

Lea Monde

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Rated: *R for Restricted*

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Chapter 3: Deadwood and the Lost

I tumbled through the air, losing sight of Fell and Remy... falling what felt like several stories before my feet crumpled unexpectedly beneath me as they struck something hard like stone, and I tumbled downward, striking a wall it felt and rolling down a series of stairs before the darkness faded to gray, and then burst with a certain degree of light as I rolled off the set of stairs and skidded to my hands and feet, yowling in surprise right as Fell's form tumbled down after me followed by Remy.

Leaping out of the way she landed on her back right before Remy tumbled out of the darkness and landed face first in her lap.

I stood there, panting and looking around, immediately finding myself in a forested clearing, but that clearing was completely occupied by headstones and grave markers. A graveyard, fenced in by wooden posts lashed tight with chord. And to one side of the clearing was an arbor in which a set of stairs let out of a barely visible gateway where wisps of gray and black darkness spilled out of it, the stairs themselves that we tumbled down appearing like a set of barely visible glass of crystalline light. To the other side of the stairs was another arbor... and a road that was deeply carved with wagon ruts leading into a deep, dark forest.

And then still panting, brushing myself off, I looked back to my friend and rat companion.

"Sue?" Fell said as she laid spread eagle on the flat of her back, blinking lightly as she stared upward at an overcast sky.

"Yes Fell?"

"Where's Remy?" she asked.

"In your lap." I replied, and couldn't help but giggle at the sight of this.

"That's what I thought." She swallowed hard. "Remy?"

"Hm?" he managed with a muffled sound.

"Are you unconscious?"

"Not yet... but I'm certain I will be in a moment, but I dare say that any punishment that you can enact will be well worth laying a kiss here on this..."

And there was a crack... a rather loud crack of wood against skull, and Fell was squealing, on her feet after having struck a baseball swing with her thick staff against Remy's head.

"Letcher!" Fellania screamed as Remy sat up and held his head, grinning.

"I never said I was anything less." He smirked. "I am a gentleman at times, but in all honesty fate has given me a profound pleasure, Fellania, and I was not one eager to shirk it."

"Y-you... you just stay away from my unmentionables!" Fell shouted and pointed accusingly at Remy.

"Very well..." and he got up. "I do solemnly promise, on my honor... that I shall not intentionally get into your... unmentionables... until you yourself invite me into them."

"Sounds like a leprechaun wish." I chuckled.

"And the same goes for you, Lady Susan." And he slunk to me with a wide sidestep, gathered up my hand and kissed its knuckles right between the index and forefinger, and kept kissing them as he lifted his eyes to me. Suddenly I felt a... tickle... in my loins from his kissing and I withdrew my hand before looking upon it at the spot he'd kissed, pricking the webbing between those two fingers with a claw tip, and as I felt another sensation in my loins, I blushed deeply as I looked at him.

"What's wrong?!" Fell asked quickly. "What did he do?"

"Well... I don't know how to explain it. I mean on the one hand I just learned something about acupuncture and acupressure not even my first mother knew about. On the other hand, what he did do to me controlled my... unmentionables."

With another crack Fellania struck Remy upside the head with her staff, and he wavered stupidly for a moment before giving off a stupid laugh and collapsing to his knees.

"Oh damn... now I forgot third grade." He laughed and rubbed his forehead.

"I'll make you a damned retard should you ever do that again!" Fell screamed at him. "Me is bad enough, but you will not do that to my friends!"

Remy laughed and then forced himself to his feet again. "Peace... peace ladies. I'm merely trying to make you both feel well." He said, but I kept poking the webbing between my fingers and smiling stupidly in elation before Fell walked to me and stopped me doing that by gripping my hands with one of hers.

"Now where are we?" she asked immediately. "You're the guide Remy... where do you suppose we are?"

But Remy merely folded his arms and shrugged. "Don't know. Never moved passed that door way to the pyramid myself."

Fell's face fell in shock. "What? Then why the hell are you here then?"

"Enough." I said and both of them fell quiet. "He's here for a reason. Knowing Pen he's here to suit some purpose while at the same time fulfilling some weird joke."

“Yeah... I can really see that. Sending us into an abysmal hole with a lecher...”

“Joke’s on me then... cause I’m a lecher with two amorous and lascivious women and I can’t even touch...” and his hand rose with a snap to catch Fell’s swinging staff and stop it short.

I blinked. He’d stopped her blow that she was swinging with both hands with only one of his. This caught even Fell offhanded.

“That was meant as a compliment.” Remy smiled rather warningly. “I will not allow myself to be punished for something I don’t think I should be punished for.” And he shoved her staff away and pointed at Fell. “And lighten up! You let your walls down you just might like what I can give you. I can make the best – or even the worst – of women moan and curl toes.”

Fell was struck dumb by this... perhaps more by Remy shrugging off her swinging blow like that. She and I were used to being able to overcome beings with sheer strength, and to have someone as small as Remy just shrug off one of her blows like that...

“Now then... judging by the trees, I would say that we are still in Europe. But strangely enough... it appears as if we’re in a black forested area.”

I blinked. “Germany?”

“No... not quite.” Remy mused. “Something here is... off.”

“There’s no wind.” Fell mentioned lifting her hand and waving it before her.

“No I noticed that.” Remy mentioned and lifted a finger and wagged it in note of what Fell said to give her props for noticing such a subtle loss of something like wind. “No... it’s impossibility. There are trees here that shouldn’t be together. No wonder I couldn’t put my finger on where we were... because no place on Earth has all of these trees together like this. Maybe a garden... but definitely not an area of land of a multitude of acres like this.”

“So where the hell are we?” Fell asked.

“Isn’t that obvious?” he grinned, showing a pair of subtly buck teeth. “Not on Earth. Possibly one of a plethora of shard realms found between realms.”

“We go this way.” I said and pointed down the road available here.

“Why so sure?” Fell asked.

“Cause I can feel it calling to me. I can feel it in my gut.” And I stepped forward blindly following that gut feeling.

“Girl says she feels it in her gut.” Fell smirked and followed after me.

“Sweet. I’ve often followed my penis into and out of places... let’s see how a woman’s vagina does.” Remy said and ducked, sniggering under the whooshing sound of Fell’s staff before stepping off, the two of us following. But on the way out I did notice something peculiar.

The gravestones had no dates on them. Only names. Even the most elaborate of stonework... all of them were only name markers... no dates of life and death... no statements of who will miss them or what spectacular things they did.

Suddenly I felt like Alice in Wonderland.

Curiouser and curiouser...

The others followed me, and though Fell wasn't about to let Remy get behind her again – either because she didn't want his eyes on her backside or she feared his knife in her back – Remy walked between us. He could look at my butt now if he wanted, I didn't care. The pull of the scroll was drawing me right in my bowels, and walking along I palmed my pelvis with one hand, rubbing it and caressing it, even... feeling euphoric about it.

It was like the culmination of all my recent experiences with Lee, the moment right after sex but the rising need for more. Entering Lea Monde, delving into this strange place that was apart from the world but looked just like the world, had all culminated into a spot just below my navel and in a spot right between my hips, the place most martial artists called their Center, their Chi or Ki depending upon the teacher... their source of spiritual power.

Strange though. The center for spiritual power when it related to Chakras in my first mother's teachings was the Manipura or Solar Plexus Chakra, located in the Solar Plexus; a point half a body higher than the source of spiritualism that Chi and Ki dealt with. With Chakra, the point where Chi and Ki were, was the Svadhithana Chakra, also known as the Sacral Chakra, it was the place that controlled sexuality... weird that it was the Sacral Chakra that was drawing me... like a mild want to be penetrated and I was instinctively following it to the male that would do it.

I could feel the force in that spot steadily growing, and even if I resisted the pull I felt myself being tugged along where I trudged the few steps that I tried to resist its pull, as assuredly as if I had a rope attached to a point just behind my navel and it was being pulled by an industrial winch.

And then I slowed as we rounded a bend, and I saw the front of stores and homes on a main strip of an avenue of some sort.

Remy and Fell came up to either side of me as I held my tummy with both hands, my body shrinking back to its normally thick feminine shape and form as the sensual power in me calmed me, loosening my clothing again so that the tied shirt I wore only laid atop my breasts instead of hemming them in.

“Old American West, Chinese and Japanese feudalism, German and Russian Hamlet... a period between the sixteenth and nineteenth centuries.” Remy mused. “How odd.”

“Why is that odd?” I mentioned.

“Three hundred years of world history in this little area? I find that odd.” Remy commented. “Don't you?”

The three of us stood there for a moment... contemplating.

“Well we aren't getting any older.” I mentioned and stepped forward, striding toward the town with long purposeful strides.

Fell soon followed and Remy scurried back up to my side, and within a few hundred feet we were passing from the forest and into the town. One would normally consider that at this point the sky would open up and there would be a ray of sunshine, but instead there was no cloud break. As a matter of fact... it was instead that the first gust of wind any of us had felt since arriving here blew across us, bringing with it the promise of moisture in the air from rain.

The town was built like an old west American town... a tumbleweed even blew across the street, but with the forest around us, goodness knew where a tumbleweed came from. And why is there always a tumbleweed? Even when there're no possible sources of said tumbleweed to grow, there was still a tumbleweed blowing across the street. Was there some freak wadding plants up into balls and drying them out just to toss them out into the street whenever newcomers came along? That was like a Chinese guy sitting in a closet waiting to yell '*supplies*' at you. It was like some sort of long-running gag the world itself perpetuated because it thought it was funny, that or Fate had a stupid sense of humor.

"We're not in Kansas anymore Toto." Fell mentioned.

"Is that a short joke?" Remy mentioned.

"Yes. You're little, shaggy and gray... and you're a dog! So I guess that comment was directed at you, huh?!" Fell scoffed directly at Remy and leaned over to put her face in his.

"I can see down your shirt." Remy smirked and his eyes glanced down and back up before Fell rose to her feet and covered the opening in her shirt.

She was about to start a shouting match with Remy but I placed a hand on her arm to stop her while looking off into the distance... For just then a ball bounced out into the middle of the road. Walking over to it and picking it up, turning it from side to side, I saw that it wasn't any sort of ball I was familiar with. It was a sewn bladder that'd been filled with fluff and sewn shut.

If this wasn't an indication of the era we were in I didn't know what would be. Modern balls were made of rubber mostly or patterned leather made in a machine. This was handmade. No one really did that anymore.

"Scuse me lady... but can I have my ball back?" a voice said, a child's voice and I turned to it, seeing a small boy standing before me. He was wearing a collared shirt with a bowtie that was long and drooping, likewise having on a pair of suspended knickers. There was mud on his face and his hair was tussled and unkempt.

"Sure." And I handed it back to him. His accent was Old English. "Here you go."

"Thank you." The boy mentioned and hugged the ball to him

"You're new here... aint'cha?" he ventured.

"Sure." Fell added. "We just fell by the wayside, and found our way here."

"Heh... Fell by the wayside." Remy snickered and Fell nudged him in the ribs with an elbow to quiet him.

The boy merely stared up at us for a moment. "Blimey you girls are big. Bigger'n me mum, anyways. Bigger'n than me da too."

“Well thank you.” I smiled. “We’re growing girls after all.”

“K...” and he hurried away as I stood up, seeing him being collected by a small group of more children who were hiding between the buildings.

I blinked at them as they all rushed to someplace deeper behind the buildings on the main stretch of road here.

“Were they there a moment ago?” I asked.

“No.” Remy replied. “Not unless children have better stealth than a rat.”

“Pshaw. Rats quiet? I can hear and *smell* you a mile away.” Fell said... trying to goad Remy into another argument. I wasn’t too sure... but I think they were enjoying arguing.

“Yeah... listen carefully, Fellania... you might just hear Micky and Minnie humping in the walls. Here’s Minnie: *Oh squeak-squeak-squeak-squeak oh Micky, you’re so huge!* And then there’s Mickey: *Ha-ha... here I come... here I come! Ha-ha! Buh!*” he mimicked America’s favorite mice in a highly disturbing way complete with pelvic thrusts and a final climactic thrust that got Fell into a stunned and wide-eyed stupor. “Yeah... how was that mental image for ya there, Smoky?”

“Smoky?!” Fell scoffed and poked Remy in the chest. “How... *dare* you?!”

“How dare I what? Call you Smoky or insult Smoky by associating you with him?”

“You wanna throw down little rodent?! Is that what you want?! Cause I can...”

I turned and tapped them both in the neck and they both froze. “Will you two shut up?!” and I released them immediately with a couple more taps.

“H-how did you do that?” Fell gaped once she unfroze, patting at herself and wiggling her fingers to make sure she hadn’t lost any control.

“You’ll feel a bit numb for a moment or two... but that was a trick of my first mother to stop her children from fighting. Funny... she said she could never do it to your first mother.”

“Well I feel special right now.” Fell said sarcastically.

Remy was shrugging one shoulder repeatedly, shaking it out. “That... was perhaps the first time in a long... *long* time that I’ve ever been completely helpless. You must teach me that trick!” I stared at him with a discerning eye. “What?”

“Don’t you have enough ways to paralyze your victims?” I asked him.

Remy blinked at me and then shook his head sharply. “No!”

And then there was a creak and a couple of boot stomps, and turning I saw a man saunter toward us on the board walk that was on either side of the road. Well... sauntering wasn’t what he was really doing... but rather I think they called the way he was walking ‘*a mosey*’. Legs wide from riding a horse’s saddle for so long, two six guns on his hips and a ten gallon hat on his head... he looked like a cowboy with his boots and lariat hanging from one hip.

“Howdy. You folks new in town I see.” He grinned with teeth browned from tobacco while a toothpick danced in his teeth. He tipped his hat to us.

“Yes... we just arrived.” I announced and walked up to look up at him, and then eyed the gold star on his chest. “You’re the sheriff?”

“Marshal, or at least what passes for one in these here parts little filly. Oh... ‘scuse me. Big filly. Shoot... you’re a strong one! I’m sure we could hook you and your friend there up to an Oxbow and you could plough the back forty in a day.” And he gave off a weird chuckle that reminded me of the way Sherriff Roscoe P. Coltrane laughed in the Dukes of Hazard show. “We don’t get many strangers here... but sure enough when another lost just rolls on in like some sage brush... we try’n make them feel at home.”

“Another lost?” I asked.

“Sure’n ye are. You don’t get here without being lost first. It’s the only way of finding place that can’t be found.”

“There’re fields here?” Fell asked, and the marshal spat a long jet of tobacco chew through his teeth onto the ground and then nodded and pointed, and turning we all saw a field where there’d been forest a moment ago. We also saw a few horses hitched to hitching posts, an apache Indian holding cigars, a real one... red skin and all, standing before a general store. A woman in a bonnet and a fine white polka dotted blue dress nodded to the Redman as he passed by while a Chinaman with a pan hat walked in the opposite direction with arms folded inside his robe.

“Curiouser and curiouser.” Fell mentioned in a low intoning breath before I returned back to the marshal, only to see another man laid back in a chair and rolling a cigarette behind him. I noted this addition before my eyes flickered sidelong to see more houses behind where once again there had been nothing but forest.

“Where are we?” I asked aloud and yet again looked to the marshal and blinked as I noticed that there were parts of even him changed. The Marshal star on his chest had dots on the star points now with a number on it, and now it said *‘Marshal’* across it in embossed lettering. He was now wearing a vest and had a red handlebar moustache. Before there wasn’t really any detail at all to him... like he was a thought in the making.

“Folks here call this place Deadwood, I reckon.” He said and I blinked. The voice was ever so subtly different.

“And where is Deadwood?” I asked.

“Well... don’t know how I can right wise explain that.” The Marshal mentioned and tipped his hat back. “It’s a bit hard t’ explain, really.”

“Oh jist tell em, Cal.” The man with the cigarette said in a nice southern drawl. “Th’ sooner they learn th’ sooner they can cope.”

“Yes please... I’m eager to learn of where I am.” Remy mentioned.

“Well, truth be told... like I sad b’fore... yer lost.” The Marshal mentioned as Cal explained. “Yer here cause ye don’ exist anywhere else. Slipped through the cracks, a wrinkle in time, accident of providence or punishment of fate... however ye wanna call it, yer inna place that has many names from time t’ time. Ye ask them Irish folk and they may call this place Brigadoon. Hogwash I wish it t’were Brigadoon, then at least we could get out o’ here once a century. But there be no going back, no leaving, no escape... trust us. We tried.”

“N-no escape?!” Fell gaped. “You mean I’m in Hicksville?! Forever?!”

I turned to her and gripped her sizeable bicep and whispered in her ear.

“Remember the end of the story. Pen saw us leave Lea Monde.”

“And you trust him?!” she hissed back.

“Implicitly.” And I turned back to the Marshal, but he’d remained the same. Perhaps it was because Remy was now staring at him intently, unblinkingly. He was perhaps sensing the same thing I did: that this place changed when you weren’t looking. “There’s got to be a way out. Do you know of any way that we can help? Who’s leading this place? A mayor or something?”

“Drake.” Someone said, and turning I saw the boy with the ball.

“Damn it! Boy you git before I imprint my boot on your ass!” the Sheriff shouted and the boy ran immediately, but nonetheless... the simplicity of children was often times the easiest way to get to the heart of the truth, or so my first mother said in her writings.

The boy was now wearing a heavy wool sweater.

“Who’s Drake?” I asked and the Marshal scowled.

“Best you stay away from him.” Cal mentioned sternly. “People that go to him don’t come back the same way as they leave, if they come back at all. Damn it all, we’d run him out if we could.”

“Well then... thank you. We don’t have any money, so if you can suggest a place that we can stay for free...”

Cal chuckled and brightened again. “Shoot, missy, none of us got any money... and if any of us do then no one else wants that money because it ain’t worth nothin’ t’ nobody else. We’re on a barter system here. Ye can work fer yer room an’ board, and any kind o’ life that yer willing to let yourself do is ok by us so long as you abide by the rules and laws of this here town. Whether that be cleanin’, shinin’, cookin’ farmin’... or... anythin’ else that... swings yer fancy...” Cal finished by wagging his eyebrows at us.

The implication was enough to get Fell in a huff and I instinctively laid a hand on her arm to calm her. It was commonplace in the era that these men were from, that single women with no husbands often times had to resort to selling their bodies for money. Cal was obviously expecting that of Fell and I. Possibly hoping for it. In a sense it was a compliment that Cal would want to do us, but personally... my standards were a lot higher than that.

“Where would you suggest we start?”

“Well if yer lookin’ fer a job... ye might try th’ general store over yonder first.” And he pointed and we looked, seeing a big two story building with a clock tower and when we looked back his moustache had thickened and reddened even more so, and he had a long chin beard as well with his eyes now blue instead of gray. The man that had appeared beside him was dressed almost like Colonel Sanders while he had a woman in frilly clothes and a shamelessly revealed bust appearing over her blouse and corset. He was gripping her bottom quite erotically and holding a deep conversation. Cal now gave the impression of Colonel Custer... before he was ganked by a thousand Indians that is.

“Th-thanks...” I said slowly and pivoted toward the store, right as a carriage rolled on by that had the look of it of some sort of royalty.

“No problem little filly. You just stay away from that Drake now. And stay safe! Remember also that there’s a curfew! No one out after eight.”

I waved at him, only to see him even more elaborately dressed with chaps now, while a pirate that I almost took for Jack Sparrow sauntered on by.

“Ladies... if I may be so forward.” Remy said looking around. “I do believe that currently we are now in the shit.”

Deadwood and its people kept changing. It was like this place was coughing them up one at a time, and not only were they coming in from the mists, but every time we turned our heads and looked at them there was a little more detail to them. The addition of a kerchief or a jacket or a pocket watch... the changes were so subtle sometimes, like the changing of the color of a thing or the patterns in a thing, but every change put each individual in greater detail.

Regardless... I felt... off. For multiple reasons. There was that tugging feeling in my navel, but now there was another tugging feeling as well that was drawing me in a different location. The powerful drawing sensation that was leading me toward this place I found then was actually two... maybe more points drawing me to Deadwood, and then toward each specific point now that I was here... and they were moving around me. I felt sick and euphoric, and more than a little aroused and at times my head swam for a moment or two from the sensations. My loins felt warm despite the cool air, and at times the throbbing of veins along my inner thighs distracted me with a sexual sensation that led me to cream just a little.

I’d clearly never remembered feeling so... *undecided* in my body before. Going through puberty and having my first wet dream and later my first period weren’t so indecisive as this.

But as that second drawing sensation pulled at me, I followed it and soon found myself with Fell and Remy standing before the large general store that was situated on a corner. A man dressed like a Russian Cossack stepped outside and eyed us briefly before passing by gruffly. There was a sensation from this person that put me ill at ease, an instinctive reaction it felt...

“What’s wrong?” Fell asked me into my ear.

“I don’t know. Every time that I think things can’t be stranger here, something else hits me. That man... who just passed us. Did he set you off in any way?”

“Honestly? This whole place sets me off, Sue. I’d love to find that scroll of yours and get the hell out of here A.S.A.F.P.”

“Agreed. But... *something* is pulling me here. I can’t quite explain it, but following my gut got me to find the other two scrolls. But... I don’t know. It’s like there are two scrolls here, maybe three. I’m being drawn in two separate directions currently, but inside this place is... *something*. I don’t know what but...”

My pussy clenched suddenly and I fell silent. The feeling of arousal was growing more intense at the moment. A throbbing, strumming of the vaginal strings behind the labia of my loins. It made me cream a little more... and some moisture escaped the teats of my breasts that were engorged with milk now.

It was a reactionary trait in women who lactated – and some men – to spontaneously lactate like a premature ejaculation when frightened or scared... or excited. And it was with a certain degree of excitement that I pushed the door open and stepped inside, Remy and Fell following in close behind me. And suddenly I shuddered minutely, feeling a pulsating wave of sensation wash through me, touching off naughty bits and making me blush from cheeks to breasts. I was sure there was a flush about my loins at the moment too.

“You’re in quite the state, Susan.” Remy whispered to me as he drew close to my elbow. He was smirking and looking sidelong at me.

“W-what do you mean?” I panted lightly and Remy immediately tapped the inside of his nose.

“The nose knows, my lady. I make it my business to know when a young maiden is... incensed.” And his teeth parted into a surprisingly pearly white grin as he looked at me luridly. “If you need any... you know... help...”

I sighed. *‘The nose knows.’* That was the second time I’d heard that phrase recently. Nothing apparently gets past a Lycan’s senses.

“I’ll let you know if I ever lose my mind and consider letting a pure and utter stranger I have no romantic entanglements with penetrate me.” I sighed again. “Till then imagine I’m wearing a chastity belt and you don’t have the key.”

“With charm.” He said and gave me a sweeping bow and slipped off into the general store.

Nonetheless I closed my eyes for a moment, palming my belly. Something was churning inside me, and it was making me aroused enough where Remy thought I was getting hot and bothered. Damn it... control Sue, control!

The general store primarily two long and tall vertical stands and shelves filled with hand crafted items, ringed with more shelves with a cashier stand... only no register. Bolts of cloth, food stuffs in glass jars and so on, and as I walked the isles I palmed my navel, following the sensations of me being dragged in one direction, my breathing quickening and I began to see pink mist sparkled with silvery motes rising from beneath my arms and between my breasts. Now, before I became a Lycan... that sort of thing arriving would’ve frightened me and made me think I was being attacked by pixies or stoned... What it was, however, was my mind translating intense smells into visual stimuli. With a cat having fourteen times the human’s sense of smell, when I was hybrid or full cat, I saw sound echoes and smelt scents and translated them into colored mists. Being a Felix Lycan and even being in a human form like I was now, my sense of smell in this form was still several times stronger than a normal human’s, and right now those pink mists were my own sweet-smelling pheromones wafting off their sources.

Looking around to make sure no one was watching, I peeled the front of pants and panties forward a little and more of a cloud of pink mists wafted from inside the underpants I wore. I was aroused... really aroused if some of the mists were escaping from about the crooks of both thighs and... of course... my love mound.

“Ah me...” I whispered to myself. “Damn you Lee.” I panted but then jumped as a disturbance distracted me.

Someone had just been hit, and snapping my head in that direction I saw someone go down. A quick look around saw Fell standing an isle over and shrugging at her she pointed downward close by to her at where I assumed Remy

would be to tell me neither of them had been hit, so stepping quickly around the isle to see what caused the disturbance, I saw a lithe man on the floor, right as another of the villagers of Deadwood swept a kick into his side.

“Take that you cur! You despicable cur! You miserable half-breed!” And he swept another kick into the young man’s side. “You’re not welcome here!” and the attacker took another swing to kick the man on the ground again, and I surged forward and knocked my shin against his.

Oh before... that would hurt like a motherfucker... but conditioning and training has allowed me to ignore a blow to the shinbone. Instead the attacker bellowed and stumbled backward and doubled up to hold his shin.

“You stupid bitch! You cunt! You whore! You...” and it was actually Remy who came just then, sliding in and gripping the man’s mouth, forcing it to remain open before reaching in the man’s mouth with his other hand gripping the man’s tongue and held the slippery thing tightly in his hand.

“Good... I have your attention.” Remy smirked and pulled on the tongue till the man gagged. “Remarkable thing... teeth. It would take just a light blow to the bottom of your jaw and I’d sever that despicably spewing tongue of yours completely. Shame on you. A man is to be a gentleman, and a gentleman never dare calls a woman such things... lest of course you have absolute proof. Tell me... did you sleep with this woman for money? Don’t lie to me now... I warn you. I already know the truth of this question.”

The man shook his head sharply, looking at his tongue as Remy fingered the man’s bearded throat and chin.

“Good... now apologize for upsetting the lady.” And Remy released the tongue and hauled the man to his feet with surprising strength before shoving him toward me before he looked back at Remy. “Go ahead...” Remy smirked.

“I... apologize if I’ve... upset you.” The man said in a German accent.

“If?” Remy asked warningly in a pleasant tone.

“...That I’ve upset you.” The man corrected himself.

“Good... now scat. Before I shove my foot so far up your ass you’ll taste your own shit on my shoe leather.”

The man Remy had just accosted slouched away a few steps, and then turned. “Y-you’ll pay for that.” He growled.

“Unlikely.” Remy replied with a smirk. “But I’m right here if you’d like to find out whether or not I can cut your balls off and stuff them down your throat before you can blink.”

“I promise you, you’ll pay for treating me like that! You all will!” and he hurried off.

“Thanks.” I said low in my throat.

“Yeah, yeah... I’m sure you could’ve handled it yourself... but the gentleman in me just couldn’t stand aside.”

“And yet the hypocritical bastard in you allows you to do what you just punished that guy over there for. Wow... you’re just like a bowl of Frosted Flakes.” Fell mentioned with a wry smirk and Remy bowed with his hands splayed to his sides again.

“With pride.” He smirked and I rolled my eyes.

“Honestly... you two are like a married couple the way you argue.” I mentioned and Fell scoffed and rolled her eyes grandly before I turned back to the man on the ground who’d been kicked so many times as he tried picking up his things and placing them into a basket.

Strange... he hadn’t changed in all this time like all the other denizens of Deadwood did. Usually, everyone else changes three to five times before their character and being seems to solidify... but he didn’t change at all!

He was dressed like an English gentleman... turn of the century... well... turn of the century before last anyways. Weird I have to say it that way since the new millennium happened. He was wearing a white shirt and tie, his hair slicked backward and a white pinstriped gray waistcoat was buttoned up all the way to his chest. A nice dark coat with pressed slacks with fine polished shoes and spats covered him. A gold pocket watch and mother-of-pearl cufflinks completed the character. Quite a lot of nice finery despite most of the individuals I saw here.

I squatted down before him, my shirt loosened from when I’d partially changed forms before in the pyramid, this inadvertently placed my cleavage in the open for him to see, complete with a clear and concise view of the puffed out disks of areola and the erect nipples capping them. He glanced, maybe glanced again, but then took to averting his eyes. He was a gentleman too. I liked gentlemen. I helped him place his groceries into the basket, and he nodded and murmured a low thanks to me as I did... till his hand covered mine as I grasped an apple.

A shot of fire raced up my arm and into my heart, and there it shot up into my head and down my body, exploding behind my teats and making them ache with arousal before shoving into the back of my sex like a pile-driver penetration from tip to hilt rushing into my loins... and all done with the power of a singularly violent heartbeat as he looked up at me. What was once an unremarkable young man, perhaps my age, maybe a little plain looking, instantly transformed into the most exotic man I’d ever met as I looked into a pair of eyes that seemed truly ancient for his young face. Silver-gray, piercing and electric like those eyes had been hewn from true-silver and opal, the pair seeming to shine with a light of their own as he stared up at my face in wonder.

And all of a sudden, that second pulling sensation in my loins ended, and I literally found myself falling to my knees before him, legs spread wide, jeans tight against my flesh and sex as my heart caused all the naughty bits in me to pulse and throb and beat.

“Th-thank you.” He mentioned and I let him have the apple.

“D-don’t mention it.” I replied... breathless at the moment.

And I blushed... oh I blushed and flushed with blood hard, my skin from head to toe darkening as blood surged through my skin, throbbing veins and pulsating them, causing them all to flare beneath the skin. The blush spread clear from one cheek to the other cheek across my face, crossing my nose before it slid down my neck and into my breasts. Both teats ached at that moment and in an instant I felt my body reacting to the sight of him as beads of milk slid from my nipples to be absorbed by the front of my shirt.

A cloud of sparkling pink rose up about me as I perspired heavily.

Suddenly the top button of the jeans I was wearing popped open, and the loose shirt suddenly tightened as my breasts expanded immediately, swelling with glandular development and milk, my arousal climbing till I was nearly orgasming right then and there.

I realized I was transforming and turning I forced my transformation back, covering ears to keep their current pointiness from showing before they rounded and I shrank back down... everything except my breasts. They were lactating, their nipples throbbing, my veins pulsating with a pump-pump-pump over arms and inner thighs, in temples and in my thickened neck.

“My thanks for your aid, sweet lady. I hope I can meet you again.” And he rose, and I meat gazed.

I couldn't help it! I was sexually aroused right now, I was hot and bothered, more so than I could ever remember being, and I wanted a dick in me. And he had quite the package. I bit my lower lip in thought of what it would feel like to have that thing erected and ploughing its way into my back nine. Then I realized that I was gazing and averted my eyes, blushing all the more.

He paused, almost as if he were waiting for me as he looked down at me, my breasts heaving and moist with perspiration, the pair pressing against each other, glistening with sweat as I surged to my feet. The pair bounced heavily as I did, and his eyes flickered to follow them as they did. I grinned sheepishly, and arched myself instinctively, a thing that displayed my bust and lifted my bottom, a mental trait all women had when they were aroused as I did. Men had a similar reflex... it was to stand straighter and puff their chests out.

This man was doing that right now.

“W-wait... tell me your name.”

He stared at me and then smirked. “I... I'd forgotten it.” He told me. “I really only have one name... and that's something one of the Chinamen gave me long ago and it stuck. I don't know what it means... but... Madoushi is what the people call me.”

“My name's Susan!” I blurted out like a stupid school girl meeting her crush for the first time and having him actually talk to me. “Or... ah... Sue for short.” And I laughed, cursing myself for being so lame.

And then the young gentleman clicked his heels and bowed smartly before me, a very German way of bowing. “A pleasure. But if you'll forgive me... the master expects these things soon, and I mustn't be late.” He paused and then bowed again, this time doing so over my hand as he scooped it up in one of his. Again, I felt a wave of sensation rush through me and I gave a mild shiver. “A pleasure.” And he kissed the knuckle briefly... his hand in a crisp white glove as he held just my fingertips and kissed just the knuckle before rising and leaving quickly.

“See that Remy... that's how a real gentleman kisses a lady's hand.” Fell teased as I stood there, still blushing and covering a cheek, perspiring something awful.

“Pshaw. I left Sue blushing more than that.” Remy smirked.

“Yeah... out of embarrassment.” Fell retorted.

“I... seriously doubt... you made me blush this deeply, Remy.” I trembled and held the hand he kissed to my face. These were the fingers that he'd touched... “I've never blushed this hard... before. Oh...”

“And you three shouldn't've done that.” Someone said and we three turned to the shop keeper as he cleaned his counter. “That was Drake's manservant. Terrible lot them. You're new here so I know you were trying to do a good deed, but you three just bought yourself a whole lot of shit for helping that boy.”

“Wait.” I said and looked in the direction that Madoushi person went. “That guy works for that Drake person?”

“Certainly he does. And it’d be best that you difference yourself from Drake and anything that pertains to him, lass.” The proprietor stated. “Nothing good will become of it.”

I stood there... conflicted now. Everyone hated this Drake person, and Madoushi worked for him. My hands nonetheless went to my navel as that second pulling sensation returned in me, and I felt it grow stronger and stronger the further away from me that Madoushi went. And now that I’d met that man I now had a word for what I felt.

It was a yearning.

“Curious.” Remy mentioned just then.

“Oh what is it now?” Fell groaned.

“Oh nothing. It’s just that Madoushi is something of a conundrum. Conjugation of Japanese – not Chinese, though Chinaman is easily construed I think when one looks at a Japanese and a Chinese together – can place the meaning of Madoushi in one of two directions. Saying the whole name all together like he does, then it means mage, wizard or sorcerer. But if you say it with a slightly different pronunciation, it can be considered as something demonic. Makes you wonder as to what that other man meant by *‘half-breed’*”

I turned and bore a hole in Remy with my eyes.

“I’m just saying, Susan... the villagers are obviously put off by this Drake person... and need I remind you on how we got here in the first place?”

I stopped glaring at him and rubbed my tummy. The two pulling sensations were lining up inside me. That could really mean only one thing: both those things were in the same direction... possibly in the same place.

“We need to get out of here.” I said quietly, and then turning to the man behind the counter... “Thanks.” And he nodded before I led the way out of the place.

The town had changed since we’d entered the market, the purpose for why we went there, to barter for something was completely forgotten. The buildings were larger and more elaborate, and the streets which had been dead before were far more crowded.

I held my tummy, feeling myself being drawn, and so powerful was that draw in my navel that my pelvis ever so slowly pushed forward till I was arched backward slightly as I walked.

“So... I thought we went in there to find work.” Fell mentioned, hurrying to keep up with me. “You know... to get jobs to barter for food and lodging and stuff?”

“Why get jobs if we’re not staying here long.” Remy mentioned and pulled a mason jar from his clothing, cracked it open and then began drinking whatever was on the inside of it. This brought Fell and I up short as we stared at him. “What?”

“You stole that!” I hissed under my breath.

“Burden of proof. I just so happen to carry things along with me in a mason jar. So what if it looks exactly like what he had stocked here.” And he took another sip before Fell grabbed it from him, sloshing it all over his face and chest as he spluttered, and then with one mighty blow to the top of his head with her fist, he crumpled to his knees before she surged into the general store with the jar.

She returned soon afterward drinking it herself.

“You didn’t return it?” I asked.

“You open it you bought it.” She said with a growl. Gave him some change from my pocket. Nickel plated copper in the form of quarters, nickel and dimes. He didn’t have any nickel so he said I could have it plus this stuff.” And she lifted a folded blanket with bread and a sealed clay jar of honey with a shirt inside, the latter of which she pulled out and handed it to me. “It’s a man’s shirt... the biggest they had, but I supposed it could replace yours Sue.

“Well then if that liquor is ours then...” Remy said and reached up for the jar but Fell drew it away from him.

“Oh no. It’s mine now... I *bought* it. Let’s see you try and steal this from me.”

“Careful who you tempt.” Remy said and stood up holding a pair of panties by the straps with his thumbs. There was an anime teddy bear holding a heart on the crotch... and they were pink.

Fell gasped as he smelled them and she snatched them from him. “How in the hell...?” and she pulled her jeans forward to look downward, her eyes growing wide. “How the hell did you steal my underwear?!”

“Nimble fingers.” He said and wiggled all his fingers, cracking all of them as he did and grinned. “So if I could do that without your notice with my nimble fingers... imagine what just I could do to you with your notice...” and he waggled his eyebrows.

“Gross.” Fell said and I smirked, trying to keep from giggling before Fell shot me a dirty look.

“You know you want it. Well... a promise is a promise. Me and especially my pinkie...” and he wiggled it, showing that he was double jointed in the knuckles. “We’ll be waiting right over here.”

“The hell you are.” Fell growled and grabbed him.

In short order Fell dragged Remy by the shirt collar, and he merely rolled backward and let his heels drag as Fell brought him to a back alley way laden with crates and things, and leveling her staff on him bound him to a support beam with magically produced ropes that tied him up from neck to nuts and ended with a big bow in front of him.

“Stay put.” She said and led me around the corner where she could put her underpants back on and I could change shirts.

But by the time we’d returned, Remy was leaning against the pole, whistling and rolling the rope up by making loops in front of him, twisting the rope after each loop so that it wouldn’t tangle if thrown, and nodded to us when we appeared, me tucking the shirt into my pants.

“How in the... How’d you do that?! Those ropes can’t be escaped from!” Fell gaped.

“How do you bench press a Buick?” Remy returned to her and approached us, handing the now tied and secured rope to her. “I work at it. Ninjitsu and Jujitsu aside, there’s also yoga and Tai Chi. I can hook my ankles behind my head.” He smirked.

“Can you suck yourself off?” I smirked.

“Certainly.” He winked and then turned to Fell who was staring wide eyed at us. “Just give in, Fellania. For a Rat... I can be very... gentle. Or rigorous... depending upon your... appetites.”

“I’d rather hump a tree!” Fell scoffed.

“Very well then... let me go find some sufficient bark and tie it to myself... would you prefer Conifer or Birch?” I started giggling and Fell nudged me in the arm. “And here I thought bears only rubbed up against trees to scratch their backs. Who ever knew there was something sexual in it. Ohhh... National Geographic would be *fascinated* with this information.” And Remy rolled his eyes in mock exasperation, and now I was giggling uncontrollably. “See... Sue has the mental image... come on... wrap me up in bark and call me your wooden knot.”

Fell was blushing deeply, eyes wide in shock and fury, and still laughing I hugged her side.

“Enough... Enough.” I laughed. “Remy... stop. You’re about three seconds from being twisted into a pretzel.”

“If I twist myself into a pretzel can we dispense with the foreplay and get right to the sex?”

Fell moved and rose a hand to punch Remy but I held her back.

“All right enough!” I said sternly this time, holding Fell back... a none-too-easy matter, I assure you, even for me. She was still a whole lot stronger than I was. “We need to work together here, not punch each other out.”

“Just give me five minutes with him.” Fell growled.

“Oh it’d take longer than that.” Remy smirked back. “Say... two to four hours?”

“I said stop it!” and planted a hand on both their chests. “Right now! Enough bickering, enough arguing... just enough. We have to get out of this place... somehow.”

“What do you suggest then?” Remy mentioned. “These people have been here for a long time, centuries perhaps judging by the varied clothing and decor.”

“I don’t know... ok.” I replied. “But Pen saw us leave... all of us.”

“Sue...” Fell stated. “Visions aren’t infallible.”

“No but memories are.” I replied and both of them blinked at me. “Pen explained it to me once. He doesn’t foresee things; he remembers things in the future... like he’s... living backwards or something.”

“How’s that possible?” Fell blinked.

“Like Merlin.” Remy replied and we turned to him. “Merlin the Wizard? Arthurian Knights? He was reputed to be living backwards. That’s how he was able to predict the future so well. The moment of his creation was his death

and his moment of leaving the world was his birth. Huh... talk about reverse birth. But he remembered the future, but lived in the past. He would change the past to influence the future.” Remy paused in thought. “So that’s why he asked me to come along.”

“Wait... you’re saying this... this... tomfoolery is possible?” Fell asked.

“Fell... we’re humans who transform into altered beasts. That’s a physical impossibility to do such a transformation, and yet we do it. Pen explained what he does as temporal magic. Some things he saw were absolute, others aren’t... so he deals mostly in the absolutes and hopes the other things tie in.” Fell looked at me skeptically. “He hasn’t been wrong yet.” I added and she scoffed and rolled her eyes and massaged her temples.

“Ok... Ok... if it just came from the rat then I’d tell him to go toss off...”

“...I can still do that...” Remy smirked and Fell and I both gave him an annoyed look and he looked away and started to whistle innocently.

“...But coming from you... Ok. I don’t know. I’m willing to go on with it because you say so Sue.”

“Good... good...” I nodded and took a deep calming breath.

“Susan,” Remy managed in all seriousness. “You look like a woman trying to convince herself of something. Are you sure about this?”

I nodded but didn’t answer immediately. “Let’s just say... it’s a gut feeling.”

“More of following your sexually powerful pussy like we were easier? If Lady Fellania is still game, then I certainly am. Let’s face it... I never had much problems following pussy around.”