to get at the thigh socks, Dani already topless and that little green fellow down to his pants, I looked upon that Patrick character and paused at what I saw.

"Ah... why are you wearing women's underwear?" I asked, seeing the strapped panties with the bulge of his groin in them, with the back being a narrowed seat that showed off his butt cheeks. "Are you some sort of transvestite or something?"

"No." he smirked looking to Dani and sharing a knowing look, and then right before my eyes the bulge in those panties flattened and smoothed, his hips widened and waist narrowed, and two enormous breasts pushed out to fill the white silk undershirt and its elastic bands while a good fifty or so pounds of muscle flared upon a now feminine body. "Not a transvestite exactly." She smiled in a now feminine voice, and to prove it to me, she removed the undershirt to show off two immensely firm breasts that bounced and wobbled realistically and even blushed with the growing heat.

I stared at her as she undressed and showed off a subtly furred vagina now instead of the penis that I thought was there.

"Y-you're Fawn!" I gasped in wonder.

"In the flesh... twice over." She smirked. "I'll explain the twice over part to you later, and its Patricia now, or just call me Pat at any time, it's easier than trying to remember what to call me. Fawn is only when I'm big and horned and with furry britches.

Everybody shared a laugh with me as we continued undressing and arrayed ourselves through the room, some sitting other's laying down but ultimately, and the little green guy sitting back and adding some pipe smoke to the room. Everyone was in a fully relaxed mode for a bit before we brought the proceedings to order, and after Pat's little change, that left the only male in the room to be Eric, and though he looked male, I wasn't really sure what that little guy was. But still, Jennifer, Pat's wife, held onto the larger fem that Pat had become as assuredly as if she loved her like a husband and a wife should, completely disregarding any thought that she might be regarded as a lesbian. Eric sat with his head between his wife's strong legs while she rubbed his head, and I laid belly down on the highest tier of the tiled benches.

"My husband..." I began, looking to them all. "Has urged me to come to you. I wanted to in the first place, but when he urges something, it feels as if it's important to me." And I laid back but turned my head to keep an eye on them. "Tell me... am I... magically enamored or something?"

Pat leaned forward, squinting at me while his wife Jen kept a hand upon her muscular shoulder.

"No, I don't think so." And lifting an arm, it suddenly glowed with green swirls briefly as she passed her palm before her across me. "No, I'm pretty sure you're not."

"Only pretty sure?" I asked cautiously.

"I can't be for certain, Haley," Pat added as she laid back into her wife's arms again. "Dragons are extra special creatures... just like unicorns and the Kitsune; they have powers to them that are above and beyond the norm and are unique to them. I'm sure to the point in which regular magic is concerned that you are not magically enamored."

"Sure n' I be agreeing with Pat's analysis, lassie." The little green man said as he sat there with a towel over his lap. "We leprechaun's have special magic too."

"Oh is that what you are..." I gaped at him. "Oh you're just so cute! You look like that guy on the Notre Dame football flag."

“Sure n’ I be one o’ them, lassie.” He said with a wink. “And in ways, we little people be more powerful than dragons... under certain circumstances.”

“Finnegan means when you catch him and make wishes.” Dani supplied.

“Aye. They always be after me lucky charms.” The leprechaun named Finnegan said.

Dani and Fawn snickered and covered their mouths to keep from laughing, and I stared bold-faced at the leprechaun for saying that.

“Kay.” And I sat up, breasts wobbling. “But continuing... I need to learn how to fight better, and even Tenshi said that I should learn from practicing warriors and battle mages than one who can only teach theory, and... I need to learn how to use your magic as well. I’m too young of a dragon, apparently, to be able to up and care for myself should one of Bane’s servants decides to report me, and Tenshi believes that he wouldn’t be able to defeat Bane should his powers fully manifest.”

“That might be more difficult for him than you think.” Eric stated with a smirk.

“How’s that?” I asked.

“Well...” Dani said and sat forward, her breasts wobbling as well before she palmed Eric’s chest caressingly. “I managed to wound Bane when I first met him. I cracked the gem in his chest.”

I blinked at that and absentmindedly rubbed the gem in my chest protectively. My sisters and new husband had explained to me the importance of that gem. It was like the keystone on a bridge. While it was there our magic and strength were supreme. If it was cracked then we were weakened seriously, and the more serious the crack, the greater the disability we experienced. And if it were broken...

“It... takes a long time, and much doing to repair a cracked Heart Stone.” I admitted. “He will be weakened greatly, and more than likely angrier than usual and brooding.”

“Oh he’s brooding all right.” Eric groaned and rubbed a scar on his side. “Flipping pissed I’d say.”

I nodded. “But... if you can manage to break that gem... you can very well kill him.”

“That was our thought as well.” Pat added. “I’ve been doing research, but... well... amidst some of the other things that happen, Bane isn’t the only problem we have to deal with.”

“Not the only problem?” I blinked.

“The Oni, demons and gremlins of all sorts...” Eric stated.

“Shades, ghosts and horrors that try to suck the life and soul from humans.” Dani added.

“Boogey men, gremlins and slavers, devils and what not that try to enslave humankind to their wills through the veils.” Pat added as well.

“Not to mention dark wizards and mages, enlightened magic users and witches and dark druids and what not.” Another woman said, but I blinked, wondering who’d said it, and looking at Jenifer, Pat’s wife, I prompted...

“Was that you?”

She merely smiled and pointed, and following her finger, I saw myself looking at Blaze.

“What’s the matter? Never saw a talking wolf before?” Blaze spoke, and then smiled with her eyes and panted.

“No... but if I’ve learned anything, it’s that anything is possible.” I smiled. “Oh... and I’m sorry for calling you a dog before.”

“You’re forgiven,” she said and gestured with a paw dismissively.

“So anyways,” Dani said, leaning back against the tile wall and rubbing Eric’s head lovingly. “Pat and I can use the help, Haley. We’re developing a sort of notoriety, amongst the dark forces in and of the earth, and we can really use the help now that they’re gunning for us. Will you help us?”

“Certainly” I said with glee and bounced happily, which made my boobs jostle heavily. “Oh, but one more thing...

“In secret, you can call me Halcyon.”

<End>