

Interim

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Warning: *This story contains elements of open and/or alternative sexuality such as growth, expansion and inflation as well as sensually arousing or erotic circumstances. Reader discretion is advised.*

Rated: *R for Restricted*

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Chapter 2: Ice Born Warrior

Pen had completed his transfusion, which wasn't filtering his blood, but rather he was injecting something into him. The delicacy of this procedure wasn't lost on me, and it was a meticulous and precise thing awaking someone from a deep cold sleep. One had to consider both the physical and the mystical, and they awoke slowly with the drip-drip-drip of a fluid falling from a container and sliding into a bloodstream that was like a slushy inside his veins.

But I sat there on a mat before my Anho late that night, surrounded by a blanket with some of that hot herbal tea that would lessen the effects of my heat brewing nearby while Pen finally removed his pins from the holes in Anhogamon's body and resealed the holes in the ice with ice water.

"On the list of things that a human being finds most fascinating to watch, there is watching a fly crawl up a wall, paint drying, a Zamboni going round and round on an ice rink, and watching ice melt." Pen said quietly with a smirk as he gathered up his tools and things. "You should get some rest Fellania. He's not coming out of that for days yet."

"I'd like to stay..." I said immediately, trying to will the ice to melt faster. I suppose I could make it melt faster, the elemental powers of a druid that were in me could turn that ice to vapor. But that would probably kill him... "For a little while at least. I can stay awake for a long time."

"I know you can... but... you're making this harder on you, you know. It'd be like watching a pot of water coming to boil. The anticipation will make it seem longer." I sighed and deflated greatly. "Besides... once I leave you won't be able to get out, and the dripping water will make you want to go pee at about..." he looked up and rolled his eyes in calculated thought. "Three hours ago."

I eyed him. "You use your powers to see what time I go to the bathroom?"

He shrugged. "I don't always have control of what I do and don't see." He smirked. "Come on then."

My want to stay versus being trapped down here for hours and having to use the bathroom waged with itself, till ultimately I rose with a dejected sigh and gathered the blanket about me like a shawl.

"Perhaps you're right..." I said at last, towering over the little dwarfish dragon. He may be the largest of his kind at only four feet, but his utmost control of Butterfly Effect was a remarkable trait, and who knew what other skills this little package had.

Leading me outside, he gestured and the doors closed, but this time there was a flash of light as something changed, and then a solid wall formed before the door. Reaching out and pressing my hand against it, I felt that it felt real.

“That should deter any additional visitors...” Pen mentioned, and then reached up and taking my free hand, he patted it comfortingly. “Now... I can’t hook my arm around yours as a lady is due when she’s being escorted, but I do my best.”

I smirked. “I doubt you could get both your arms around mine anyways even if you were hanging off my arm,” I said and flexed my other arm, revealing the imperiously shaped bicep as it flexed and pushed the sleeves of the robe I was wearing backward to the crook of the arm. The added strength I’d received lately was indeed showing itself off as the muscle flexed so much that my fur thinned and flared and thick, thick veins popped out of the flesh and throbbled powerfully.

“Indeed. But I want you to try to rest, Fellania. I know you’re tough, I know you need to be strong, but while you’re here I don’t want you to feel like you need to.”

“Why would you want that?”

“Why wouldn’t I?” he asked me, looking up into my face as he held onto two of my fingers with one of his hands. “I am your host and a gentleman and this is a shrine of peace... it’s my duty to make you comfortable. Despite how strong and independent you are, despite how capable you indeed are, I will continue to make your life as comfortable as possible till you tell me to stop.

“What with your heart aching like it is and your woman’s body doing tricks to you in your heat... I want you to be relaxed and calm. Situations like this will be rare for you, Fellania, and if there’s one thing that I know about all creatures great and small, is that they don’t mind being coddled at least a little from time to time.

“You’re trying to spoil me.” I smirked but then paused. “How often *will* I have situations like this?”

“This one will end sooner than you think.” He answered and I nodded and then asked another question.

“How long till Anho is out of that ice?” I asked yet again.

He didn’t look at me as he answered. “Sooner than you think.”

Unbeknownst to me, in the chamber we just left... a long, solid crack broke through the ice in Anhogamon’s prison.

I am Remy.

There were many shadows upon the grounds, more than enough for a rat like me to hide within. Any kind of rat, mind you, but as a rat invited onto these grounds of Pendragon’s shrine, I was still nonetheless ill at ease. I was never ‘at ease’... being at ease meant complacency, complacency were what your enemies waited for, and when it happened they typically struck mercilessly, hurting you, hurting your loved ones...

I almost never let my guard down in my life... so why was it then that I was actively going to let that guard down in a moment or two from now? I was planning to let it down even, and the only thing that came to mind as to why was...

...Because I wanted to.

Because I wanted to be in a place where I didn't have to have my guard up all the fucking time! I wanted to be where I didn't have to be mindful of my surroundings, keep a mental list of my enemies and wonder how each of them could exploit me in a given situation and prepare at it, not jump at every odd sound or oddly moving shadow.

...I wanted, just for once, to just relax and not sleep with my eyes half open.

So sliding into a tight stand of trees, a grove of cherry trees and bushes with a hollow right in the center of the stand, I paused at the sound of a woman humming with the accompaniment of a samisen.

It was like a siren's call, and all those worries I had just a moment ago about enemies and about monsters behind every rock ebbed away like the rolling of the tides.

The Creator of all things gave us females just so that we wouldn't go completely mad. Our uptight ways had to be counterbalanced by something... gentle... forthright and loving.

Following those sounds inward to the center of the stand of trees, I found Sen sitting elegantly, and quite gracefully, plucking at the instrument in her hands as I watched her from the shadows, focusing on her long and slender neck as I looked upon her white face and white fur and her greatly displayed bosom since her multiple layered robes were hanging off her shoulders. At the same time, her long hair was done up atop her head in a Japanese Geisha style while being framed by her two perfectly unrounded ears.

She was unscarred and unblemished, her life was comfortable and it had deemed her flesh and her fur to be soft and silken to remain the same consistency of the flesh and fur of an infant of our race.

We were born so soft...

But a life of self control and activity had shaped her muscles beneath that flesh and fur so that she could be an assassin if need be. She'd definitely proven to me the seductive power of a female assassin. She'd lulled me into lowering my awareness with her sultry and enticing form, and she punctuated the fatal error of that act by showing me that she could've killed me.

Could have...

...But she didn't. Instead she loved me, gave me her virginity even and punctuated it with her sweet kisses. She was a pure maiden till then, and now she was a pure woman.

Admiring her, looking upon her face and neck and the tops of her breasts, feeling the heat and stiffness rising in my pants, I saw her, I wanted her. She was a delectable piece of candy to a kid, a pearl of great price to an adult, the goal of a lifelong quest, the glass of pure artesian water at the end of a long dusty road.

...But... there was this nagging sensation of warning in the back of my head, something that a part of me was telling me to ignore, but the other part of me was telling me it was important enough to pay attention to. The one part was

telling me that she was the one, the perfect one, that I should take hold of her and never let go, while the other part of me was warning me that she was a trap.

Regardless, it was a pity that I didn't know any Japanese songs, but I listened to this one with rapt attention nevertheless... till it was over.

I'd closed my eyes, closed them for a few moments to feel the song, and when I opened them it was to see her directly before me, close before me, so that the only sight I saw were her bright blue eyes. Her robes hung off her bodice, off shoulders and the peaks of her arms and the swells of her pert and perfect mammaries so that only the sheer case of friction held the gowns and robes she wore upward. It was a bare couple of inches of friction that held that clothing around her with artfully arrayed sashes and ribbons... any lower and I could look directly upon her erect teats. The depth of cleavage that I was nonetheless granted made my mind numb with desire.

"I come as bidden, my lord." She curtsied briefly, lowering head and eyes even as she dipped low before me into a curtsy.

I followed her with my eyes and smiled stupidly at the sight of that cleavage before her face, and despite the shadows, my night vision was more than enough to look down her gowns and robes. She was tantalizing even when being proper, and the view of the slopes of her bodice and the second set of breasts seen from between the first made my woody stiffen immediately before she rose.

"I'm no one's lord." I told her.

"As you wish." She curtsied again, but this time she smiled her red-painted lips and remained at the bottom of her curtsy a little longer before rising slowly.

She knew I was looking down her robes... looking at those breasts, and she offered me a longer view of her bodice.

"What did you wish of me?" she asked after rising again, and while I was looking at her breasts, without actually lifting her hands, she tugged on the sides of her robes with her hands to pull the garments down even more as she rose, revealing more of her bosom and the tops of the disks of her areola. I stiffened even more. Her reddened lips showed me the mischievous smile that told me she knew very well what I was looking at, knew quite well what I desired of her and her actions were showing that she was more than inclined to give it.

"I wanted to look upon you... privately." I told her and my hand flexed in a want to touch her.

"You could've done that in the seclusion of your room." She paused and tugged again, and I saw more of those areola, large pink disks that possessed nipples that were standing on end. The soft pink of those naughty bits were darkening as she blushed in growing readiness. "There is also my room if you prefer. I've made them comfortable for any man."

"I... didn't want any distractions." I told her and she nodded, and now lifting her hands, she instead lifted them to the shirt I wore and untucking it from the flowing trousers I wore, she merely nodded and began undoing the ties and buttons of the shirt.

"Mm-hm." she mentioned, sliding her hands into the two folds of that shirt and her fingertips immediately found the sensitive parts of my chest... just a mere quarter inch over either primary nipple. There she began to minutely rub and caress me, soothing me. "Distractions. You should know that you are safer in Master Pendragon's home than

you are outside of it.” *She mentioned, keeping her eyes locked with mine, those luminescent and limpid pools of blue the color of the sky at dawn.*

“I know that... but...” *and she bent forward and kissed that spot, just over the left nipple, the one that was more sensitive than the other, and I felt her tongue touch lightly against that spot before she retracted and blew softly upon that very same spot, and I felt it go from warm and wet from her kiss and lick to cooling. I felt goose bumps rise up all over me as my arousal deepened and my prick loaded with a priming charge of seminal juices that I wants to place inside her in that very moment. As I bent, instinctively puffing my chest out, I felt her accept that body with hers, her breasts against my chests, my groin becoming nestled sweetly into the bowl of her crotch that was covered by all those silken and lovely clothes of hers.*

“Goo...” *I exhaled and bit my lower lip with the chisel of my front teeth as she focused her attentions on that spot with her lips, fingers and tongue; kissing it, licking the nipple, fingering the spot while she studiously pushed the shirt I wore up over my muscled shoulders and down my arms to let it fall to the ground.*

Ever so soon thereafter I found myself pulling the sash from about her waist which thusly spilled her robes open, allowing her held mammaries, all four of them, to roll outward into the open air. I had to touch her then, and I held her narrow sides, felt the connection of flesh against flesh as she smiled to me, still soothing me before she took my hands with hers and lifted them to her lips to kiss them with those reddened things, just before she held those hands to her primaries.

In a matter of moments those robes of hers were slipping to hang off the crooks of her arms before she reached up to hang both arms atop a tree, this act lifting and hefting her breasts more into my hands and into my view. Leaning backward then, she let me see a realm of twelve erect nipples, two on her pert primaries and two more upon the subtle swells of her secondaries with the rest lining her long and lightly muscled belly. She arched herself more deeply and sighed as I took to feeling and caressing her breasts, her tail twisting around her long, supple and ample leg. Only the barest of triangles of white silk held up by beaded wire obscured her sex from me and keeping her from being totally naked, but even that garment was beginning to become transparent as her loins leaked their sweet nectar in preparation for me.

Without thinking I caressed the conic swells of her breasts and she sighed from my touch, rolling her head sensually while my thumbs slid about her areola and the pair puffed outward, thickening as the teats erected powerfully, and ever so slowly those mammaries began to expand and swell right beneath my fingers, filling both my hands as she stood there with her arms over her head, sighing nasally.

I'd heard of this, I'd heard of female rat assassins having such body control as this. They became the fantasy of the male they were trying to entice, adjusting their bodies subtly and facial structures like flexing a muscle to become that desired fem... make them even more enticing. Again my instincts were warning me of a trap but I shoed them away.

I was fully erect now, so hard it hurt. I wanted her, and sliding my hands downward over first one pair and then the second pair of her lusciously engorged and fur-thinned mammaries, she cooed for me, her every sensitive sound playing upon my mind with the fact I was giving her pleasure. It was a measure of implied control... I thought I could control her by giving her pleasure. It was a manly thing despite how much I knew it wasn't true. She was allowing me to pleasure her, she was dropping all her guards, all her defenses, letting me into the deepest recess of her heart, opening gates dropping barriers to let me in as deep and as far as I wanted to go.

And I took pleasure in her pleasure as I felt the rolling creases of her ribs, the bands of lateral obliques, the pads of abdominals before I came to her waist and hooked both hands into the beaded wires over her hips that held that eye patch of cloth over her sex, which was already swollen and creasing those panties into a semblance of a camel's toe.

She wanted me... and that's what truly maddened me for her, rose my passions even as I slid her panties off her widened hips that seemed even wider still then I remembered them being. She murred to me as her loins were opened up into the open cool air of the night, showing off her long supple thighs as she rubbed them against each other back and forth, changing the contours and the depths of the revealing view of her sex for me, the act playing tricks on me as those taut vaginal lips of hers appeared and disappeared from view.

And those body parts kept changing before me... as if she were becoming my perfect ideal of a woman right before my eyes. Again my instincts screamed trap as her vulva clenched I let go of those panties and they fell to her ankles after being pulled from the deepest hidden recess of her form, and I breathed deeply at the now opened scent of her loins glistening with her sexual juices. I breathed solidly, wanting her with the fullness of my own loins bowing out the front of my pants. I needed her... I was sick, she was the cure.

She was so perfect!

Perfect... too perfect. If a thing were perfect... it was a trap. That thought snapped itself into my head so fiercely that within seconds I became limp.

"I-I want... I... no... I need to go. I need to go now." I said and stepped back from her.

Sen merely looked up at me, her eyes were knowing in their captivating allure... understanding as I tucked my shirt back in. "As you wish..." she said to me, and I felt two emotions with those words. One felt like a knife in the heart – I've felt that sensation... it's quite astute that someone would liken heart ache to a knife in the heart – it was quite accurate, and the other was a profound loss even as she stood there with her panties around her ankles, moist between the legs, her nipples erect... ready for me. She didn't even cover up.

"I-I'm sorry." I said and slipped from her with a snap of a tail.

All I knew as I hurried back to the shrine, was that there were tears in my eyes. Whereas my instincts were congratulating me in my escaping of the trap, that other part of me was calling me a damned coward.

I am Pendragon. I would tell you all of the titles that I'd received in my lifetime – both real and implied – but that'd take to long. Regardless, the measure of all those titles really doesn't define a person... all it does is define their accomplishments. I tell you I was the Grandmaster of the Dawn, and you'd nod and go 'Grandmaster... that's a great title. Now what's it mean?'

That was the truth of the matter.

That title arose from the multitudes I'd trained. At first it was master, but when I rose enough students to be masters themselves, those former students still called me master and their students tended to call me Grandmaster because of it. And why the Dawn? Well... currently, there's a leveling system in this monastic order I'd created, but at the time I came up with it, it just sounded cool at the time.

But that title bespoke of the sort of life I'd lived. Grandmaster denoted that I spent lots of time teaching... enough time to create masters of my students, an entire monastic order upon it, and for a dragon a million and a half years old... I'd spent lots of time teaching and observing those that'd been my students.

Other dragons, Fae, Elves... and of course... humans.

Across that aged lifetime I'd experienced, I'd learned that the humans had created some rather marvelous things in their existence, both remarkable... and terrifying. It was a measure as to the spectacular potential of humankind when the first Dragon Slayers arose. A human killing a dragon was like an ant killing a human in our eyes. It was a measure of impossibility, but nonetheless... it happened.

The magical abilities of our Lore, the all encompassing power of summoning maelstroms and storms paled to the destructive capability of a nuclear bomb. We dragons, the Fae and the Elves were never more so shocked and awed than the Japanese were when Nagasaki and Hiroshima were wiped off the face of the earth by the technology of mankind. This markedly made the third time that I could recall when human civilization overshadowed the other civilizations on this world. At the most we dragons, the Fae and Elves each maybe numbered in the tens or hundreds of millions. The Fae themselves only in the thousands. Humans numbered in the billions!

The inauspicious beginnings of these creatures to beings that outgrew their old monsters and their old gods and their old legends not once, not twice, but thrice over... it was a spectacular and marvelous thing. But humans also create fantastic things.

Thinking machines that were rapidly approaching processing speeds faster than their own minds, the internet: a network that spanned the globe and connected millions together all across her surface, automobiles that ran without a beast pulling or pushing them, airplanes: enabling them to fly without the use of wings or flight spells... and not only that, fly faster than the speed of sound.

I've found that humans effect the older races more than the older races effect them.

The Japanese were most especially exemplified in that regards. Though their entire culture is centered on a series of small islands that was a fraction of the size of their nearest neighbors of China and Russia, nevertheless, the Japanese culture is... addicting.

When one thinks of Martial Arts, one usually thinks of Karate and Ninjitsu first, Wushu, Tai Chi and Kung Fu second, and maybe all the rest developed by Europe and India third. People think of Ninja and Samurai first and the elegance of their art, of the Katana, Ninja-to and Wakizashi more than the Toledo Salazar or Salamanca. Many specialists would state that the usage of European Martial Arts is actually superior to Asian Martial arts, but nonetheless, people think of the Japanese Long Bow, the Samurai Katana and the Monk's Bo Staff before one thinks of the British Long bow, or the Flamberge, Rapier or even the common Bastard Sword... regardless as to how deadly European Martial Arts still were.

Pit a Samurai and a Fencer together and tell me who'd win.

Aside from their martial prowess, which was refined long, long before the rest of the world was out of stone axes and leather loincloths, the Japanese culture was likewise desirable. Tales of Geisha and warrior monks inspire much imagination. It was a seductive culture that affected even the most war-like of people.

I remember the Mongol invasions in twelve-seventy-four and twelve-eighty-one. Kublai Kahn's attempts were thwarted mostly by the powerful storms surrounding Japan – in which the word 'Kamikaze,' or 'Divine wind' first

appeared in Japanese culture – Kublai Kahn did manage to briefly take the mainland, but his invasion was in the end defeated culturally by Japan. Kublai Kahn was so affected by Japanese culture in his brief stay here that it was said that he became civil briefly before returning to the mainland. His third attempt to take Japan never happened, because after his death his advisors unanimously decided to leave Japan and its Divine Winds well enough alone.

But militaristically, the greatest swordsman in all of human history was Japanese. He was a man by the name of Miyamoto Musashi... and by greatest swordsman... I include individuals like Gilgamesh and Achilles in that list, but also other beings of greater note among the Dragons, Fae and Elves.

Musashi did more damage with a wooden sword than most other samurai did with a sharpened metal one. That was saying absolutely nothing for when Musashi actually had a sword in his hand.

As such, other than their martial prowess – which I personally had a hand in providing the seed knowledge for – they also had such elegance. Like I mentioned before, humans have created some interesting things... they just get lost in the fervor of all the violence and destruction they cause in the meantime. As such, I myself have taken up a pair of artisan hobbies that the Japanese have created... in the arts of Bonsai and Silk Painting. I do Origami from time to time, but at this very moment I was working on a silk painting.

I always loved silk painting. The elegance and beauty of the art was considerably phenomenal... from everything from their Kanji to actual pieces of art, they were always so elegant and so beautiful... and there was such skill involved, for one had to keep in mind the bleed effect of silk painting.

I was upset that Lee's and Madoushi's fight after the return from Lea Monde had damaged one of my older paintings, but Temporal Reversal was enough to restore it to its preserved and undamaged state.

In the midst of this painting though – a finch on a cherry tree – I paused as I reached to dip my brush into the inks before getting more ink on the brush and wiping the excess off on the hand bowl.

“How may I help you Master Remy?” I asked and continued painting.

“How did you know I was there?” Remy asked.

It was always so enjoyable in letting Ninja and Assassins know that their stealth really wasn't as good as they thought it was.

“I am a dragon, Master Remy. Regardless as to my size, I am still a Great Wyrm. First of all, anybody that enters a space disrupts the air in that space. The air molecules get pushed out of the way since gasses can't permeate a solid, and often times this is picked up subconsciously from others in regards to the ancient instinctive feeling of 'I'm being watched.'

“Aside from that, you produce sound, no matter how quietly moving you may be, the fur on your body brushing against clothing, the sound of your controlled breathing and heart beat, the vibrations of the wood of the cross beams you are on... I could go on with innumerable variations, but you get the idea. Every little thing creates sound, Remy, and as you can notice... my ears are really, really big.

“Additionally, you have a scent that I can still smell even in a room of still air filled with the scents of paints. My antennae are insectid in their sensitivity... many times more sensitive than even a blood hound scent receptors.” I lifted my antennae and they twitched as I put the brush down. “And finally...I can feel every ethereal vibration,

every life force down to creatures the size of a flea that exist in my Shrine. I was aware of you with Sen as you moved from the gardens, entered my shrine, transformed into a rat, scurried up behind me and then shifted again.”

“Anything other than that?” *Remy asked tersely.*

“You have a dagger in your right hand.” *I said nonchalantly.* “So that brings me to the next question, Remy... is there something vexing you?”

“What is Sen?” *Remy asked then.*

“A female of the Rat Lycans.” *I replied with a shrug.*

“I am in no mood for riddles and jokes, Pendragon. You are in a dangerous position right now, and at the moment you are still suffering from my Grandfather’s blade. I daresay a second blow would indeed kill you.”

“Yes, but I *let* your grandfather stab me, Remy. Despite that you’re behind me and in a position of,” *I lifted my two upper arms and made quotation marks with the index fingers.* “‘*Advantage*’... Despite that I have my back to you, despite that I’m sitting and you’re standing in a poise of murder, do you really think I’d let you stick me with that needle?” *Remy was silent and I gestured before me with a lower hand while lowering the upper two.* “I am a Scholar before a monk, Remy... Violence doesn’t become me. Why don’t you and I speak to each other face to face? Unless of course,” *I lifted my other lower hand and waggled the index finger in punctuation.* “You’d really like the test the skills of a dragon that gave martial arts to the human world.”

But the dagger slid beneath my neck and arched its edge upward instead. I didn’t move my chin in the slightest.

“Answer my question first.” *Remy warned through grit teeth.*

“I already did.” *I mentioned.* “She is no more than that, and no less. Whatever is hidden by her is her own design and not mine, Remy.”

“That’s not what I meant!” *Remy snarled.*

“If it’s not what you meant, then ask what you mean.”

More silence. “Did you... send her... to entice me?” *he said through grit teeth.* “Is she a trap? Is she some sort of reward you made for me? You saw me in the future and then created my perfect female, didn’t you?!”

“Ah... No... all women are traps... yes... and no.” *I counted his questions off on one hand. Luckily I had four fingers on each hand.* “Did you have more questions, or would you like to look me eye to eye now?”

The needle-like dagger withdrew and Remy stepped back and around me, and one of my great eyes swiveled in my head to catch him in its vision as he walked around me, keeping his eyes on me while I sat there in the lotus position.

“Care to explain your answers?”

“Did I send her to entice you? No. Why? Because that’s not the job of a Geisha, Master Remy. It’s a common misunderstanding that the world believes that Geisha are whores. Only the rarest examples of Geisha let themselves over for sex, and by rare, I mean that there are only a few of them per generation that so much as even consider it let

alone actually do it. Their job is to relax and entertain... professional escorts as it were, and they've been considered, even traditionally, only to be entertainers. Her job wasn't to entice, her job was to help you relax.

"But Sen is still her own person, Remy. If she gave her body to you for pleasure, then that is left up to her own will as to whether or not she would do that. Also bare in mind that whores get paid... so, so long as you didn't pay her money..." *I gestured toward Remy and looked at him questioningly.*

"No. no I didn't give her money for sex." *Remy exhaled, deflating noticeably.*

"Very well, moving on..."

"Is she a trap? All women are traps. Why? Well... I'd have to go across all of creation to explain that. It's really a learned thing in all truth, but in all reality, what is more of a distracting creature in all of creation than a woman with a really big pair of..."

"Enough of that. Continue." *Remy said as I was in the midst of using all four hands to display an extra, extra large pair of boobies over my chest... that or a four pack of boobs that were at least P-cup for a creature my size... G for humans.*

"Ok... is she some kind of reward? Yes. After delving around Lea Monde for a week, I thought, hey... why not send the nice rat guy a nice mouse girl to supply him with his relaxation needs. What could go wrong?" *Remy was silent, and I eyed him. "But something apparently has gone wrong, hasn't it?" he remained silent, gripping his hands tightly so that I could hear the tendons grinding.*

"Fine. Did I see you in the future and then create your perfect female? No. Why? I don't do that. The Fae have been cursed by the Creator Himself for playing god, Remy. It is wisdom in us Dragons not to repeat the mistakes of our younger cousins. I cultivate bloodlines, true, but I do so in order to preserve them. True... this requires elements of supplied marriages from time to time, where I find an individual of compatibility and supply the current holder of that bloodline with an appropriate mate, but all in all, they still have free choice. There've been many times where the seemingly serendipitous introduction of a good man or a good woman to a bloodline was rejected by the current holder of said bloodline and either a replacement had to be found or that bloodline holder went off and chose someone completely at random. Often times that other person they choose is a better than the one I intended.

"I sent Sen to you as a favor... a servant of the shrine to help you relax... nothing more. Whatever else she has done, or is doing, is of her own volition."

Remy grit his teeth and palmed his forehead before sinking to his knees.

"How do I know this isn't a lie?!" *he grit out.*

"Would I be able to maintain a Shrine of Peace for longer than the human race's existence if I were a liar?" *I replied and he looked at me. "Lies make bad magic, Remy. Only evil magic-users lie. I am so steeped in the ether that if I did willingly lie then it'd unmake me. I didn't make her into what she is for you; I made her what she is for her.*

"So now it's my turn to ask questions, Remy. What led you to believe that I was using her against you?"

Remy was quiet for a moment. I waited patiently.

“Anything that is too perfect is a trap.” *He said quietly.*

“I see.” *I nodded and leaned forward.* “Then let me tell you this then Master Remy LeBeau, I am not trying to entice you, force you, or keep you or anything. I employ, I don’t enslave. If you so choose, you can walk right out that front door and out into the night. I haven’t even told your grandfather where you are as of yet... so if you so choose, remain here... or leave. If you stay, I have much to offer you, but if you leave then I can offer you little... a pittance by comparison. But as of now, Sen is her own person as well. If she chooses to come to you, then she chooses to do so for herself and not me.”

“So you didn’t design her, wean her, prune her into being some sort of...of...”

I waited patiently for whatever he wanted to say, but he didn’t finish it.

“I have the jist of what you’re getting at... and no, she is not any of that. I don’t create people, I don’t have mammaries to wean and she’s not a plant to prune.

“By the way, speaking of pruning, Master LeBeau, I know that she’s been deflowered recently. You of all people should know the sort of faith a woman places in a man to give him her virginity. All men after that first one never receive so much faith in them by the same woman. You should feel remarkably privileged... especially if she comes to you more than once... even more so if she accepts your advances for such.” *I took up my brush and wiped the excess ink off on the edge of the bowl before taking to the silk canvas drawn across its easel again.* “I commend your survival instincts, Remy... but in this case... you can consider them woefully misplaced.”

Remy knelt there in thought, and slowly sheathed the needle he’d been carrying... the appropriate sort of weapon to get around a dragon’s armor. Slowly he got to his feet, hesitantly at first, and then finally brought himself upward and began to leave.

“You should apologize to her.” *I told him as he’d paced past me.* “A woman like that who isn’t your typical female wererat giving such faith in you like that... there’s something special there and you’d be blind not to recognize it, stupid to recognize it as something else.” *Remy turned to look over his shoulder as I said that.* “Not that I don’t blame you... living your entire life by the moment... It must be pretty daunting to actually *have* to look into the future and...”

“You’ve made your point you old Wyrn... and thank you.”

“You’re welcome.” *I replied and said nothing more, and Remy left as quietly as he came.*

Sen was laying face first in my bedding when I returned to my room, resting in that bed if it was also her own, her soft fur and long ping tail soft and delicate like the rest of her, her ankles spread sprawling against the nest of blankets, furs and pillows... invitingly. The pink slit of her sex and the various folds of it between the swells of labial muscle of her pubic mound were immediately visible to me as I entered.

I stood there, looking at her tight rounded butt, remarking on what a nice ass she had with her pert love mound caught beneath the swells and her back and tail making one continuous and sinuous line. Then approaching, undressing as I walked, I disposed of my pants last beside the bedding and slid in against her back. I didn’t slide into her, that’s the sort of thing a gentleman doesn’t do, but instead I laid naked against her, grasping her

shoulders, holding her while I remained wide awake there, listening to her calming actually with my hands upon her like that.

I didn't even realize that she'd been so tense before she relaxed into the pillows with a nasal sigh and then seemed to settle deeper into the bedding beneath me.

She felt... comfortable with me. Comfort required safety... she felt safe with me. I was always taught that comfort meant that you were complacent. I purposefully did things to keep myself from being comfortable... keep myself aware of danger.

There was always danger.

How I envied this woman that she could feel as such in my presence, how I awed at the fact that I could make someone feel that way. But regardless... having a woman who could feel this way, who could sleep this way in my presence made me feel...

Comfortable.

The next day...

I dreamed a dream that morning... at about the time that the morning sun was rising. I dreamed of myself atop a mountain, laying naked in the cool evening sun with the sun sinking beyond the horizon and me. A babbling stream rolled down beside me laden with rocks, but nonetheless I laid upon a bed of moss and duff laden with spring flowers.

Cooing and sighing nasally, I felt my body being soothed, a tongue licking my fur flat, and opening my eyes, I saw the broad back of a bobcat-man before me, his hands cupping my knees and a hip at first before the hand holding my knees lifted them. Obediently to his incessant touches, I let my legs raise till both legs were together with thighs pressed close... right before he cupped my knees and pushed them apart.

My legs and loins spread open like the petals of a lotus, labial muscles swelling and the stamen of a clitoris erecting while drawing the inner folds of vaginal muscle out with them. Biting my lower lip nervously I watched as the bobcat-man, his features obscured in shadow since the sun was behind him, but his eyes glowed brightly from within those shadows to look upon me.

He slid between those legs, a great horn of man-mean projecting from his loins as he pressed it against my sex, the heat on his thickened nads becoming moistened by my loins as I arched deeply. Then this bobcat-man leaned forward and pressed his hands against my breasts, bending low to kiss one and then the other, sucking on one teat and nibbling on it with his needle-like teeth till I gasped and with a muscle spasm in both pectorals, brief jets of milk lanced from those teats before leaking endlessly from them as I arched deeper and moaned in readiness.

"Take me my sweet lord." I moaned, and then tasted his lips, sucking on them as he massaged the milk from my tits, rubbing the milk into flesh and fur as he ground his groin into my crotch.

Both my thighs spread wider, labial muscles gaping open, widening as I whimpered for him, the pain of needing his piercing loins to pop whatever bubble it was that was in my loins. I felt hot, very hot and the stream beside me began to steam as if it were fed from a hot stream, and I started to perspire, feeling a microorgasm lance from me as

his kisses and hands slid down my body, tracing muscles on their way down, palming my vulva before he massaged the lips, spread them open, and wrapping my legs that were thicker than his waist with either muscular arm, he palmed and rubbed my tummy and took to sucking and tonguing that sex.

A moan wracked from me as the earth trembled beneath me, rumbling and churning as he tasted me, licked me, flicked my clit and nibbled on it with his tongue, drinking my nectar and throwing me into deeper and deeper throws of sexual power.

The fingers of either of my hands flossed through his great mane, even as the mountain behind me split and erupted, but I paid it no mind, the fire in me roiling as a jet of lava shot miles up into the air to splatter the cone of the mountain, while the mouth spilled lava around him and me. He paid no mention to it either as I screamed and churned, belly muscles rolling and clenching while my insides did tricks, and rising, licking the cream off his mouth with that prick looking even bigger than ever, he poised and stroked himself before me.

One strong hand, used to holding a sword, slid up and down that rod that arched with rounded muscles and a flaring head, riddled with thickened veins that throbbed and beat. He grinned at me and his grin glistened in what little light could reflect on it, and cupping my bottom with one hand, that heaving, surging meat was angled for me and I arched and spread wider still.

“Take me... please!” I whimpered, right as that bulbous meat pressed against the spread open lotus of my sex, pressuring the lips and bands of flesh apart as it penetrated, its muscle ridges rolling against the bony ridges inside me as my pussy was actually forced wide around the penetrating batting ram.

Deeper and deeper it penetrated as I came, clenched and then came again, washing his lap and loins with my moisture as he cupped my bottom, pushing and fighting against my incredible strength while walls of lava rolled down to either side of us. Trees lit a fire as my fur matted with moisture, and soon I was laying in a puddle of sweat and milk and nectar, moaning and crying for more.

I roared, and roared again, rolling up onto my shoulders as he delved, pushed, shoved, gyrated until...

I woke up.

My teeth grit as the next building orgasm spasmed from me, and I found myself biting my pillow, gripping the sheets and actually on my chest with my butt up in the air instead of on my back as the orgasmic lance spilled from me.

“Oh damn it...” I moaned and laid there with eyelids half open. “I was just getting to the good part. Ngh.” Another smaller lance spilled from me before I planted my face into the pillow and tried to calm myself.

I felt like I was burning up on the inside. If I looked I was sure I’d see steam rising from my body.

My brain was numb and I groaned from the sexual power that was throbbing in my loins, and by throbbing I’d have to liken it to a madman beating on a snare drum over and over and over and... you get the idea. Suddenly I realized that I hadn’t drank my tea last night in my desire to stay awake with Anho. Unfortunately, I was near enough to sleep at that moment that I had a second dream directly thereafter that involved the same bobcat taking me doggy style that wrought another sexual expulsion from me that I awoke from with a snap.

“Damn it...” I moaned. And rose immediately after awaking the second time, and rising atop those thick, powerful knees and their attached burgeoning thighs and wide hips, both my hands immediately went to cup my wet loins in an attempt to stop it from its incessant actions.

That proved to be a mistake though as immediately those thickened labia clenched and spat another wave of sexual juices as my eyes rolled back in my head and I bit my lower lip as it and my whole trembled from the release like an impact tremor. Several smaller jets followed the first while milk leaked from my fattened breasts as I settled still with both hands between either thigh onto my heels.

The tea pot was brewed beside my bed already at that moment, and grabbing it, pushing the tea dipper in the top of the pot itself and swirling it about, I took the pot, lifted it and drank straight from the spigot of the thing, downing the entire container to the last drop before I threw the blankets aside and then stepped to the shower, turning on the cold water as full powered as it would go.

Water was a cleansing thing, and cold water has always been the only thing on earth greater than the heat and fire of the world. Water tamed this chaotic world... without it Earth would've been a sulfur ridden planet devoid of life. It's cooling waters splattered into my face as I breathed into the streams, the water pouring over my back, in between either breasts and butt cheeks, washing over my sex and cleansing the grime of dried sweat, body oils, milk and caked-on body fluids. Standing there though as I massaged both of the titanic orbs that had become of my breasts, squeezing and even sucking the milk from them, despite the chilling effects of the water and the natural effects of the tea rolling through me, I nonetheless still managed to orgasm one last time there in the shower.

...It got me into a weird mood for the day.

I was... overly sensitive today, so I wore soft clothes, soft underpants, layered silks and linens, predominately to hide the level and grade of the ever-continuing arousal I'd been experiencing. Straightening my back once robed in a heavier outer robe – mainly to hide the lumps of teat and areola as well as the bulging of an aroused pubic mound, I left my room and headed down for breakfast... suddenly aware that I was being watched by anything everything with a penis that I happened to walk by... and... some fems.

I could imagine the cloud of pheromones I was projecting was drawing their attention, but young men that were little more than boys to even elderly males with deep wrinkles from their age noticed me, followed me. I've never been so popular in my life... and I was a fertile princess of my clan!

From my rooms to the dining hall, I had a small bouquet of flowers from roses to lilies and orchids to a great big sunflower, each one inviting me to dinner, or lunch, or coffee or tea, to a movie, a night on the town, straight to their room for some sex...

It was a measure as to how intense I felt at the moment that I was tempted – albeit briefly – to take one or two of them up on the offer. But I had made a reservation... Anhogamon was going to be the one who would have this body and no one else. But it was also a measure as to how well I was drawing males to me as one very unexpected individual even noticed me.

“My-my-my... sweet lady.” Ivan meowed as he trotted along on all fours up to my side before rising onto his hind quarters and doing that ever so subtle body shift to be bipedal. “Might I say that you look absolutely brilliant today!”

I exhaled a sigh... really tired of guys hitting on me, and really having Ivan do it too was almost crossing the line. “What would Mew think of you hitting on me?” I asked and gave him a glowering look at him.

“She’d tell me to tap your ass!” and he hopped up and swatted my butt.

My teeth and fists grit as the flowers in my hand shook and I counted to ten and then sighed.

“No... thank you.” I said.

“Well if you want a little licking...”

“Ivan!” I stopped and rounded on him, and then moaned as I turned and my breasts rubbed against the insides of my robes. “No!”

“Can’t fault a guy for trying...” he meowed, bowed with a long sweep of his hand and then proffered a rose to me.

I rolled my eyes and took it before he shook his head rapidly, an earring in his ear glistening before he scampered away, and stepping to the nearest couch with its pillows, I stuffed the pillow in my face and screamed into it before removing the pillow and gasping, seeing some of the shrine’s monks smiling at me.

“Aren’t you guys supposed to be celibate?” I asked them.

“Not in this shrine.” They said in unison.

I stared at them for a moment. “Not going to happen.” I told them.

Then one of the men stepped forward and threw off his robes, leaving a Speedo, and he flexed for me. “Not even in the face of... this?” he asked me, going into several body builder poses to show off the girth of his muscles.

I approached him, lifted an arm and slowly coiled it, the bicep flaring, separating into its two constituent halves, each half showing off its individual muscle chords and tendons while veins popped out. It’s girth was so massive it swelled to the size of my tit, larger than my head, so huge it brushed against my knuckles as it blushed with the throbbing flow of blood. The muscular monk paused and blinked at it as I kissed its top.

“Call me when and if you get bigger.” I smirked.

The other monks laughed at their fellow before the threesome left the hall. This time I checked that the hallway was empty before I picked up the pillow and screamed into it again.

I needed a man, and the tension was getting me to the point where I was about ready to snap! I was sure that I was at the sexual point right here and now that I could break the world’s record for the most men in one session.

Stepping down the stairs to the dining hall, dishing up a pile of food that was massive and heaping and sitting down roughly on a cushion, I began mindlessly eating and concentrating on slowing my breathing, slowing my heartbeat, calming myself and riding myself of any... great big throbbing cock surging up and down, back and forth, round and round and... Damn it!

“Hey...” a familiar voice said and I turned to see Sue sitting beside me. “...You look flustered.”

“I want to break things.” I told her. “Maybe a nice long work out... lift some weights or something, *anything* to work off all this... damned... URGH!” I groaned and several people moved down the table from me.

And then I felt something climbing up my back before Pen suddenly peaked up over my shoulder.

“What the... Pen! What on earth...”

With surprising strength he straightened my head to look forward. “Just relax.” And he jabbed his little claw tips into several places of my neck before beginning to massage it. First it felt hot, and then rather cold, and then numb, and it was like the numbness lessened the sensations I was getting from my sex and nipples. “It is when I have a female in my care that is under a heat like you, Fellania, or pregnant like you Sue, that makes me more than glad that I wasn’t born a female.” Pen said and continued massaging my neck, making little pin-pricks with his four hands before he hopped down. “There was that brief period where I tried being female... couldn’t handle it.”

I paused in my thinking and enjoyment of the massage and Sue and I both turned to look at him directly.

“What?” he shrugged. “It was only for a few decades. And I don’t think I did anything to really shame the gender. Now look forward Fellania, it doesn’t work unless your head is in the right position.

I turned back and exhaled a long side. “Thank you.” I breathed before Pen arrived at my side and reaching into a pocket of his robes, removed a lozenge and handed it to me. “What’s this?”

“An herbal Lozenge that’s a candied concentrate of what you’ve been drinking in the morning and evening.”

“Hey! Why don’t I get any candeh.” Sue smirked.

“Because the last thing I want to do is interfere with your body’s estrogen count.” Pen smirked. “Those lozenges are just for...”

And then there was a zipping noise, and a little butterfly-winged lizard, another of Ba’ab’s brood, zipped in, reached into Pen’s pocket and snatched a Lozenge.

“Candeh!” he squealed and then began unwrapping it.

“I wouldn’t do that.” Pen mentioned nonchalantly and the little broodling turned to hide the candy as he continued to greedily unwrap it. “I mean it...”

“Hit me on the head if you want... but there is candeh that is uneaten and I shall eat it! Nom!” and he stuffed the candy in his mouth and began sucking deeply on it.

Pen lifted a hand and began counting off the fingers, and then right before our eyes the little fairy dragon coughed, choked, spasmed and hunched over himself, started twitching and trembling as he slowly straightened, gurgling and with a mighty spasm, the groin plate on the little dragon flattened and four grand lumps shoved forward in the chest plates as a mane of fur erupted out of his head and his blue coloring turned pink.

“Wow... what happened I feel...” the dragon started to squeak in a high-pitched voice, well, higher pitched than before, and then stopped abruptly.

Then he looked remarkably like a she now as she gripped her throat from the sound of her own voice, palmed her chests and felt her eyes widen, and looking down pulled forward the flattened sheath before her pelvis. And then she squealed!

“Eeek! It’s gone! What happened to me?!”

“Told ya.” Pen shrugged. “That lozenge was made only for females... and since you weren’t female in the first place, it made you into one so that it’s effects could transpire.

“Now let that be a lesson to you then Jason – or should I say Jasmine? – that when someone who’s older than you, all your brood-mates and your parents put together, tells you not to do something, and you do it, and you receive consequences for it, be prepared for an...” and Pen pointed right at the transformed Fairy Dragon with a pointy finger. “...*I told you so.*” Pen smirked.

The new dragoness squealed and flew away quickly, squealing. “Mom! Mom!”

“Ok... what the heck just happened there?” Sue asked.

“Indeed.” I said and eyed Pen and then the lozenge in his hand. “If anything that I don’t want it’s to be more feminine. What was in that candy that would turn a guy into a girl, and why are you feeding it to me?”

“Bio-chemistry for dragons is different than it is for humans and their ilk.” Pen mentioned nonchalantly, folding his hands inside the sleeves of his robe. “Herbal extracts that will help you regulate your body chemistry may have a violent physical reaction to a dragon, while we fairy dragons are a little... eee-eee.” And he lifted a hand and tilted it from side to side to indicate that they were a bit... off. As if he had to tell us that in the first place. “In this case, chemistry that was meant to balance a werebear’s bio-chemistry caused a catalytic transformation in a creature who’s entire body can be effected dependent upon environment, what they eat and so on. So in the case of the freeloader’s brood, I mean Ba’ab’s brood, he’s had a rather interesting double-edged sword thrust into him/her.

“On the one hand, she’s experiencing the shock of having her identity altered from a male to that of a female.”

“Why’s that so bad?” Sue asked while cradling her muscled tummy.

“It’d be like you losing your breasts.” Pen mentioned. “He just lost his penis and gained her breasts... it’s a violent altercation that destroys one’s sense of self and forces it to alter. But on the other hand, in short order the little bugger is probably going to garner a profound understanding of what it means to be a female... provided she actually does revert back to a male.”

“I don’t know whether to laugh or be sorry.” Sue smirked and Pen nodded.

“But other than that, anything that *I* need to worry about, oh almighty Pendragon?” I asked.

“Not really. You may experience some small changes... like abnormal head hair growth or increased lactation, but it was really designed for you, not... her.” And he jerked a thumb in the direction the fairy dragon had flown off to.”

“That’s good.” Sue smirked. “But Pen... I was going to take Mady along on a tour of the city. Do you have some street clothes we could change into?”

“I should. Your form lock shouldn’t kick in for a few months yet.”

“Form lock?” Sue blinked. “What on earth is that?”

“Pregnant Lycan females force change into their hybrid forms anywhere between four to six months of pregnancy to better cope with the child growing inside them. It’s instinctive really, to create a stable unchanging environment for your cub to grow. Too many changing and you could burst your own womb from your body growing too small for the cub and the cushioning water its in.”

“She’s in.” Sue corrected.

“She’s in. But Sue... You’re going out?” I asked.

I felt a little hurt for some reason. Perhaps it was because Sue and I always did stuff together, but since she got her man and I kinda got my own, we haven’t been doing much together. Well... aside from battling Vampires, Denizens and Wolfmen that is. She didn’t even ask me to go along, but then again... this sounded like a date night.

“Yeah. Mad wants to see more of our world, I’m getting cabin fever and... we... kinda need to separate ourselves from Lee for a bit. Everywhere I look he’s there, and when he’s not keening for me like some lost kitten, he’s growling and hissing at Mad.”

“Do you want me to have a talk with Lee?” Pen asked, echoing what I was about to suggest.

“No... no interference. The day I can’t handle my own problems...”

“...Is the day your problems overwhelm you.” Pen finished and she looked dead at him. “I am willing and able, Susan, but my number one rule is that no one upsets the peace of my shrine, and so far Lee has been the constituent catalyst for that upset.”

And at that moment a dozen pots and pans collapsed in the kitchen and Pen sighed as a dozen Fairy dragons came rushing out of the kitchen, followed by a very angry panda bear-man, and with a snap of his fingers the little Fairy Drakes froze in mid air. “I’ll see you later this afternoon, Fellania.” Pen said directly to me and then waddled off to go deal with the upstarts in his home, very calmly directing the fairy dragons to go clean the kitchen, wash all its dishes – even the clean ones – put everything away by size and peel all the potatoes in the kitchen without using their magic.

I felt Sue touch my mountainous bicep then and I looked to her as she looked up at me.

“You ok?” she asked. “You’ve been... distant lately.”

“A lot’s been on my mind.” I told her and took her hand with mine and gave it a squeeze. “I’m ok. Hopefully I’ll have a pleasant surprise for you and Mad soon, but I want to keep it as a surprise.”

“Does it have anything to do with why you and Pen-Pen go slinking away at times?” She smirked impishly.

“I’m not having a relationship with Pendragon.” I said his name formally instead of familiarly... hoping to show her the distance between the master of the shrine and me. “No, he’s helping me with that surprise I told you about.” I grinned and then deflated folding my hands together. “I feel like a kid who really wants something but I’ve been told I can’t have it just yet.”

“And because it’s a surprise you don’t want to tell me about it.” Sue prompted and I nodded.

“Well then we two girls are just going to have to go do something together then... when you’re feeling up to it... and before this little one starts weighing me down too much.” She said and palmed her washboard stomach.

I smirked. “Or you get form locked. Just look at you.” I smirked. “In little under a year ago, you were just some young woman, lost within the sea of someones, and now here you are, a powerful Felix Lycan, stronger than any other your breed, now with a destiny, a soon-to-be husband and a bun in the oven.”

“Oh I was special back then... I knew you.” She smirked and then rose a bit, hugged my meaty arm, kissed me on the cheek and then rose to a stand. “Now if you’ll excuse me... I wore Mad out last night... and it’s about time I go and wake him up with our morning lovemaking.” She giggled and sauntered off, muscular, powerful, thick, energetic... glowing with her approaching motherhood.

Secretly I was rather jealous as I just looked down at my food, and sighing I set myself to the heaping mound of food before me and I just finished it.

I am Pendragon, Master of Dragons, second circle of the Dragon Council.

My shrine had many purposes to it. It was a shrine of peace, but my shrine had been a place of martial instruction since its inception more than half a million years ago. True my first shrine had once been a part of Mount Fuji, but the mountain’s varied temperament had deflated it’s grandeur and taken half my shrine with it.

Regardless, the mission of my shrine had remained constant and unchanged for nearly half a million years.

Firstly, it was a place of sanctuary. In the chaotic times across Fae, Elf and human, it has been a bastion for those seeking sanctuary from the world and its harsh events. More often than not, those who sought sanctuary were often empowered by my teachings so that they could better face the world. Susan’s first mother was very much like that... and she became my greatest student... so great as a master herself that her own martial form, which thusly became the parent of all other martial forms used by the humans today.

Secondly, it was a training facility, home of the modern concepts of Martial Arts the world over. I’d taught Dragon, Fae, Elf and Human...along with the occasional Demon – or dimensional being – martial study and the ways of peace.

Thirdly... it was here that I trained the world’s foremost protectors. Being that we dragons were tasked by the Creator Himself to protect the world, I took steps in teaching those who couldn’t protect themselves on how to do just that. The list of heroes and heroines I’ve trained is as long as The Great Wall of China.

I’ve been called Sifu, Master, Sensei and similar through the eons. Grandmaster seemed to be the most common I was called as of late, and on occasion... Yoda. That one made me laugh. But along with that came Jedi Grandmaster Flash. That one I think was a bit much... but like I mentioned before, a title isn’t recognition of who a person is, but rather of their accomplishments in life.

Regardless, there was a school here that taught one of a multitude of Zen Monk traditions... open to both male and female students for longer than the human race had even existed. My lessons have on sixteen different occasions been developed by various individuals into styles that formed the modern versions of Kung Fu in its myriad of styles, Aikido, Wushu, Tai Chi, Ninjitsu, Pencak Silat, Capoeira – that one was my favorite – and Karate. But also, in

times past, it had also provided the seed knowledge of a style that, I was proud to say, actually rivaled my own martial style of Drakido.

Sue's first mother had called it 'White Lotus.'

The difference was that Drakido was principally a male art, while White Lotus was a demure female art. Every bit as deadly, every bit as graceful and deceptive, with powerful after effects that could break mountains.

Strong enough for a man, but gentle enough for a woman...

Standing with my voluminous hooded robes now opened, showing off the red body sheathe beneath the white robe, I watched over the great exercise chamber – the largest in the shrine – where dozens of students of varying ages were doing their exercises with the five masters of my shrine. I needed seven masters for balance, but had yet to find individuals appropriate enough to fit the aspects of Steel and Wood.

And what does all that mean, you ask? There are four traditional elements. Earth, Wind, Fire and Water. Japan's original list was five, which was Wind, Fire, Water, Wood and Steel... or Iron originally. I had seven... Earth, Fire, Wind, Water, Wood, Steel and Spirit. Technically... my configuration could give way to the twelve magical elemental schools through combination... but that's a recourse for later.

Presently, there were a few in this chamber that I was directly watching over in their various arts.

But I was distracted... I'd just learned some very critical information recently that would alter a person's life, and I was dividing my consciousness between teaching and milling about delving into the future. But I was also concerned... my visions of the future have been losing their accuracy as of late...

"Beautiful creature, isn't she Remy?" I mentioned the moment that Remy entered the hall.

"What?" he asked looking to me.

"Remy... your every thought for the past three days has been with a certain demure female. Our... 'conversation' was about that very issue. But tell me," and I gestured. "What do you think of her in this light?"

I was directing his attention to Sen as she knelt before a nail board that was on the floor. The nails were quite sharp, and the board was laden with dozens of the nails. Placing her hands on the nail board, she then leaned forward and lifted herself upward into a crane position – knees on elbows, feet dangling off the ground – before she spread her legs slowly outward and then upward, erecting herself atop her hands with only a skimpy chest wrap hemming in her breasts and a thong twisted wrap of cloth to cover her loins.

"Excuse you for pointing." I smirked and Remy folded his hands before his groin. "But I've done some inquiries... I know the answer of 'why' she has interest in you."

Remy immediately looked to me as I said nothing more, and in the exasperation I calculated him to have... "Well?!"

"Well what?"

"Are you going to tell me why she's interested in me?"

"No."

Remy rolled his eyes to the heavens and flung his arms in that self-same exasperation I'd planned on.

"And why not?"

"She doesn't know I know." *I told him and then favored him with my gaze.* "The nature of the why requires that either she tells you... or you find out for yourself. I will not betray her trust like that."

He squatted beside me as Sen lifted up onto one arm and then a single finger. By all cases, most people could take the weight of dozens of nails being shoved into their hands... it was pressure per square inch. But one finger alone with her body weight should've meant that that nail would shove itself right up her finger, possibly shattering the bone with all that weight on it and then spill her face first into the nails. The reason why it wasn't doing this was because she willed it not to.

Martial training was one of the first instances of mind-over-matter and mind-over-body.

Of the style of skills I was teaching her in... she was nearly a master. Body tone, body modification, physical endurance, flexibility and endurance. She didn't want to become a super rat, she wanted to be a mouse, small and demure... but able to defend herself with deadly accuracy if need be.

I'd not had a Master of Rats in my shrine in nearly a millennia. Not since the Rat clans left Japan.

"Can I have a hint?" *Remy asked, squatting beside me.*

"Sure. Ask her." *I grinned with a snicker.*

"You're just like my grandfather." *He told me as he rose.*

"Now that's cold. I'm a dick... not an asshole." *I told him and he smirked.*

"No help other than that?" *he asked me.*

"Yes... don't seduce it out of her." *I told him then and looked him sternly and directly in the eye.* "But I will give you a warning. When you learn her secret... it will change your life."

"Change my life? What sort of secret would a simple woman..."

"Don't ever make the mistake of calling a woman simple, Remy." *I said and lifted a finger in warning to him.* "A woman is anything but simple. All the complexity of every species in all of existence that copulates between two or more genders, all of the complexity has always remained with the woman. A veritable roller coaster of rising and falling hormones and pheromones wrapped around a heart of tumultuous emotion directly connected to her brain."

"Look at me... a million and a half years old and I still can't figure them out completely."

"Compared to females, Remy... we males are remarkably simple in nature, and I'll suggest you never forget that."

"No... perhaps I shouldn't." *Remy mentioned and rose again, looking to Sen.* "I thought I had them figured out... till her."

“They think with their hearts, Remy. It may appear to be illogical because to us there isn’t any logic in it. Some men call them stupid and ignorant... *‘simple women’*. The Japanese culture dominated them, and up until about fifty years ago, men came first and women came second. Women were even required to walk a number of paces behind their men.

“But though there is some thought process in their thinking, Remy, mostly they feel their decisions out based upon their emotional state.”

“What a bloody nuisance.” *Remy smirked.*

“True... But consider for a moment... what is it that would make a woman like Sen make the absolute decision that she wanted you above all other males that she can choose from?”

“Lack of choices?” *Remy smirked and I shot a look at him and his smirk immediately faded.*

“She is a prize, Remy. I have three prominent rat clans asking for her for breeding stock and training. They’re offering me a king’s ransom for her. She could be a princess... a queen if she so chose, she could be richer beyond even your wildest dreams, but despite all that... she chose you.

“Why would she do that? What decision did she come to that she chose you... of all people... to mate with, to give her maidenhood to, to love?”

“A decision that would change my life?” *Remy asked me and I nodded.*

“Most assuredly. And if I may... I have one final piece of advice to give you if you’d listen.”

“Yes?” *Remy nodded once.*

“When you learn of it, it’ll rock your world to its core, and you’d have many options running through your head. I’d ask, Remy, that you not follow in the footsteps of your grandfather when you discover it. Your grandfather’s an asshole, and I don’t think you’re an asshole.”

“How can you be so sure?”

“Because your father wasn’t an asshole. Your father was a dick. Proof that a child need not be like their parent.”

“What if I am an asshole?” *Remy asked with a smirk.*

“Because if you were an asshole, Remy... then you wouldn’t have come out of Lea Monde alive.”

I am Fellania.

Pen was conducting class when I entered his Dojo, watching over the place on a raised platform so he could see over all the many heads.

I just wanted a place to work out, nothing much more than that, and there was a lot of working out going on. In past years, I burned the heats out of me through excessive weight training. The hormones can't stay in you if you sweat them out.

There was Yoga, Martial Arts, even a sort of Capoeira dance circle going on... but it was the weights that I set my eyes on, and Pen had stocked his Dojo like a state-of-the-art gym. I hadn't worked out for more than a week... having an adventure tends to do that, and approaching the benches and undoing the fine silk robes I was wearing, I strode to the first set of weights, dressed now only in the '*undergarments*' of these robes, which was a tight chest wrap and a cloth wrapped about hips and loins in the traditional Japanese style. Yeah... it kinda flossed my butt, but no more than my usual work out gear did.

Hanging the robes up on a peg and setting myself to loading a bar up with as much weight as possible, I set myself beneath it, gripped the bar, and began pumping weight. Immediately... I found how light it seemed to be.

Pausing and rising, standing beside the heavy duty weight bench, looking at the weights, my brow furrowed as I looked at the strange black bar with its obviously lead weights. Reaching out with one hand I lifted the bar and more than five hundred pounds on it and curled it in that one-handed. I was in my human form, and I lifted that bar with a certain degree of difficulty, but it wasn't as heavy to me as it should be.

At that moment, the young fem known as Lilly Jade, a Persian Felix Lycan that hung around here, a woman so innocent in her ways she was practically child-like, strode to the weights and disrobed like I had, only she was dressed in a stretchable bathing suit. It complimented her figure but was very modest too... I've never seen a woman with clothes so tight that didn't show off one naughty bit even in the slightest. No camel toe, no nippleage... any woman of that size should have nippleage at the very least, areola so thick and nipples so large that even when not aroused they should be showing through her clothing. The most amount of flesh she showed aside from that which wasn't covered by her bathing suit was a little hip that the side-ties of the yellow bathing suit that didn't cover her.

She moved to a rack and removed an eight sided bar of runed metal, and I blinked at her as she then went to stand in a training circle without loading any weights onto the bar. I was confused at this for a moment, but no sooner had she stepped into that circle than did the lines of the circle come alive with arcane magics in a powerful magic circle surrounded by complex glyphs. Setting her feet, she then began to use the un-weighted bar like it was a heavily laden bar with weights.

Her muscles swelled and rounded outward as she took an expert body-builder's stance, but being Lycan she had no need for a weight belt... Since our Healing factors repair muscle rippage almost instantly, not having a weight belt actually helped in muscle training for a Lycan, and because we healed the damage of weight training quickly, we could likewise bulk up quickly. But I was nonetheless amazed at how her muscles seemed to surge as I absentmindedly placed the weighted bar down onto its rack again, astonished at how she began to sweat immediately, and though her muscles were soft everywhere, with just a little detail, as she strained herself I watched the engorgement and the separation to individual muscle strands as she quickly thickened larger and larger, so large and so thick that she looked ready to pop.

Back muscles flared wide, spreading about ribs and over shoulders, neck muscles thickening as they were hugged by all the other muscles. Her bathing suit stretched high and wide, forming a sort of cross against her bodice, and remarkably still none of her naught bits were showed off while she lifted the bar over her head and started pumping it instead of curling it. She seemed just as happy as Sue was when she was bulking up while her thighs and legs swelled and spread and flared out of the sheer sake that they needed to carry all that upper body weight. Her spine rolled outward, and perhaps the worst her bathing suit showed off were the tightened creased swells of her bottom as

head and neck were squeezed slowly within her roiling muscles... and then I blinked as I saw a split in her flesh, and a shining blue-green light shone from within.

“Nee-he-he-he...” she chortled as more and more of the deepest of her muscle striations ripped open. “Ha-ha! Ka-BOOM!”

And then...

EXPLOSION!

She exploded! Exploded like a festival of fireworks and confetti sparkles, the loud bang reverberating against the floor boards and ceiling, flashing a cylindrical field in the magic circle from ceiling to floor that held the violence of this explosion. I cried out in alarm, I couldn't help not to, but turning to the others they seemed to carry on like nothing had happened and just looked at me as if I were out of my mind. I gestured to the fading magic circle as Pen came over to me.

“Wait for it.” He told me and gestured toward the field where the sparkles swirled about like glitter within in a freshly stirred blue-green fluid suspended in a glass

And then in the center, those sparkling, twinkling lights slowly collected into contours of blue and green, green and blue, revealing a truly ethereal Lilly Jade who was faceless save for the most general of contours and her great wide and smiling eyes. Those eyes smiled as massive arms hugged herself as the rest of her outlines formed themselves into a rippling and surging female of muscular strength... only without physical form.

She floated there, a constellation of collecting lights that began where her heart would be and swelling where her brain should be and spread outward onto what could only be general nerve endings. Bones, organs and sinews reformed themselves, though once again, in a general non-revealing sort of way... unlike that naked blue guy from Watchmen.

Soon, layer by layer, sinew by sinew in some cases formed, before it was all covered by a sheathe that fuzzed outward with fur and a long sinuous yet frilly tail.

The majesty of her figure re-shaped itself, compressing it seemed, before coloring painted itself over her new shell, features and details shaping and she gasped and laughed in elation, floating in mid air as she tossed a rapidly forming mane of hair before she tossed her head and tussled that mane of hair about her.

As the coloring flowed into her, there were parts where trailers of cloth folded over her bodice a moment before her flesh and fur formed, a mere moment before revealing a naughty bit. The cut and jib of the bathing suit was more complex, almost like a super-heroine suit, and once again, as always, it was very modest. It showed off her hard ribs and muscular details that were covered in soft flesh and a fluffy brown fur.

“Nya!” she murred and purred loudly before the field dropped, with a few stray motes covering still glowing parts of her as she settled daintily to the floor... her form more... advanced. Stronger it appeared, yet... agile and as graceful as only a cat could be.

“What... just happened?”

“I went pop!” Lilly mewed, and stooping to pick up the eight-sided bar and replace it, she instead started working with more conventional weights... to hone and tone her newly born body.

“Lilly has some unique abilities,” Pen announced. “All due to her accident. She is so saturated with ether that her body is barely more than a physical shell containing an entity made up of pure light and warmth and love... like a greenish-blue sun.”

My eyes widened grandly.

“Accident?”

“Bio-chemistry... and playing with things mankind is not meant to play with for eons to come...” Pen explained. “Her experiment was meant to remove limiters in the human genome... allow mankind to grow stronger, smarter, faster... it worked... far... far too well. I shiver at the thought of what might’ve happened should Lilly have been a dark-minded person before her accident.”

“So... what is she, a feminine version of the Blue Guy from Watchmen?”

Pen smirked and chuckled. “I dare say that I don’t know her limits, potentially she may out-power Doctor Manhattan. But unlike that character, at least Lilly has a firm hold on her humanity... as well as a fundamental knowledge of modesty – can’t believe I had to see more P and A in that movie than T and A – but like him, she has an inordinate level of skills and abilities that make her... rather unique.”

“I can agree that she’s unique.” I said after watching her exercise like regular people do. “How strong is she?”

“Like I mentioned, I have no idea as to the extent of her abilities, but for now... she mankind’s most wanted treasure.”

“Most wanted? I mean she’s a dear, but what do you mean most wanted?”

“Every military in the world wants her for their experiments... provided that they can find her... provided that they can catch her. I have to admit that a Japanese shrine is perhaps the last place anyone might look for her, so I keep her a guarded secret. Woe unto the world if someone manages to capture and exploit her, Fellania. I am... beginning to consider I am not the right person to be her keeper.”

“Why is that? I thought you were old... ancient. What sort of creature out there is more potent than you to be her guardian?”

“Hee!” Lilly waved at me as she pumped with one arm the full bar of weights I’d been using just a few moments ago.

“There are beings far older than I, Fellania. Some are tens of millions of years old...” and then he leveled his gaze on me as I blinked in surprise at his last statement, but that was nothing compared to his next one. “A couple pre-date the creation of this world... this universe even.” I shuddered and blinked again in surprise that there were such creatures on this Earth.

We were a world orbiting a third generation star, orbiting the center of a spiral galaxy slowly flowing outward from the center of the universe. Over thirteen billion years we’ve been expanding like that... and to think that on this little blue-white world of ours there existed creatures older than time? It was an impossible thing... but then... Pen was the sort of being that couldn’t lie. Not that he chose not to lie, but he couldn’t, if one were to believe what he’d explained earlier.

“She is an ever expanding being of light and love that only grows stronger the harsher this world becomes. The more hurt and harm that happens everywhere on this planet, the stronger and stronger she becomes. She often has weight training accidents like this... like a caterpillar spinning a cocoon, she works out and bursts from her cocoon and emerges strikingly stronger and more able than ever.

“We are doomed if others can replicate that procedure and put it into the grasp of an evil-minded being... so certain requirements for her benefit and the safety of mankind had to be... taken. For her, it means I must coop her up here in my shrine... for others...”

Pen trailed off and I looked down at him. He'd looked away, his eyes were distant and he looked... Sad.

“You killed them.” I whispered.

“Yes and no.” Pen replied. “I don't murder, and I only kill when I have to, and as of yet... I've never had to. But I did have to... erase them. The newspapers called them accidents or missing people. The military will no doubt understand that the members of the team that aided Lilly have disappeared and make the correlation behind it and know something is up. Regardless, these men and women and their families have been relocated, reprogrammed and all knowledge of the experiment wiped... literally... from their minds. They're useless to the military even if they do manage to discover these individuals among six-point-seven billion people.”

“I don't understand,” I ventured then. “How did something so powerful...”

“Ah... not power.” Pen corrected quickly and I blinked at him again. “The prospect of being powerful frightens her. They are *'skills'* and *'abilities'* when you use them to reference her unique... attributes.” Pen said as he and I watched her lift weights that made many others quite abashed. And the size of her muscles! “She grows stronger every day... and the stronger she gets, the more of that Ether she can contain within herself. For now I can easily hide her signature from those who might want to abuse her, but she's still growing exponentially with no end in sight.”

“Who could abuse her?!” I asked. “With someone as strong as that?”

“Who couldn't, with someone as innocent as that?” Pen replied. “She still thinks that to make a baby, a man and a woman just have to kiss. Her idea of sex is making out. She never got that...” he lifted two hands and began mashing the air between them repeatedly, switching the way that his hands were oriented with each mashing. “...Social interaction thing down. In the dictionary underneath bookworm it says see her.”

“Wow...” I managed after a moment or two. “...She's so innocent it sits on her like a halo.”

Pen nodded. “Suffice it to say, physically, you're still stronger than she is... in your hybrid form that is, and your magical prowess is keen, but that is a little more difficult to compare with her.”

“Why's that?” I asked watching this child-like woman with her immense sexual traits that were still nonetheless modest in the way she presented them go through a full workout routine, her normally soft muscles popping and banding, creasing her flesh in intensely massive ways as she began to sweat heavily again.

I knew Lycan that would wear coverings no larger than bandages over their naughty bits to show off their strength and power, or perhaps nothing at all if possible. But what I saw in this maiden was that she had strength, I could feel the energy radiating off her, and I was willing to bet that if she were so inclined she could explode me from the

inside out... but instead... I felt calm... safe in her presence, felt even that damnable discomfort of my heat draining from me and I felt relaxed... like I didn't *need* to be the bulwark anymore.

"You're BSing me, Pen. What causes a woman to grow and flex as hard as she did before she... popped?"

"In order to test strengths like you and she have, and select few others, I'd have to set up weights that are metric tons apiece. Look at you... you were one-arming more than five hundred pounds a short while ago... and in your human form no less. The world's record for a woman lifting weights is four hundred and eleven pounds, Fellania, and that's by using the whole of her body. You just one-armed five hundred pounds."

"And I don't know if I'm supposed to feel bothered by that Pen. I've never been able to bench much more than five hundred pounds in my human form in my whole life, but now I can one-arm it. Sure it's difficult still, but the fact of the matter remains that I can still do it.

"What in Gaia's name happened to me in Lea Monde?"

Pen was silent and I turned to look at him till he answered.

"I don't know." He replied at last, and I spasmed in shock. That was the first time he'd failed to answer something. "But I'm willing to wager a guess, based upon what Madoushi and Susan have already told me about their experiences in Lea Monde, that the Blood Moon you encountered there changed you.

"Lycans have always been closely associated to the moon, your powers growing and waning with her every changing face. But the Blood Moon is an apocalyptic moon... and in times past I've only seen it appear three times.

"You've seen it?" I asked and Pen nodded, and he paused and glanced at me before continuing.

"The moon does things to a Lycan, and naturally the Blood Moon, if it can be called that, is only seen on nights near to volcanoes blowing their tops. In that case it's a filtration of light that turns the coloring of the moon as it appears here on Earth red. You got to experience an actual Blood Moon... which has happened only three times in my life time."

"Three times? When did they happen?"

"When the Mother Tree Gaia died, when Atlantis fell, and the night that Christ died." Pen answered and I blinked in surprise at each of these before he looked up at me again. "You've been transformed inside Fellania Bloodclaw, and whether or not it was the Blood Moon, a gift from your first mother, something from White Oak, or a combination of all of those things, maybe none of those things, but if you wish to explore your new thresholds then I'd be glad to help you with that."

"I came in here to burn off some of this heat." I told him and palmed my muscled pelvis. "If you want me to explore new heights, then that'd be killing two birds with one stone."

"Then let's get started. We have some time to kill as it were before our guest arrives," he smirked at the reference of Anhogamon. "So why don't you start by taking up that rune staff Lilly had just been using. It's enchanted to have variable weight levels, and when used in conjunction with an artificial gravity well, you can find that you'll bulk up faster than you can say Bob's your uncle."

"Pen... that's a poor joke." I scoffed. "The last thing I want in life is to have Bob be my uncle."

The baths were communal, and were essentially a great hot spring of many pools that started from a waterfall that spilled from a natural mineral spring. I'd followed her here after her work out of limbering Yoga stretches. A rat's prowess was being small and dexterous, lithe... like the cats, with maybe the exception of Sue and that Lilly Jade woman. A rat wasn't a rat unless he or she could fit between a pair of standard width jail cell bars.

So Sen was lithe, athletic... and rather limber. I could attest to how limber she was too. There was this interesting way that she could get both her ankles behind her head and... but anyways!

From the bushes I watched her bathe, watched her hands encircle her breasts and her fingertips alight upon her nipples. She had six of those... most Lycan females had at least four, but our breed was lucky enough to have twelve. Two sets of primaries, a pert set of secondaries, and six tertiaries hidden along her long and narrow hour-glass shaped belly. She had the rounded hips and behind of a breeding female, the sorts of attributes that markedly made her such a prize to other clans.

With all that beauty, with all that perfection, my Sen... my Sen... could go wherever she chose, and so long as she remained fertile and was pregnant as often as possible she could live like a queen... a guarded treasure... but instead she'd chosen to delay decisions to go to those other rat clans and remain here... with me? No... not with me... with Pen. But then if she was remaining with Pen, then why was she interested in me?

Paradox inside a conundrum inside an enigma. Pen assured me that I was just overanalyzing things, but as I watched her clean herself, I began to grow stupid. The Creator, in His infinite wisdom, had given us males two heads and only enough blood to run either of them at once. But as my higher brain functions dummed down, I rapidly began to see and feel simpler thoughts.

What if Pen was right and all she wanted was me for some damned reason? Females were such strange creatures. There was no damned logic behind them at all!

I got angry about it and was about to leave when those cleansing hands of hers slid down her body, tracing creases in musculature and sliding over rounded hip bones and such as she then palmed and rubbed her subtly muscled belly and paused there as she looked at her reflection in the water from multiple angles. She turned first to catch her side reflection, and then bent backward and still palming her belly, smiling gaily at herself, she cooed and hunched her shoulders, closing her eyes as she just stood there... and breathed.

But I couldn't help it now, my anger left as soon as it came as I watched her body slick with water breathing subtly, watching the rise and fall of her bosom swelling and contracting with each breath, her thick tail laying over the rounded swells of her... nice... tight... shapely bottom. I swallowed, and felt that second head of mine rage and surge angrily in my pants, bowing out the fabric with a want to once again feel her inner muscles squeezing and clenching around it.

Nevertheless, it was quite the intriguing view of her as she stood there with her soft pink palms on her belly, the little white claws on each finger revealing how free of violence her life had been being that each one was sharp and clear. In-fighting among the rat clans almost undoubtedly turned a rat's nails black by the time they reached adulthood. Looking to my own claws I saw that they were as ebon as flakes of obsidian. In comparison to Sen, suddenly I was ashamed of every throat I'd ripped out with these hands.

Sen stood there for the longest time, just rubbing her belly, and something in my mind struck me with a ping, as if I should be catching on something right now. The mental sensation was so poignant that I gave an involuntary spasm from it... but that might've just been my mind working as hard as it had been on what Pen had told me about her.

Sen has a secret... and it involves me, and whatever it was that she was hiding would change my life.

My thieving instincts and senses were going into overdrive trying to discern what it was she was hiding from me, and no matter how hard I tried to figure it out, I just... couldn't... figure it out! ...and this boner wasn't helping things at all at the moment either.

Regardless, while others below were bathing and splashing each other, up here in the higher pools where it was marginally secluded and quiet, I sat there observing her from behind the cat-grass... before pushing my trousers off, that thick hog of mine flipping upward and erect before I discarded those pants and slid into the water as stealthily as I could and floated toward her.

A floating body dispersed less motion in the water than a moving one did, and using only toe tips and finger tips to steer and propel me, I moved in on her till her shapely behind was in sight, her pink tail and shapely figure all that I could see. Planting both feet upon the sandy ground and rising quietly behind her, I palmed her shoulders and squeezed them before pressing myself against her back, my erecting fitting itself neatly into a crease between her tail and one butt cheek.

She didn't flinch, she didn't startle... she knew I was there the whole time!

"I was admiring you." I told her. "It won't matter how long you look at yourself, you'll still look as lovely."

"Your words are charming, mister LeBeau." She told me. "You have the reputation of a man who can entice any woman."

"Not any woman. If I could entice any woman then I'd have far more notches on my belt." I felt her tense beneath my fingers. "But then I've been thinking of throwing that belt away. It doesn't really keep my pants up anymore." She relaxed.

I'd be a fool not to notice that she wanted me. It was a different kind of want. It was more than a one-night-stand, more than the thought that she wanted to possess me and make me a thrall. Instead it was an impossible feeling to receive, for me. She wanted to stay near me... and that was it. She let me hold her... hell... what sort of woman let me undress her whenever I felt like it? I was certain that if I wanted to undress her in a public setting she'd just let me. What sort of woman went out of her way to let me see her whenever I wanted to without making any requests in return? Most women would be begging for 'personal space' now, calling a guy like me a psycho because I wanted to be near her, touch her, feel her and pleasure her.

Crazy, clingy women would be calling upon me like that... not the other way around.

She was going beyond the art of a Geisha too. Way, way beyond that art. Geisha were entertainers; they got paid for their arts. That was why they were commonly mistaken for prettied-up whores, because of the act of being paid for their work. So why did this woman find me so desirable... find me so desirable? Why did she want to be with me all the time and not ask for one damned red cent?

Most women I'd had by now would've run out on my because I'd run out of money to stuff in their G-string.

“Your eyes had some deep thought to them a moment ago. What were you thinking about?” I asked her and slid into her back more, dipping my head to kiss her narrow neck.

She lifted her tail subtly, an interesting little trick, for the moment that tail tensed and then relaxed, it pulled my unit neatly and warmly between her wet butt cheeks and the base of her soft tail, forcing my groin to fit snugly toward her. She smirked and sighed nasally as this act drew me enticingly, intimately toward her love mound. Sex... no... lovemaking was assured now.

I had to admit... I liked a nice tight ass... and hers was nice and firm and taut, wide and rounded. A badonkadonk without all the bouncy flab.

“I’m honored you’re so interested in me, Mister LeBeau.” She sighed with a smile and embraced herself, arching her back deeply and rolling her hips backward more against my groin as she still looked downward at her reflection.

Her smile broadened and I lost my mind a little more as her rolling hip action drew my unit downward a bit, and suddenly with the weight of her tail my erection was strumming her between her legs, with the heat of her loins directly over the long rod of mine.

“Enough with the titles. Can’t you call me by my real name? You can call me Remy if you want to. I want you to call me Remy.”

“I want to... but it’s not proper at the moment.” She replied.

That took me aback a bit. “When does it become proper?” I asked and she fell silent again. “Sen...”

“Customs... dictate that I call you by a title.” She told me and hung her head a little, hugging herself tighter. “Sir... master... mister...” she trailed off as I fingered her chin from behind and turned her, and she twisted obediently till she and I were looking directly at each other. “It is the way I was raised...”

“And walk several paces behind me... be silent unless being spoken to... have no opinion of your own...” I asked her and her lips pursed for want of a kiss. I kissed them with a light peck. “Customs in my books, Sen, are a waste of a woman.”

She turned then and palmed my chest at first, my prick sliding around her thighs before her hands slid upward and instead wrapped around my neck she kissed me then, her largest four breasts pressing and sliding against my chest. The next few motions were all done automatically...

I cradled her bottom, she climbed up on me, wrapping both her long, sinuous legs about my waist as she and I kissed and kissed.

I waded into the back of the pool, behind a curtain of water that splashed down over us as we passed through it... all so that we could be secluded by the curtain of water and the weeds of the cat grass.

There on the sandy edge of the obsidian pool, I laid her down and we kissed and kissed again.

Somewhere, she went from legs being folded together and tucked beneath me, to raising them and spreading them, an accepting flower that it took two nimble rats like us only a moment or two to... join.

And we made love.

For a moment a thought struck me before we two began the rhythmic course in tune to the lapping waters about our legs to garnering pleasure from each other, and that thought was...

Was I lucky? Or was this a trap?

I am Fellania.

Pen knew his stuff. He knew an exercise to stress every little muscle I had in me, right down to individual brachials. Every little muscle strengthened likewise strengthened the others around it, and I picked up a thing or two for my arms and legs... get those annoying spots on me that wouldn't thicken to tweak out a little.

I was freshly washed now after a workout that'd been so invigorating to feel real resistance again that I kept pumping iron until I could hardly feel my muscles from the burn any more.

Feeling my muscles groan and grow stronger again, getting so involved with it that Pen had to come fetch me after most of his dojo had retired for the day and told me that it was enough. I was often kicked out of the gym back home because I wouldn't stop working out... and here I was nearly at muscle exhaustion! It felt so bad it was good. It meant that I was going to strengthen rapidly and drastically for the first time in... what... years? I'd cycled through Pen's teachings at least a dozen times before now.

After a quick shower and dressing in new linens before donning some simple sweats and a hoodie – dispensing from the voluminous robes this time, Pen and I delved once again beneath the catacombs of his home.

“I'm expecting that only a few days remain with the defrosting effect, Fellania.” Pen was saying as I finished drying my hair, a new confidence in me with the glistening muscles I had bared out into the open.

The sweats were maybe a size too small for me. They didn't cover the ankles, recessed bottom and crotch, showing off my rounded butt while dipping low to show off my navel. The top, due to the size of my womanhood, barely came to my ribs to hem in those fat mamas, this in effect showed off the hard, deeply creased muscular pads of my human-form's bodice. The sleeves only came to the elbows because either bicep and tricep were so thick that the whole of the sleeve had to stretch wide in order to contain them. This revealed the rippling chords and bulging brachials of either arm. I was aroused... but it was a different sort of arousal than the one my heat kept giving me... this was the exhilaration of becoming stronger.

“A few days... ok... a few days.” I repeated I mentioned and pulled the hoodie up over my mane of hair to hide it till I could properly brush and condition it... those things were in my room.

But then standing there, thinking of Anho, a little of my heat returned to me and my loins clenched for want to feel a shaft piercing them... his shaft, and I began to wring my hands at the varied thoughts of waiting for that beautiful Anhogamon to at long last enter my life.

Pen reached up and held my hands with two of his four to keep me from wringing them.

“Be calm... Take a deep breath.” He urged me and I took a deep breath and let it out slowly to calm myself. “It shouldn’t be long now.” Pen then gestured with one of his lower hands and the wall before us disappeared, the locking mechanism unlocked and the two panels slid open and the pair of us entered.

But when Pen clicked his fingers to activate the lamps, we were both brought up short.

The ice block had been shattered, broken to pieces and strewn about... and its inhabitant was gone.

“W-where is he?!” I blanched. “Pen! Where is he?!”

Pen looked about and then turned immediately, gesturing toward the door and it slammed shut.

“Still here.” He said, his antenna lifting and arching forward as they twitched... smelling the air as exhaled a breath of vapor from the air being so cold from the scattered ice. “Be calm Fellania... show him there’s no threat, and...”

There was the sound of ice being broken, right before the sound of a blade clearing a scabbard. Then in the next moment there was a yowl and a flash of steel that came swinging for me. I ducked back but the blade split the sweats I wore right between the breasts with a brief ting as the blade cut right through several tines of the zipper, disgorging my breasts explosively. The pair rolled and cajoled outward as I fell back against a wall, slamming against it before yanking back the hoodie top and pulling White Oak from my hair, the ancient tree extending into a runed staff in mid-pull before the next two blows from the incoming flashing steel blade caught on the wood of White Oak’s Staff shape that had become harder than any metal known when it was like this. The flashes of blue steel sparked with the green from the staff as two relic-powered weapons clashed with one another.

In a way, staff and sword made intimate love that ignited with fire like that, and in the brief flashes I saw... saw an animal! A vicious, powerful, ropy figure laden with heavy fur in the poise and art of a master swordsman. I’d... I’d never fought anyone of his like, no one had ever been so skilled, and it was everything I could do to keep myself from being skewered by that glistening silvery-blue blade that burned like fire whenever it nicked me.

And then I was being braced against this being, and suddenly I saw the silver-blue eyes that were maddeningly on-fire, bestial, feral. I had height and strength, but nonetheless when this creature braced against me he was immovable... the concrete beneath his feet broke before his body would move, but nevertheless... I saw exactly who I was fighting.

“Anhogamon...” I breathed, and my awe almost became fatal as he shifted the lop my head off but I caught it... only to find myself the one holding him off now.

Such... strength! He was immovable, hard, a solid lump of iron! It seemed as if I was about to lose... and then...

“Fellania! Eyes!” Pen shouted and I instinctively covered them right as a massive flare the brightness of a naval flare that filled the entire chamber, and I heard a man-voice yowl cat-like as the force of the body disengaged.

When the flare faded, there was the image of a stumbling cat man, his head surrounded in a mane like it was a halo, right before Pen scampered up his body, gripped the tuft of fur at the peak of his chest with his two lower hands and the cat-man’s ears with the other two hands and... then belched.

Belching fire was what most dragons do. Some belched lightning; others belched frost and still others belched sound waves and a myriad of other abilities all called *‘Breath Weapons’*. The rare few belched gasses... usually poisonous, often corrosive. A Fairy Dragon was unique in all those terms being that their breath weapons was like

the equivalent of becoming stoned off a kilo of marijuana dipped in acid... without the brain-killing aftereffects of those substances.

The breath weapon, with no other place to go, billowed like a smoke grenade, filling the chamber quickly with a pink, sparkling substance that numbed me as it reached me, was absorbed by the very pores of my skin. I tried not to breathe, but it was too late. The plus of this was that the cat man was immediately rendered incapacitated.

...The down side was that so was I.