

Lea Monde

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Rated: R for Restricted

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Chapter 13: The Omega and the Demon Flower

I am Fellania.

I stood, heaving, naked, covered in cuts from their teeth and claws and sweating like a stuck pig... my body feeling like it was covered in a thousand paper cuts. They burned and stung, but beneath the mighty twisting wooden pole was skewered the last of the Vampire assailants as she disintegrated into fire, charcoal and ash. A valiant warriorress, but still... a leach.

There may've been more Vampires in the castle, but this was the last one who dared challenge me.

The walls were covered with ash, there was a powder that floated through the air like the entry hall were a snow globe, and crumbled ash and ruined bodies were everywhere. I panted in the thick heavy air, trying to breathe as little as possible. Memories recall that ash turned into cement inside the lungs, so leaving the White Oak spear in the ground, I bent and picked up some of the ruined clothes that'd torn from me and wrapped them over my face and breathed through it comfortably. True... they smelled of the funk of exertion and sex, but the sweet smells of my own pheromones were better than smelling something that was like... wet leather surrounded in... burnt bacon. Ew.

Too bad there'd be no evidence of this place. The glory I'd garner from my people in killing hundreds if not a legion of Vampires single handedly would live on forever if they learned of it. But then... on second thought... I had no use for glory.

Lifting an arm and flexing it, murring to myself at the seething strength that billowed from that arm grew larger and larger as I flexed it, the bicep spreading apart, separating into two major masses and the masses separated into thick chords held by a webbing of throbbing veins, I smiled at the sensation of my knuckles brushing against that muscle mound.

I was so powerful... so much stronger than before, many times stronger than before, I felt able to withstand anything! Flexing my arm and palming the burning bicep that stretched the fur bare across its mass, I was so engrossed in my new strength that I didn't notice the rumbling at first. The rumbling grew, it grew so powerful that it knocked me right off my feet – knocked me off my feet – and then there was the tumultuous roar that seemed to come from everywhere.

And then there was the twinge of magic, powerful magic as the castle broke everywhere, shattering, walls breaking apart even and the ceiling separated and stretched... right before all those breaks formed grooves in the ground that lit up with an angry red light. More complex spell circles came from where lines were conjoined, and rising, surprised at what was happening, I gripped my staff as at the top of the stairs, a magic circle appeared suddenly, creating a portal.

Then from within the portal rose a creature the likes of which I'd never seen before, a horrific thing, but based upon Sue's description, the creature was unmistakable for what it was.

This one was a she, her straight jacked opened wide to reveal her tight, firm and rounded breasts that were compressed into ovals instead of spheres with how thick her pectorals were, with a pair of pierced nipples capping either tit. She seethed and growled bestially, her body muscular in the way that only Olympic male body builders were muscular, with arms and shoulders that ripped the heavy canvas of the straight jacket open. Her loins and muscular legs were covered in a pair of black-white-black-white striped slacks that fit her like a second skin, showing off her camel toe with her forelegs and calves spreading wide beneath the torn open leg cuffs.

Both of her arms were sheathed in massive gauntlets, the fingers of the gauntlets ending in sharp metal claws, the backs of the gauntlets that reached her flared forearms were riddled with sharp, twisted metal spikes. She had a spiked collar gripping her insanely muscled and vein ridden throat, and a layered metal helm over her face and forehead. Her eyes were a solid red beneath all that metal, while pieces of body armor had been bolted or spiked through her body, piercing even clothes she wore in places, permanently grafted into place.

Her eyes burned with insanity.

"Denizens." I whispered, and whipped up my staff right as that monstrous bitch screamed a piercing metallic banshee cry, and coiling she licked the spikes on the back of her arm, and from a dead stand leapt across the hall at me from the second floor, sailing over my spear as I brought it up to attack her, she running down the length of the pole and with a mighty swipe of her metal claws sheered me right across the face and then seemed to just crumple against my throat.

Teeth and claws gripped at me in surgical precision, breaking tracheal arteries, engorging bloody murder on me, and in the first fusillade with even just one of them, I sank immediately to one knee, starting to black out even as more of the beasts rose in other rooms that I could see down hallways and in other rooms, each coming alive with a shaky jerk and a scream before beginning the hunt.

Gaia preserve us!

I am Remy LeBeau. No... not the X-Man. I already told you all that.

I'd have to say, that in the short length of my life, I'd never witnessed such an appearance.

Even Lycan have horror stories about the Wolfmen. These stories were told to children to get them to behave and go to sleep at night. 'You better be asleep or the Wolfmen will get you.' Yeah... parents. They're messed up aren't they kids?

Regardless, the Wolfmen were a plague of the old world that men contended with and Lycan got the blame for. It was one of the reasons we all went underground, hiding amidst the world of men as simple men and women.

Still squatting on a fence spike, my thick pink tail wrapped about it as I was dressed in secluding black, getting rained on, I watched as the village below burned bright orange despite the tumultuous rain, and I watched the horrid transformations as the last of the humans transformed into a Wolfman while the bulk of them continued up the long winding road to the castle

The Wolfman plague: One Wolfman bit or spat or raped a human, and that human turned into a Wolfman themselves. Then the two would go bite or spit or claw or rape two more. The two became four, the four eight, the eight sixteen... with the plague spreading through violence, murder and rape endlessly till there were no humans left.

“I gotta tell ya. I’ve seen this crap countless times before, and you’re gonna die.” *The fence said, and without turning to look at it, my ears flipping and turning as I listened to the screams, watching as the last of their sophisticated human lives mutated and transformed into ravenous, blood-thirsty beasts, I merely replied with one squashing question.*

“Have you ever seen a wererat before?” *I asked it.*

“Well... no. But I think you should know that I don’t feel like being trampled or bent out of shape. Those things reach me and I’m going to let them in. Besides... I’m under orders now. I can’t disobey a direct order.”

“Orders?” *I queried.*

“By the Black Lady. I’m supposed to let them in.”

“Figures...”

I turned to the fence again, and the two of us looked at each other out of the corners of our eyes.

“A suggestion then. Never make judgments when you’re ignorant of all the facts.”

“Oh-ho-ho! Well then impress away mister big balls. If you’re still alive before the reset then you can spit right in my eye.”

I smirked and hopped off the fence, striding toward the front doors of the castle.

“Just remember... I’ll hold you to that.” *I replied, even as howling arose from around the last bend of the road leading to the castle from the Village of Deadwood, signifying the howling cry of a hunt.*

The first Denizen I’d dealt with – a male – was a seething ball of muscle and violence so feral and so quick, insane with retard strength, tore deep rents into my body before I lifted him off the ground and twisted his neck to break it. And even as he crumpled to the ground with major paralysis and his blood and wind pipes being cut off, he still tried to claw his way toward me, still tried to attack me.

“Ah!” I gasped and fell to my knees, bleeding profusely.

I was healing, albeit slowly, and then Madoushi’s hands were on me, and there was a soothing, warm sensation of pure love on me that made my wounds close and seal themselves. It took a matter of moments, but soon I was completely healed with drying blood here and there.

“That should help... at least a little.” He told me.

“W-we need to get out of here.” I groaned and then rose, feeling the lethargy of magical healing assailing me mixed with whatever acidic touch those Denizens had on their claws. I’ve never even heard of anything so violent as these beings were. “Oh I need a nice warm bath.” I said and straightened like a rising monster of legend. “Come on. Stay close girls, stay between Madoushi and me.”

They nodded, holding tight hands, while a power of *‘accident’* seemed to be generating from the pair of them... and it was growing steadily more powerful. Pictures fell off the walls, bits of masonry broke and cracked, and even the Denizen who attacked me almost fell by accident into my arms where I could break his neck.

But then again... that power was also working against us as well.

Another Denizen appeared to the entrance leading down across the covered walk way, sliding in and turning in a full circle, his claws tearing up the ground and sending stone chips everywhere before it straightened with a snap. This one was laughing, laughing a high-pitched insane laughter as it lifted a hand and scraped its claws against the walls, licking its teeth...

“Mommy!” Alice and Jenny said as one, both of them in fear, clinging to each other as tightly as possible and I groaned, rolling my eyes in exasperation, not ready to deal with another so soon.

Lifting my hands into a defensive stance to defend us, the creature squealed like an enraged boar and then skipped forward, leaping like only spiders and fleas should be able to, landing on me while my immediate priority was to hold those arms off me. Those arms were its greatest weapon... hard and sharp enough to damage even a Lycan like me, whatever their touch was it kept us from healing as quickly, and those arms were so thick and hard that not even my strength could crush them. They were so tough they were like a lump of iron beneath their flesh.

“You stay away from my babies! And my man!” I roared back at it, and pushed him lightly off me. The creature laughed, but my arms snapped outward, his body seeming to fall in slow motion as the world went gray to my senses save for him, Alice and Jenny, Mad and myself, and my fingers snapped rapidly against his body before a double palm strike to the solar plexus crushed the metal on his chest.

Time returned to normal as the creature lanced immediately into the wall, fell forward and then slapped to the ground hard with all the metal on it, and for a moment I thought it defeated. I mean... I did paralyze its arms with my finger taps and crushed the chest plate over his heart... at the very least his diaphragm wouldn’t be able to allow him to breathe if not downright break his ribcage.

But the creature wedged a leg upward, impossibly twisting it to plant the sole of his foot down, and by sheer leg strength lifted himself to face me with its legs down. He wheezed, he coughed but he got up.

“Oh crap!” I moaned and the creature shrieked, mouth wide to bite me when Mad appeared suddenly and a wave of ice erupted from the floor and impaled the Denizen in dozens of places... including heart, belly, arms and even the head.

“You must kill, beloved. You are... gentle, above killing, but these creatures are no longer considered human. They can’t even be called animals. They’re constructs. Not dead... not alive... and so long as they can move, they will try to kill you.”

“Good to know.” I whimpered and hugged myself, looking at the limp body of the Denizen. What sort of horrid mind came up with these things?! And then I saw Alice and Jenny getting close, with Jenny poking the creature in the flesh. “Oh... babies... don’t get too close.” I said, thinking of rabid dogs.

But then the Denizen came back to live, screaming, wailing, shrieking, one eye white and the other burning as froth spilled from its mouth. The girls screamed, shrieking in unison as the Denizen actually impaled itself deeper onto the icicles to get at them, and without thinking my mighty fist, lanced forward and breaking off the ice in its head, shoved it upward like a knife deeper into its skull.

I reacted... it was instinct. I had to save my babies!

The Denizen gurgled and twitched and finally fell limp, and for good measure I broke its neck and whimpered as I stepped back on the verge of tears. The girls pressed to my legs, gripping each other's hand as they likewise clenched fistfuls of my leg fur.

Stooping I picked them up, holding them as I approached the door, dipping beneath it and slipping sideways through the thing before Mad followed me. Shifting both girls to one arm I quickly closed the door and sought to lock it.

"There's no key!" I shouted back at Mad and he neared the door and made a twisting motion with one hand and the door clicked.

"Not that it matters..." he was trembling... all this magic in this foul world was affecting him. "...These guys don't use doors."

"You mean they can walk through walls?!" I gasped.

And there was a tremendous crumbling crash as a wall on the other side of the field broke apart, and from within the rubble flew a Denizen, a female this time, who was squealing and shrieking like a metal banshee.

"In a matter of sense." Mad swallowed, trembling openly.

I turned to face her as she ran across the courtyard, rising my fist to defend us when Mad simply touched my arm and urged me to lower it.

"But..." I began.

"Don't... it's already too late for her."

"What...?" I began but soon I saw why.

"Don't move." Mad said quietly and stood against the wall.

The creature was running across the creepers and vines, and she'd not gone more than a few feet when vines whipped upward and caught her, and feeling Mad pushing me backward into the shadows, I moved back and watched as this strange plant Mad had warned me so much about pierced the screaming Denizen with a plethora of barbed thorns in the vines, and I palmed Jenny and Alice to hide their eyes to me as the vines sucked the blood out of the Denizen, thinning her rapidly, sucking her maddened strength inward with her life fluids visibly flowing up the veins like fluid in straws toward the central pod... which only grew thicker and larger and greater.

With the Denizen weakened, but still alive, the vines maneuvered the body toward the pod, only to lower it into the quadruple lips at its peak, sliding the maddened fem into the lips while two sensual and womanly hands, both hands blue-green in coloring like a plant but etched with red veins, rose up out of those four lips to pull the Denizen in as it

squealed like a stuck pig. Down the body descended, the vines letting go, before the pod slowly began to twist and I winced at the sound of sheering metal and cracking bones while blood leaked from the corners of the pod along with blue frill like the petals of a flower. There was a sucking sound, like someone sucking in a bit of food or water that escaped the corner of one's mouth and the blood that'd leaked slipped back inside the plant, right before the pod untwisted... and then opened.

The four petals peeled away as layer after layer of beautiful, beautiful blue rose petals that were as blue as a morning sky opened up, and in the center of it all was a dainty, supple and voluptuous woman with an athletic build that was blue-green and laced with red veins. Her lips and nipples were a dark green, with pretty blue flowers in her white hair... she was intoxicatingly beautiful and graceful even in the way she threw the metal bits out from within the petal before sitting back and combing her long hair with what looked like a flowered hand comb made of barbs.

"Damn it... she's awake now." Mad growled through clenched teeth.

"How bad is that?" I whispered back.

"She can't see well in the dark, but her hearing and smell are better than any animal's is." The fem tossed her hair back into the rain and leaned back, catching the falling water upon her breasts and bodice as her hands rubbed the moisture into her flesh erotically. For a moment she looked like she was masturbating with one hand... she definitely looked like she'd just orgasmed. The water seemed to be making her grow steadily. Muscle tone slid subtly into place, but her vines kept growing and growing and growing in every direction around her, up walls like creeper vines and around poles. "We need to cross that causeway." Madoushi whispered to me and jerked his head down the length of the covered walk way between the doors of the towers.

Though it was only a couple dozen yards long, I'd never seen such a strong strip of death as the thickened trailers and creepers of the flower were spreading wide about it.

I looked to my feet, and suddenly lamented for the first time my strength and size. To make matters worse... I was locked in this form.

"Crap." I cursed through clenched teeth, looking quickly to the flower to see if she saw me while her breasts swelled like balloons on a tap, their nipples thickening like spigots and a creaming moisture leaked readily from them that she wiped up and licked from her long fingers. Something told me that that milk wasn't like the luscious milk that leaked from my breasts.

"The longer we wait the worse it will be..." Mad hissed. "Just go!" and he stepped on his toes between the creepers and trailers, tugging on my hand to get me to move. And I stepped... I stepped again, spreading my toes between the trailers and took several long steps before I realized something.

I forgot to bring the girls.

Twisting on myself, keeping my tail lifted to make sure it didn't touch the ground, I saw the girls try to follow.

"No..." I tried to stop them... but they'd already trampled several of the vines which whipped up and snagged them both. "No!" I bellowed, and even as the thorns were growing and the girls began to scream with fright and pain, I lifted a hand, brandished all my claws for the first time in my life, and in a swiping swing that scraped the ground with sparks like metal on stone, I severed the vines in one fail swoop.

The plant shuddered and shrieked... not from the woman's mouth at the flower, but rather the plant itself clenched and writhed like twisting reeds, shrieking as it drew its vines in close... right before a dozen vines slapped me repeatedly across the thighs, tits and face, and another vine as thick as a tree trunk swept out at me and knocked me back.

I felt dazed, oh indeed I did. I'd just been bitch-slapped by this thing... and shaking my head I heard screams, and forcing my head to clear I saw vines twisting around Alice and Jenny again while Mad worked to sever the vines before he himself was gripped about the ankle and flipped against the ground. Dazed, he was wrapped up and clenched, the vines constricting about him before he could free himself.

The flower-maiden rose from her petals, naked and erotic, with ground tiles rising and flipping out of the way from all these growths that flowed from the base flower and surged beneath the ground, the ground becoming like a garden as countless flowers and mushrooms and pods slid up from the ground.

"You let go of my man and my babies you... **BITCH!**" and I flashed my teeth and claws... and rushed at her.

I am Fellania... last direct descendant of the line of the Bloodclaw.

Lord only knew how I held so much blood. It flowed from me in sheets and curtains while I defended the spot, doing my best not to let any of that blood touch the ground as I broke the copper channels in the flooring that were meant to seep blood toward the Black Lady in any way that I could. I stomped down those channels wherever I was, punched them, broke them, finding that my Shulkie-like strength was potent enough to shatter the ground beneath my feet with a single double handed punch... so now my blood merely splattered into the stone and carpet remnants.

"Sonofabitch..." I panted, gazing up as another screech signified the arrival of yet another Denizen, which was soon followed by yet another.

Their bodies laid scattered around me, they lay dead on the ground, and not feeling like directly confronting the first I kicked one of the bodies in a soccer-style kick at the first of the pair and then twisted and launched my spear at the second, having to compensate for their Devilish speed and skewering the little bastard in his place while the first screamed and ripped the body of the one I kicked at him to bits.

"Come ON! How many of these damned things are there?!" I gasped, and amidst the carnage of destroying one of its fellows I reached through the fine red mist, gripped its head as it sailed at me and clenched my fist to break the skull.

Wrenching my staff-spear from its most recent victim, looking at the curled point that I kept that way just in case another Vampire came along, I then planted the staff and leaned on it, trying to catch my breath.

I should be dead. I shouldn't be standing. These damnable creatures should be dancing in my entrails by now, but I still stood. It was the staff... it was healing me, giving me its strength and power... as much as my body could absorb even. It was more than my first mother, somehow I knew that. I'd become stronger and larger and more powerful than even my first mother had been. How did I know that? ...Because the staff did, the White Oak, an ancient of ancient staves that it was practically a Millennium Tree unto itself.

And as I panted, healing rapidly, I heard squealing, mad insane squealing and claws scraping against walls, sheering pictures in half as another Denizen raced into the room and stopped, seeing me.

It laughed insanely, chewing on a clawed finger and I brandished the staff to attack it back when...

It was a frightening sound... a bellowing, enigmatically powerful, powerful sound that shook the castle on its foundations, and I fell against the doors to the castle. It was like a Godzilla roar, the screeching sound of roaring thunder and the shrieking of the damned, and the Denizen shrank – actually shrank back! – from that terrifying sound. Instead it shrieked shrilly back, and I heard more shrieks, a cacophony of maddening razor demons in the castle, seemingly to be coming from all around me.

Gripping the staff with both hands, I heard the racing of bare feet of the Denizens stampeding all around me. There were hundreds of them! And they raced into the room I was in, from the two balcony doors, through the two side doors, streaming into the room and surrounding me.

Their insane laughter was like an asylum of mad men and women, all of them super muscular as they chattered and laughed and shrieked maddeningly in a way that grated on me, forced to drive me insane as well.

But... why weren't they attacking?

Gripping the staff with both hands, I absorbed as much of the ancient stored strength that had been there since the world was pure and new, drawing its energy to heal wounds so long as they were waiting. I was nearly healed when I heard the first clanging foot fall approaching, and a second or two later there was another foot fall. I smelt ionization in the air that tickled my nose hairs, wrinkling the bridge of my nose, the foot falls growing closer and closer till through the ripped opened doors on the second floor I saw a body approaching.

Blinking in surprise at the size of this thing as it approached, it reached the doors while the sounds of escaping air from pneumatics and from churning mechanical engines greeted my ears. Then lifting two of the largest hands ever, the monster pushed against the human sized door frame and it and half the wall to either side of the door crumpled and broke apart before with one hand it shoved the head board of the door straight upward into the stone above its head before the creature stepped forward.

I swallowed... I noticeably swallowed as this monster appeared, with huge pylons of engines and spikes crackling with electricity that all churned at its back. Pneumatics and gears chugged away to support its frame that was grafted with even greater armor and harder spikes than any of the other Denizens... spikes tipped with silver.

“Oh fuck me...” I moaned and brandished the spear-staff, stamping a foot into a ready stance as the creature lifted both arms and cracked the knuckles of first one hand and then the other, and then bent his head from one side and then the next to crack the neck to either side.

“Gladly...” The creature said, in a deep baritone that churned and clunked mechanically, and hopping off the balcony, crushing the stairs with his wake and collapsed the banister straight downward, but at the same time created a static explosion that blasted against me, knocking even my titanic body against the heavy oak doors and rippling flesh and wobbling boobs from the impact.

This was a Denizen?!

And right as my head was clearing; the creature was there before me, leaning in close with muscle and metallic bits that actually hurt me.

“So fragile.” He said in a dark voice, and then slowly began to squeeze a sharpened fingered hand into my throat.

I am Remy LeBeau.

The world speaks legends of the first assassins. To the west there were the Hashishim, Arabs that would get stoned prior to going on missions. Their numbers have recently been referenced in Books like 'Angel's and Demons' by: Dan Brown and in video games like Assassins Creed.

To the East were the ancient art of the Ninja Clans, long made popular in media all over the world for their seeming prowess of being able to assassinate a being without a trace.

In their time, both were the most feared beings on the planet, so therefore I ask you... who is more feared? Those that everyone knows about... or the ones you've never heard about?

In comparison to the Rat Clans, Hashishim and Ninja are club-footed imitations.

Standing before the doors, a lone figure, I felt like the hero of some epic story. Yeah... this was Sue's story, and to a slightly smaller degree it was Fellania's story, but at least in a tiny part it was my story too. I didn't know whether to curse whoever was writing this story for putting me into this shit or praise him for providing this sort of glory, but nonetheless... today was a good day to die.

Now if I could just avoid that nasty little dying ending...

The howls kept getting louder and louder, the thousands of enemies rushing up the spiraling slope toward the castle had continued to grow louder and louder. I must stop them here; I cannot let them get past me, I cannot let them hurt my friends. Friends...

To a rat... friends were worth any treasure.

So as I stood there, I felt the ground shaking beneath my feet, saw pebbles dancing along the ground from the impact of thousands of feet, and a final howl before a beast appeared, hopping over the gate and landing before me, black fur slicked downward from the rain, sheering, rending claws scraping at the muddy ground while lips and fangs were already stained pink from violence.

Every pack has an alpha.

"Hello Cal. You're missing your badge." I said low in my throat.

More Wolfmen leapt over the walls and gate.

Wait for it... wait for it... there needs to be more.

The alpha howled and more wolves scaled the gates before the gate itself, as promised, fell into the ground to reveal a crowd of more Wolfmen that rushed in. The Alpha rose onto his hind feet as its pack, as massive as it could be, stormed in around it.

These creatures were foul retardations and mutations of the true glory of actual werewolves. They were abominations that caused some of the worst slayings of Lycankind in all of history. Hunts, purges, the genocide of our kind by the Templars and the hunters... all because of these... filthy creatures.

And for a rat to call something filthy... now THAT was an insult.

The Alpha beat his chest and howled, calling for a charge, and it was then that I struck, and with a snap of the wrist, a thin piece of metal zipped from my hand with the shot of a bullet, the thing creating a radial plume several feet from my body that pushed the falling rain away as the thing broke the sound barrier, the sharp piece of metal cutting straight through the water as it arched unerringly and stabbed the Alpha right in the Adam's Apple.

The Howl was cut off and was replaced with a gurgling before the Alpha tried to claw the bit of metal out of his own throat... but to a Wolfman, silver acted as a most potent venom that worked against Wolfmen blood like magnesium in water. The blood ignited as it spread through his system, flaring veins and swelling body parts till after a few short seconds of terrible shuddering and gurgling as the creature exploded and continued to burn and dissolve into nothing.

Sorry Cal. This was your time.

The other Wolfmen backed away from the body of their pack leader and some snarled at me. But without a unified leader anymore they'd be broken... chaotic. Just like stupid animals...

All of them focused on me, growling, yapping, snapping and howling, and as they began to charge I began a series of hand gestures as in three long leaping lunges, the leaders were before me. The last gesture was bringing two fingers up as if I were to create a whistle with my fingers and lips, but when I exhaled instead of a high-pitched whistle, instead a plume of hot fire erupted from my lips as I swept it through the leaders, leaving a swath of a semicircular fire wall that consumed the leaders of the legions strong pack. The terrible howls would perhaps haunt me if I hadn't killed so much that death throes and death cries didn't bother me any longer.

With the other Wolfmen at bay from the fire, fire an instinctive fear for wolves, and fire being a rather effective way of killing Wolfmen as I'd mentioned to Fell and sue earlier, I then shook my hands at my sides to reveal several thin pieces of molded metal that I gripped within my fingers, each no thicker than a credit card. Each was a disk no larger than a large washer. Each was acid edged to a fine, fine edge...

...And each was coated with silver.

A life time working with the bane of all were-species has made me immune to its cuts and edges, and with two swinging flings of both arms, a good dozen of the disks snapped outward at an angle that cut the rain drops they passed through, creating little water explosions as they arced through the air toward their intended targets, imbedding here and there into their bodies and working their magic of silver against Wolfman blood. The ones I struck fell and ploughed into the earth, trembling, growling and howling around the wounds till in a matter of moments each exploded violently to shower the area with blood and continued to melt and burn as the poison slid through their bodies. Some just shifted back to human form, naked bodies that fell to the ground and stayed there.

The release from the curse was palpable.

With another jerk of the hand I loaded it with more disks and threw them, repeating it with the other arm, felling dozens of the rushing fusillade of bodies as those behind shoved those in front forward, till eventually each new wave was pushed into the wall of fire to feed it.

From the sash I wore I removed a scroll and opened it, chanting quickly as the ink on the rice paper rose to form more daggers and bladed stars edged with silver, and I tossed and flicked them. With their numbers, even if I missed it'd strike a Wolfman behind them instead, so in regards to ammo I was well taken care of.

So... Great! I got them mad at me. Now I just needed to survive them.

My claws rent the vines, the thick things spraying red and green fluids while the plant woman whipped her head in a circle, flinging her head around and a spray of these blue roses flew at me.

Only one hit me, a glancing blow, but the wound soon swelled with foaming green coloring that turned into moss and spread vines before I wrenched it from me, pulling out a plug of roots that had already been sliding up into the veins of my body.

“Damn it! That’s a bitch move!” I shouted at the Demon Flower as she thrust roots into the ground and I saw their masses rushing toward me, splintering ground tiles before I rolled away right before a column of vines rose up into the air that was let by a hard blackened spikes that were flared with a fringe of barbs green-tipped barbs, the vines themselves laden with thorns.

Then beside me more tiles were pushed aside and I saw a thick mushroom rapidly swelling, a puff bomb, and knowing this creature and its strange plant powers thus far, I thought it better than to be near that mushroom when it exploded. A good thing too, especially when it grew spines on its exterior suddenly right before it really did explode, spraying a shower of thorns in every direction that I was able to deflect by tightening my muscles. They peppered me all right, but they also imbedded in my babies and Madoushi.

This luckily got Mad to cry out, and in a violent fireball that incinerated the vine entangling him, he floated in mid air as the plant shrieked.

“Damn it all... I *hate* this plant!” he shouted.

And floating above the air, a flame thrower sped from one outstretched hand as he turned slightly opaque again, that burning flame cooking off the plant’s vines and setting them aflame before she withdrew them beneath the ground.

Hissing at him, flowers around her opened up, with long and hard stamen projecting from them, and seeing them take aim I leapt before him, tightened a forearm like a shield right as the plant shot the four stamens at my Madoushi. Instead, the four stamens, tipped in green barbs, ejected into my skin and began to throb, ejecting something into me before I yanked them out and they tinkled almost metallically to the ground like needles.

Immediately I felt myself sink to one knee, growing dizzy and faint. I’d just been poisoned. What sort of poison can affect a Lycan? Especially one as large and as tough as me?!

“Susan!” Madoushi shouted, and then rounded on the Demon Flower. “You... BITCH!”

Mad raised both arms above his head, and a miniature sun of burning fire appeared between his hands before he lobbed the ball right at the flower proper. She lifted several of her vines to protect herself and the vines were set aflame as she shrieked now along with the plant, pulling the vines down as quickly as they could but they melted and burned to a crisp from the flame.

She shivered and lifted her eyes as I blinked groggily, shaking my head, palming the ground as I delved into memories from my first mother, looking for something that could help me recover and found a few techniques. Centering, control... purification, and I began focusing on them even as Mad summoned a sword made of flame, and in one moment where he flew above the ground, he'd shot clear across the courtyard and skewered the plant bitch straight through the chest with that burning blade.

She shrieked and looked down at the thing imbedding her perfect bosom, and she shrieked again before Mad raked the blade upward and the plant bitch was cut neatly in half from sternum to the top of her skull, her hair burning as she fell back against the soft petals of her flower.

"Susan!" Mad said and hurried to me as I panted, and his palm on me sent that wash of warmth racing through me, purifying the poison I was having difficulty purifying on my own.

"I-I'm ok. The girls." I said and looked for them.

"Mommy!" the pair cried in unison and rushed into my chest, either pressing against either enigmatically massive primary tit and embracing it. Still they held hands. "We thought you were dead." They said in one voice, speaking it in identical pitch, tone and length.

"I-I'm all right babies." I said and kissed them both. "Don't you worry, Madoushi and I took good care of that plant and..."

"She's not dead." Mad said immediately and I blinked up at him.

"Not dead?!" I gasped. "What...?"

"How do you kill a weed, Susan? You chop down the weed and it comes back. You yank on it and it comes back again. So how do you kill it?"

"The root!" I gasped, even as the green bitch rose, two parts of her still in half as teeth-like spikes spread outward, and vines snapped from either side to attach to the opposite side, pulling her together again before the wound healed that had split her in two in the first place. "Oh damn it." I groaned and rose, right before that bitch hissed and hugging herself descended into the heart of the flower as the petals of the flower closed behind her and the pod enclosed the bud and twisted itself around it to protect it... a few moments before it hardened.

Other plants opened then, rising from the ground all around us, spikes growing from the twisted pod that were like saw blades while a fringe of hardened spikes erupted from the flower in eight different directions to create walls of spines twenty feet high. One of the walls headed for me and the girls, and scooping them both up, I rushed over to the awning over the covered walkway and deposited them on the roof.

"Stay on the other side of the roof." I told them and they nodded, right as I turned to ward off a thick tentacle like root.

"We need to unearth her!" Mad shouted as he used his burning sword like a machete, trying to cut the vines away but was barely managing to protect himself. "So long as the root is protected, we can't hurt her!"

And I took a moment and looked. Reaching to one side then, breaking through a wall of spines that was cordoning off the courtyard into eighths, I stooped while running, sliding the long claws of one hand along the grounds and

severed the thickened vines that were feeding from the blood pool nearby. Then reaching the door on the other side, I wrenched it off its hinges and held it like a shield, deflecting all the darts and barbs and puff bombs while using it as a bludgeon, reaching the central planter in which the Demon Flower was upon and struck the planter with the iron door.

The planter shifted once and the plant tilted at an angle, causing everything to shudder briefly before I brought the door down on several of the core vines like a mighty axe blade, chopping them right at the root.

A one two punch decimated the ring of rocks that supported the planter on an entire quarter of the thing, and a kick broke another quarter before I reached forward with both of my great hands and threw a double scoop of dirt out of the way to reveal a root of hardened overlapping growth like a barbed carapace that had roots sticking out of it. I kicked another part of the retaining wall and that quarter of the planter just sloughed away, scattering its stones before I hooked my claws into the root, hearing the plant scream before I began lifting.

Muscles popped and strained, the tendons and sinews carving themselves as they bulged continually, my tits flaring to the sides of the root as I thickened steadily, ballooning as my muscles found extreme resistance, the root trying its best to hold itself into the earth, but then Mad was there with his flaming sword, chopping at the core vines, removing its hold on the earth. With the vines severed, I was able to wrench the thing out of the ground easily, all its vines and trailers and connected flowers and plants twisting and withering almost instantly while blood and green ichor seeped out of the wounds of the plant like a decapitated person.

Lifting the thing over my head, tits flaring apart from each other, a wild look in my eyes as a lightning strike raced overhead, I spiked that thing like a giant football against the ground, and falling upon it, I began hammering it with my fists over and over again, cracking the shell of the root, breaking it open, tearing it apart, revealing a twisted root on the inside that blinked its eyes and opened a mouth of spiked teeth, screaming mightily at me.

“Aww... Shaddap!” I said and struck it aside its root, bruising it nice and wide like a damaged banana.

The face twisted and disgorged itself as the pod cracked open and the woman’s body disgorged from it as well, panting and gasping for air it looked like, clawing at her throat for want to breath, letting out gasping shrieks for it. Then she and the root shuddered one last time before the plant-woman withered, thinned and grew hard and twisted, wrinkled like an old woman as all coloring turned brown and sickly, and the root turned to mush.

For good measure, Mad approached, and cut it in half and then swept a burning gout of flame across it in two separate passes to cook the thing.

The last bit of its fluids drained out of both sides between root and flower, seeping black onto the ground, and in light of the most recent violence, the falling rain sounded soft and quiet for the longest time... till the howls reached us.

Blinking in remembrance, I skipped quickly to one side of the courtyard and looked down, and gaped at the mass of furred bodies that were racing across the courtyard... and a lone black figure holding them all off. There were a few blossoming explosions in the midst of all the furred bodies from bombs or whatever the hell that rat kept up his sleeves, and throes of bodies were thrown aside.

“Remy!” I shouted but he couldn’t hear us. “We need to help him!” I told Mad and he nodded before I hurried to the awning to collect the girls so that we could be on our way.

A Bloodclaw doesn't give in. A Bloodclaw doesn't allow someone to overcome her. A Bloodclaw is strong so that she may protect those who cannot protect themselves. A Bloodclaw is defeated only when she gives up!

*"Kiss... *glk* my fuzzy ass." I snarled at the Omega Denizen, and lifting a hand I grabbed his thumb and wrenched it open with a sound of squealing metal. No matter how strong he was, my whole hand was at least stronger than his singular thumb.*

Martial artists called it the weak thumb technique, despite that the thumb was the strongest finger on the hand, a thumb was just a singular thumb compared with the might of a whole hand.

I pulled that hand off my throat, his claws sheering my flesh and causing several rends in the throat along four areas across my neck... superficial wounds but they still hurt like paper cuts with lemon juice poured on them. Falling backward onto my back, sweeping his legs and planting my both into his mid section, I took his weight briefly and then shoved off with all my might.

'All my might' ... was apparently a spectacular thing.

The Omega launched upward into the air, crashing through the remnants of the chandelier, crashed through the ceiling, right before I kip-upped, hurried forward beneath the hole he'd made with my tits bouncing against my ribs as I picked up my staff, the thing practically leaping into my hand, right before I leapt upward into the air, crashed through the ceiling myself and straddled the hole I'd just come through, heaving powerfully as the staff healed my wounds now that I was getting used to its strength in me.

"All my life I've held back." I said as I swelled again, taking more of the strength as it healed me.

Claws lengthened, muscles billowed and popped, exploding violently outward in places, especially at the upper back and chest; my head being pushed forward atop thick feminine throat muscles as chest surged forward like a glacier that thusly flared the orbs of my tits and compressing them into even firmer mounds. Milk leaked from those tits almost as badly as Sue's did. I was a female Lycan; I lactated since coming of age... it was something I had to deal with.

"All my life I've had to be careful, had to pull punches, had to stop myself just short of killing creatures weaker than me."

Calves billowed and flared, separating into fourths while thighs burgeoned into mighty columns as the whole of my legs lengthened along with belly and arms, making me grow over the Omega Denizen. Arms thickened, keeping the same width as my thighs as they bulged, and planting my staff, I stood daintily yet powerfully on my toes while the Omega rose to his feet with the pair of us in some sort of ball room.

"For the first time... I won't hold back."

"Good! Then show me what you have harlot." The Omega said metallicly.

Stepping forward, I rolled a pair of massive shoulders that were bundles of chords leading into a pair of three foot thick pecs holding my tits before I rolled my neck, creating a series of dull crunches that cracked my neck and spine. The jostling of tits made me feel powerful that those beanbag chair-sized things that were as hard as medicine balls wobbled effortlessly as if gravity itself just gave up on me completely.

The rippling might of this body heaved inside me as the Omega took a combat stance, and hopping over its hole that I'd thrown it through, the pair of us faced off briefly before he threw a punch right as I did, and my massive fist and his metallic one met with a titanic boom that created a sonic eruption and a blossoming disk of sound from the contact that shattered the polished tile floors beneath our feet. Though my tree-trunk thick arm shuddered from the impact, the Omega was thrown off, staggering backward right before I swung that same hand back and upward into an uppercut that carried the bastard straight up into the vaulting ceiling, flipped him before he fell and landed on hands and feet.

Through the holes behind us and through doors and balconies of this ballroom streamed the regular Denizens then, surrounding us like this was some school yard brawl, the smaller Denizens shrieking and jeering as if cheering on their champion and I was the upstart that dared to challenge him.

True I was naked and he was some über masculine hulk-like construct of flesh and steel, but who cares?

“All right binkie... we're in a ballroom so...” and I took a combat stance again and gestured with one hand to beckon him to me. “Let's dance.”

A ninja utilized smoke bombs in his repertoire to escape detection. Their creations were one of the original forms of the modern smoke grenade. But then also there were other grenades. Poison gas, explosives...

Shoving a lit one into a Wolfman's mouth and making him swallow it, I leapt across the heads of several of them, swatting one in the face with my tail – a wet rat tail was one of the most painful things to get snapped with – and the wolf howled in pain but nonetheless let me go as the firebomb grenade, a thing no larger than a cherry bomb, exploded inside the wolf I'd implanted it in. That Wolfman burned from the inside out.

Being that the damage wasn't silver, the Wolfman's body tried to reassemble itself... but it was phosphorus fire damage... and that at the very least was burning the remnants so that as they actually did get back together again, the whole body was aflame and the Wolfman soon collapsed to be consumed by the fire.

Balancing atop another of the Wolfmen's head – or Wolfwoman in this case – she was cut apart by the other Wolfmen in their attempt to get at me. Their own claws were a third but difficult to utilize form of defeating a Wolfman – er – woman. I merely hopped across their heads, throwing needles of silver downward into their backs and causing the slow and painful process of burning and then explosion.

The scientific might consider that throwing little washers and little needles with such deadly accuracy would be impossible, but then again say that same thing to guys who cut watermelons in half with a deck of cards individually thrown. A study of the world gives us certain powers of animals and elements... like a cobra's ability to strike the worst possible place on a body, or for the wind to imbed a piece of straw in a plate of steel... such things can be duplicated by a body. They're merely improbable... not impossible.

Being able to duplicate those things... that is skill. Supernatural skill, but hey, I'm a supernatural creature.

Rats are small, nimble creatures, not strong or powerful, but we had one particular trick up our sleeves that no other race could duplicate. There was a reason why we were considered the most potent assassins in all of creation.

In times past, the Blood of the Hind was considered to be the most potent of poisons... able to kill even a dragon or a Fae with little more than a nick. The Hind is all but extinct, protected by the mythological world on nearly the

same degree that unicorns are now for how rare they are. It was not allowed to hunt them, not even to attempt to siphon blood from them. Massive associations of mages and the Elves and Fae themselves protected the animal. Nevertheless, it was this same blood that killed Hercules even, the blood placed upon a cloak by his wife being that she thought him unfaithful.

Since the Hind could no longer be hunted for its blood, other venoms have risen to replace it as legendary. Though the Naga Venom, especially the venom of a Sea Naga, is quite potent, there is only one other thing more virulent, and that is the bite of a wererat.

Taking several throwing daggers in hand and jerking the face coverings I wore downward, I cleared my throat, a sensation to tickle the uvula at the back of the throat before I swallowed several times, and in a heaving burst my stomach heaved and a burning bile rose up into my mouth. Shaking my head like a camel, spittle sailed away and struck dozens of the Wolfmen... and where that spittle landed it burned... it dissolved flesh and the Wolfmen howled and tried to scrape it off, but like the acid of a fly it dissolved their fingers too.

A Wererat, though the most proliferate were-species there was, our numbers were culled by our own design. To have this power, to have this disease ridden technique, we poisoned ourselves, diseased ourselves... the highest mark ever reached by any Wererat was the Seven Deadly Venoms.

I had Six Deadly Venoms. One of the seven venoms was potent enough to kill a thousand humans fifty times over with a single droplet of spit. So you could imagine how bad it was for these supernatural creatures at level six.

Inserting all those daggers into my mouth, they became my claws just then, and with each covered with green spit, I lanced out in a raking swipe... all it required was a paper cut, nothing more than that. I didn't need to know what happened to these poor creatures. There was nothing left for them, but where the old ways of disposing of them, of burning them alive or shooting them with silver, injecting them with based down wolfs bane or getting them to kill themselves, was nothing compared to the cellular bonds of blood, bone and tissue disintegrating and your own damned heightened healing factor being turned backward on itself... dying by being burned alive from fire was a blessing by comparison, but I was already running low on resources.

The shrieks and howls of these creatures as they tried to bite arms off prior to it reaching their hearts was one thing, and in their animalistic minds, despite their incredibly powerful bodies and supernaturally enhanced musculature... they were nothing to the poison of the Six Deadly Venoms.

I cradled Jenny and Mad cradled Alice as we hurried down the flights of the stairs. Immediately I became well aware that the Denizens were amazingly gone.

My babies were cold and wet, and as we delved deeper and deeper into castle, trying to find our way back to the main foyer, somehow we found ourselves in a hallway that overlooked the lab.

“Where is he?” I asked aloud and Madoushi slid in next to me as we paused in this observation hall.

“The good doctor? Goodness knows. Last I saw him he was growing impossibly huge and massive like you love.”

“Controlling the Denizens.” I said aloud and turned to him. “How do you control Denizens?” he looked at me blankly. “The Denizens are controlled by the castle. The Black Lady or Drake control the Castle, and only the

strongest of the two can control it entirely. So in order to have more direct control of the Denizens you have to be in a position between the Denizens and the castle itself... an intermediary. That means... that could *only* mean..."

"The Doctor has become a Denizen." Mad said matter-of-factly, staring stone-faced down at the implements below. "Poor bastard. That's a fate worse than dead that he did to himself in my mind..."

"But in order to control a thing one must be stronger than a thing... able to destroy a thing." I added and I embraced Jenny tighter as she shivered from the cold wet of getting rained on.

And there was a loud boom and the castle shook, the walls shimmying even while more of the structures of the ceilings fell, with walls falling apart to reveal the strange stone architecture of all the naked human screaming bodies with their mouths and eyes glowing beneath the breaking walls that I only saw before in the Dream Time with Mad. Now they were revealed plain as day.

Bracing myself on one of the windows overlooking the lab, I heard another boom, and then another boom, the vibrations of each one shook the ground where we were.

"M-Mad... I think I know where the Denizens are." I groaned and taking him by the hand followed the sounds of crashing and breaking and booming... what could only be a fight between titans. Which could only mean Fell.

We found our way into a ballroom, at a balcony where a small orchestra of strings like a quartet might play to lead dancers or soothe diners with music. And below were hundreds of Denizens, forming a great ring around two figures. One of which was... was an *ultra* Denizen thing... the doctor... and the other...

"Fell?!" I gaped at the raging mountain of feminine muscle and fur that was bashing at the Doctor with a column of twisted white wood like a caber.

Bludgeoning the doctor down, Fellania planted the staff in the ground and straddled the super powered Denizen that was strengthened with machinery and electricity. Her fists blew into his head, blows that would've splattered a lesser person into a fine paste were being absorbed by this armored construct.

The doctor lanced upward with a fist and a screaming burst of electricity erupted from Fell's belly, making her stagger backward while a ball of lightning riddled her body, dancing across teeth and eyes, between her towering nipples and racing down into the ground before the creature rose with a backwards punch to the ground shooting him to his feet, and then with a punch that raked dozens of crooked spikes on the backs of his gauntlets against her face they were at it again. Fell healed almost immediately from the damage and kicked the creature in the head again with a pair of surprisingly long legs for a bear, taking the face mask with her toe claws and creating four deep grooves in the mask.

Again she leapt on him and hammered at his head, and as the doctor reached up and gripped a pair of her ribs and began pulling them apart, she shrieked and gripped those hands, pushing down the thumbs and yanking his arms off her while his fingers sparked with electricity. She head butted him and with her tits flattened against his chest, she pulled on those arms, her fingers twisting and bending the metal of the gauntlets before there was a sheering crunch as one of the doctor's arms dislocated right before the other followed suit.

Plopping him down and twisting herself in an expertly accomplished uppercut, she snatched her pole as its end turned into a twisting spear, and she chucked it at the doctor and impaled him onto a wall with several of the Denizens crushed behind the doctor in the meantime. Then she raced across the room and with two explosive punches hit him on one cheek and then the other, shattering the surface of the wall behind the doctor before her

claws hooked into the face armor and she tugged on the face plate. She planted a foot on his chest and pulled harder, and for a thing to resist the strength Fell apparently now had was a remarkable feat.

“Fell no! Don’t kill him!” I shouted but the jeering and laughing and squealing of the Denizens kept her from hearing me.

The doctor’s head was pulled forward, blood seeping from unseen wounds as Fell pulled and pulled, using all her strength to rip that mask off, and when it finally came off it was only to see two long burning metal spikes imbedded in the skull where the brain should be.

Seeing his face however... was what stopped Fellania.

She dropped the mask as the doctor panted, impossibly alive still despite obvious brain trauma. No creature should be alive with such trauma, or if they were... they’d be retarded; all higher functions destroyed.

And then there was the sound of loud clapping, and turning toward the sound, not five feet away from where Mad and I were stood Drake.

“Bravo... Bravo Lady Fellania.” He cheered as he stood. “Never... never before have I’d ever seen anyone, let alone a woman, fight with such power as you. It appears as if I was right about you all.”

“You... planned this?” I gasped as Fell whirled to face us with a jostling of tits. “And you’ve just been sitting there... *watching?!*”

“Of course. This is the most entertainment I’ve ever had.” He laughed, his rippling chest, ribs and abs born out into the air. He seemed to be growing stronger and taller, and his finery was stretching about his body. Damn... he was hung for a guy.

I shook my head to clear it. “Why did you just wait? You should’ve helped her.”

“And where would we’ve been if I did?” Drake asked, once again with a goblet of his ‘*wine*’ in his hand as he drank from it. “But... my good doctor... it appears as if you’ve miscalculated.”

“Only... slightly.” The doctor said metallically, gurgling briefly and spitting up blood and some sort of fluid that looked like motor oil. “I... didn’t calculate that the Denizens would have a reverse controlling effect... on me. I’m afraid I lost my mind... for a moment.”

And then there were two sheering snaps as his arms repaired themselves, snapping back into place before he gripped Fell’s staff and shoved it out of him. Fell lifted her arms to defend herself but then Drake disappeared from where he was; a flicker of pseudomotion that made him reappear next to Fell.

“That won’t be necessary, Lady Fellania.” He said and checked out her behind briefly with a smile before emptying his goblet and tossing it aside where it clattered against the floor. I noticed then that the Denizens had fallen remarkably silent as they stood almost stupidly, some drooling while the doctor reached down and gripped his face mask before pushing it back into place with a wet squelch and a mechanically locking click.

Immediately all the Denizens snapped to life, standing up straighter though still with a demented hunch thanks to the muscle humps between their shoulders.

“And are you in control of your facilities now, Victor?” Drake asked.

“More than... I was before.” He said as he stepped forward and Fellania bent to take up her staff-spear and brandish it at the doctor. His head swiveled atop the thickened trunk of his neck toward Fell. “It appears all I needed was a sufficient enough swat against the skull. If not for the lady here...” his eyes moved from her head to her feet again and a smidgeon of a smile crossed his lips. “...The plan would’ve failed... or... you would’ve been forced to deal with me yourself, Master Drake.”

“And that would’ve weakened me.” He said picking off a bit of lint and flicking it away with his clawed hands. “Lady Fellania... Lady Susan and Master Madoushi... the pieces are all in line and we now have the Black Lady in check. One half of the blood the Black Lady has needed has been kept from her. We’ll entrust you to keep the other half from getting to her while we prepare.”

“Remy!” I called across the hall and the Denizens all looked up at me, some licking their chops but Victor snapped his fingers and they all looked away.

“Damn it... I forgot!” Fell gasped. “The poor little bugger must be floundering without us... if not dead!”

“Then I suggest you hurry to his aide Drake said and removed a pocket watch and looked at it right as the castle rumbled again. “The end game is about to begin.”

“What end game.” Madoushi asked.

“You never lived long enough to see.” Drake replied. “We must prepare. We’ll see you at the end.” And Drake evaporated and his mist rushed off and away, slipping out into the halls before Victor turned slowly and the Denizens all lined up behind him and followed him in a double column down a hall.

Never before had I ever seen anything that I’d consider a more potent of an army than the one that streamed down that hall just now.

“Sue! Follow me!” Fell said and hurried to a hole in the floor. “Damn that little rat. If he dies... I’ll kill him!” and she leapt down the hole.

I turned quickly to Mad and he automatically opened his arm for Jenny. “Go I’ll follow.” He said and I handed her Jenny before vaulting over the banister with my scroll still in hand. I leapt down the hole and landed in the front foyer in time to see Fell pick up the stone bench she’d kicked before the door earlier and throw it aside before she likewise wrenched a sword in the door handles aside before throwing the doors open, looked beyond it and closed the doors immediately again.

“How interested are we in saving him?” Fell asked me.

“Fell!” I shouted and she pinched her shoulders in shame and opened the doors, revealing an almost impossible sight.

Remy was scraped and scratched, fighting topless now with daggers in between his fingers as he raked and scraped, and amidst his turns to deflect the assault of so many furred bodies, he saw the two of us.

“Ah... Fell...” he managed between spins. “And Sue!” and he spun a few more times, with little metal bits flying from his hands to strike the Wolfmen, the ones he struck screamed and howled as their bodies either burned themselves and disintegrated or they bubbled and then exploded soon after.

“I wanted to... show you both something.” And he grabbed one of the Wolfmen – Wolfwomen – a female of a powerful white body and white fur and gripped the beast so she couldn’t lash or strike but nonetheless she growled and whined in his hands. “Look! It’s Gingersnaps. Ha!” And he lanced his hand with the daggers in it backward, puncturing the beast in the chest and its disintegration was so violent that it was nearly explosive. “I really hated that movie. Stupid spoiled bitch!” And jabbed the blades then into the underside of the Wolfwoman’s jaw and she shuddered as he cast her off like a rag doll.

I walked in next to Fell as we watched him stick and move like a whirling dervish, throwing his daggers at some of the remaining Wolfmen before he pulled a wire from his belt for each hand, and whipped them about him like Chinese dancers might do with a ribbon.

“Do we help him?” I asked as those wires slid effortlessly through the hardened muscle, bone and flesh like band saws, each wire gleaming an almost glowing blue as he raked them across his enemies and literally sliced and diced them to bits with a sound that was like singing strings on a violin.

The Wolfmen burned from his lashings as he laughed, and even spitting in the eye of one made his face burn and melt off.

“No... no I think he’s fine.” Fell managed in reply as the very last Wolfmen were wrapped up and diced to pieces, leaving a great field of more than a thousand dead and disintegrated bodies strewn with blood, ichor and char.

“Hoo... ha... hee... hoo... hoo.” Remy panted as the last enemy fell about his feet, and cocking his head, he bent down and picked something up, a sheriff’s star that had been on a strip of clothing of one of them. “Cal... you don’t look so good.” He smirked and fastened the star to a sash around his pants, and then turned to us. “Ladies... what took you so long?”

“Are you frickin’ kidding me?!” Fell blanched and planted her staff. “I took a houseful of Vampires and fought Denizens. What were you doing out here?! A thousand Wolfmen or so?”

“Oh yeah? And how hard was it to take a few hundred Vampires. Sure they’re tougher... normally... but these Wolfmen were under the Blood Moon. They were bigger, faster, stronger...”

“I dealt with an Omega Denizen! You don’t even know what a regular Denizen is like! And this guy is like all your Wolfmen combined.”

Remy spat on the floor and his spit hissed and bubbled the ground. “Ahh I would’ve killed him in one hit.” Remy dismissed it. “And by the way... might I add that out of uniform... you are both... steaming hot.”

Fell and I looked down at our naked bodies before Fell growled and pointed at her face.

“Eyes up here rodent! I can’t believe I was worried about you.”

“Worried? About moi?” Remy blinked and palmed his rosy muscular chest. “Why... Fellania... I’m honored. Let’s screw!”

“EXCUSE ME?!” Fell screamed the roar right into Remy’s face, having to lean over double to do so... she was so tall Remy only came up to her hip.

And Remy squinted and laughed, warding off her spit with one hand. “I’m sorry... I couldn’t help myself. You’re such an attractive creature!”

Fell blinked in the face of this, and Remy even embraced her around her thick neck... like a child trying to embrace an adult, and she deflated in light of this and palmed the whole of his back with one great hand... when a rumbling sound greeted us.

And then at once we all turned and saw the castle shaking, right up to the pinions and pennants on top of the towers, the castle shaking and walk ways crumbling between gantries and towers. And then slowly, the walls of the castle broke apart, with sections of the castle parting this way and that spreading the many sections of the vaulting towers into four separate directions. There they wobbled and remained as the ground continued to shake and rumble, the debris of battle both in refuse and remains bouncing and wobbling as Fell’s and my chests shook till I had the presence of mind to press them against my chest to keep them from doing that before they made a milkshake within my boobs.

My milkshake brings all the boys to the yard, and they’re like, it’s better than yours, damn right it’s better than yours, I can teach you, but I have to charge...

And up from the various sections of the castle, the plateau that it’d rested upon having broken apart, rose a tower, a tower nearly as large as the surface area the castle had been before now. It climbed upward like a missile leaving its silo, loading into a locked position, climbing and climbing, telescoping outward along three separate tiers that spread wires and cables to the other portions of the castle and its battlements, before the tower at its peak rose higher than everything else, even the highest of all the towers where Alice had spent her days in.

“I don’t know about you two... but I’m beginning to think that someone is over compensating for something.” Remy mentioned briefly.

“What on earth is going on?” Fell asked.

“It’s the end of the Endless Night.” A pair of small voices said, Alice and Jenny both speaking in unison, either of whom held one of Mad’s hands as they arrived.

“THAAAT’S creepy...” Remy said and folded his arms.

Alice and Jenny ignored him. “The Black Lady will be at the top of the tower. She’ll be trying to feed from all the bloodshed here. But thanks to your efforts, the amount she’ll get will be greatly diminished.”

“What will that do?” Fell asked.

“The Black Lady needs a certain amount of blood in her system to restart this world.” Madoushi supplied. “It requires a great deal of blood and I can only assume she attempts it after engorging herself. We need to get to the top and stop her before she figures out nothing is coming and she can start the Blood Ritual. She may not be getting anything, but she’ll still be powerful enough to actually enact the ritual with what she’s got. I don’t know about the rest of you, but I’m certain you don’t want to be stuck in the endless cycle like the rest of us have been.”

Alice and Jenny shook their heads in unison, confirming that we really didn't want to get stuck here like that, but then Remy was staring at the girls. "And you can come play with us forever and ever and..."

"Quiet you." I growled at him and he shrank away from my gaze. "I don't intend on restarting this crap over and over again. So that leaves us with really only one thing to do then." I said aloud.

"And that is?" Fell asked.

I pondered a fist into a palm. "We stop her!"

Suddenly everyone was staring at me, and there was a long uncomfortable pause.

"All right..." Remy managed. "That has got to be the cheesiest thing you could've possibly have done and said, and strangely, nevertheless... I still got chills. Embrace me Fellania... keep me warm with your nice warm breasts."

Fell rolled her eyes slapped him upside the head and he slapped her on the butt and she punched him to the ground.

"Aww... now I don't know how to cook." Remy laughed and palmed his head.

Fell then stepped on Remy's long feet and he teetered to a stand before she prodded him in the head to keep him upright.

"Ok... fine... it was cheesy," She said and let Remy go to support himself. "How do we stop her?"

"We may not have to worry about her getting any blood at all." Remy smirked. "There's a machine below the kitchen that funnels all the blood upward, I can only assume it funnels it all up there." And he pointed. "I... kinda sorta... blew it up."

"Well then that's one problem solved, but she's going to figure out that something's amiss." Fell said and planted her hands on her widened hips. "So what do we do now?"

I lifted a finger and was about to speak, but deflated when nothing came to mind. "I don't know." I admitted and then shrugged with a sheepish grin. "It's a mystery."